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

https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602

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.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Production Note

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

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

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Annex
AP
2
.79+
MM CASE

FRAGILE DOES NOT
CIRCULATE

024848

Cornell University Library

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

A.238686 4/11/09

6896-1

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

E Pluribus Unum.

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

"Made up of every creature's best."

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

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME XX.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CXXXV.

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER,

1877.

BOSTON:

LITTELL AND GAY.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

AP
2
L794
A.238686

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

OF

THE LIVING AGE, VOLUME CXXXV.

THE TWENTIETH QUARTERLY VOLUME OF THE FIFTH SERIES.

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, 1877.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The Story of an Indian Life, ... 551

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The Science of Electricity as Applied in Peace and War, ... 195

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

The Supernatural Element in Shakespeare, ... 369
Pre-Christian Dispensaries and Hospitals, ... 451
Sir John Bowring, . , ... 515

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

The Scientific Movement and Literature, 3
French Châteaux of the Renaissance, . 111
On the Discovery of Oxygen in the Sun, 240
The Trial of Jesus Christ, . . . 259

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The School of Giorgione, ... 362
Walter Bagehot, ... 387
Books and Critics, ... 771

NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Lord Chancellors and Chief Justices since Lord Campbell, ... 469

CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Lord Falkland and his Modern Critics, . 131

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Samuel Warren, ... 104
The Irony of Life, ... 304

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

On the Comparative Stupidity of Politicians, ... 427
Budhist Schools in Burmah, ... 692
Three Weeks with the Hop-Pickers, . 789

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

The Case of Lord Dundonald, . . 746

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

The Princess Paolini, ... 15
A Study of Lower Life, ... 43
The Poetry of September, ... 58
Massinger, ... 288
Some Sonnets of Campanella, . . . 707
A Mighty Sea-Wave, ... 758
The Czar's Clemency: a Polish Priest's Story, ... 812

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

German Society Forty Years Since, . 53
The Colors of Animals and Plants, 67, 352
Prussian History, ... 162
La Grande Dame de l'Ancien Régime, 310
M. Thiers: a Sketch from Life, by an English Pencil, ... 664

GOOD WORDS.

Doris Barugh, 87, 144, 217, 272, 337, 431, 536, 613, 783
Commodore Goodenough, R.N., . . 178
A Hidden Life, ... 185

TEMPLE BAR.

The Court of the Grand Monarque, . 579
Andersen's Friendships, ... 807

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Life and Times of Thomas Becket, 32, 723
The Color-Sense, ... 323
The Murder of Thomas Becket, . . 410
The Marshalate: a Chapter of French History, ... 600
The Russians, the Turks, and the Bulgarians, ... 643

TINSLEY'S MAGAZINE.

Prince Bismarck's Mother, ... 626

POPULAR SCIENCE REVIEW.

The Electric Conductivity of Water, . 384

EXAMINER.

Lawful English, ... 821

SPECTATOR.

Africa "Translated," 182
Mr. Ruskin's Unique Dogmatism, . . 376
The Scenery and People of Lewis, . . 381
Mr. Bryce's Ascent of Mount Ararat, . 443
The Black Museum, ... 501
The Causes of English Worship of Success, ... 822

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

SATURDAY REVIEW.

Quiet People, ... 62
Interesting People, ... 125
Convalescence, ... 446

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

The Mennonite Communists, . . . 512
A Glimpse of Adrianople, . . . 575

CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

Lost in Magellan's Straits, . . . 379

NATURE.

The Restoration of the Ancient System of Tank Irrigation in Ceylon, . 489
On the Coming Winter, ... 576
Singing Mice, ... 640
The Sun's Distance, ... 766

ACADEMY.

Thiers as an Historian, ... 189
Thiers's Will, ... 190
The Motion of "Cirrus" Clouds, . . 704

LEISURE HOUR.

William and Mary Howitt, . . . 504

QUEEN.

Glamor, ... 255

HARPER'S BAZAR.

Green Pastures and Piccadilly, 39, 122, 174, 251, 301, 358, 406, 486, 589, 752

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

INDEX TO VOLUME CXXXV.

AFRICA "Translated," 182
Ararat, Mount, Bryce's Ascent of . . 443
Andersen's Friendships, ... 807

BECKET, Thomas, Life and Times of 32, 723
Bagehot, Walter 387
Becket, Thomas, The Murder of . . 410
Bryce's Ascent of Mount Ararat, . . 443
Bowring, Sir John 515
Bismarck's Mother, ... 626
Bulgarians, The, the Russians, and the Turks, ... 643
Budhist Schools in Burmah, . . . 692
Books and Critics, ... 771

COLORS of Animals and Plants, The 67, 353
Color-Sense, The 323
Convalescence, ... 446
Ceylon, The Restoration of the Ancient System of Tank Irrigation in . 489
"Cirrus" Clouds, The Motion of . . 704
Campanella, Some Sonnets of . . 707
Critics and Books, ... 771
Czar's Clemency, The; a Polish Priest's Story, ... 812

DORIS Barugh, 87, 144, 217, 272, 337, 431, 536, 613, 783
Dame, La Grande, de l'Ancien Régime, 310
Da Capo, ... 422, 462, 699, 736
Dispensaries and Hospitals, Pre-Christian, ... 451
Detective, A Female 510
Dundonald, Lord, The Case of . . 746

ELECTRIC Resistance of Metals, Influence of Light on the 192
Electric Candle, The 192
Electricity, The Science of, as Applied in Peace and War, ... 195
Electric Conductivity of Water, The . 384
Erica, . . . 495, 569, 634, 656, 717, 799
English, Lawful 821
English Worship of Success, . . . 822

FRENCH Châteaux of the Renaissance, . 111
Falkland, Lord, and his Modern Critics, 131
Female Detective, A 510
French History: the Marshalate . . 600

GREEN Pastures and Piccadilly, 39, 122, 174, 251, 301, 358, 406, 486, 589, 688, 752
German Society Forty Years Since, . 53
Goodenough, Commodore, R.N., . . 178
Greg, Samuel 185
Glamor, ... 255
Great Men at Play, ... 319
Giorgione, The School of . . . 363

HALIBUT, Chemical Composition of the Flesh of 128
Hidden Life, A 185
Hospitals and Dispensaries, Pre-Christian 451
Howitt, William and Mary . . . 505
Hop-Pickers, Three Weeks with the . 789

INTERESTING People, ... 125
Irony of Life, The 304
India, Story of a Life in 551

JESUS Christ, The Trial of . . . 259

LOWER Life, A Study of . . . 43
Lewis, The Scenery and People of . . 381
Lord Chancellors and Chief Justices since Lord Campbell, . . . 469
Louis XIV., The Court of . . . 579

MASSINGER, ... 288
Magellan's Straits, ... 379
Museum, The Black 501
Mennonite Communists, The . . . 512
Marshalate, The: a Chapter of French History, ... 600
Mice, Singing 640

OXYGEN in the Sun, On the Discovery of 240

PRINCESS Paolini, The 15
Poetry of September, The . . . 58
Prussian History, ... 162
Politicians, On the Comparative Stupidity of 427

QUIET People, ... 62

RENAISSANCE, French Châteaux of the . 111

Ruskin's Unique Dogmatism, . . . 376
Russians, The, the Turks, and the Bulgarians, ... 643

SCIENTIFIC Movement, The, and Literature, ... 3
September, The Poetry of 58
Sun, the, On the Discovery of Oxygen in 240
Shakespeare, The Supernatural Element in 369
Sea-Wave, A Mighty 758
Sun's Distance, The 766
Success, The Causes of English Worship of 822

THIERS, M., as an Historian, ... 189
Thiers's Will, ... 190
Thiers, M., a Sketch from Life, . . . 664
Tank Irrigation in Ceylon, Restoration of the Ancient System of . . . 489
Taylor's, Col. Meadows, The Story of my Life, ... 551
Turks, The, the Russians, and the Bulgarians, ... 643

WARREN, Samuel 104
Winter, On the Coming 576
Wave, A Mighty 758

POETRY.

ANGEL'S Greeting, The 450
Adrift, ... 642

Bide a Wee, and Dinna Fret, ... 450
Between the Lines, ... 514
Before the Winter, ... 642

Conceit, A 2
Contrast, A 130
Carron, Loch, Western Highlands . . 258
Cry, A 706

Deserted Garden, The 386
Dead, yet Speaking, ... 450

Flight of the Swallows, The 130
Frigid Zone, The 258
Fall of the Year, The 514
Flower, My 770

Gathered Roses, ... 450

Hymn from the French, ... 130
Heine, Translations from 194
Homeward, ... 770

Indian Summer, ... 770

Love's Arrows, ... 191

Mother's, A, Thoughts by her Child, . 258

Old Fish-Pond, The 2
October, ... 258

Patience, The Song of 322
Picture, A 770

Smile, The, and the Sigh, ... 2
Sweetheart, My 2
September, ... 66
Sweet Love and I, ... 322
Sunflowers, ... 642

Thiers, ... 66
Teacup, Lines to a 194
"Thuner-See," A Ballad of the . . 706

Wail for the Whale, ... 706

TALES.

CZAR'S Clemency, The; a Polish Priest's Story, ... 812

Doris Barugh, 87, 144, 217, 272, 337, 431, 536, 613, 783

Da Capo, . . . 422, 462, 699, 736

Erica, . . . 495, 569, 634, 656, 717, 799

Green Pastures and Piccadilly, 39, 122, 174, 251, 301, 358, 406, 486, 589, 688, 752

Princess Paolini, The 15

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XX. | No. 1738.—October 6, 1877. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXV.

CONTENTS.

I. THE SCIENTIFIC MOVEMENT AND LITERATURE, ... *Contemporary Review*, ... 3
II. THE PRINCESS PAOLINI, ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 15
III. LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET. By James Anthony Froude. Part IV., . *Nineteenth Century*, ... 32
IV. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXXI., ... *Harper's Bazar*, ... 39
V. A STUDY OF LOWER LIFE, ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 43
VI. GERMAN SOCIETY FORTY YEARS SINCE, . *Macmillan's Magazine*, ... 53
VII. THE POETRY OF SEPTEMBER, ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 58
VIII. QUIET PEOPLE, ... *Saturday Review*, ... 62

POETRY.

THE OLD FISH-POND, ... 2
THE SMILE AND THE SIGH, ... 2
MY SWEETHEART, ... 2
A CONCEIT, ... 2

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

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

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

THE OLD FISH-POND.

GREEN growths of mosses drip and bead
Around the granite brink;
And 'twixt the isles of water-weed
The wood-birds dip and drink;

Slow efts about the edges sleep;
Swift-darting water-flies
Shoot on the surface; down the deep
Dark fishes gloom and rise.

Who knows what lurks beneath the tide?
Who knows what tale? Belike
Those "antres vast" and shadows hide
Some patriarchal pike —

Some tough old tyrant, wrinkled-jawed,
For whom the sky, the earth,
Have but for aim to look on awed,
And watch him wax in girth —

Hard monarch there, by right of might,
An ageless autocrat,
Whose "good old rule" is "Appetite,
And subjects fresh and fat;"

While they — poor things — in wan despair
Still hope for years in him,
And, dying, hand from heir to heir
The day undawned and dim,

When the pond's terror too must go;
Or, creeping in by stealth,
A bolder race, at one fell blow,
Shall found a commonwealth.

Who knows? Meanwhile the mosses bead
Around the granite brink,
And 'twixt the isles of water-weed
The wood-birds dip and drink.

Good Words.

THE SMILE AND THE SIGH.

A LOVELY smile, which smiled in sadness,
Once hailed upon the passing breeze
A new-born sigh, which sighed in gladness
To give a restless mortal ease.

The smile and sigh soon formed a union —
A union everlasting, blest —
Whereby, in brotherly communion,
Each worked to give the other rest.

Thus, mutually their toils relieving,
They lived in peaceful light and shade;
No petty jealousies conceiving,
Of nought, not even death, afraid.

And when, with friendship still unbroken,
Fate caused them for a time to part,
Each of the other kept a token,
To prove the two were one at heart.

For, smiling, the sigh to Heaven was carried
On angels' golden wings one day,
While, sighing, the smile on earth still tarried,
And lent its charm to lifeless clay.

Till then, this world was often dreary,
But *since* then (so the legend saith),
Death's sigh gives life unto the weary,
Life's smile itself illumines death.

Macmillan's Magazine.

MY SWEETHEART.

Do you know my sweetheart, sir?
She has fled and gone away.
I've lost my love; pray tell to me
Have you seen her pass to-day?

Dewy bluebells are her eyes;
Golden corn her waving hair;
Her cheeks are of the sweet blush-roses:
Have you seen this maiden fair?

White lilies are her neck, sir;
And her breath the eglantine;
Her rosy lips the red carnations:
Such is she, this maiden mine.

The light wind is her laughter;
The murmuring brooks her song;
Her tears, so full of tender pity,
In the clouds are borne along.

The sunbeams are her smiles;
The leaves her footsteps light;
To kiss each coy flower into life
Is my true love's delight.

I will tell ye who she is,
And how all things become her.
Bend down, that I may whisper,
My sweetheart's name is — "Summer."

Chambers' Journal. T. P.

A CONCEIT.

O, SWEET and true, I hold your little hand,
And gaze down into eyes so bright and clear,
They seem to hold the summer's radiance, grand
With all the golden promise of the year.

I see in them the rest that winter gave,
And bud and blossom of the glorious spring,
The shim'ring light where summer cornfields wave,
And autumn's stores that will such gladness bring.

How can I see all these, you ask? Ah, sweet,
Love holds for us all life can give to prize;
It makes its glory rounded and complete,
And love for me I see, dear, in your eyes.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Contemporary Review.

THE SCIENTIFIC MOVEMENT AND LITERATURE.

ANY inquiry at the present day into the relations of modern scientific thought with literature must in great part be guided by hints, signs, and presages. The time has not yet come when it may be possible to perceive in complete outline the significance of science for the imagination and the emotions of men, but that the significance is large and deep we cannot doubt. Literature proper, indeed, the literature of *power*, as De Quincey named it, in distinction from the literature of *knowledge*, may, from one point of view, be described as essentially non-scientific, and even anti-scientific. To ascertain and communicate facts is the object of science; to quicken our life into a higher consciousness through the feelings is the function of art. But though knowing and feeling are not identical, and a fact expressed in terms of feeling affects us as other than the same fact expressed in terms of knowing, yet our emotions rest on and are controlled by our knowledge. Whatever modifies our intellectual conceptions powerfully, in due time affects art powerfully. With its exquisite sensibilities, indifferent to nothing far off or near which can exalt a joy, or render pain more keen or prolonged, art is aroused by every discovery of new fact, every modification of old theory, which in open or occult ways can enter into connection with human emotion.

If, then, our views of external nature, of man, his past history, his possible future, — if our conceptions of God and his relation to the universe are being profoundly modified by science, it may be taken for certain that art must in due time put itself in harmony with the altered conceptions of the intellect. A great poet is great, and possesses a sway over the spirits of men, because he has perceived vividly and received powerful impressions from some of the chief facts of the world and the main issues of life. He is, therefore, deeply concerned about truth, and in his own fashion is a seeker for truth. When, in an age of incoherent systems and dissolving faiths, artists devote themselves, as they say, to art for art's sake, and their ideal of beauty ceases to be the emanation or irradiated form of justice, of charity, and of truth, it is because in such a period no great art is possible, and art works, as Comte has well said, only "to keep its own high order of faculties from atrophy and oblivion:" —

> There tiny pleasures occupy the place
> Of glories and of duties, as the feet
> Of fabled fairies, when the sun goes down,
> Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.*

Persons who are exclusively intellectual, and have no feeling for art, often seem to suppose that while science delights in what is clear and definite, poetry and art delight in what is vague and dim; that these things, so agreeable to a class of gentle lunatics, are a certain preserved extract of moonshine and mist; and it is somewhat ludicrous to take note of the generous and condescending admissions in favor of a refining influence of poetry which are ordinarily made by such hard-headed persons. "I do not know what poetical is; is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?" So Audrey questions, and Touchstone answers with a twinkle of pleasure (being in luck to find such a chance of gracious fooling), "No truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning." However this may be, whether we agree or not with Jeremy Bentham and Touchstone that "all poetry is misrepresentation," it is certain that the greatest poets love comprehensiveness, and definiteness in their conceptions. The measureless value set by every great artist upon execution favors this tendency. Intense vision renders precise and definite whatever is capable of becoming so, and leaves vague only that which is vague in its very nature. "The great and golden rule of art as well as of life," wrote William Blake, "is this — that the more distinct, sharp, and wiry the bounding-line, the more perfect the work of art; and the less keen and sharp, the greater is the evidence of weak imitation, plagiarism, and bungling. Great inventors in all ages knew this. . . . Raphael and Michael Angelo and Albert Dürer are known by this, and this alone."

* Landor's lines, descriptive of the debasement of a land or time which freedom does not ennoble.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Apt illustrations of the artist's love of definite conceptions are afforded by the great epic of mediæval Catholicism, and by the great epic of the Puritan poet of England. There is not a rood of Dante's wonderful journey which we might not lay down as upon a map. The deepest anguish, the most mystical ecstasy of love, repose on a kind of geometry. Precisely in the centre of the universe abides the earth; precisely in the midst of the hemisphere of land is placed Jerusalem. Hell descends through its circles, with their rings and pits, to that point, exactly below Jerusalem, where Lucifer emerging from the ice grinds between his teeth the traitors against Christ and against the emperor. As the precise antipodes to the inhabitants of Jerusalem climb from terrace to terrace the wayfarers upon the Purgatorial mount. Precisely above the mount, beyond the planetary heavens and the crystalline sphere, in the mid-point of the rose of the blessed, is the centre of the lake of the light of God; and yet higher, circled by the nine angelic orders, dwells God himself, the uncreated and infinite. Everything is conceived with perfect definiteness, and everything cosmical subserves the theology and ethics of the poem. God is not in immediate relation with our earth; there is a stupendous hierarchy through which the divine power is transmitted. Seraphim draw Godwards the cherubim, the cherubim draw the thrones, and each angelic order imparts its motion to the earth-encircling sphere which is correspondent to its influence. Such a poem could not have been written in an age when a divorce existed between the reason and the imagination. It is a harmony of philosophy, physics, and poetry. In it the mystical ardor of St. Bonaventura, the sobriety and precision of St. Thomas Aquinas, quicken, sustain, and regulate the flight of the great poet's imagination.

Milton was less fortunate than Dante. We are presented in Milton's case, as his most recent editor notes, "with the interesting phenomenon of a mind apparently uncertain to the last which of the two systems, the Ptolemaic or the Copernican, was the true one, or perhaps beginning to be persuaded of the higher probability of the Copernican, but yet retaining the Ptolemaic for poetical purposes." Two passages — one a long passage, where the subject is discussed in detail by Adam and the affable archangel — were deliberately inserted by Milton "to relieve his own mind on the subject, and by way of caution to the reader that the scheme of the physical universe, actually adopted in the construction of the poem, needed not to be taken as more than a hypothesis for the imagination." * Milton's serious concern about scientific truth, and Milton's demand for imaginative distinctness and definiteness, are alike apparent. The Copernican astronomy was already possessing itself of the intellect of the time, but the imagination was as yet too little familiar with it to permit of Milton's accepting it as the foundation of his poetical scheme of things. He, like Dante, needed a strong framework for the wonder and beauty of his poem. Infinite space, bounded for the convenience of our imagination into a circle, is equally divided between heaven and chaos. Satan and his angelic followers rebel; the Messiah rides against them in his chariot; heaven's crystal wall rolls inwards, and the rebel spirits are driven down to that nether segment of chaos prepared for them, which is hell. Forthwith advances from heaven the Son of God, entering the wild of chaos on his creative errand. He marks with golden compasses the bounds of the world or starry universe, which hangs pendent

> in bigness like a star
> Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.

Over its dark outside sweep the blustering winds of chaos; within, wheels orb encircling orb, and in its midst the centre of the starry universe, our little earth, is fixed. In this scheme there is united an astronomical system, now obsolete, with conceptions which the poet made use of not as scientifically but as symbolically true.

These illustrations of the desire felt by great artists for imaginative clearness and definiteness have led us in the direction of

* Milton's Poetical Works, edited by David Masson, vol. i., pp. 92, 93.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

one side of our more proper subject, and we might naturally now go on to ask, How have the alterations in our cosmical conceptions effected by science manifested themselves in literature? But a difficulty suggests itself which it may be worth while to consider. As regards external nature, the materials for the poet's and artist's use are given by the senses, and no scientific truth, no discovery of the intellect, can effect any alteration in the appearance of things, in which lies the truth for the senses. However the Copernican theory may have been verified, still to our eyes each morning the sun rises over the eastern hills, each evening our eyes behold him sinking down the west. So it has been from the first, so it must be to the end. No one of course will question that the appearances of things as presented by the senses remain, if not absolutely yet for the most part constant, and are unaffected by the rectification by science of our mode of conceiving them. But from the first the mere visible presentation was associated with an ideal element. For the eye confers as well as receives, and the vision of the world to a man and to a monkey must differ, whether or not the structure of the crystalline lens and the optic nerve be identical in the two. There is an ideal element, an invisible element which unites itself to our perceptions, and while the element which may be called the material one remains constant, this ideal element is subject to continual variation and development. If our unrectified senses give seeming testimony to anything, it is to the fixity of the solid earth beneath our feet. But the knowledge that its motionlessness is only apparent leaves scope for the play of the ideal element derived from the conception of its ceaseless revolution, its stupendous whirl; and the imagination by its unifying power can bring together the two apparently antagonistic elements — the seeming testimony of the senses, and its correction by the intellect — and can make both subservient to the purposes of the heart.

Let us take illustrations, slight and in small compass, yet sufficient to exemplify the process which has been described. Mr. Tennyson imagins a lover on the eve of his marriage-day. It is a slow-waning evening of summer. All nature seems to share in his calm plenitude of joy. Yet the ultimate fruition is not attained; still a short way forward lies the culmination. Joy is like a wave which has one glassy ascent and blissful fall to make before it is perfected. What if that wave were suddenly frozen by some icy wind, and fixed in mockery just short of its be-all and end-all? The idea of advance, of motion calm and sustained, is demanded by the imagination, and this motion must be common to the individual human creature, and to the world of which he is a part. And the whole world *is* in effect calmly revolving into day: —

> Move eastward, happy earth, and leave
> Yon orange sunset waning slow:
> From fringes of the faded eve,
> O happy planet, eastward go;
> Till over thy dark shoulder glow
> Thy silver sister world, and rise
> To glass herself in dewy eyes
> That watch me from the glen below.
>
> Ah, bear me with thee, smoothly borne,
> Dip forward under starry light,
> And move me to my marriage morn,
> And round again to happy night.

One more example of the perfect use by the imagination, for the service of the feelings, of a suggestion of science. Again, it is the conception of the revolving earth, with its unceasing monotony of motion, which asserts a power to exalt and vivify human passion. But now instead of the mystery of life, and the calm of the climbing wave of joy, we are in presence of the imperious suspension of death, the obstruction and sterility of the grave. A spirit and a woman has become a clod. She who had been a motion and a breeze is one with the inert brute-matter of the globe, and as the earth whirls everlastingly, she too is whirled by a blind and passionless force: —

> A slumber did my spirit seal;
> I had no human fears;
> She seemed a thing that could not feel
> The touch of earthly years.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

These are petty illustrations in comparison with the extent of the subject, but they suffice to show that what we perceive, or immediately infer from our sensations, is capable of receiving modifications, or of being wholly replaced by an ideal conception. To a child in a railway carriage the trees appear to move rapidly past him; gradually the illusion submits to the correcting influence of ascertained fact; and at last it becomes difficult to enter again, even though an effort be made to do so, into the naïve error of the eye.*

But, beside the modification or replacement of our perceptions through the presence of an ideal element, the cosmical ideas of modern science have in themselves an independent value for the imagination. Four particulars of these may be mentioned as especially important in their dealing with the imagination, which, when taken together, have as enlarging and renewing a power as probably any conception of things material can have with the spirit of man. First, the vastness of the universe, and of the agencies at work in it; secondly, the idea of law; thirdly, the idea of *ensemble;* last, the ultimate of known ultimates is *force.*

The idea of mere physical vastness may appear at first sight to be a very barren possession for the human soul; but in reality it is not barren. We are conscious of a liberating and dilating emotion when we pass from channels and narrow seas into the space and roll of the Atlantic, or when we leave our suburban paddock, with its neat walks and trim flower-beds, and wade in a sea of heather upon the hills. Mr. Mill, looking back upon his visit in childhood to Ford Abbey in Devonshire, writes in his autobiography, "This sojourn was, I think, an important circumstance in my education. Nothing contributes more to nourish elevation of sentiments in a people than the large and free character of their habitations." And assuredly, for one whose sanity of mind is not impaired, his habitation among these revolving worlds has a large and free character, and is fitted to nourish elevation of sentiments. The starry heaven, so deep and pure, beheld while the trivial incidents and accidents of our earth revealed by the daylight are absent, and the silence seems to expand over a vast space — this must always have been an object of awed contemplation. But a measure of the distance traversed by the human mind may be obtained by attempting once more really to submit the imagination to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. Under Dante's planetary spheres we move with some discomfort, we have flown in thought so freely and so far. The universe as arranged by the mediæval poet is indeed skilfully contrived, but the whole thing looks somewhat like an ingenious toy. For vast massing of light and darkness "Paradise Lost" can hardly be surpassed. While Milton's outward eye was active, it was charmed by the details of the sweet English landscape about Horton; when the drop serene had quenched his light, then the deep distances of the empyrean, of eternal night, and of chaos opened before him. But it is for spirit that Milton reserves all that is greatest in the ideas of force and motion. He is still, in the main, mediæval in his conception of the material cosmos. It needed for masters a Galileo, a Kepler, a Newton, to liberate and sustain the imagination for such a flight, so pauseless, so passionate, as that of the revolters against Deity, in Byron's dramatic mystery, among the innumerable fair revolving worlds: —

O thou beautiful
And unimaginable ether! and
Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still increasing lights! what are ye? What
Is this blue wilderness of interminable
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?
Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Through an aërial universe of endless
Expansion — at which my soul aches to think —
Intoxicated with eternity?
O God! O gods, or whatsoe'er ye are,
How beautiful ye are! how beautiful
Your works, or accidents; or whatsoe'er
They may be! Let me die, as atoms die
(If that they die), or know ye in your might
And knowledge! My thoughts are not in this hour
Unworthy what I see, though my dust is;
Spirit, let me expire, or see them nearer!

Lucifer. Art thou not nearer? look back to thine earth!

Cain. Where is it? I see nothing save a mass
Of most innumerable lights.

Lucifer. Look there!

Cain. I cannot see it.

Lucifer. Yet it sparkles still.

Cain. That! — yonder!

* Some considerations of interest closely related with the foregoing, will be found in Oersted's "The Soul in Nature," under the headings "The Comprehension of Nature by Thought and Imagination," and "The Relation between Natural Science and Poetry."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Lucifer. Yea.
Cain. And wilt thou tell me so
Why, I have seen the fire-flies and fire-worms
Sprinkle the dusky groves and the green banks
In the dim twilight brighter than yon world
Which bears them.

The displacement of the earth from the centre of the universe, and its being launched into space as one of the least important of its brother wanderers around the sun, was followed by consequences for theology and morals as well as for poetry. The Church was right in her presentiment of a reformation, as alarming as that of Luther, about to be effected by science. The infallible authority of the Holy See was to be encountered by the infallible authority of the astronomer and his telescope; a new order of prophets, suitable to the West as the old prophets had been to the East, was about to arise, prophets who would speak what was given to them by observation and valid inference. And they declared — and men of the Renaissance listened gladly — that the legend was false which represented our earth as the centre of the spheres, and as the criminal who had destroyed the harmony of the worlds. The earth had heretofore possessed a supremacy over the stars which were set in heaven above her for signs and for seasons, but that supremacy had become one of misery and of shame; the terrestrial was corruptible, the celestial was incorruptible; a day was not far distant when the doom brought upon creation by the great traitor would come upon it. Now it was found that the earth was no leader of the starry choir who had marred the music, but was indeed a singer in the glorious chant of energy and life; the heaven and the earth were fraternally united; terrestrial and celestial alike were subject to change; the whole universe was ever in process of *becoming*.* "The study of astrology," Mr. Leckie has said, "may perhaps be regarded as one of the last struggles of human egotism against the depressing sense of insignificance which the immensity of the universe must produce. And certainly," he goes on, "it would be difficult to conceive any conception more calculated to exalt the dignity of man than one which represents the career of each individual as linked with the march of worlds, the focus towards which the most sublime of created things continually converge." It may be questioned whether man's dignity is not really more exalted by conceiving him as part — a real though so small a part — of a great cosmos, infinitely greater than he, than by placing him as king upon the throne of creation. For all creation dwarfs itself and becomes grotesque, as happens in the systems of astrology, to obey and flatter such a monarch. He who is born under Mars will be "good to be a barboure and a blode letter, and to draw tethe." In the temple of the god in Chaucer's "Knighte's Tale," the poet sees

The sowe freten the child right in the cradel;
The cook i-skalded, for al his longe ladel.

If man be made the measure of the universe, the universe becomes a parish in which all the occupants are interested in each petty scandal. Who would not choose to be citizen of a nobly-ordered commonwealth rather than to be lord of a petty clan?

Add to the conception of the vastness of the universe the idea of the unchanging uniformities, the regularity of sequence, the same consequents forever following the same antecedents, the universal presence of law. Endless variety, infinite complexity, yet through all an order. To understand what appearance the world would present to the imagination of a people who gave law as small a place, and irregularity as large a place, as possible in their poetical conceptions of the universe, we have but to turn to the "Arabian Nights." The God of Islam was wholly out of and above the world, and a belief in destiny was strangely united with the presence of caprice, marvel, and surprise in nature. The presence of law is to be found in the "Arabian Nights" only in the perfect uniformity with which Shahrazád takes up her tale of marvel each night, and each night breaks it off in the midst. Whether a date-stone will produce a date, or will summon up a gigantic 'efreet, whether a fish upon the frying-pan will submit to be fried, or will lift his head from the pan and address his cook, is entirely beyond the possibility of prediction. Nature is a kind of Alhambra, "a brilliant dream, a caprice of the genii, who have made their sport with the network of stone," with the fantastic arabesques, the fringes, the flying lines. Neither variety without unity, nor unity without variety, can content the imagination which is at one with the reason. The sole poet of our Western civilization who possessed a true synthetic genius in science, together with the artistic genius in its highest form — Goethe — represents in a well-known pas-

* See an interesting chapter on "*L'Eglise Romaine et la Science*," in Edgar Quinet's "*L'Ultramontisme.*"

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sage the spirit of the earth plying with ceaseless energy, with infinite complexity of action, yet to one harmonious result, the shuttles which we call causes, to weave the web of what we call effects; this is the true vision of the world to modern eyes:—

> In the tides of life, in Action's storm,
> A fluctuant wave,
> A shuttle free,
> Birth and the grave,
> An eternal sea,
> A weaving, flowing
> Life, all a-glowing,
> Thus at time's humming loom 'tis my hand prepares
> The garment of life which the Deity wears.

This conception of a reign of law, amid which and under which we live, affects the emotions in various ways—at times it may cause despondency, but again it will correct this despondency and sustain the heart; now the tragical aspect will impress us of human will and passion contending with the great ἀνάγκη of the order of things, and again we shall more and more find occasion for joy and triumph in the co-operancy of the energies of humanity with those of their giant kindred, light, and motion, and heat, and electricity, and chemical affinity. Nor is this all: the recognition of the moral order to which we belong cannot but produce in any mind that dwells upon it an emotion which would be intense if it were not so massive, and of the nature of mysticism were it not in the highest degree inspired by reason.

But not only is nature everywhere constant, uniform, orderly in its operations; all its parts constitute a whole, an *ensemble.* Nothing is added; nothing can be lost. Our earth is no alien planet wandering nightwards to a destruction reserved for it alone. We look forth. "The moon approaches the earth by the same law that a stone falls to the ground. The spectrum of the sunbeam reveals the existence in the sun of the same metals and gases that we know on earth; nay, the distant fixed stars, the cloudy nebulæ, and the fleecy comet show the same. We watch the double stars, and find them circling round each other by the same law which regulates our solar planets. We are led irresistibly to conclude that the same consensus which we feel on earth reigns beyond the earth. . . . Everywhere throughout the universe—thus runs the speculation of science—organic or inorganic, lifeless or living, vegetable or animal, intellectual or moral, on earth or in the unknown and unimaginable life in the glittering worlds we gaze at with awe and delight, there is a consensus of action, an agreement, a oneness."* And what is the poet's confession? That the life of the least blossom in the most barren crevice is a portion of the great totality of being, that its roots are intertangled with the roots of humanity, that to give a full account of *it* would require a complete science of man, and a complete theology:—

> Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies;
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is.

But perhaps no poetry expresses the cosmical feeling for nature, incarnated by a myth of the imagination in the language of human passion, more wonderfully than the lyric dialogue which leads on to its close the last act of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." The poet does not here gaze with awe at the mystery of life in a tiny blossom, although that too opens into the infinite; it is the great lovers, the earth and his paramour the moon, who celebrate their joy. The Titan has been at last delivered from the chain and the winged hounds of Jupiter. The benefactor of mankind is free, and the day of the doom and death of tyranny is arrived. But it is not humanity alone which shall rejoice: the life of nature and the passion of man embrace with a genial vehemence:—

> *The Earth.* I spin beneath my pyramid of night,
> Which points unto the heavens—dreaming delight,
> Murmuring victorious joy in my enchanted sleep;
> As a youth lulled in love-dreams faintly sighing,
> Under the shadow of his beauty lying,
> Which round his rest a watch of light and warmth doth keep.

> *The Moon.* As in the soft and sweet eclipse,
> When soul meets soul on lovers' lips,
> High hearts are calm, and brightest eyes are dull
> So, when thy shadow falls on me,
> Then am I mute and still, by thee
> Covered; of thy love, orb most beautiful,
> Full, oh! too full!

Such poetry as this is indeed what Wordsworth declared true poetry to be—the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science.†

* A. J. Ellis: Speculation, a Discourse, p. 40.
† Preface to the second edition of "Lyrical Ballads."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

All that can thus be gained by the imagination from true science, the imagination may appropriate and vivify for the heart of man, free from the fear that matter is about to encroach upon us on every quarter and engulf the soul. What is matter? and what is spirit? are questions which are alike unanswerable. Motion and thought, however they may be related as two sides or aspects of a single fact, must forever remain incapable of identification with one another. When we have reduced to the simplest elements our conceptions of matter and of motion, we are at last brought back to force, the ultimate datum of consciousness; "and thus the force by which we ourselves produce changes, and which serves to symbolize the cause of changes in general, is the final disclosure of analysis." The exclamation of Teufelsdröckh in his moment of mystic elevation, "Force, force, everywhere force; we ourselves a mysterious force in the centre of that," is but an anticipation of the last result of scientific thought. And when Teufelsdröckh, in scorn of the pride of intellect which would banish mystery from the world and worship from the soul of man — when Teufelsdröckh declares, "The man who cannot wonder (and worship), were he president of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole '*Mécanique Céleste*' and Hegel's 'Philosophy,' and the epitome of all laboratories and observatories with their results, in his single head, is but a pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye. Let those who have eyes look through him, then he may be useful;" what is this but an assertion, justified by the most careful analysis, that the highest truth of science and the highest truth of religion are one, and are both found in the consciousness of an inscrutable power manifested to us through all external phenomena, and through our own intellect, affections, conscience, and will? *

Such passages as have been quoted from Byron and Goethe and Shelley make clear to us what kind of scientific inquiry and scientific result is fruitful for the feelings and imaginations of men. Not the details of the specialist, but large *vues d'ensemble*. The former may help to produce such elaborated pseudo-poetry as part of Fletcher's "Purple Island" or Darwin's "Botanic Garden," in which the analytic intellect tricks itself out with spangles of supposed poetical imagery and diction, looking in the end as grotesque as a skeleton bedizened for a ball-room. But the large *vues d'ensemble* arouse and free, and pass rapidly from the intellect to the emotions, the moral nature, and the imagination.

If the bounds of space have receded, and our place has been assigned to us in the great commonwealth of which we are members, the bounds of time have receded also; we have found our deep bond of relationship with all the past, and a vista for hopes, sober but well-assured, has been opened in the future. To trace one's ancestry to Adam is to confess oneself a *parvenu;* our cousin the gorilla has a longer family tree to boast. Six thousand years! — why, a fox could hardly trim his tail and become a dog in so brief a period. We are like voyagers upon a stream of which we had read accurate accounts in our geographies; it rose, we were told, a short way above the last river-bend; it is abruptly stopped just beyond the approaching bluff. But now we ascertain that the waters have come from some mysterious source among strange mountains a thousand leagues away, and we are well assured that they will descend a thousand miles before they hear the voice of that mysterious sea in which they must be lost. Shall we, upon the breast of the waters, not feel a solemn awe, a solemn hope, when we meditate upon the mighty past and muse of the great future? Shall we not bend our ear to catch among the ripples each whisper of the former things? Shall we not gaze forward with wistful eyes to see the wonders of the widening shores? And do we not feel with quickening consciousness from hour to hour the stronger flow and weightier mass of the descending torrent?

The vaster geological periods have made the period of human existence on the globe — vast as that is — seem of short duration. What is remote becomes near. We do not now waste our hearts in regret for an imaginary age of gold; we find a genuine pathos in the hard, rude lives, the narrow bounds of knowledge, the primitive desires, the undeveloped awes and fears and shames, of our remote ancestors, who, by their aspiring effort, shaped for us our fortunes. We almost join hands with them across the centuries. The ripples have hardly yet left the lake where some dweller upon piles dropped by chance his stone hatchet. The fire in

For a stupendous example of the use made by poetry of the cosmical feeling for nature, see in Victor Hugo's new series of "*La Légende des Siècles*," the concluding poem, entitled "*Abîme*."

* Need I refer the reader to Mr. Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," for a full exposition of these thoughts?

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the troglodyte's cave is not quite extinct. We hear the hiss in the milk-pail of some Aryan daughter, who may perhaps have had a curious likeness to our grandmother by Gainsborough. We still repeat the words of that perplexed progenitor who learned in dreams that his dead chieftain was not all extinct, nor have we yet satisfactorily solved his puzzle. When one sits in summer, in a glare which bewilders the brain, beside the bathing-machines, and watches the children in knickerbockers and tunics engaged with their primitive architecture, which the next tide will wash away, one falls into a half-dream, and wakes in alarm lest a horde of lean and fierce-eyed men and women may suddenly rush shorewards for their gorge of shell-fish, and in their orgasm of hunger may but too gladly lick up and swallow our babies! Forlorn and much-tried progenitors, wild human scarecrows on our bleak northern shores, we are no undutiful sons; we acknowledge our kinship; and in your craving for an unattainable oyster we recognize our own passion for the ideal; and in your torpid sullenness, when only shells were found, our own keener *Welt-Schmerz* and philosophies of despair!

In the history of the past of our globe, and the remote history of the human race, what are the chief inspiring ideas for literature? One, which is perhaps the most important idea of the scientific movement, receives here a striking illustration — the idea of the relative as opposed to the absolute; secondly, we may note the idea of heredity; thirdly, the idea of human progress, itself subordinate to the more comprehensive doctrine of evolution.

The general conclusion that all human knowledge is relative may be deduced from the very nature of our intelligence. But beside the analytic proof that our cognitions never can be absolute, there is the subordinate historical evidence that as a fact they never have been such. Now, more than at any former time, we are impressed with a sense that the thought, the feeling, and the action of each period of history becomes intelligible only through a special reference to that period. Hence it is our primary object with regard to the past, not to oppose, not to defend, but to understand. Hence we shall look upon any factitious attempt to revive and restore the past as necessarily impotent, and of transitory significance. Hence we shall abstain from setting up absolute standards, and from pronouncing things good or evil in proportion as they approach or fall short of such standards. A new school of historians, a new school of critics, have applied in many and various directions this idea of historical relativity. Nor has it failed to exert an influence upon recent poetry. Mr. Leslie Stephen has remarked that the contempt for the past, characteristic of many eighteenth-century thinkers, was a necessary stage in the progress of thought. When the breach with authority had taken place, it was at first natural that men should maintain their position of superiority by a vigorous denial of the claims of their predecessors. "Whatever was old was absurd, and 'Gothic,' an epithet applied to all mediæval art, philosophy, or social order, became a simple term of contempt. Though the sentiment may strike us as narrow-minded, it at least implied a distinct recognition of a difference between past and present. In simpler times, people imagined their forefathers to be made in their own likeness, and naïvely transferred the customs of chivalry to the classical or Hebrew histories. To realize the fact that the eighteenth century differed materially from the eighth, was a necessary step towards the modern theory of progressive development." * The spirit of antiquarian research revived in the second half of the last century. Uniting with the historical spirit and a masculine force of imagination, it produced the romanticism of Scott. Uniting with the sentimental movement in Germany, it produced the romanticism of Tieck, Novalis, and Fouqué. From contempt for the Middle Ages, men passed into an exaggerated, fantastic devotion to whatever was, or was supposed to be, mediæval. Now, at length, we would approach the past neither as iconoclasts nor idolaters, but as scientific observers; we are not eager to applaud or revile before we understand; we do not for a moment desert our own place in our own century, but we have trained our imagination to employ itself in the service of history. Among critics of literature and art, M. Taine, without himself possessing a delicate and flexible intelligence, has come prominently forward as the exponent of the æsthetics of the relative, in opposition to absolute systems of æsthetics, which absolve or condemn in accordance with standards conceived as invariable for all places and all times. Since the appearance of M. Taine's lectures on art, we have begun to suffer from a kind of critical cant drawn from science, and replacing the critical

* English Thought in the Eighteenth Century, vol. ii., p. 445.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

cant drawn from transcendental philosophy. If we are not so largely afflicted by the ideal, the beautiful, the sublime, we could be content, perhaps, to hear a little less about the "organism" and its "environment." It is not sufficiently remembered that if we cannot attain to absolute standards of beauty, yet we can approximate to a standard in harmony with what, in every race and clime in which man has attained his normal development, has been highest in man. M. Taine, indeed, himself essayed to establish a scientific theory of the ideal, and happily forgot his early impartiality. We may, by a generous effort of imaginative sympathy, come to appreciate the feelings which would rise in the bosom of a South African upon sight of the Hottentot Venus; but we must return to the abiding conviction that the Venus of Melos is in truer accord with the sense of beauty in man, although, upon testing our opinion by count of heads, we were to appear in a minority of one.

In harmony with this feeling for the historically relative, and also with the idea of progress allowing as it does a right to its own place to each portion of the past, a poetry has appeared which, while remaining truly poetry, partakes of the critical, we might almost say the scientific, spirit with reference to past developments of the race, remote civilizations, and extinct religious faiths. The romantic poetry, to which things mediæval were so interesting, has thus been taken in and enclosed by a poetry which thinks nothing alien that is human, and interests itself in every age and every land, constituting thus a kind of imaginative criticism of religions, races, and civilizations. This direction in contemporary art is represented by the poet, excepting Victor Hugo, of highest distinction in France — Leconte de Lisle. His poetry, for the most part strictly objective, is not simply and frankly objective like the poetry of Scott, but rather sets itself down before some chosen object to make a complete imaginative study of it. Such poetry as this is not indicative of a retreat or recoil from our own time, as was the poetry of sentimental mediævalism; it is animated by an essentially modern motive.

The idea of transmission or heredity, over and above its purely scientific significance, has a significance in connection with morals which is of greater importance than any immediate value it has for the imagination. And yet this idea has been made a leading motive in a dramatic poem by a living writer, who unites the passion of a seeker for truth with the creative genius of a great artist. The central thought of "The Spanish Gipsy" has been so faithfully expressed by Mr. R. H. Hutton, in his admirable criticism of George Eliot, that we need not go beyond his words: —

> If I may venture to interpret so great a writer's thought, I should say that "The Spanish Gipsy" is written to illustrate not merely doubly and trebly, but from four or five distinct points of view, how the inheritance of the definite streams of impulse and tradition stored up in what we call race often puts a tragic veto upon any attempt of spontaneous individual emotion or volition to ignore or defy their control, and to emancipate itself from the tyranny of their disputable and apparently cruel rule. You can see the influence of the recent Darwinian doctrines, so far as they are applicable at all to moral characteristics and causes, in almost every page of the poem. How the threads of hereditary capacity and hereditary sentiment control, as with invisible cords, the orbits of even the most powerful characters, how the fracture of those threads, so far as it can be accomplished by mere *will*, may have even a greater effect in wrecking character than moral degeneracy would itself produce; how the man who trusts and uses the hereditary forces which natural descent has bestowed upon him becomes a might and a centre in the world, while the man, perhaps intrinsically the nobler, who dissipates his strength by trying to swim against the stream of his past is neutralized and paralyzed by the vain effort; again, how a divided past, a past not really homogeneous, may weaken this kind of power, instead of strengthening it by the command of a larger experience — all this George Eliot's poem paints with a tragical force that answers to Aristotle's definition of tragedy, that which "purifies" by pity and by fear.*

But if the stream of tendency descends to us with imperious force from remote regions, it advances broadening into the future. The idea of human progress has been so generative an idea in science, in historical literature, in politics, in poetry, that to indicate its leading developments would need very ample space. It is true that we anticipate a time when this earth will roll blind and cold around the sun, and all life upon our globe will be extinct. And the thought can hardly be other than a mournful one, calling for some stoical courage, to those persons whose creed it is that we are without warrant for believing that anything higher than humanity

* Essays, vol. ii., pp. 348, 349. The idea of heredity has been made a motive in art, with closer reference to physiology, by the American poet and novelist, Dr. O. W. Holmes.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

exists. If it were ascertained that a century hence the British nation would be utterly destroyed by calamitous overthrow, we might still resolve to help our nation to live nobly and perish heroically; but the enthusiasm would be stern rather than joyous. In the face of death, joy may remain for the individual through sympathy with the advance of his fellows, and in the thought that his deeds will live when he is himself resolved into nothingness. But how if the advance of humanity lead only to a dark pit of annihilation, and for humanity itself annihilation be attended by oblivion, and not even a subjective immortality be possible? Is it a matter for rejoicing that every day brings us nearer to this, the goal of progress? Just when all has been attained, all is to be forfeited. We can train our tempers, if need be, to accept these things with equanimity; but can we celebrate with praise and joy this approaching consummation? Humanity flung into the grave, with no spices, no tender hands of mourners, no tears of loving remembrance, no friend nor even a foe, and never an Easter morning! Is such a vision of the future more elevating than are the tender myths of the past?

The idea of human progress — itself subordinate to the conception of evolution — is the only one of scientific ideas of comparatively recent date which has been long enough in the air to become a portion of the life of societies, and hence it alone has become a great inspiring force with literature. To trace the sources and the early movements of a philosophy of history, to follow its subsequent career from Bossuet to Buckle, would be an enterprise full of interest and of utility; and as far as France and England are concerned, this has been ably accomplished by Professor Flint. The popular imagination was scarcely affected by the idea of progress until toward the close of the eighteenth century, when a new millennium seemed to be inaugurated by the French Revolution. In English poetry it did not manifest itself powerfully until it became the inspiration of the writings of Shelley. And in Shelley's poetry the idea of progress appears as a glorious apparition rather than as a substantial reality; it appears like the witch in "Manfred" beneath the sun-bow of the torrent, and here the torrent is the French Revolution. For the idea of progress with Shelley was the revolutionary, not the scientific idea. Among the chief democratic writers of Europe — with Victor Hugo, George Sand, Lamennais, Quinet, Michelet, Mazzini, and others — the idea has had something of the force of a new religion. And in some, at least, of these writers the passionate aspect of the revolutionary conception of progress associates itself with the sustaining and controlling power of the scientific idea. By Shelley and the revolutionary spirits a breach is made with the past — the world is to start afresh from 1789, or some other year one; before that date appear the monstrous forms of tyrannies and superstitions which "tare each other in their slime;" then of a sudden were born light and love, freedom and truth: —

> This is the day which down the void abysm,
> At the earth-born's spell, yawns for Heaven's despotism,
> And conquest is dragged captive through the deep.
> Love from its awful throne of patient power
> In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
> Of dread endurance, from the slippery steep,
> And narrow verge of crag-like agony springs,
> And folds over the world its healing wings.

Such is the revolutionary idea of progress. In English poetry the scientific idea hardly appears earlier than in Mr. Tennyson's writings, and certainly nowhere in English poetry does it obtain a more faithful and impressive rendering. Mr. Tennyson has none of the passion which makes the political enthusiast, none of the winged spiritual ardor which is proper to the poet of transcendentalism. But his poetry exhibits a well-balanced moral nature, strong human affections, and, added to these, such imaginative sympathy as a poet who is not himself capable of scientific thought may have with science, a delight in all that is nobly ordered, and a profound reverence for law. When dark fears assail him, and it is science that inspires and urges on such fears, Mr. Tennyson does not confront them, as Mr. Browning might, armed with the sword of the Spirit and the shield of faith, which that militant transcendental poet knows so well to put to use. Mr. Tennyson flies for refuge to the citadel of the heart: —

> A warmth within the breast would melt
> The freezing reason's colder part,
> And, like a man in wrath, the heart
> Stood up, and answered, "I have felt."

The idea of progress, which occupies so large a place in Mr. Tennyson's poetry, is more than non-revolutionary; it is even anti-revolutionary. His imagination dwells with a broad and tranquil pleasure upon whatever is justified by the intellect and the conscience, and continuously energetic

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

within determined bounds. If Mr. Browning had written an epic of Arthur, we can hardly doubt that he would have found a centre for his poem in the grail, which would never have been attained, not even by Galahad, but the very failure to attain which would have stimulated renewed effort and aspiration, and thus have proved the truest success. The quest for something perfect, divine, unattainable, or if attainable then unsatisfying, secures, in Mr. Browning's view, the highest gain which this life can yield to man. Mr. Tennyson brings into prominence the circumstance — found in his mediæval sources — that it is the rashly undertaken quest of the grail that "unsolders the noblest fellowship of knights," and brings in the flood of disaster. Dutiful activity in the sphere of the practical appears to Mr. Tennyson so much more needed by the world than to seek over-soon for a mystical vision of things divine. No true reformation was ever sudden; let us innovate like nature and like time. Men may rise to higher things, not on wings but on "stepping-stones of their dead selves." It is "from precedent to precedent" that freedom "slowly broadens down," not by extravagant outbursts of "the red fool-fury of the Seine." The growth of individual character, the growth of national well-being, the development of the entire human race from animality and primitive barbarism — each of these, if it be sound, cannot but be slow and gradual. It is our part to co-operate with the general progressive tendency of the race: —

> Arise and fly
> The reeling faun, the sensual feast;
> Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die.

Great sorrows, like the storms which blew upon our globe while in process of cooling, are a portion of the divine order, and fulfil their part in the gradual course of our development; such is the truth found, through pain and through endurance, in the "In Memoriam." Let science grow from more to more; let political organizations be carefully amended and improved; let man advance in self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, and so from decade to decade, from century to century, will draw nearer that "one far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves."

With faith in the future equal to that of Mr. Tennyson, and a more loving attachment to the past, founded in part upon those tender, pathetic ties which make imperfection dear, George Eliot, in her conception of human progress, is also anti-revolutionary. We advance from out of the past, but we bear with us a precious heritage. To suppose, as Shelley supposed, that we can move in this world by the light of reason alone, is a delusion of the revolution in its passionate scorn of foregone ages; we need the staff of tradition as well as the lamp of reason. What is our faith in the future but

> the rushing and expanding stream
> Of thought, of feeling fed by all the past?

What is our finest hope but finest memory? The conservative instincts of George Eliot as as artist have been nourished by the scientific doctrine with reference to the transmission of an inheritance accumulating through the generations of mankind. And for the very reason that she so profoundly reverences the past, she is inspired with a great presentiment of the future: —

> Presentiment of better things on earth
> Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls
> To admiration, self-renouncing love,
> Or thoughts, like life, that bind the world in one:
> Sweeps like the sense of vastness, when at night
> We hear the roll and dash of waves that break
> Nearer and nearer with the rushing tide,
> Which rises to the level of the cliff,
> Because the wide Atlantic rolls behind
> Throbbing resplendent to the far-off orbs.

A Parisian coterie of literary artists, whose art possessed no social feeling, and who took for their *drapeau* the words, "*L'art pour l'art*," found progress a piece of the boredom of *bourgeois* enthusiasm. It was natural, for in themselves there was nothing to create the presentiment of a future of glories and of duties. A silkworm enclosed in the delicate cocoon it has spun is insensible to the winds of change, and probably has no very vivid anticipation of the little flutter of potential wings.

Mr. Tennyson's words, "move upward, working out the beast," suggest the inquiry whether the scientific movement has modified or is now modifying, our moral conceptions. If it be so, the altered point of view must be discoverable through the work of great artists, for there are few great artists who are not indirectly great ethical teachers, or, if not teachers, inspirers. And it is obvious that scientific habits of thought must dispose men to seek for a natural rather than a miraculous or traditional foundation for morality, to

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

seek for natural rather than arbitrary standards of right and wrong, and to dwell chiefly on the natural sanctions attached to well-doing and evil-doing. The ancient law-givers received their authority and their code by special interposition, near secret stream, or on open mountain-top. We look for ours in the heart of man, and through the observation of social phenomena. Not less, but more than Dante we know for certain that there are a heaven and a hell — a heaven in the presence of light and blessing when a good deed has been done; a hell in the debasement of self, in the dark heart able no longer *vivre au grand jour*, in the consciousness of treason against our fellows, in the sense that we have lowered the nobler tradition of humanity, in the knowledge that consequence pursues consequence with a deadly efficiency far beyond our power of restraining or even of reaching them. The assurance that we live under a reign of natural law enforces upon us with a solemn joy and an abiding fear the truth that what a man soweth, that shall he also reap; and if he sow for others (and who does not?), others must reap of his sowing, tares of tares, and wheat of wheat. A recent critic concludes his studies of the Greek poets with a remarkable chapter which is an expansion of the thought that the true formula for the conduct of life in our modern world is no other than the old formula of Greek philosophy *ζῆν κατὰ φύσιν*, to live according to nature. The words might be accepted as our rule if "nature" be understood to include the action of the higher part of our humanity in controlling or modifying the lower and grosser part. This does not imply any acceptance of the ascetic theory of self-mortification, it is a part of the scientific doctrine of self-development, since we must recognize as one element in natural self-development the moving upward of which Mr. Tennyson speaks: —

> Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die.

The ethics of self-development rightly interpreted must, under the influence of science, forever replace the false ethics of self-mortification. A sane and vigorous human body, rich in the qualities which attract, and strongly feeling the attractions of the earth, and of human creatures upon the earth, will seem more sacred to us than the most attenuated limbs of the martyrs of early Christian art. Among our human instincts, passions, affections, the æsthetic sensibilities, the intellect, the conscience, the religious emotions, an order and hierarchy are indeed indispensable; but not one citizen in our little state of man shall be disfranchised or dishonored. So shall men see (when fatherhood and motherhood have been duly considered beforehand) youth ardent, aspiring, joyous, free; manhood powerful, hardy, patient, vigilant, courageous; and an old age of majesty and beauty. Nor will death, which has been in our globe ever since life was in it, appear the seal of human shame and sin, but the completion of a fulfilled course, the rest at the goal, perhaps the starting-point of a new career.*

All this has reference, however, to the ideal of the individual as pointed to by science, but science declares further, and declares with ever-increasing emphasis, that duty is social. The law, under which we live, does not consist, as regards our duties to our neighbor, merely or chiefly of negations. "Thou shalt not," since the great Teacher of the mount interpreted the law, has given place to "Thou shalt" — shalt actively strengthen, sustain, co-operate. The ideal of co-operation has been well defined as "the voluntary, conscious participation of each intelligent, separate element of society in preparing, maintaining, and increasing the general well-being, material, intellectual, and emotional." Self-surrender is therefore at times sternly enjoined, and if the egoistic desires are brought into conflict with social duties, the individual life and joy within us, at whatever cost of personal suffering, must be sacrificed to the just claims of our fellows. But what has this idea of duty to do with literature — what especially has it to do with the literature of the imagination? Little indeed if such literature be nothing save a supply to the senses of delicate colors and perfumes; much, if such literature address itself, as all great literature does, to the total nature of man. And what in effect is this statement, justified by science, of the nature of duty but a rendering into abstract formulæ of the throbbings of the heart which lives at the centre of such creations as "Romola," "Armgart," and "Middlemarch"?

It is not possible here to consider how the modification by science of our conception, not of the world only, nor of man,

* What has been said above is said in better words in many passages of Whitman's writings. See "Democratic Vistas," p. 41; "Two Rivulets," p. 7. To spiritualize the democracy by a religion in harmony with modern science, has been the chief aim of Whitman's later writings.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

but of the Supreme Power, must express itself, if it have not already expressed itself, in literature. That power is no remote or capricious ruler; absolutely inscrutable, the Father of our spirits is yet manifested in the totality of things, and most highly manifested to such beings as ourselves in the divinest representatives of our race. Recognizing all our notions of this inscrutable power as but symbolic, we may for purposes of edification accept an anthropomorphic conception, and yield to all that, in sincerity, and imposing no delusion upon ourselves, such an anthropomorphic conception may suggest, provided always that we keep it, in accordance with its purpose of edification, at the topmost level upon which our moral and spiritual nature can sustain an ideal, and bear in mind that it has no absolute validity. Nor will it be without an enlarging and liberating power with our spirit from time to time, when circumstances make it natural to do so, if we part with, dismiss, or abolish the symbolic conception suggested by man, in favor of one which the life and beauty of this earth of ours, or of the sublime cosmos of which it is a member, may suggest to the devout imagination. Thus by all that can be seen, and known, and loved, the religious spirit will be fed, and around and beyond what is knowable will abide an encircling mystery, by virtue of which the universe becomes something more than a workshop, a gymnasium, or a banquet-chamber, by virtue of which it becomes even an oracle and a shrine. It is possible already to perceive in literature the influence of such religious conceptions as have been here suggested.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE PRINCESS PAOLINI.

I.

ONE fine January night, some years ago, the Princess Paolini held a great reception. It was the first entertainment of any kind that had taken place beneath her roof since the death of the old prince, her husband, and all Rome flocked to attend it. Cardinals and ambassadors, monsignori and generals, Roman duchesses and English tourists, grey-jacketed Papal Zouaves fresh from the field of Mentana, artists and sculptors, statesmen and antiquarians, they streamed up the broad marble staircase in an unending tide; for everybody was anxious to get a sight of the beautiful young princess, and on an occasion like this invitations were not hard to come by. Outside, the grey, time-worn façade of the old palace was lighted up by a row of flaming torches; the piazza, of which it occupies one entire side, was thronged with carriages, and, from a stage erected near the portico, a brass band brayed forth operatic selections with more or less of cheerfulness and accuracy.

Everybody who knows Rome knows the Palazza Paolini, and everybody who has any acquaintance with Roman society is aware that its late owner was no lineal descendant of the famous old family whose name he bore, but a partner in the well-known Florentine banking-house of Flocchi and Company. It was upon his marriage with the orphan daughter of poor old ruined Filippo Paolini that he was permitted to assume the title and arms upon which his subsequent career reflected so much credit; and, though I believe that he was somewhat coldly received by the Roman nobility upon his first advent among them, his generosity, his artistic tastes, his fine manners, and, above all, his great wealth, soon sufficed to triumph over the prejudices of the most exclusive, and placed him, ere long, upon as high a social pinnacle as any dweller in the Eternal City, who was neither a priest nor a politician, could aspire to occupy. He bought back the palace and the lands, which had gradually slipped away from the possession of his wife's ancestors; he even, at infinite pains and expense, recovered many of their lost art treasures; he set the old family upon its legs again, and received such members of it as presented themselves to him with open arms and an open purse.

Of these there was no lack. From many a dilapidated farm in the Umbrian marshes, and many a crumbling, moribund city, they flocked to the capital, those handsome, impoverished Paolinis — priests, some of them, and some soldiers, but most without occupation — and for them all the new prince willingly expended his money and the influence which money carries with it. He revived the glories of an ancient house in short, and, in so doing, deserved well of his country. Such, at least, was the expressed opinion of his Holiness Pope Gregory XVI. and others, though some people, remembering the past history of the Paolini family, may have thought that the world would have suffered no great loss by the extinction of that race of plotters, poisoners, and spendthrifts.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

And so, for a matter of thirty years, Giuseppe Flocchi, Prince Paolini, reigned in Rome as a leader of society and a liberal patron of the arts, and was beloved by all classes alike, the only drop of bitter in his cup being the want of any child to succeed him in his honors. But when, in the fulness of time, the Princess Paolini died, the widower thought fit to take a step which — at least among the ranks of his relatives — proved immediately fatal to his popularity. If, as the proverb says, no man should be accounted happy, neither perhaps ought he to be deemed wise, until he is dead. At the age of seventy or thereabouts, the sage and experienced Prince Paolini, who had undertaken a journey to London with the pardonable object of diverting his thoughts from the loss which he had sustained, reappeared in Rome, bringing with him, as his second consort, a beautiful English girl fresh from the schoolroom; and his cousin the cardinal, throwing up his hands and his eyes, cried aloud, in the bitterness of his heart, that there was no fool like an old fool.

The prince's second experience of married life proved a brief one. He was found dead in his bed one morning very shortly after his return home; and the newspapers, which united in lauding the many good deeds of his long life, differed a little as to the cause of its termination, some speaking of apoplexy, and others of heart-disease. Rumor, ever prone to be ill-natured, filled the air, at the time, with whisperings which I should be the last man in the world to think of repeating, especially as they are scarcely relevant to the present narrative; but certain it is that the sad event, which caused many tears to flow from the eyes of those who had been recipients of the dead man's bounty, left his relations wonderfully calm. However, they gave him a magnificent funeral; and I well remember seeing the procession pass slowly and solemnly down the Corso, a troop of monks leading the way, bearing huge lighted candles and chanting a melancholy dirge, some ghastly masked figures, members of the confraternity of the Misericordia, striding on either side of the bier, and a long train of mourners and coaches and carriages following. The Paolinis were all there — a goodly clan of them. They reverently deposited the remains of their departed chief in the church of Sta. Maria del Popolo; and then I daresay they drove back as quickly as they could and heard the will read.

I don't know whether it was then or upon some subsequent occasion that the contents of that document were communicated to the relatives of the deceased; but, whenever it was, I should have much enjoyed being present and watching their faces while it was announced that, barring a few unimportant legacies, the misguided man had bequeathed the whole of his vast property, real and personal, to his widow. The lady was not even hampered with any of the ordinary provisos which common prudence dictates, with regard to remarriage, or the like. Her husband's wealth was hers, and hers absolutely. The family felt this to be very grievous, and could perhaps hardly be blamed for so feeling, though, no doubt, young Carlo Paolini, of the Guardia Nobile, went a little too far when he declared publicly that, in his opinion, it would be a righteous act to dig the old idiot up out of his grave and fling his body into the Tiber. His uncle, the cardinal, very properly rebuked him for such a display of temper and bad taste, and suggested the more practical course of disputing the will. Some such attempt was, indeed, subsequently made; but it proved abortive; and then the Paolinis, with that common sense which has never yet deserted them where their own interests have been at stake, recognized the fact that by far the best thing they could do would be to keep on good terms with the fortunate foreigner to whom their ancient palace and broad lands now belonged.

Of course certain people declared that they tried to poison her; but what will not certain people declare? There was nothing in the rather abrupt departure of the young princess for her native land to excite so shocking a suspicion in any but evil-thinking minds; nor could anything be more natural than that a girl married and widowed at the tender age of eighteen should fly for comfort and consolation to the arms of a fond mother. At all events, Rome saw her again at the end of a couple of years. She took up her abode in the luxurious apartments of the Palazzo Paolini, which had been prepared to receive her as a bride; she showed herself upon the Pincian in an English-built Victoria drawn by a pair of high-stepping bays, and presently — by way, as it was thought, of manifesting in a public manner that she understood the duties and importance of her position — she issued invitations for the great reception of which mention has already been made.

Those who were privileged to attend this gathering were forced to admit that the demeanor of their hostess afforded

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

little room for adverse criticism, and that, Englishwoman as she was, she bore herself in all respects as became a Roman princess. She was very tall, very beautiful, and very magnificently dressed. With her dark hair and eyes and her clear pale complexion, she might have been an Italian born. She was a little proud and cold perhaps; but that was a fault upon the right side. Standing at the head of her staircase, with Cardinal Paolini at her elbow and a little court of her relations and other great people grouped behind her, she received her guests like any empress. She made no mistakes. Possibly she had gone through a private rehearsal with the cardinal, or it may have been that she had taken some pains to learn her part; at any rate she was polite to everybody, and more than polite to a favored few. She had a well-chosen word or two for each of the great ladies whose friendship was worth securing; she advanced a few steps and shook hands with the minister of a country understood to be friendly to the papal government, while the representative of another power, with whose action his Holiness had recently had reason to be displeased, was dismissed with a grave, distant bow.

The latter form of recognition was, indeed, the only one vouchsafed to the majority of the princess's guests, as they defiled before her, and passed on to the picture-gallery and the great ball-room, where a string band was playing for their benefit; but when my own turn came to pay my respects to the lady of the house, I was honored by a much warmer reception. The fact is that I had entered the Palazzo Paolini uninvited. I had only just arrived in Rome, and having heard of the proposed festivity, I thought I would walk round after dinner and see how my old friend and playmate, Sybil Ferrars (with whom I had been intimately acquainted since the day when I had the honor to attend her christening), would acquit herself in her new and rather trying situation. I flattered myself, too, that the sight of a familiar face among all those strange ones would not be unwelcome to her; and so I was not at all astonished when the princess, on recognizing me, forgot all her stateliness and dignity for a moment, and held out both her hands with a little glad cry of surprise.

"You here!" she exclaimed. "How delightful! When did you arrive? and how long will you remain? Oh, I hope you are going to stay the whole winter! Where have you been all these long, weary years?" (It was only two years since I had seen her last; but at her time of life two years is a much longer period than it is at mine.) "Will you come and see me to-morrow morning about twelve o'clock? Then we can have a good long talk all by ourselves."

Cardinal Paolini fixed his deep-set, black eyes upon my humble person, and looked me through and through. He is a handsome, commanding-looking man, as all the Paolinis are, and he has a way of confronting inferior mortals with a cold, penetrating gaze which is supposed to strike terror into their mean souls. Of course, I had no chance against him. With his tall, spare figure draped in scarlet robes and old lace, he looked the very picture of a proud prince of the Church, and seemed born to exact obedience, if not respect; whereas I, I am sorry to say, am a rather fat old man, and though I may have had my share of good looks once upon a time, I have never heard that my appearance was of an awe-inspiring kind. However, I am not afraid of Cardinal Paolini, nor, for that matter, of the whole Sacred College put together; so I favored him with a Briton's stony, stolid stare, before which he presently dropped his eyelids, while the faintest possible smile flickered for an instant about his thin lips.

I suppose the princess must have noticed the rigidity which had suddenly overspread my speaking countenance, and have guessed at its cause; for she glanced over her shoulder at the cardinal, and remarked, in a very clear and distinct voice, and in the Italian tongue (which I observed she had learnt to speak with remarkable purity), "Your Eminence need feel no alarm. Mr. Clifford was at school with my father, and, what is better still, he is married already."

At this speech there was a general smile, and I saw several of the bystanders nudge their neighbors; for of course everybody knew that the Paolinis were not going to let their fair relative take a second husband if they could help it, and the cardinal's distrust of Englishmen was, as I afterwards learnt, a matter of notoriety.

I passed on into the picture-gallery, feeling rather sorry that the princess should have thought it worth while to make something like a scene out of so small a matter. It was sufficiently obvious that the cardinal must wish and intend to get her under his thumb; and I have always observed that, when a clever and strong-willed man has such designs with regard to a woman, the only safe opposition she can bring to

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

bear against him is that of a wall of passive resistance. He has already taken a long step towards victory when she tries to sting him with sharp speeches.

I never have any lack of acquaintances in Rome, where I am in the habit of spending two or three months out of every year, and I soon found myself surrounded by a knot of old friends in whose society an hour slipped away pleasantly enough. I was just thinking that it was about time for me to be going back to my hotel to bed when I ran up against young Dick Seaton, the sculptor, who grasped my hand with more than his usual cordiality.

"My dear Mr. Clifford," he cried, "you are the very man of all others whom I wanted to see! You knew the Princess Paolini before she was married, didn't you? Who was she? What made her marry that drivelling old man? Tell me about her."

"Why all this eagerness?" I enquired. "What are princesses and Paolinis to you, my poor Dick? Have you fallen in love with her, you foolish boy? And do you suppose she is ever likely so much as to notice your existence? Oh, vanity of youth!"

Dick burst out laughing. "Fallen in love with that beautiful statue? — not exactly!" he answered. "I could as easily fall in love with the Capitoline Venus. Besides, I hope I know my place, and have a proper reverence for my betters. Moreover, I can tell you, if you don't know it already, that the Princess Paolini will never marry again. His Eminence yonder would have a hundred suitors poisoned sooner than let it come to that."

"Well, well!" I said. "I daresay she will be none the less happy if she does have to remain single. What do people want to get married for? Is matrimonial bliss so common a thing that all you young folks should be in such a hurry to surrender your freedom?"

Dick laughed again, and asked whether Mrs. Clifford was with me. Dick is sometimes inclined to be a little bit impertinent.

"You know very well that the climate of Rome does not suit my wife," I answered. "She is in England, paying a round of visits. So you want to hear all about the beautiful princess, do you? Well; walk home with me, and I will tell you what I know."

We made our way through the crowded rooms, down the broad staircase, and so out on to the piazza, where we lighted our cigars, and strolled away in the moonlight.

"The Princess Paolini," said I, as we turned into the Corso, "is one of that old cat Lady Augusta Ferrars's daughters. You don't know Lady Augusta, because you live abroad three parts of the year, and when you do go to London you roam about the streets in a velveteen coat and a pot hat, so that even your relations have to look in at a shop-window when you pass; but everybody else knows her, and I believe most people rather like her. A select few, of whom I have the honor to be one, hate her like poison. I don't know whether her daughters feel grateful to her, but I suppose they ought, for she has done the best she possibly could for them, according to her ideas. The eldest will be a duchess one of these days, when her husband succeeds to the title; the second is married to old Kreutzerpfenning, the German banker, and will be one of the richest women in Europe when he dies, as he is bound to do before long; the third is the famous Lady Highcliffe, of whom you must have heard. They tell me she leads one of the most exclusive sets in London; but I don't know much about her myself; she soared to a social height which I can never hope to reach. Lady Augusta arranged all these matches, and carried them through, unaided and alone, in the face of considerable difficulties. It was she who took poor Sybil almost out of the nursery, made her change her religion, and handed her over to old Prince Paolini, who might have been her grandfather. I believe the poor child made some objection; but children never know what is good for them; and, after all, now that the man is dead ——"

Here Seaton spat upon the ground in an offensive, noisy manner, of which I strongly disapprove.

"Don't do that, Dick," said I: "it is unnecessary and ungentlemanly. Live in Bohemia, if you will, but for heaven's sake keep clear of its low habits."

"I will back the habits of Bohemia against the habits of Belgravia, any day," he returned. "In Bohemia a woman has at least some natural love for her offspring."

"So she has in Belgravia, only it takes a different form."

"Faugh! don't tell me. Made her change her religion, did they? I am a Catholic myself, as you know, but then I was born one: hang forcible conversions! And you talk of it all as if it wasn't enough to make a man sick!" And here I am sorry to say that, in spite of my remonstrance, Dick repeated his objectionable

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

act. "But I daresay she was a willing victim," he resumed, after a pause. "No doubt she is as worldly and selfish and mean as the rest of them, and Heaven only gave her those great melancholy brown eyes by some mistake."

"She is nothing of the kind," I answered — "at least she used not to be."

"Then why did she marry that old dotard?"

"My good Dick," I said, "you don't know the stupendous power of a nagging woman. I sincerely trust you never may. Lady Augusta's daughters were all high-spirited girls, but they had to give in to her in the long run; and, for my part, I don't wonder at it."

"H'm! Well, I don't think I shall execute the order, all the same," remarked Dick, musingly.

"What order?" I asked.

"Oh, the Princess Paolini honored my studio by a visit the other day, and, after criticising my poor productions with a good deal of complimentary condescension, was pleased to say that she was anxious to sit to me for her bust. I told her that I didn't much care about that kind of work, as a general thing, but that, as her face interested me, I would see whether I could not make an exception in her case."

"That was rather impertinent of you."

"Yes; but her manner had been rather impertinent to me. Besides, I only spoke the truth. Her face interested me. All things considered, I don't think it interests me any more; and when she comes to my studio to-morrow, as she has appointed to do, I shall tell her I can't find time for her."

"You young goose!" I said, "what have you to do with the private life of your sitters? Do you institute enquiries into the antecedents of all your models, pray? The Princess Paolini, who is no worse than her neighbors, you may be sure, will pay you well for your work, and bring you into notice if you are civil to her. Don't quarrel with your bread and butter."

"I shall do very well without the princess's patronage," answered Dick, with his nose in the air; "and I am not going to degrade my art into a mere means of grubbing up money. Here is your hotel. Good-night."

And so my young friend marched away in the moonlight, ascended the broad flight of steps that leads from the Piazza di Spagna to the church of the Trinità de' Monti, and was soon out of sight. Dick Seaton's father, as I happened to know, made him, at that time, an allowance of 300*l.* a year, upon the strength of which I suspect that the young sculptor muddled away more than double that amount annually. I was rather pleased with him for respecting his art, and despising money; I like to see youth generous and careless, and free-handed; and as I knocked up the porter at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and stumbled in through the half-open door, I said to myself that Dick was a fine young fellow, though of course an ass. I daresay, though, that if he had been my son, I should have considered the latter part of the phrase more descriptive of him than the former.

II.

PUNCTUALLY at twelve o'clock on the following morning I presented myself at the Palazzo Paolini, and, after a short delay, was ushered into the presence of its mistress. She received me in what would, I suppose, have been called her boudoir, had not such a name seemed so absurdly inappropriate as applied to one of the vast lofty chambers of the grim old palace. It was too large a room to be altogether comfortable, and of course its windows fitted badly and let in currents of air, as all Roman windows do; but it had a southern aspect, it was luxuriously furnished in the modern Parisian style, and a mass of flowers and a great cage full of twittering birds gave it a certain cheery, home-like appearance. A wood fire was burning brightly on the hearth, on one side of which the princess reclined in a low easy-chair, while facing her sat a straight-backed, sandy-haired, middle-aged person, whom I at once perceived to be her lady companion.

A sense of humor, we are often told, is nothing more nor less than a quick perception of the incongruous; but to my own mind I must confess that there is no spectacle at once so ludicrous, so delightful, and so rare, as that of absolute fitness. Every condition in life has its ideal type, yet how seldom is that ideal realized! Portly bishops, weasel-faced attorneys, admirals who talk in a sustained bellow and interlard their conversation with oaths — how few and far between are they, and with what immense satisfaction does one greet a man whose appearance accords in all respects with his calling! Companions, should, of course, be tall, angular, and of uncompromising aspect; they should wear mittens, be perpetually knitting grey woollen stockings, and should never speak unless addressed. Every-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

body has met the ideal companion scores of times in novels and plays; but how many people have come across her in real life? The Princess Paolini's companion fulfilled all the above enumerated conditions; and when I was introduced to her, and heard that her name was Miss O'Grady, the perfection of the specimen struck me with such force, and tickled me to that extent, that I had much ado to keep myself from bursting into an unseemly guffaw.

Miss O'Grady so completely satisfied my soul that, for the first few minutes, I really could not take my eyes off her, and was only able to lend a half-attentive ear to the conversation of the princess, who was chatting away about old times in a manner far more characteristic of the Sybil of former years than of the *grande dame* whom I had seen patronizing ambassadors on the previous evening. It was the sound of Seaton's name that roused me from my state of contented contemplation.

"I suppose Mr. Seaton is an old friend of yours," the princess was saying. "I saw you go away together arm-in-arm last night. Do you know, I have taken rather a fancy to that young man. He was so very rude to me the other day."

"And do you like people who are rude to you?"

"Sometimes. It makes a change, you know. Nowadays I find that nearly everybody crouches down at my feet; and I think those who hate me most are the most polite to me."

"I can't believe that any one can hate you," said I.

She shrugged her shoulders, but made no reply: and Miss O'Grady, without lifting her eyes from her knitting, delivered herself of a short, sharp "Hem!" which I took to mean, "Well, you *are* an old fool!"

"Would you believe," the princess resumed, "that Mr. Seaton makes difficulties about producing a bust of me? As if the greatest sculptor in Rome would not be only too glad to have such an order! I don't in the least want a bust of myself, and certainly, in the first instance, had not the slightest anxiety to sit to your friend; but when he seemed inclined to refuse my offer, I determined at once that he should accept it, whether he pleased or not; and, in fact, I am going to give him my first sitting this morning. Will you come with me, and relieve Miss O'Grady? You don't care to come, do you?" she added, turning to her companion; and that lady, looking up for a moment, answered in a deep, solemn voice, "I'd be glad to be excused."

Mindful of the foolish determination which Dick had announced to me, I thought I might manage to do the young fellow a good turn, in spite of himself, if I acceded to the princess's request, so I said I should like very much to accompany her, and shortly afterwards found myself comfortably settled on the soft cushions of the Victoria of which mention has already been made, and progressing at a round pace up the steep streets which lead to the Via di San Nicolo da Tolentino, where Dick's studio was situated.

As we pulled up before the door with a jerk, a little incident occurred which half amused and half distressed me. An elderly man dressed in a suit of threadbare black, who had been sauntering along the pavement on the opposite side of the way smoking a cigarette, halted as the clattering equipage dashed past him, and, with pardonable curiosity, stood still for a moment to scrutinize the beautiful lady enveloped in furs who was preparing to descend from it. The princess caught sight of him while her foot was on the step, and, turning instantly to the footman who was holding out his arm to assist her to alight, she said, in her quick, imperious way, "Tell that man to come here."

In a moment the stranger, hat in hand, was standing before her and bowing obsequiously, polite interrogation expressed in all his features.

"Cardinal Paolini sent you to watch for me," said the princess, looking over the man's head as she spoke. "You can tell him that you saw me enter Signor Seaton's studio, and that I shall probably remain there an hour or more. You may add that I had no one with me except an English gentleman." And with that she swept into the house.

The stranger opened enormous eyes of astonishment, dropped his head beneath his shoulders, exhibited the palms of a dingy pair of hands, and volubly assured me that the lady had made some mistake. He had never seen her before in his life, and had not so much as heard the name of Cardinal Paolini. But I was too much ashamed and annoyed to answer him, and hurried into the studio without daring to glance at either of the servants.

I followed the princess into the bare, scantily-furnished ante-room in which Dick was accustomed to keep his visitors waiting for him, and then, using the privilege of an old friend, I ventured upon a mild expostulation. "After all," I concluded,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"the man was very likely not put on to watch you."

She had turned her back to me in order to examine some bas-reliefs which hung against the wall, and had not, I am afraid, paid much attention to my harangue.

"Oh, yes, he was," she said, quietly. "I know his face perfectly well; and he knows that I know him."

"But why speak to him before your servants? Surely it would be more dignified —— "

"That is of no importance whatever," she interrupted. "It is an open secret that the cardinal surrounds me with spies, and, for anything I know, those very servants may be in his pay. Of course I might disregard his emissaries as beneath notice, if I chose; but it makes him angry to know that he is detected and laughed at; and so, from time to time, I send him a message which I am sure will be delivered, because all his creatures hate him so. Ah, here is Mr. Seaton."

Mr. Seaton now made his appearance. He was clad in a complete suit of brown velveteen, with knickerbockers; his fair hair, which in moments of excitement was apt to stand on end, was parted in the middle and carefully brushed; his beard had evidently been trimmed that morning, and a faint odor of eau-de-cologne entered the room with him. In short, I perceived at once that the young jackanapes had come in prepared to ride the high horse, and his first words convinced me of the correctness of my judgment.

After bowing low to the princess — I only got a nod — he expressed his regret that she should have been put to the trouble of revisiting his studio. He had given the subject full consideration, he said, and he had arrived at the conclusion that he must decline the honor of executing her bust. In point of fact, he did not go in for that kind of work. Of course a beautiful face was always worth studying; and that (if he might be permitted to say so) was the reason why he had hesitated a little in the present instance; but, after thinking it over, he had decided that it would be wiser for him not to depart from his general rule. He must therefore beg to be excused.

The princess was sitting with her back towards me, so that I could not see how this announcement affected her. She did not, however, appear to be offended.

"Of course, if you won't do it, you won't, and there is no more to be said," she answered; "but I confess I am disappointed. I want to have a good bust of myself, and I fancied, somehow or other, that you would succeed better with me than one of the others, to whom I shall now have to apply. I don't know what your reasons may be; but if it were only loss of time that you dreaded —— "

"You would pay me at a rate that would overrule that objection. I don't doubt it; and I am infinitely obliged. But — forgive me, princess — there are some few things in the world that money will not buy. My productions, which are very far from being first-rate, are worth a certain price; and that price I expect, and receive, for them. I don't want more, and would not take more."

At this juncture I could not refrain from calling out, "That's bosh, you know;" but I doubt whether either of the young people heard the interruption.

"I beg your pardon," said the princess, quite meekly; "I ought not to have tried to bribe you; and, indeed, I did not exactly mean to do that; but I thought perhaps your time might be valuable, and — and — but it does not signify. You don't pursue art as a profession then?" she resumed, after a momentary pause.

"Oh, yes, I do," answered Dick, laughing, and showing a fine double row of white teeth; "and very glad I am to get an order too. But I love my art for its own sake, not for what it may bring me, and I would not undertake any work that went against the grain with me, if I were offered five thousand pounds for it."

Here again I felt constrained to exclaim, "Dick, Dick, don't be such a prig!" And I am bound to say that my second observation met with as little recognition as my first.

"Oh, if it goes against the grain," said the princess softly.

An ingenuous blush suffused the cheeks of the young sculptor. "I did not mean that," he cried, quite confused and altogether forgetful of his dignity. "You cannot suppose that — good heavens, how stupid and awkward I am! All I meant was —— "

"Well?" said the princess calmly.

I suppose Dick did not quite know what he had meant; for he did not finish his sentence, but frowned and rumpled up his hair, and began to walk up and down the room.

"If you really think," he began, at length — "if you think — though, upon my word, I don't know why you should — there are so many sculptors who are my superiors in every way — but if you really wish —— "

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Need I add that, a few minutes later, the princess was seated in the one easy-chair that Dick's studio possessed, that I myself was accommodated with a hard, comfortless stool, and that the incorruptible Seaton had changed his velveteen coat for a brown holland one, and was already hard at work?

"What is there in this world that all pretty women, and most plain ones, cannot get a man to do if they will only take the trouble?" I asked of the princess when the sitting was at an end, and I was once more seated beside her in her carriage.

She laughed, and said that there were a great many things which no power of hers had ever been able to effect. "Do you think, for instance, that I could induce the cardinal to leave me in peace?"

"The cardinal," I answered, "is a priest and an old man: my poor Dick is young and impetuous. I should take it as a favor if you would not make a greater fool of him than you can help."

"What do you mean?" she asked, turning her great, serious eyes full upon me.

And then I remembered that she was a princess and that Dick was only a struggling sculptor, and I had not the courage to caution her against flirting with one so far beneath her in rank.

After this the princess's visits to Dick's studio became matters of daily occurrence. Miss O'Grady went with her as representative of the *convenances*, and took her knitting. I did not offer to replace that lady a second time, having a dislike to hard, wooden chairs, but I often dropped in, in the course of the morning, and found the trio always in the same postures — the princess mounted upon her daïs, Dick working away at his clay, and the grim-visaged companion nodding a little over her interminable stocking. Entering, one day, without knocking, as my habit was, I was arrested upon the threshold by a warning "Hush!" and presently became aware of Miss O'Grady slumbering peacefully upon her high chair, her head thrown back, and her lower jaw dropped, while Dick was hastily drawing a caricature of this sleeping beauty, and the princess, peeping over his shoulder, was stuffing her pocket handkerchief into her mouth to control her laughter. When I saw Dick's sketch, which I must say was not devoid of humor, I exploded, and awoke the unconscious sitter, who glanced suspiciously first at us, then at her knitting, and finally remarked, gravely, "I believe I've dropped a stitch."

At this there was a general outburst of merriment; for indeed the poor lady had solemnly drawn out her knitting-needles, one by one, in the course of her nap, and her long grey stocking lay, a hopeless ruin, on her knees.

I was not sorry to see that poor Sybil had still so strong a leaven of childishness left in her nature. No one who had encountered her, night after night, as I had lately done, in the *salons* of the Roman aristocracy, would have supposed that the pale, stately princess was capable of giggling over a caricature like any schoolgirl; and, in truth, if rumor were correct, her life among her relations was not of a kind to encourage mirth.

"Will you drive with us to the Doria-Pamfili gardens this afternoon?" she asked, as she put on her hat and gloves. "We are going there to gather flowers, Miss O'Grady and I; and perhaps Mr. Seaton may be able to meet us."

It was a delicious warm day in the early spring; I had no special engagement for that afternoon; so I said I would go; and we went. We left the carriage at the villa, and wandered among those shady glades, which are now almost as well known to Englishmen as Richmond Park; and there, sure enough, we found Mr. Dick waiting for us. Then we all went down upon all fours, and gathered the many-tinted anemones with which the park was carpeted, till two of us were reminded by the aching of our backs that we were no longer so young as we had once been, and, assuming a more convenient attitude, left the self-imposed task to those whose limbs were still lithe and whose bones were unracked by rheumatism. Out came Miss O'Grady's grey stocking; I obtained permission to light a cigarette; and as we sat on the dry grass, exchanging a word every now and then, but making no effort at sustained conversation, the laughter of the young folks rose from the dell whither they had wandered, and gladdened the soft warm air.

Human nature is human nature all the world over. Throw an obscure, but appreciative youth constantly into the society of a lovely empress; leave them alone together; let them grow intimate, and — audacious, senseless, discreditable as it may be — it is as likely as not that that youth will become enamored of that empress. So much I readily admit. I have indeed repeatedly done so in the course of conversation with Mrs. Clifford, who is pleased to blame me because Dick Seaton chose to fall over head and ears in love with the Princess Paolini, and who,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

with that terse vigor which characterizes all her utterances, has more than once observed that nothing but senile imbecility or pure wickedness can explain my conduct in not "nipping the thing in the bud." But although, from considerations which it is needless here to particularize, I have for many years made it a rule never to contradict Mrs. Clifford, I must still take leave to doubt whether, even if I had been possessed of the blighting influence attributed to me by my wife, I should have done wisely or well to exercise it. For whose sake, pray, was I to interfere? For Sybil's? Was I to deprive her of the honest devotion of an honest heart, and of a few brief hours of enjoyment and oblivion out of a life predestined to chill splendor? For Dick's, then? Why, what better thing can happen to a young man than that he should fall in love? What is more certain to bring out the good side of his nature, to subdue the earthly, to lead him to do the very best that he can to achieve name and fame? I am fat, but I am romantic. I have my own reminiscences, and have had my own experiences; and it is my deliberate opinion that no mortal has ever been otherwise than benefited by having truly loved another. I watched, then, the progress of Dick's attachment, with the serene conviction that no harm could come of it. If there had been a question of ultimate marriage, I grant you — but I was perfectly aware of the utter impossibility of any such issue.

After that visit to the Pamfili gardens we four commonly spent our afternoons together. We explored the palace of the Cæsars, we roamed over the Coliseum, we wandered among the ruins of Caracalla's baths. One pair of us developed an immense interest in ancient architecture — an interest only to be satiated by clamberings over giddy heights of masonry, where apparently no two people could safely post themselves, except hand in hand. The remaining couple, being of riper years, were content to pitch their camp-stools upon the green sward below, where the violets grew, and to gaze up at the figures of their adventurous friends standing out sharp and black overhead against a deep blue sky.

Dick was crazily in love, and showed the state of his feelings so openly, that the most indifferent of lookers-on could scarcely ignore it. Even Miss O'Grady, a singularly cautious and reticent person, honored me with an occasional meaning smile, when the young man made himself more than usually ridiculous, though she never alluded to the subject in words. As for the princess, I was a little puzzled to arrive at a comprehension of her sentiments with regard to her adorer. She was wayward and capricious with him, treating him sometimes kindly, sometimes coldly, and occasionally favoring him with a very direct and unequivocal snub. She seemed to be really fond of the lad, and yet anxious to keep him at a certain distance. I often wondered whether she sought his company for his own sake, or merely with the amiable object of annoying her relative, the cardinal.

I happened to meet that distinguished prelate, one morning, on the staircase of the Palazzo Paolini, whither I had betaken myself upon I forget what errand. Dick had trumped up some frivolous excuse to accompany me. The cardinal came stepping down the marble stairs, an erect, stately, scarlet figure, with his two footmen in their queer, old-world liveries behind him, and I stood aside to let him pass, taking off my hat, as in duty bound. Dick, on the other hand, never so much as lifted a finger to his wide-awake, and frowned aggressively.

"What do you bow to that fellow for?" he asked, rather before his Eminence was out of hearing distance.

"Honor to whom honor is due," I answered.

"Hang it all! you're a heretic; and you oughtn't to think any honor is due to the scarlet woman, as you call the Holy Church."

"I took off my hat to the scarlet man," says I. "I have nothing to do with his religious opinions; I simply acknowledge his social position."

"Social position!" echoed Dick, with tremendous scorn. "Yes, that is all you fellows who pride yourselves upon being 'men of the world' think of. You don't care two straws whether a man be honest or not; but if he can write 'Duke,' or 'Cardinal,' before his name, off go your hats instinctively. What a set of poor toadies you all are! I, who am only a poor, unfashionable sculptor, don't choose to abase myself before an infamous scoundrel, such as your friend there, whatever his rank may be. However, I confess that I hate Cardinal Paolini personally — and he hates me."

"You conceited young donkey!" I returned — for I must say I didn't like being called a toady — "pigmies may hate giants; but giants don't trouble themselves much about pigmies. I have a very strong suspicion that Cardinal Paolini

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

has not yet realized the circumstance of your existence."

"Very well," said Dick composedly; "have it your own way; I don't want to dispute your theories. As a matter of fact, however, the cardinal is not only aware of my existence, but has had a good try to put an end to it. I was within an ace of being stabbed on my own staircase the night before last."

"By the cardinal?"

"No; but by a fellow whom he had put on to do it. I was groping my way up the stairs when it occurred to me, I really don't know why, that I might as well strike a light. I did so; and immediately found myself almost touching a ruffian with a naked dagger, whom I clutched, and who promptly made a bolt for it, leaving a piece of his coat-collar in my hand. I let him go; it wouldn't have been any use to me to capture him; but I recognized him at once as one of the spies whose business it is to watch us."

"What spies? And whom do you mean by 'us'?" I enquired, rather startled.

"Why the princess, you know, and — and myself," replied Dick, looking extremely self-conscious.

The worst of it was that it was true. Half an hour later, the princess made some pretext to lead me away into the picture-gallery, and there poured into my ears an indignant complaint of the insolence, the wickedness, the cruelty of her cousin, the cardinal. Her interview with him that morning had been, it appeared, of a somewhat stormy nature. In the double character of senior member of the family and spiritual adviser of his young kinswoman, he had taken upon himself to denounce certain features of her conduct in no measured terms. He had admonished, he had scolded, he had threatened. Last of all, he had actually pushed audacity to the point of accusing the princess of unbecoming familiarity with — whom did I suppose? — with Mr. Seaton.

Monstrous charge! I expressed myself at once astonished and shocked.

"I told him that he would never have dared to insult me so, if he had not been a priest, and I alone and defenceless," continued the poor princess, with tears in her eyes; "but the truth is that he is so blinded by his terror of my marrying again, and taking the Paolini estates out of the family, that he will not believe that I can have any pride or self-respect of my own. I shall never marry again, as it happens; but if I did, I am hardly the person to make a *mésalliance*."

"Certainly not," I acquiesced; "and anything so preposterous as a marriage with Dick Seaton ——"

"Preposterous is hardly the word," interrupted the princess, rather inconsistently. "Mr. Seaton's family is quite as old as our own, I believe, for that matter; but of course I understand the duties of my position; and I need hardly tell you that I have never thought of Mr. Seaton except as of a friend. I have so few friends," she added, with a sigh; "indeed I have none except you, and my good faithful O'Grady, and Mr. Seaton. I don't choose to give any of you up at the cardinal's bidding."

"Quite so; but don't you think it might be prudent ——"

"To drop Mr. Seaton? I daresay it might; but, fortunately or unfortunately, neither he nor I happen to be cowards. Do you know that he was very nearly murdered a night or two ago?"

"Well, I did hear something of the kind. But who told you?"

"Mr. Seaton himself," she answered, looking me calmly and a little defiantly in the face. "Why should he not? I spoke to the cardinal about it this morning, and told him I knew of his unsuccessful attempt."

"And what did he say to that?"

"Oh, he only laughed, and assured me that, if he wanted to get rid of anybody, he should use some less clumsy means to effect his purpose. And then he said that Rome was full of robbers, and that my friend ought to keep a lamp on his staircase. After which he declared that he forgave me my suspicions, and went smiling away. It is not always easy to make him angry. There is a cool determination about him that frightens me. Sometimes I think I will give up all my money to these Paolinis, as they tried to make me do when I first got it; but then I don't like the idea of being beaten by the cardinal; and besides," she added with a sigh, "you know what sort of a welcome I should meet with at home if I returned to my mother penniless."

Indeed I did. With Lady Augusta on one side and Cardinal Paolini on the other, I could foresee little but troublous times for my poor princess.

Presently she rose from the low tapestried chair upon which she had been seated, and shook her lovely shoulders, as if to free them from some physical load. "Come," she said, "let us forget our troubles for a day or two at least. Have you ever seen my villa at Frascati? Miss

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

O'Grady and I are going out there for a little change: will you join us? I have asked Mr. Seaton to give himself a holiday too, and come and examine my frescoes, which he says he is very anxious to see."

I accepted willingly enough, but I confess that I should have been just as well pleased if Dick had been left out of the party. I was beginning to feel really uncomfortable when I thought of that unscrupulous old cardinal. There was a mediævalism about his course of procedure which I did not like. Romance is all very well, but it is hard that one should have to submit to the dull monotony of the nineteenth century and incur the perils of the sixteenth at the same time; and I reflected, with a shudder, that our enemy was quite capable of undermining the Frascati villa, and blowing us all up, à la Darnley.

However, my soul soon ceased to be disquieted within me. When I was sitting, after dinner, in the great cool dining-room of the Villa Paolini, sipping my Montefiascone, I was able to take a calmer and more philosophical view of the situation. The princess had at that time a *chef*, in whose praise I cannot speak too warmly; the Montefiascone was excellent; the view which I indolently contemplated through the open windows left nothing to be desired. Beyond the gardens of the villa — the marble terraces, the statues, the fountains, and the dark cypress and ilex groves — stretched the billowy Campagna, spanned by ruined aqueducts which lessened into the distance; far away against the horizon rose the dome of St. Peter's, a shadowy blue cupola, and the snows of remote Soracte were flushed with the afterglow of sunset.

"One can but die once," thinks I, being perhaps a trifle pot-valiant; "and if anybody wants to assassinate me, now is his time. We are all of us tolerably contented and happy at the present moment, and how do we know what bad times the future may have in store for us?" I added aloud, "This is better than Rome."

"Is it not?" cried the princess, who was in high spirits. "Heaven be praised! we have put twelve good miles between ourselves and the cardinal."

And Miss O'Grady, looking down at her plate, muttered *sotto voce*, "Bad luck to um!"

As for Dick, he said nothing; but I daresay that, like the parrot, he thought the more.

Ah, well, we had a very pleasant and happy week, we four, at the Villa Paolini. The young people had the best of the fun no doubt; but that was only right and proper. After a certain age one ceases to expect any special happiness on one's own score; but if a man be only sentimental enough, his grey hairs need not debar him from enjoying a good deal of vicarious bliss. We galloped over the brown, windy Campagna (Miss O'Grady in a short grey habit and a voluminous blue gauze veil was indeed a joy forever); we drove to Albano and Rocca di Papa; we climbed Monte Cavo, and picnicked among the ruins of ancient Tusculum; and at night, when the sun had set, and the heavy southern dew had fallen, we wandered among the terraces and avenues of the Paolini gardens, or sat in armchairs on the verandah, and watched the stars. That is to say, that two of the party wandered, while the other two sat still. I had, and have, a great respect for Miss O'Grady; but I like to remain quiescent for a time after dinner, and my intercourse with her was not of that kind which demands solitude and picturesque accessories. Yes; it was a quiet, happy time; and like all times, happy and otherwise, it came to an end. I well remember our last evening. The stars were glittering in a cloudless sky, the air was as soft and warm as on a June night in England, and all the good folks of Frascati had gone to bed to save their candles. There was profound silence in the garden, whither, as usual, we had betaken ourselves after dinner. I was peacefully puffing at my nocturnal cigar; Miss O'Grady, who was unable to knit in the dark, was sitting in a low chair a few paces from my own, her head supported by her long, lean hand; and Dick and the princess had strolled away together, as they pretty generally did at that hour. From time to time we caught glimpses of their dark figures flitting from shadow to light and from light to shadow among the scented orange-trees and the myrtles and tamarisks, and every now and then, the sound of their voices was borne to us and died away again as the fitful night breeze rose and fell. Once they paused by a marble balustrade some fifty yards away from us, and I could see that that rascal Dick was gazing with all his might and main into the great brown eyes of his beautiful companion.

O zarte Sehnsucht, süsses Hoffen!
Der ersten Liebe goldne Zeit!

As I have, I think, said before, I am old, but I am romantic; and while my eyes were resting upon the princess and the sculptor, my mind had skipped nimbly back

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

to the year 1830, and to the days when I too lingered out of doors in the falling dews and forgot this weary world and all its dull necessities in looking into just such another pair of brown orbs. I do not speak of Mrs. Clifford's eyes, which, indeed, are not of that color, but of a bluish-green or greenish-blue, I think. I have not the advantage of her presence beside me as I write, and can't be positive as to a shade or so. Poor homely O'Grady, too, must have had some recollections of happy bygone days, I fancy; for she moved uneasily in her chair, and heaved a prodigious sigh from time to time, and the bones of the formidable stays in which she was encased creaked as if in sympathy.

We all re-entered the house together at length; and upon the hall-table we found a little pile of letters which some officious person had forwarded to us from Rome.

Five minutes afterwards two, at least, of our number had stepped back with dismal haste from the domain of romance to that of reality.

III.

ONE of my letters was from Mrs. Clifford, and contained the rather startling intelligence that she proposed to join me very shortly. The east winds, she wrote, had been most piercing of late; she felt that she required a change; and, in short, she had been persuaded to try the effect of a journey to Rome by dear Lady Augusta Ferrars, who was just about to start for that city on a visit to her daughter, the Princess Paolini. Would I see about rooms at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and secure tickets for the Easter ceremonies at once? In a postscript I was asked whether I had happened to meet young Lord Chelsfield yet. Because Mrs. Clifford rather imagined that Lady Augusta expected to find him at Rome.

I took in the situation at a glance. "Dear Lady Augusta" intended to marry her daughter to Lord Chelsfield. The match would be a good one; and, moreover, it would save the Paolini wealth from ever reverting to the family of the late prince. Indeed, realizing, as I then did for the first time, how important it was, from Lady Augusta's point of view, that the princess should make a second marriage, I was at a loss to comprehend why that devoted mother had ever allowed her dear child to return to Italy. But when I remembered the antagonistic designs of Lady Augusta and the cardinal; when I recollected that these two determined persons would shortly be brought face to face; and when I further reflected upon the complications which might arise out of Dick's intimacy with the princess, and upon the measure of condemnation which was only too likely to fall upon my own head on account thereof, I could contain myself no longer, and exclaimed involuntarily, "Here's a row!"

The princess looked up, with a rather pale and weary face, from the perusal of her own correspondence, and said, "I beg your pardon?" But I did not repeat my vulgar ejaculation.

"I must return to Rome," she continued, in a tone of some depression. "Mamma is coming to see me."

"So must I," I remarked, not less dolorously. "Mrs. Clifford is coming to see me."

At which we had a brief, dreary laugh.

And so next day we all jogged back along the Via Appia to face our troubles, and left Frascati and its foolish fancies behind us.

Upon the events of the few following weeks I prefer not to dwell. I am unable to look back upon that time with any sort of gratification or comfort. Everything turned out exactly as I had anticipated. Lord Chelsfield — a feeble, dissipated youth, with a head like a kite — made his appearance simultaneously with Lady Augusta, and I was given to understand by my wife that he was destined to become the husband of my beautiful princess. I observed carelessly that the lady would probably have something to say to that arrangement, and received a somewhat acrimonious reply to the effect that she had already signified her disapproval of it pretty plainly.

"She refused him last summer," Mrs. Clifford said. "In fact, I believe that she left her mother in that abrupt way and returned to Rome simply in order to get away from him. She is obstinate and headstrong, like all her father's people; but dear Lady Augusta has always been able to manage her girls so wonderfully that I have no doubt she will succeed in the present case. I am sure I hope she will; for really poor Sybil would be so very much happier as the wife of an English nobleman than she can be among these horrid, garlic-eating Italians! And then of course there is the money to be thought of."

"Just so," I replied. "I daresay Lady Augusta will carry her point; I know she has a convincing way with her."

Of the tremendous power possessed by that ugly, fat, commonplace-looking woman

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

I had good reason to be aware; for poor Ferrars was one of my oldest friends, and I had seen him literally worried into his grave by her. As a tiny fly can goad a creature thousands of times its size to the verge of madness, so Lady Augusta, whom I cannot but regard as equivalent to a whole swarm of flies, would tease and torment and sting any person who happened to oppose her wishes till the wretched victim was fain to shriek for mercy. I never knew her fail to get her own way. She was utterly pitiless; she had a moral hide thicker than the material one of any hippopotamus, and she was thoroughly proof against discouragement and fatigue. Her management of her children — not, as a general rule, easy people to drive — was, as my wife truly said, wonderful. They resisted her, it is true, but she always conquered them in the end, and never forgot to make them smart for their mutiny into the bargain.

I went, as in duty bound, to pay my respects to this amiable creature shortly after her arrival, but she received me so rudely, and said such unpleasant things about certain private affairs of my own with which I had never had any reason to suppose her acquainted, that I picked up my hat, after five minutes of her company, and fled.

As ill luck would have it, at the door of the hotel I met Mrs. Clifford just starting for her afternoon drive, and was immediately ordered to accompany her. Then I soon learnt the cause of my rough reception by Lady Augusta. It was I, it appeared, who had introduced my low friends into the Princess Paolini's house, and had filled her head with the most shocking and revolutionary notions. It was I who had striven to make mischief between mother and daughter. It was I who had encouraged a monstrous flirtation between Sybil and some vulgar, designing artist, and had made her the laughing-stock — positively the laughing-stock! — of all Rome. Dear, dear! what an afternoon I did have of it! Round and round that weary Pincian — which I declare is not much larger than an ordinary soup-plate — round and round, with the record of my delinquencies, past and present, dinned into my ears in a steady, ceaseless monotone — round and round at a slow jog-trot, till my head grew confused, and my ears began to sing.

"I can't stand this any longer!" I gasped at length. "Let me go; I am getting giddy."

"Nonsense!" returned Mrs. Clifford; "what can there be to make you giddy?"

"I tell you I *am*," I reiterated, outraged nature asserting herself; "and what's more, if you don't let me out of this carriage at once, I believe I shall be sick!"

Then I was allowed to go.

After that I thought I might as well keep away from the Palazzo Paolini. My going there would have done nobody any good; and, if you will have the whole truth, I suppose I was a little afraid of that dreadful old Lady Augusta, as well as of some one else nearer home. I declare upon my honor and conscience, that I would have braved any number of old women, if, by so doing, I could have rescued my poor princess from the destiny which I saw looming before her; but Sybil, when I met her in public, avoided me in a rather marked manner, and indeed it was not easy to see in what way my visits could be of service to her, whereas they would assuredly have the effect of exasperating her dear mother.

Nor did I, at this time, see much of Dick Seaton. Several times, when I went to his studio, I found the outer door locked, and upon one occasion, when I did happen to catch him in the act of entering, he behaved in so unreasonable a manner that I very nearly lost my temper with him. I must say I was sorry for the poor lad when I saw his pale face, the dark circles under his eyes, and his dishevelled hair; nor did my pity suffer any diminution after he had taken me into the studio, and had begun prancing about the room, beating his breast, striking his forehead, and cursing the day of his birth, after the time-honored fashion of disappointed lovers. But that he should proceed to abuse me, as the chief cause of all his woe, was really rather more than I could patiently submit to.

"Upon my word, Dick," I exclaimed, "this is a great deal too bad! I make every allowance for your abnormal state of mind, but, when all is said and done, you are a man — and from a man one does expect some rough kind of justice. If you had been an old woman, you know, one would of course have had to bear your absurd accusations in silence. Now do please try to recall the true facts. Did I ever lead you to suppose that you could marry the Princess Paolini? Didn't I, on the contrary, strive, on every possible occasion, to convince you that such an alliance was, and always must be, entirely out of the question? Didn't I warn you, the very first night I was in Rome, against falling in love with her? And didn't you

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

reply that there was no danger of such a catastrophe — or words to that effect?"

"I don't remember anything of the kind," answered that shameless young man. "I know you might have saved me a great deal of wretchedness, if you had chosen to speak a little more plainly when you saw how things were going. Why couldn't you have told me that it was arranged that she should marry that rascal Chelsfield? I suppose you must have known it. As for differences of rank, and that kind of thing, I did not think so much of that as you do: I haven't your immense reverence for a title, you know" — this was meant to be very cutting — "and I confess I have sometimes thought that, one day, when I had made a name for myself — however, that does not signify now. She won't see me; and the hall-porter at the Palazzo, whom I bribed with a couple of scudi, told me that Lady Augusta had given orders that I was never to be admitted. I think I will go and drown myself in the Tiber."

"I wouldn't do that," said I. "I know you won't believe me, but it is nevertheless true, that you will get over this sooner than you think."

"Get over it!" shouts Dick, beginning to rampage about the room again. "My good sir, you don't know what you are talking about. Because you have 'got over' half-a-dozen flirtations, you imagine that love is nothing but a passing fancy, which resolves itself very soon into a rather pleasant memory. Well, you are wrong. I believe that love, when it has once existed between two people whose tastes and habits and ideas are the same, is eternal." He added, in a lachrymose tone, which would have been pathetic if it had not been a trifle ludicrous, "She and I thought alike upon all subjects."

I stuck my hands in my pockets, stared up at the ceiling, and murmured: —

> Oh how hard it is to find
> The one just suited to our mind!
> And if that one should be
> False, unkind, or found too late,
> What can we do but sigh at fate,
> And sing, "Woe's me, woe's me!"

I trotted out this quotation from the lumber-room of my memory, where I keep many such odds and ends, intending it as an expression of sympathy; but I think it was lost upon Dick, who only seemed to have caught one word of it.

"She is *not* false!" he cried.

"Did I say she was? To whom should she be false? Hardly to you, I imagine; for I happen to have heard from her own lips that she never harbored any such absurd notion as that of becoming your wife."

Well, I meant it for the best. What kindness would there have been in encouraging the poor fellow to foster illusions? But no sooner had I made the above veracious statement than Dick turned upon me with the utmost fury and rudeness, and requested me to take myself off.

"Confound you!" he bawled, stamping his foot, "why do you sit grinning there, and driving me mad? I wish you would get out, and leave me alone with my misery!"

Now, as I said before, I can make every allowance for the mentally afflicted, but I do think that some amount of respect is due to grey hairs. I resolved, therefore, as I made my way down the Via di San Nicolo da Tolentino, that I would leave my young friend to himself until such time as he should have recovered his senses. So for the next fortnight or so I mooned about Rome, seldom seeing either Dick or the princess, and, to tell the truth, feeling very dull and lonely without them.

Now it came to pass that, as I was sitting in a sequestered avenue of the French Academy gardens one morning, lost in melancholy meditation, I was roused by a smart tap on the shoulder, which almost made me jump out of my skin. Wheeling round, with a wrathful ejaculation — for I hate to be startled — what should I see before me but the long, lank figure of Miss O'Grady, who saluted me with a short, stern nod.

"I saw you come in here," said she, in her deep voice, "and I followed you."

"My dear Miss O'Grady," I cried, making room for her on the stone bench beside me, "I am delighted to see you! How is the princess?"

"It's much you care how she is!" retorted Miss O'Grady, with a toss of her head and a snort.

It was really astonishing how, at this time, everybody turned against me, who, as all readers of this narrative must admit, had given no sort of cause for such animosity. I shrugged my shoulders in meek silence.

"Do you know," resumed Miss O'Grady indignantly, "that they are going to marry her to this half-witted English lord?"

I took off my hat, and scratched my head irritably. "My dear madam," I answered, "really I can't help it."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Miss O'Grady positively snapped her finger and thumb within an inch of my nose. "Poh!" she exclaimed, with a suddenness which made me start back to my corner of the bench. "And you call yourself a man! If I was a man I'd let 'em see!"

"Well, my dear Miss O'Grady," said I, "and suppose you were a man, what would you do?"

"Sure I'd stand by me friends," cried the intrepid lady, her brogue developing in equal measure with her excitement. "I'd not see a poor child hunted and driven into consenting to marry a man who's not fit to black her shoes!"

"Oh, she *has* consented then? I think you forget that the princess is a free agent, and that no one can force her to marry against her will. How do I know that she may not like Lord Chelsfield well enough?"

This was rather disingenuous of me, I admit; but Miss O'Grady's violence had so taken me by surprise that I wanted time to collect my ideas.

"Indade and indade there's nothing of the kind," she returned, with much warmth, "and it's you that should be ashamed to say so. See now," she continued, lowering her voice to a whisper; "you can save her yet, if you'll do what I tell you. Her mother's gone to Naples for three days. Now here's what you have to do. Be off to England, the first thing in the morning, and take the poor child with you. She's half dazed with fright and distress, and she'll go with you if you tell her she must. And there's one we know of who won't be long in following. If you make the most of your time, I wouldn't say but you might get her safely married before ever my Lady Augusta caught you up."

"Gracious heavens!" I exclaimed, aghast, "you cannot have realized the meaning of what you propose. I kidnap the Princess Paolini! Why, my dear lady, if there were no other objection to the plan, you must see that, old as I am, it would be in the highest degree scandalous and improper ——"

"Sure, haven't you got your wife with you?" broke in Miss O'Grady composedly.

"My wife! And you really imagine that my wife would join in such an adventure? No, no, Miss O'Grady; I am very, very sorry for poor Sybil, and goodness knows I would help her if I could; but your plan is hopelessly impracticable — it is indeed. The fact is that Mrs. Clifford's views with regard to this question are by no means identical with my own, and — and in short I could not even think of making such a suggestion to her as you speak of."

"So you're afraid of your wife!" sneered Miss O'Grady, rising, and shaking out her grey skirts with a gesture of infinite scorn. "Very well. But remember now, whatever comes of this, it will be your fault. Good-morning to you."

And with that she strode majestically away, and left me. I felt a little ashamed of myself, though I did not see then, and don't see now, how I could have answered Miss O'Grady differently, nor in what way I could have impeded a marriage to which the princess had herself consented.

Later in the day, I came across Dick in the Piazza di Spagna, and, thinking it as well that he should know the worst, I caught him by the arm, and briefly informed him that the princess was engaged to marry Lord Chelsfield.

"I am perfectly well aware of the fact," he answered coldly, and turned on his heel.

So that was all the thanks I got for voluntarily undertaking a disagreeable task. Truly it is an ungrateful world.

IV.

THAT same evening I was taken by Mrs. Clifford, rather against my will, to a great ball given by the French ambassador. It was a very grand affair; there was a larger display of uniforms than usual; the stairs were lined by servants in gala liveries, and the Roman princesses had got their famous diamonds out from the bank for the occasion, and were all ablaze with them. Rather to my surprise, the first person whom I met, on entering, was Dick Seaton, who did not seem particularly pleased to see me. He was standing close to the door, and I rather gathered from his attitude and expectant look that he was waiting for somebody. My suspicions were confirmed when I returned, in the course of half an hour or so, after having made the complete circuit of the rooms, and found him in the precise spot where I had left him. I had some doubts as to the probability of somebody's arrival, and I had none whatever as to the inexpediency of a meeting between her and Dick, so I ventured, at length, to approach the latter, and to remonstrate with him upon the folly of stationing himself at the elbow of a powdered footman, who might sneeze at any moment, and cover him with flour from head to foot; but he shook me off impatiently, alleging,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

with obvious absurdity, that he was standing near the doorway for the sake of fresh air.

I sauntered away again, thinking to myself that, at that advanced hour, my young friend was not likely to receive any reward for his long vigil, and that, after his conduct to me, he deserved to meet with disappointment; but just as the clock was striking half past twelve my ear caught the sound of a distant flunkey's voice bawling out, "*La Principessa Paolini*," and presently in sailed Sybil, magnificent in sapphires and diamonds, and shook hands with the ambassadress. Dick followed in her wake. I never saw the beautiful princess looking so well. Her usually pale cheeks had a faint pink flush; her eyes were sparkling; she conversed, in a far more animated manner than was habitual with her, with a circle of admirers by whom she was immediately surrounded. She was evidently excited; and, strange as it appeared to me, I could not help thinking that she was happy.

What did it all mean? I was completely puzzled, and my wonderment was increased when I saw the princess take Dick's arm, and move away towards the ball-room, whither I followed the pair in time to see them join in the waltz which was just then being played. Now I knew that the princess had never honored Dick in this way before, and I knew, too, that of late she had not even spoken to him in public: therefore I was more perplexed than ever. One of the French *attachés* offered me an explanation of the phenomenon.

"*La belle princesse s'amuse*," said he. "They are going to make her marry the milor, but they tell me she has sworn to lead him a stormy life. That will be the more easy for her, as I believe he is the incarnation of jealousy."

Following the direction of my informant's glance, I caught sight of Lord Chelsfield, whose goggle eyes were fixed upon his betrothed, while he struggled to screw up an intractable set of features into the semblance of a scowl.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said I. And then, having seen enough, I went home to bed.

I was a little disappointed, I confess. In my young days, people who were crossed in love, or forced to marry against their wishes, took their affliction in a different, and I venture to think a more healthy spirit, from that which obtains in modern society; and I must say that I would rather have seen Sybil pale and despairing than reckless. "*Autres temps, autres mœurs*," thought I to myself, as I blew out my candle. "Perhaps, after all, it comes to much the same thing in the long run."

Mrs. Clifford has long held a theory, built upon I know not what foundation, that it is good for her health to breakfast in her own room. I myself, when I am abroad, adopt the foreign hours, and take a solitary *déjeuner à la fourchette* at midday, or thereabouts. I had just made an end of this repast, on the morning after the ball at the French Embassy, when a huge square envelope was brought to me, which I found to enclose a politely-worded request from Cardinal Paolini that I would do him the great favor to call upon him at his residence in the course of the day. He would be ready to receive me, he said, at any hour that might suit me.

My acquaintance with the cardinal being of the most formal character, I felt some curiosity as to his motive for desiring an interview with me, though it was easy to divine that it must have some connection with the princess and her affairs. That her intended alliance with the English lord must have thrown the good man into a state of furious indignation I well knew; and it occurred to me that he might possibly have formed some scheme for using me as a means of persuading or intimidating her into renouncing the project. I was resolved that, should this surmise prove well founded, I would show a bold front to the enemy. I daresay it was a consciousness of having been conspicuously worsted in several recent encounters with members of the opposite sex that made me say to myself with so much determination, as I prepared to obey the cardinal's summons, that I would stand no bullying from him or any other living man. I marched down the shady side of the Via Condotti, and so, across the Corso, to the cardinal's residence in the Via della Scrofa, and rang his door-bell as bold as a lion.

I was at once shown into a small, rather scantily furnished study, where I found the great man in conference with his secretary. He dismissed that functionary as I made my entrance, and rose to receive me, looking dignified and handsome, as he always did, and far more amiable than usual. He took my hand in his well-shaped white fingers, on one of which sparkled a huge archiepiscopal ring, and favored me with that gentle pressure which is the Italian equivalent for a handshake, and which somehow is always rather disagreeable to me.

"I thank you infinitely, sir," he said, in

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

his own language, "for your kindness in granting me an interview. I should not have ventured to put you to so much trouble had I not known how sincere an interest you take in all that concerns my cousin, the Princess Paolini."

I grunted, not choosing to make civil speeches till I should have heard what was wanted of me; and the cardinal, begging me to take a chair, resumed his own seat, and continued: —

"I have a piece of intelligence to communicate to you, with which you will, I think, be surprised, and I hope pleased. You can hardly have failed to notice that your friend Signor Seaton (a most agreeable and talented young man, with whom I regret that I am but slightly acquainted) has for some time past been attached — very deeply attached — to my cousin."

I smiled, and shrugged my shoulders. It might be so, I said, or it might not. Who could answer for the foolish notions that will get into young men's heads? For you see I was not going to commit myself.

The cardinal leant back in his chair, rested his elbows on the arms, and, folding his hands, peered at me over them with a sidelong, benevolent gaze. "It has been so," he said; "and I may add that the attachment has been mutual."

He paused again; but I was getting bewildered, and judged it best to hold my peace.

"Yes," he repeated, "the attachment has been mutual; and I am happy to announce to you that Signor Seaton and the princess were married at eight o'clock this morning."

I started to my feet with a cry of amazement, called forth not more by the news itself than by the fact that Cardinal Paolini should be the person to communicate it to me. For a moment I really thought that this grave ecclesiastic was making me the subject of a hoax.

"Surely you cannot mean" — I stammered. "Is it possible that this can be *true?*"

"I have the best reason for knowing it to be so," replied the cardinal, smiling, "since I had myself the honor of performing the ceremony."

After that I felt that nothing could ever astonish me again. I was quite prepared now to hear that Lady Augusta had been present at the wedding, and that Lord Chelsfield had given away the bride. I suppose I must have involuntarily uttered the name of that ill-used nobleman; for the cardinal remarked drily, as if in answer to some observation from me, —

"Ah, Lord Chelsfield — I fear this will be a disappointment to him, and also to Lady Augusta Ferrars. In truth, one of my reasons for seeking an interview with you, sir, was to request you to kindly convey the news to that lady — she having thought fit to use expressions to me, shortly after her arrival in Rome, which have rendered all further intercourse between us impossible. The young couple left by train this morning, and, for reasons the force of which you will easily appreciate, desire their destination to remain a secret for the present."

"But you yourself, *Eminenza*," I could no thelp saying, "surely this marriage cannot be agreeable to you. I should have thought that the loss of the Paolini estates ——"

"It certainly would not have been agreeable to me that the Paolini estates should pass out of the family," he replied calmly. "Happily no such misfortune has occurred. The princess has made a formal and legal transfer of all the landed property and a large portion of the personal estate of her late husband to her cousin, the present prince. I pressed upon her the propriety of some such course in the early days of her widowhood, but she did not at that time see fit to listen to my counsels. The present transfer was made at her own instance, and is therefore the more creditable to her."

I saw it all now. The priest had outwitted the lady after all. The Church was triumphant, and Lady Augusta was nowhere. I picked up my hat and umbrella and prepared to depart.

"I congratulate your Eminence," I said, "upon the excellent bargain that you have made. I regret that I am unable to carry the good news to Lady Augusta Ferrars, as you so obligingly desire me to do; but circumstances compel me to quit Rome immediately. I have the honor to wish you a very good morning."

I hurried back to the hotel, packed up my clothes, left a note for Mrs. Clifford, drove to the station, and never paused again till I was safely on the other side of the Alps. There I ensconced myself in an hotel at Geneva, drew a long breath, and awaited events.

Denunciations of an epistolary kind I did receive in due course; but at these I could afford to smile. The London season was drawing to a close before I again joined Mrs. Clifford; and by that time the Paolini-Seaton scandal was already an old story.

Dick Seaton is now a famous sculptor,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

and makes a handsome income, I am told, by his art. Miss O'Grady often visits him and his wife, and I see her from time to time; but she has a poor opinion of me. A little energy on my part, she says, might have saved the Paolini property, and defeated the cardinal and Lady Augusta at one blow. She has never been able to pardon me for the failure of this pretty design; but I don't know that anybody would have been much the happier had it succeeded.

Mrs. Seaton — she dropped her title when she married again — is one of the most agreeable and popular women in London. Everybody unites in singing her praises; but, for my own part, handsome as she is, and charming as she is, I shall never be able to feel quite the same interest in her, in these days of her prosperity, that I did in the beautiful, unfortunate Princess Paolini.

From The Nineteenth Century.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET.

PART IV.

THE archbishop's letters show conclusively that the Constitutions were not the real causes of the dispute with the king. The king was willing to leave the Constitutions to be modified by the pope. The archbishop's contest, lying concealed in his favorite phrases, "saving my order," "saving the honor of God," was for the supremacy of the Church over the crown; for the degradation of the civil power into the position of delegate of the pope and bishops. All authority was derived from God. The clergy were the direct ministers of God. Therefore all authority was derived from God through them. However well the assumption might appear in theory, it would not work in practice, and John of Salisbury was right in concluding that the pope would never sanction an assumption which, broadly stated and really acted on, would shake the fabric of the Church throughout Europe. Alexander was dreaming of peace when the news reached him of the excommunications at Vezelay. The news that Chief Justice de Luci had hanged five hundred felonious clerks in England would have caused him less annoyance. Henry's envoys brought with them the bishops' appeal, and renewed the demand for cardinal legates to be sent to end the quarrel. This time the pope decided that the legates should go, carrying with them powers to take off Becket's censures. He prohibited Becket himself from pursuing his threats further till the cardinals' arrival. To Henry he sent a private letter — which, however, he permitted him to show if circumstances made it necessary — declaring beforehand that any sentences which the archbishop might issue against himself or his subjects should be void.*

The humiliation was terrible; Becket's victims were free, and even rewarded. John of Oxford came back from Rome with the deanery of Salisbury. Worst of all, the cardinals were coming, and those the most dreaded of the whole body, Cardinal Otho and Cardinal William of Pavia. One of them, said John of Salisbury, was light and uncertain, the other crafty and false, and both made up of avarice. These were the ministers of the Holy See, for whose pretensions Becket was fighting. This was his estimate of them when they were to try his own cause. His letters at this moment were filled with despair. "Ridicule has fallen on me," he said, "and shame on the pope. I am to be obeyed no longer. I am betrayed and given to destruction. My deposition is a settled thing. Of this, at least, let the pope assure himself: never will I accept the Cardinal of Pavia for my judge. When they are rid of me, I hear he is to be my successor at Canterbury." †

Becket, however, was not the man to leave the field while life was in him. There was still hope, for war had broken out at last, and Henry and Lewis were killing and burning in each other's territories. If not the instigator, Becket was the occasion, and Lewis, for his own interests, would still be forced to stand by him. He was intensely superstitious. His cause, he was convinced, was God's cause. Hitherto God had allowed him to fail on account of his own deficiencies, and the deficiencies required to be amended. Like certain persons who cut themselves with knives and lancets, he determined now to mortify his flesh in earnest. When settled in his new life at Sens, he rose at daybreak, prayed in his oratory, said mass, and prayed and wept again. Five times each day and night his chaplain flogged him. His food was bread and water, his bed the floor. A hair shirt was not enough without hair drawers which reached his knees, and both were worn till they swarmed with vermin.‡ The car-

* The pope to Henry, December 20, 1166.
† Becket's Letters, Giles, vol. ii., p. 60.
‡ Myths gathered about the state of these garments.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

dinals approached, and the prospect grew hourly blacker. The pope rebuked Lewis for the war. The opportunity of the cardinals' presence was to be used for restoration of peace. Poor as Becket was, he could not approach these holy beings on their accessible side. "The Cardinal of Pavia," said John of Salisbury, "thinks only of the king's money, and has no fear of God in him. Cardinal Otho is better: *Romanus tamen et cardinalis* (but he is a Roman and a cardinal). If we submit our cause to them, we lose it to a certainty. If we refuse we offend the king of France." The Cardinal of Pavia wrote to announce to Becket his arrival in France and the purpose of his mission. Becket replied with a violent letter, of which he sent a copy to John of Salisbury, but despatched it before his friend could stop him. John of Salisbury thought that the archbishop had lost his senses. "Compare the cardinal's letter and your answer to it," he said. "What had the cardinal done that you should tell him he was giving you poison? You have no right to insult a cardinal and the pope's legate on his first communication with you. Were he to send your letter to Rome, you might be charged with contumacy. He tells you he is come to close the dispute to the honor of God and the Church. What poison is there in this? He is not to blame because he cautions you not to provoke the king further. Your best friends have often given you the same advice."

With great difficulty Becket was brought to consent to see the cardinals. They came to him at Sens, but stayed for a short time only, and went on to the king in Normandy. The archbishop gathered no comfort from his speech with them. He took to his bell and candles again, and cursed the Bishop of London. He still intended to curse the king and declare an interdict. He wrote to a friend, Cardinal Hyacinth at Rome, to say that he would never submit to the arbitration of the cardinal legates, and bidding him urge the pope to confirm the sentences which he was about to pronounce.* He implored the pope himself to recall the cardinals and unsheath the sword of Peter. To his entire confusion, he learned that the king held a letter from the pope declaring that his curses would be so much wasted breath.

The pope tried to soothe him. Soft words cost Alexander nothing, and, while protecting Henry from spiritual thunders, he assured the archbishop himself that his power should not be taken from him. Nor, indeed, had the violence of Becket's agitation any real occasion. Alexander wished to frighten him into submission, but had no intention of compromising himself by an authoritative decision. Many months passed away, and Becket still refused to plead before the cardinals. At length they let out that their powers extended no further than advice, and Becket, thus satisfied, consented to an official conference. The meeting was held near Gisors, on the frontiers of France and Normandy, on the 18th of November, 1167. The archbishop came attended by his exiled English friends. With the cardinals were a large body of Norman bishops and abbots. The cardinals, earnest for peace if they could bring their refractory patient to consent to it, laid before him the general unfitness of the quarrel. They accused him of ingratitude, of want of loyalty to his sovereign, and, among other things, of having instigated the war.*

The last charge the archbishop sharply denied, and Lewis afterwards acquitted him also. For the rest he said that the king had begun by attacking the Church. He was willing to consent to any reasonable terms of arrangement, with security for God's honor, proper respect for himself, and the restoration of his estates. They asked if he would recognize the Constitutions; he said that no such engagement had been required of his predecessors, and ought not to be required of him. "The book of abominations," as he called the Constitutions, was produced and read, and he challenged the cardinals to affirm that Christian men should obey such laws.

Henry was prepared to accept the smallest concession; nothing need be said about the Constitutions if Becket would go back to Canterbury, resume his duties, and give a general promise to be quiet. The archbishop answered that there was a proverb in England that silence gave consent. The question had been raised, and could not now be passed over. The cardinals asked if he would accept their judgment

One day, we are told, he was dining with the queen of France. She observed that his sleeves were fastened unusually tightly at the wrist, and that something moved inside them. He tried to evade her curiosity, for the moving things were maggots. But she pressed her questions till he was obliged to loosen the strings. Pearls of choicest size and color rolled upon the table. The queen wished to keep one, but it could not be. The pearls were restored to the sleeve, and became maggots as before. — Materials, vol. ii., p. 296.

* Giles, vol. ii., p. 86.

* "Imponens ei inter cætera quod excitaverat guerram regis Francorum." — Materials, vol. i., p. 66.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

on the whole cause. He said that he would go into court before them or any one whom the pope might appoint, as soon as his property was restored to him. In his present poverty he could not encounter the expense of a lawsuit.

Curious satire on Becket's whole contention, none the less so that he was himself unconscious of the absurdity! He withdrew from the conference, believing that he had gained a victory, and he again began to meditate drawing his spiritual sword. Messengers on all sides again flew off to Rome, from the king and English bishops, from the cardinals, from Becket himself. The king and bishops placed themselves under the pope's protection should the archbishop begin his curses. The Constitutions were once more placed at the pope's discretion to modify at his pleasure. The cardinals wrote charging Becket with being the sole cause of the continuance of the quarrel, and in spite of his denials persisting in accusing him of having caused the war. Becket prayed again for the cardinals' recall, and for the pope's sanction of more vigorous action.

He had not yet done with the cardinals; they knew him, and they knew his restless humor. Pending fresh resolutions from Rome, they suspended him, and left him incapable either of excommunicating or exercising any other function of spiritual authority whatsoever. Once more he was plunged into despair.

Through those legates he cried in his anguish to the pope: "We are made a derision to those about us. My lord, have pity on me. You are my refuge. I can scarcely breathe for anguish. My harp is turned to mourning, and my joy to sadness. The last error is worse than the first."

The pope seemed deaf to his lamentations. The suspension was not removed. Plans were formed for his translation from Canterbury to some other preferment. He said he would rather be killed. The pope wrote so graciously to Henry that the king said he for the first time felt that he was sovereign in his own realm. John of Salisbury's mournful conviction was that the game was at last played out. "We know those Romans," he sighed; "*qui munere potentior est, potentior est jure.* The antipope could not have done more for the king than they have done. It will be written in the annals of the Holy See that the herald of truth, the champion of liberty, the preacher of the law of the Lord, has been deprived and treated as a criminal at the threats of an English prince."

It is hard to say what influence again turned the scale. Perhaps Alexander was encouraged by the failures of Barbarossa in Italy. Perhaps Henry had been too triumphant, and had irritated the pope and cardinals by producing their letters, and speaking too frankly of the influences by which the holy men had been bound to his side.* In accepting Henry's money they had not bargained for exposure. They were ashamed and sore, and Becket grew again into favor. The pope at the end of 1168 gave him back his powers, permitting him to excommunicate even Henry himself unless he repented before the ensuing Easter. The legates were recalled as Becket desired. Cardinal Otho recommended the king to make his peace on the best terms which he could get. John of Salisbury, less confident, but with amused contempt of the chameleonlike Alexander, advised Henry, through the Bishop of Poitiers, to treat with the archbishop immediately, *nec mediante Romano episcopo, nec rege Franciæ nec operâ cardinalium*, without help either of pope, of French king, or cardinals. Since Becket could not be frightened, Alexander was perhaps trying what could be done with Henry; but he was eager as any one for an end of some kind to a business which was now adding disgrace and scandal to its other mischiefs. Peace was arranged at last between Lewis and Henry. The English king gave up a point for which he had long contended, and consented to do homage for Normandy and Anjou. The day after Epiphany, January 7, 1169, the two princes met at Montmirail, between Chartres and Le Mans, attended by their peers and prelates.

In the general pacification the central disturber was, if possible, to be included. The pope had sent commissioners, as we should call them — Simon, prior of Montdieu, Engelbert, prior of Val St. Pierre, and Bernard de Corilo — to advise and, if possible, guide Becket into wiser courses. The political ceremonies were accomplished, Lewis and Henry were reconciled amidst general satisfaction and enthusiasm. Becket was then introduced, led in by the Archbishop of Sens, the son of the aged Theobald, Count of Blois. Henry and he had not met since the Northampton council. He threw himself in apparent humility at the king's feet. "My

* John of Salisbury, Letters, vol. ii., p. 144, ed. Giles.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

lord," he said, "I ask you to forgive me. I place myself in God's hands and in yours."* At a preliminary meeting the pope's envoys and the French clergy had urged him to submit without conditions. He had insisted on his usual reservation, but they had objected to saving clauses. He seemed now inclined really to yield, so Herbert de Bosham says, and Herbert whispered to him to stand firm.

"My lord king," said Henry, after Becket had made his general submission, "and you my lords and prelates, what I require of the archbishop is no more than that he will observe the laws which have been observed by his predecessors. I ask him now to give me that promise." Becket no longer answered with a reservation of his order: he changed the phrase. He promised obedience, saving the honor of God.

"You wish," replied Henry, powerfully disappointed and displeased, "to be king in my place. This man," he continued, turning to Lewis, "deserted his Church of his own will, and he tells you and all men that his cause is the cause of the Church. He has governed his Church with as much freedom as those who have gone before him, but now he stands on God's honor to oppose me wherever he pleases, as if I cared for God's honor less than he. I make this proposal. Many kings have ruled in England before me, some less, some greater than I am; many holy men have been Archbishops of Canterbury before him. Let him behave to me as the most sainted of his predecessors behaved to the least worthy of mine, and I am content."

The king's demand seemed just and moderate to all present.† The archbishop hesitated. Lewis asked him if he aspired to be greater than acknowledged saints. His predecessors, he said, had extirpated some abuses, but not all. There was work which remained to be done. He was stopped by a general outcry that the king had yielded enough; the saving clause must be dropped. At once, at the tone of command, Becket's spirit rose. Priests and bishops, he answered defiantly, were not to submit to men of this world save with reservations: he for one would not do it.

The meeting broke up in confusion. A French noble said that the archbishop was abusing their hospitality, and did not deserve any longer protection. Henry mounted his horse and rode sadly away. The pope's agents followed him, wringing their hands and begging for some slight additional concession. The king told them that they must address themselves to the archbishop. Let the archbishop bind himself to obey the laws. If the laws were amiss, they should be modified by the pope's wishes. In no country in the world, he said, had the clergy so much liberty as in England, and in no country were their greater villains among them. For the sake of peace he did not insist on terms precisely defined. The archbishop was required to do nothing beyond what had been done by Anselm.

Becket, however, was again immovable as stone. Lewis, after a brief coldness, took him back into favor. His power of cursing had been restored to him. The doubt was only whether the pope had recalled the safeguards which he had given to the king. The pope's agents, on the failure of the conference, gave Henry a second letter, in which Alexander told him that, unless peace was made, he could not restrain the archbishop longer. Again representatives of the various parties hurried off to Rome, Becket insisting that if the pope would only be firm the king would yield, Henry embarrassing the pope more completely than threats of schism could have done by placing the Constitutions unreservedly in his hands, and binding himself to adopt any change which the pope might suggest. Becket, feverish and impatient, would not wait for the pope's decision, and preferred to force his hand by action. He summoned the bishops of London and Salisbury to appear before him. They appealed to Rome, but their appeal was disregarded. Appeals, as Becket characteristically said, were not allowed in order to shield the guilty, but to protect the innocent. On Palm Sunday, at Clairvaux, he took once more to his bell and candles. He excommunicated the two bishops and every one who had been concerned with his property—the Earl of Norfolk, Sir Ranulf de Broc, whom he peculiarly hated, Robert de Broc, and various other persons. The chief justice he threatened. The king he still left unmentioned, for fear of provoking the pope too far.

Harassed on both sides, knowing perfectly well on which side good sense and justice lay, yet not daring to declare Becket wrong, and accept what, after all that had passed, would be construed into a defeat of the Church, the unfortunate

* "Miserere mei, domine, quia pono me in Deo et vobis ad honorem Dei et vestrûm."

† "Rem justam et modestam visus est omnibus postulare."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Alexander drifted on as he best could, writing letters in one sense one day and contradicting them the next. On the surface he seemed hopelessly false. The falsehood was no more than weakness, a specious anxiety to please the king without offending the archbishop, and trusting to time and weariness to bring about an end. There is no occasion to follow the details of his duplicities. Two legates were again sent — not cardinals this time, but ecclesiastical lawyers, Gratian and Vivian — bound by oath this time to cause no scandal by accepting bribes. As usual, the choice was impartial; Gratian was for Becket, Vivian for the king. So long as his excommunications were allowed to stand, Becket cared little who might come. He added the chief justice to the list of the accursed, as he had threatened to do. He wrote to the Bishop of Ostia that the king's disposition could only be amended by punishment. The serpent head of the iniquity must now be bruised, and he bade the bishop impress the necessity of it upon the pope. Gratian was taken into Becket's confidence. Vivian he treated coldly and contemptuously. According to Herbert and Becket's friends, Gratian reported that the king was shifty and false, and that his object was to betray the Church and the archbishop. Henry himself declared that he assented to all that they proposed to him, and Diceto says that the legates were on the point of giving judgment in Henry's favor when the Archbishop of Sens interposed and forbade them. In the confusion of statement the actions of either party alone can be usefully attended to, and behind the acts of all, or at least of the pope, there was the usual ambiguity. Alexander threatened the king. He again empowered Becket to use whatever power he possessed to bring him to submission, and he promised to confirm his sentences.* As certainly he had secret conferences at Rome with Henry's envoys, and promised, on the other hand, that the archbishop should not be allowed to hurt him. Becket, furious and uncontrollable, called the Bishop of London a parricide, an infidel, a Goliath, a son of Belial; he charged the Bishop of Hereford to see that the sentence against Foliot and his brother of Salisbury should be observed in England. Henry, on the other hand, assured Foliot of protection, and sent him to Rome with letters from himself to pursue his appeal and receive absolution from the pope himself. The Count of Flanders interposed, the Count of Mayence interposed, but without effect. At length on the 18th of November, the anniversary of the conference with the cardinals at Gisors, Henry and Lewis met again at Montmartre outside Paris, Becket and his friends being in attendance in an adjoining chapel. Gratian had returned to Rome. Vivian was present, and pressed Lewis to bring the archbishop to reason. Lewis really exerted himself, and not entirely unsuccessfully. Henry was even more moderate than before. The Constitutions, by the confession of Becket's biographer, Herbert, who was with him on the spot, were practically abandoned. Henry's only condition was that the archbishop should not usurp the functions of the civil power; he, on his part, undertaking not to strain the prerogative. Becket dropped his saving clause, and consented to make the promise required of him, if the king would restore his estates, and give him compensation for the arrear rents, which he estimated at 20,000*l.* Lewis said that money ought not to be an obstacle to peace. It was unworthy of the archbishop to raise so poor a difficulty. But here, too, Henry gave way. An impartial estimate should be made, and Becket was to be repaid.

But now, no more than before, had the archbishop any real intention of submitting. His only fear was of offending Lewis. The Archbishop of Sens had gone to Rome to persuade the pope to give him legatine powers over Henry's French dominions. The censures of the Church might be resisted in England. If Normandy, Anjou, and Aquitaine were laid under interdict, these two spiritual conspirators had concluded that the king would be forced to surrender. Becket was daily expecting a favorable answer, and meanwhile was protracting the time. He demanded guarantees. He did not suspect the king, he said, but he suspected his courtiers. John of Salisbury had cautioned him, and the pope had cautioned him, against so indecent a requisition. Lewis said it was unreasonable. Becket said then that he must have the kiss of peace as a sign that the king was really reconciled to him. He probably knew that the kiss would and must be withheld from him until he had given proofs that he meant in earnest to carry out his engagements. The king said coldly that he did not mean, and had never meant, to injure the Church. He was willing to leave the whole question between himself and the archbishop either to the peers and prelates of France or to the French universities.

* "Quod ea quæ statuerit non mutabuntur."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

More he could not do. The conference at Montmartre ended, as Becket meant that it should end, in nothing.

He sent off despatches to the Archbishop of Sens and to his Roman agents, entirely well satisfied with himself, and bidding them tell the pope that Normandy had only to be laid under interdict, and that the field was won. Once more he had painfully to discover that he had been building on a quicksand. Instead of the interdict, the pope sent orders to the Archbishop of Rouen and the Bishop of Nevers to absolve a second time the victims whom he had excommunicated at Clairvaux. Instead of encouragement to go on and smite the king with the spiritual sword, he received a distinct command to abstain for another interval. Last of all, and worst of all, the pope informed him that at the king's request, for certain important purposes, he had granted a commission, as legate over all England, to his rival and enemy the Archbishop of York. The king's envoys had promised that the commission should not be handed to the Archbishop of York till the pope had been again consulted. But the deed was done. The letter had been signed and delivered.* The hair shirt and the five daily floggings had been in vain then! Heaven was still inexorable. The archbishop raved like a madman. "Satan was set free for the destruction of the Church." "At Rome it was always the same. Barabbas was let go, and Christ was crucified." "Come what might, he would never submit, but he would trouble the Roman Church no more." †

Becket had now been for more than five years in exile. He had fought for victory with a tenacity which would have done him credit had his cause been less preposterous. At length it seemed that hope was finally gone. At the supreme moment another opportunity was thrust into his hands. Henry's health was uncertain; he had once been dangerously ill. The succession to the English crown had not yet settled into fixed routine. Of the Conqueror's sons William had been preferred to Robert. Stephen supplanted Matilda; but the son of Stephen was set aside for Matilda's son. To prevent disputes it had been long decided that Prince Henry must be crowned and receive the homage of the barons while his father was still living.

The pope in person had been invited to perform the ceremony. The pope had found it impossible to go, and among the other inconveniences resulting from Becket's absence the indefinite postponement of this coronation had not been the lightest. The king had been reluctant to invade the acknowledged privilege of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and had put it off from year to year. But the country was growing impatient. The archbishop's exile might now be indefinitely protracted. The delay was growing dangerous, and the object of the commission for which the king had asked, and which the pope had granted to the Archbishop of York, was to enable the Archbishop of York to act in the coronation ceremony. The commission in its terms was all that Henry could desire; the pope not only permitted the Archbishop of York to officiate, but enjoined him to do it. Promises were said to have been given that it was not to be used without the pope's consent; but in such a labyrinth of lies little reliance can be placed on statements unconfirmed by writing. The pope did not pretend that he had exacted from the English envoys any written engagement. He had himself signed a paper giving the Archbishop of York the necessary powers, and this paper was in the king's hands.* The coronation was the symbol of the struggle in which Becket was now engaged. The sovereign, according to his theory, was the delegate of the Church. In receiving the crown from the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the sovereign formally admitted his dependent position; and so long as it could be maintained that the coronation would not hold unless it was performed either by the Archbishop of Canterbury or by the pope himself, the sovereign's subject state was a practical reality.

Becket saw the favorable moment, and instantly snatched at it. He had many powerful friends in England among the peers and knights. The lay peers, he says in his letters, had always been truer to him than the clergy, they on their part having their own differences with the crown. He had ascertained that the coronation could not be postponed; and if he could make the validity of it to depend on his own presence, he might redeem his past mortifications, and bring Henry to his feet after all. He knew Alexander's nature, and set his agents to work

* Matthew Paris, *Chronica Majora*, pp. 549, 250.
† Becket to Cardinal Albert. Giles, vol. ii., p. 251.

* Giles, vol. ii., pp. 257-8. The commission quoted by Giles is evidently the same as that to which the pope referred in his letter to Becket.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

upon him. He told them to say that if the coronation was accomplished without his own presence the power of the Roman see in England was gone; and thus, when all seemed lost, he gained the feeble and uncertain pope to his side once more. In keeping with his conduct throughout the whole Becket difficulty, Alexander did not revoke his previous letter. He left it standing as something to appeal to, as an evidence of his good-will to Henry. But he issued another injunction to the Archbishop of York, strictly forbidding him to officiate; and he enclosed the injunction to Becket to be used by him in whatever manner he might think fit. The Archbishop of York never received this letter. It was given, we are told, to the Bishop of Worcester, who was in Normandy, and was on the point of returning to England. The Bishop of Worcester was detained, and it did not reach its destination. So runs the story; but the parts will not fit one another, and there is a mystery left unexplained.* This only is certain, that the inhibition was not served on the Archbishop of York. Rumor may have reached England that such a thing had been issued; but the commission which had been formerly granted remained legally unrevoked, and on the 18th of June Prince Henry was crowned at Westminster in his father's presence by the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London, Durham, Rochester, and Salisbury.

It was easy now for Becket to represent to Alexander that the English bishops had rewarded his kindness to them by defying his positive injunctions. To the superstitious English barons the existence of the inhibition threw a doubt on the legality of the coronation, and as men's minds then were, and with the wild lawless disposition of such lion cubs as the Plantagenet princes, a tainted title would too surely mean civil war. By ill-fortune offence was given at the same time to Lewis, who considered that his daughter should have been crowned with her husband, and he resented what he chose to regard as a wilful slight. The pope was told that the coronation oath had been altered, that the liberties of the Church had been omitted, and that the young king had been sworn to maintain the Constitutions of Clarendon. Becket made the most of his opportunity; mistakes, exaggerations, wilful lies, and culpable credulity, did their work effectively; Lewis went to war again, and invaded Normandy; the pope, believing that he had been tricked and insulted, commanded Henry to make peace with the archbishop under threat of instant personal excommunication of himself and an interdict over his whole dominions. Henry flew back from England to Normandy. In a month he dispelled the illusions of Lewis, and restored peace. It was less easy to calm Alexander, who regarded himself, if not openly defied, yet as betrayed by the breach of the promise that the commission to the Archbishop of York should not be used without a fresh permission from himself. Henry knew that a sentence of excommunication against himself, and an interdict over his French dominions, was seriously possible. The risk was too great to be incurred without another effort to compose the weary quarrel. The archbishop, too, on his side had been taught by often repeated experience that the pope was a broken reed. Many times the battle seemed to have been won, and the pope's weakness or ill-will had snatched the victory from him. He had left England because he thought the Continent a more promising field of battle for him. He began to think that final success, if he was ever to obtain it, would only be possible to him in his own see, among his own people, surrounded by his powerful friends. He too, on his side, was ready for a form of agreement which would allow him to return and repossess himself of the large revenues of which he had felt the want so terribly. More than once he and Henry met and separated without a conclusion. At length at Frêteval in Vendôme, on St. Mary Magdalen's day, July 22, an interview took place in the presence of Lewis and a vast assemblage of prelates and knights and nobles; where, on the terms which had been arranged at Montmartre, the king and the archbishop consented to be reconciled. The kiss which before had been the difficulty was not offered by Henry and was not demanded by Becket; but according to the account given by Herbert, who describes what he himself witnessed, and relates what Becket told him, after the main points were settled, the king and the archbishop rode apart out of hearing of every one but themselves. There the archbishop asked the king

* It would appear from a letter of John of Salisbury that the prohibitory letter had been purposely withheld by Becket, who was allowing himself to be guided by some idle *vaticinia* or prophecies. John of Salisbury writes to him (Letters, vol. ii., p. 236): "Memineritis quantum periculum et infortunium ad se traxerit mora porrigendi . . . prohibitorias Eboracensi archiepiscopo et episcopis transmarinis. . . . Subtilitatem vestram vaticinia quæ non erant a Spiritu deluserunt. . . . Vaticiniis ergo renunciemus in posterum, quia nos in hâc parte gravius infortunia perculerunt."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

whether he might censure the bishops who had officiated at the coronation. The king, so the archbishop informed his friends, gave his full and free consent. The archbishop sprang from his horse in gratitude to the king's feet. The king alighted as hastily, and held the archbishop's stirrup as he remounted. These gestures the spectators saw and wondered at, unable, as Herbert says, to conjecture what was passing till it was afterwards explained to them.

That the king should have consented as absolutely and unconditionally as Becket said that he did, or even that he should have consented at all in Becket's sense of the word, to the excommunication of persons who had acted by his own orders and under a supposed authority from the pope, is so unlikely in itself, so inconsistent with Henry's conduct afterwards, that we may feel assured that Henry's account of what took place would, if we knew it, have been singularly different. But we are met with a further difficulty. Herbert says positively that the conversation between Becket and the king was private between themselves, that no one heard it or knew the subject of it except from Becket's report. Count Theobald of Blois asserted, in a letter to the pope, that in his presence (*me præsente*) the archbishop complained of the conduct of the English prelates, and that the king empowered him to pass sentence on them. Yet more remarkably, the archbishop afterwards at Canterbury insisted to Reginald Fitzurse that the king's promises to him had been given in the audience of five hundred peers, knights, and prelates, and that Sir Reginald himself was among the audience. Fitzurse denied that he heard the king give any sanction to the punishment of the bishops. He treated Becket's declaration as absurd and incredible on the face of it. The Count of Blois may have confounded what he himself heard with what Becket told him afterwards, or he may have referred to some other occasion. The charge against the king rests substantially on Becket's own uncorrected word; while, on the other side, are the internal unlikelihood of the permission in itself and the inconsistency of Becket's subsequent action with a belief that he had the king's sanction for what he intended to do. Had he supposed that the king would approve, he would have acted openly and at once. Instead of consulting the king, he had no sooner left the Frêteval conference than he privately obtained from the pope letters of suspension against the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Durham, and letters of excommunication against the bishops of London, Salisbury, and Rochester; and while he permitted Henry to believe that he was going home to govern his diocese in peace,* he had instruments in his portfolio which were to explode in lightning the moment that he set foot in England, and convulse the country once more.

J. A. FROUDE.

* "Archiepiscopus pacem mecum fecit ad voluntatem meam."

This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), *being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in* THE LIVING AGE *from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE COLLAPSE.

LORD WILLOWBY had heard of the arrival of his son-in-law at the Lilacs; and on the following morning he drove over to see if he were still there. He found Balfour alone, Mr. Bolitho having gone up to town by an early train.

"What a lucky chance!" said Lord Willowby, with one of his sudden and galvanic smiles. "If you have nothing better to do, why not go on with me to the Hollow? You know this is the first day of the sale there."

"Well, yes, I will go over with you for an hour or so; I need not be up in town before the afternoon," answered Balfour. "And I should like to see how that fellow lived."

He certainly did not propose to himself to buy any second-hand chairs, books, or candlesticks at this sale; nor did he imagine that his father-in-law had much superfluous cash to dispose of in that way. But he had some curiosity to see what sort of house this was that had had lately for its occupant a person who had given rise to a good deal of gossip in that neighborhood. He was a man who had suddenly inherited a large fortune, and who had set to work to spend it lavishly. His

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

reputation and habits being a trifle "off color," as the phrase is, he had fallen back for companionship on a number of parasitical persons, who doubtless earned a liberal commission on the foolish purchases they induced him to make. Then this Surrey Sardanapalus, having surrounded himself with all the sham gorgeousness he could think of, proceeded to put an end to himself by means of brandy-and-soda. He effected his purpose in a short time, and that is all that need here be said of him.

It was a pitiable sight enough — this great, castellated, beplastered, ostentatious house, that had a certain gloom and isolation about it, handed over to the occupancy of a cheerfully inquisitive crowd, who showed no hesitation at all in fingering over the dead man's trinkets, and opening his desks and cabinets. His very clothes were hanging up there in a ghastly row, each article numbered off as a lot. In the room in which he had but recently died, a fine, tall, fresh-colored farmer — dressed for the occasion in broadcloth — was discussing with his wife what price the bedstead would probably fetch. And there was a bar, with sherry and sandwiches. And on the lawn outside the auctioneer had put up his tent, and the flag erected over the tent was of the gayest colors.

Lord Willowby and Balfour strolled through these rooms, both forbearing to say what they thought of all this tawdry magnificence: panellings of blue silk and silver, with a carpet of pink roses on a green ground, candelabra, costing £1800, the auctioneer's reserve price on which was £300, improvised ancestors at a guinea a head, looking out of gorgeous frames, and so forth, and so forth. They glanced at the catalogue occasionally. It was an imposing volume, and the descriptions of the contents of the house were almost poetical.

"Look at the wines," said Lord Willowby, with a compassionate smile. "The claret is nearly all Lafitte. I suppose those toadies of his have supplied him with a *vin ordinaire* at one hundred and twenty shillings a dozen."

"I should not be surprised if a lot of these spurious things sold for more than he gave for them," Balfour said. "You will find people imagining everything to be fine because a rich man bought it. That claret would fetch a high price, depend on it, if it was all labelled 'Château Wandsworth.'"

Then there was the ringing of a bell; and the people began to stream out of the house into the marquee; and the auctioneer had an improvised rostrum put up for himself at the end of the long table; and then the bare-armed men began to carry out the various articles to be bid for. It was soon very evident that prices were running high. No doubt the farmers about would be proud to show to their friends a despatch-box, a bird-cage, a hall table — anything that had belonged to the owner of the Hollow. And so the ostentatious trash, that even Tottenham Court Road would have been ashamed of, was carried piecemeal out into the light of the day; and in some instances these simple folk considered it to be so beautiful that a murmur of admiration ran round the tent when the things were brought in. It was altogether a melancholy sight.

Balfour had accompanied Lord Willowby solely from the fact of his having an idle forenoon to dispose of; but he could not quite make out what his father-in-law's purpose was in coming here. For one thing, he appeared to be quite indifferent about the sale itself. He had listened to one or two of the biddings; and then — saying that the prices were ridiculously high — had proposed a further stroll through the rooms. So they entered the house again, and had another look at the old masters (dating from the latter half of the nineteenth century) and at the trumpery gilt and satin.

"Ah, well, Balfour," said Lord Willowby, with a pensive air, "one can almost pity that poor fellow, having his house overhauled by strangers in this way. Fortunately he knows nothing about it. It must be much worse when you are alive and know what is going on; and I fancy — well, perhaps there is no use speaking of it — but I suppose I must go through it. What distresses me most is the thought of these merry people who are here to-day going through my daughter's room and pulling about her few little treasures that she did not take with her when she married ——"

Lord Willowby stopped; doubtless overcome by emotion. But Balfour — with a face that had flushed at this sudden mention of Lady Sylvia — turned to him with a stare of surprise.

"What do you mean, Lord Willowby?"

"Well," said his lordship, with a resigned air, "I suppose I must come to this, too. I don't see how I can hold on at the Hall any longer; I am wearing my life out with anxiety."

"You don't mean to say you mean to sell Willowby Hall?"

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"How can I help it? And even then I don't know whether I shall clear the mortgages."

"Come," said Balfour, for there were several of the auctioneer's men about, "let us go out into the garden, and have a talk about this business."

They went out. It did not occur to Balfour why Lord Willowby had been so anxious for him to come to this sale; nor did he consider how skilfully that brief allusion to Lady Sylvia's room in her old home had been brought in. He was really alarmed by this proposal. He knew the grief it would occasion to his wife; he knew, too, that in the opinion of the world this public humiliation would in a measure reflect on himself. He remonstrated severely with Lord Willowby. What good could be gained by this step? If he could not afford to live at the Hall, why not let it for a term of years, and go up to London to live, or, if the shooting of rabbits was a necessity, to some smaller place in the country? And what sum would relieve his present needs, and also put him in a fair way of pulling his finances together again? He hoped Lord Willowby would speak frankly, as no good ever came of concealing parts of the truth.

That Lord Willowby did disclose the whole truth it would be rash to assert; but, at all events, his dramatic little scheme worked so well that before the talk and walk in the grounds of the Hollow were over, Balfour had promised to make him an immediate advance of £10,000, not secured by any mortgage whatever, but merely to be acknowledged by note of hand. Lord Willowby was profoundly grateful. He explained, with some dignity, that he was a man of few words, and did not care to express all his feelings, but that he would not soon forget this urgently needed help. And as to the urgency of the help he made one or two references.

"I think I might be able to see my partners this afternoon," Balfour said in reply. "Then we should only have to step across to our solicitors. There need be no delay, if you are really pressed for the money."

"My dear fellow," said Lord Willowby, "you don't know what a load you have taken from my breast. I would have sold the Hall long ago, but for Sylvia's sake; I know it would break her heart. I will write out at once to her to say how kind you have been——"

"I hope you will not do that," Balfour said, suddenly. "The fact is—well, these business matters are better kept among men. She would be disturbed and anxious. Pray don't say anything about it."

"As you please," Lord Willowby said. "But I know when she comes back she won't be sorry to find the old Hall awaiting her. It will be her own in the natural course of things—perhaps sooner than any one expects."

It was strange that a man who had just been presented with £10,000 should begin to indulge in these melancholy reflections; but then Lord Willowby had obviously been impressed by this sad sight of the sale; and it was with almost a dejected air that he consented—seeing that his son-in-law would now have no time to get luncheon anywhere before leaving by the midday train—to go to the refreshment-bar and partake of such humble cheer as was there provided. It was not the dead man's sherry they drank, but that of the refreshment-contractor. They stood for a few moments there, listening to the eager comments of one or two people who had been bidding for a box of games (it cost £10, and went for £23) and a cockatoo; and then Lord Willowby had the horses put to, and himself drove Balfour all the way to the station. He shook hands with him warmly. He begged of him not to hurry or bother about this matter; but still, at the same time, if there was no obstacle in the way, it was always comforting to have such things settled quickly, and so forth.

Balfour got up to London, and went straight to the offices of his firm in the city. Perhaps he was not sorry to make the visit just at this juncture; for although it would be exaggeration to say that the hints dropped by Bolitho had disquieted him, they had nevertheless remained in his mind. Before this, too, it had sometimes occurred to him that he ought to take a greater interest in that vast commercial system which it had been the pride of his father's life to build up. It seemed almost ungrateful that he should limit his interference to a mere glance at the profit and loss and capital accounts. But then, on the other hand, it was his own father who had taught him to place implicit confidence in these carefully chosen partners.

Balfour was shown up-stairs to Mr. Skinner's room. That gentleman was sitting alone at his desk, with some letters before him. He was a small, prim, elderly, and precisely-dressed person, with gray whiskers, and a somewhat careworn

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

face. When Balfour entered, he smiled cheerfully, and nodded toward a chair.

"Ah, how do you do, Balfour? What's new with you? Anything going on at the House? I wish Parliament would do something for us business men."

"You have plenty of representatives there, anyhow, Mr. Skinner," said Balfour — the "Mr." was a tradition from his boyish visits to the office, when the young gentleman used to regard his father's partners with considerable awe — "but at present my call is a personal and private one. The fact is, I want to oblige a particular friend of mine — I want you to let me have £10,000 at once."

"£10,000? Oh, yes, I think we can manage that," said Mr. Skinner, with a pleasant smile.

The thing was quite easily and cheerfully settled, and Balfour proceeded to chat about one or two other matters to this old friend of his, whom he had not seen for some time. But he soon perceived that Mr. Skinner was not hearing one word he said. Moreover, a curious gray look had come over his face.

"You don't look very well," said this blunt-spoken young man.

"Oh yes, thank you," said Mr. Skinner, quite brightly. "I was only thinking — since you were here, anyway — we might have a short talk about business matters, if Mr. Green agrees. I will see whether he is in his room."

He rose, opened the door, and went out. Balfour thought to himself that poor old Skinner was aging fast; he seemed quite frail on his legs.

Mr. Skinner was gone for fully ten minutes, and Balfour was beginning to wonder what could have occurred, when the two partners entered together. He shook hands with Mr. Green — a taller and stouter man, with a sallow face, and spectacles. They all sat down, and, despite himself, Balfour began to entertain suspicions that something was wrong. Why all this nervousness and solemnity?

"Balfour," said Mr. Skinner, "Green and I are agreed. We must tell you now how we stand; and you have to prepare yourself for a shock. We have kept you in ignorance all this time — we have kept our own clerks in ignorance — hoping against hope — fearful of any human being letting the secret go out and ruin us; and now — now it is useless any longer ——"

It was no ordinary thing that had so disturbed this prim old man. His lips were so dry that he could scarcely speak. He poured out a glass of water and drank a little. Meanwhile Balfour, who merely expected to hear of heavy business losses, was sitting calm and unimpressed.

"But first of all, Mr. Green, you know," said he, "don't think that I am pressing you for this £10,000. Of course I would rather have it; but if it is necessary to you ——"

"£10,000!" exclaimed the wretched old man, with the frankness and energy of despair; "if we go into the *Gazette*, it will be for half a million!"

The *Gazette!* The word was a blow; and he sat stunned and bewildered, while both partners were eagerly explaining the desperate means that had been taken to avoid this fatal issue, and the preliminary causes, stretching back for several years. He could not understand. It was as if in a dream that he heard of the investments account, of the China capital account, of the fall in property in Shanghai, of speculations in cotton, of bill transactions on the part of the younger partners, of this frantic effort and that. It was the one word *Gazette* that kept dinning itself into his ears. And then he seemed to make a wild effort to throw off this nightmare.

"But how can it be?" he cried. "How can these things have been going on? Every six months I have looked over the profit-and-loss account ——"

The old man came over and took his hand in both of his. There were tears in his eyes.

"Balfour," said he, "your father and I were old friends while you were only a child; if he were alive, he would tell you that we acted justly. We dared not let you know. We dared not let our own clerks know. We had to keep accounts open under fictitious names. If we had written off these fearful losses to profit and loss, we should have been smashed a year ago. And now — I don't think any further concealment is possible."

He let the hand fall.

"Then I understand you that we are hopelessly bankrupt?" said Balfour.

He did not answer; his silence was enough.

"You mean that I have not a farthing?" repeated the younger man.

"You have the money that was settled on your wife," said Mr. Skinner eagerly. "I was very glad when you applied for that."

"It will be returned to you; I can not defraud my father's creditors," said Balfour, coldly.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

And then he rose: no one could have told what he had undergone during that half-hour.

"Good-by, Mr. Skinner; good-by, Mr. Green," said he. "I can scarcely forgive you for keeping me in ignorance of all this, though doubtless you did it for the best. And when is the crash to be announced?"

"Now that we have seen you, I think we might as well call in our solicitors at once," said Mr. Skinner.

"I think so too," said the other partner; and then Balfour left.

He plunged into the busy, eager world outside. The office boy was whistling merrily as he passed, the cabmen bandying jokes, smart young clerks hurrying over the latter part of their duties to get home to their amusements in the suburbs. He walked all the way down to the House, and quite mechanically took his seat. He dined by himself, with singular abstemiousness, but then no one was surprised at that. And then he walked up to his house in Piccadilly.

And this was the end — the end of all those fine ambitions that had floated before his mind as he left college, equipped for the struggle of public life with abundant health and strength and money and courage. Had his courage, then, fled with his wealth, that now he seemed altogether stunned by this sudden blow? Or was it rather that, in other circumstances, he might have encountered this calamity with tolerable firmness, but that now, and at the same time, he found himself ruined, forsaken, and alone?

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A STUDY OF LOWER LIFE.

As has well been observed, the phrase *omne ignotum pro magnifico* is not more appropriate or true than its reverse or opposite. And it constitutes one of the greatest advantages of natural-history study, that it directs our attention to new and curious features in the commonest living forms around us, and, by aiding both our mental and physical perceptions, largely extends the range of the most commonplace observation. The "sight" of the natural historian is, in fact, anything but "unassisted;" but, on the contrary, discerns beauty and grace where vision of the latter description could perceive nothing worthy of attention or study. If Pope's dictum, that "the proper study of mankind is man," be accepted as literally true, and as tending to limit human observation to the investigation of its own peculiarities, the zoologist may fitly remind the poet that the study of lower forms not only assists our appreciation of human affairs, but sometimes actually explains and elucidates points in man's history which otherwise would remain utterly obscure. Thus the spirit of a liberal science is most decided in its opposition to any exclusiveness in the objects submitted to its scrutiny; since, recognizing the independence of the various branches of knowledge, we learn that the advance of one study really means the improvement of all.

No better illustration of the manner in which a simple study in biology may be made to form a text for the illustration of some facts and points interesting to the world at large can well be selected, than that comprised in the life-history of the little animal known as the hydra, or "common fresh-water polype." The examination of this common denizen of our pools and ditches may convince the sceptical that the issues of scientific study are not only varied and interesting, but that they also sometimes lead us to contemplate phases of life and growth not very far removed from some of the most important problems which can well occupy the consideration of the human mind.

The hydra of the zoologist by no means recalls to mind, as regards its form at any rate, the famous being of mythological lore; although, as will hereafter be noted, in certain of its features, the modern hydra may fitly bear comparison with its mythical namesake. If we take some water from a quiet pool, which has become stagnant and overgrown with lower plant life and water-weeds flourishing apace under the kindly influences of the summer sun, and place this water along with a small quantity of the weeds in a clear glass vessel exposed to the light, we may be almost sure to find that in due time certain small bodies of greenish color have attached themselves to the sides of the vessel. These bodies will congregate chiefly on the side of the vessel next the light, and as regards their size, the beings referred to are seen to be by no means large. A length of about a quarter of an inch may be regarded as a fair statement of their average dimensions; although occasionally a specimen may greatly exceed the proportions of its neighbors, and exhibit a length of half an inch or more.

Examined by aid of a hand-lens, each of these little organisms or hydræ is seen to

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

possess a tubular or cylindrical body, which is attached by one extremity to the glass or duck-weed, and which exhibits at the opposite and free extremity a mouth-opening, surrounded by a circle of arms or tentacles. These latter are delicate, thread-like organs, which in the undisturbed and natural state of the animal remain outstretched in the water. In the common or green hydra, the tentacles are not disproportionately developed as regards the body, but in certain other forms or species, in which the body is colored brown (*Hydra fusca*), the tentacles are very long, and the animal obtains in consequence the distinctive name of the "long-armed hydra."

The observation of the common incidents of the hydra's life reveals certain interesting features, which assist us in some degree in the appreciation of the nature and structure of these organisms. When the tentacles are touched, they at once contract and shorten, and the body also shrinks or shrivels up into a somewhat rounded mass. This simple fact proves to us that the hydra is sensitive to outward impressions, a feature in its history which is of high interest when we endeavor to understand the nature and relations of the nervous system of higher animals; and that these animals are also sensitive to more delicate impressions is proved by their clustering in numbers on that side of the glass vessel which is next the light. If the hydra is left in an undisturbed condition after being irritated, the body and tentacles will become elongated and expanded, and will once more resume their normal condition.

That the polypes are not permanently rooted or attached to the weeds in which they are commonly found, may be proved by the simple observation of their habits. They may be seen to detach themselves from fixed objects, and to move slowly about in leech-like fashion, or like the looping caterpillars, by alternately fixing and extending the mouth and root-extremity of the body; whilst occasionally they may be seen to float listlessly, with extended tentacles, amid their native waters.

When any minute animal, such as a water-flea, or some similar organism, comes in contact with the tentacles of the hydra, an interesting series of acts is witnessed. The tentacles are then observed to act as organs for the capture of prey, the victim being seized and conveyed by their contraction towards the mouth of the animal, within which cavity it finally disappears from view. That the hydra therefore possesses instincts common to all forms of animal life, high and low alike, and which lead it to supply the wants of its frame, cannot be doubted; and Schiller's maxim that hunger is one of the powers that rule the universe, may thus be aptly illustrated within the small domain and in the simple life-history of the hydra.

As might be expected, the prey at first struggles violently to escape from the clutches of its captor, but after a short period the efforts become less and less marked, and the captive may be noted to become somewhat suddenly helpless and paralyzed. The observation of these details leads us to expect that the hydra possesses some offensive apparatus, through the action of which the capture of prey is facilitated. And an examination, by aid of the microscope, of the tentacles of the polype, and in fact of its body-substance as well, would reveal the presence of numerous minute capsules, named "thread-cells," which are developed in the tissues of the body. Each of these curious little cells consists of a tough outer membrane, within which a delicate thread or filament lies coiled up amidst fluid. When one of these structures is irritated, as by pressure, the cell is observed to rupture, the thread being thrown out or everted, whilst the fluid at the same time escapes. A thread-cell of the hydra, in its ruptured condition, appears as an oval capsule having attached to one extremity the thread, which is provided at its base with three little spines or hooks. The consideration of the structure and functions of these thread-cells clearly indicates their offensive nature. Each may in fact be regarded as representing a miniature poison-apparatus; the "thread" being the dart or sting, and the fluid constituting the venom. The prey of these polypes has little chance of escape from the attack of these cells; since wounded by the threads, which doubtless become attached to its body by the hooks, and poisoned by the fluid, even animals of tolerably large size, when compared with the hydra, may be seen to succumb to its attack. The polypes are thus seen to be singularly well provided as regards offensive apparatus, the particular form and action of which reminds one, in some degree, of the famous "lasso" of Western nations. And it is at the same time interesting to note that thread-cells of essentially similar nature to those found in the hydra, confer on the jelly-fishes and allied forms the stinging powers which render these beings the terror of tender-skinned bathers.

The internal structure of our polype is

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

of the simplest possible description. It may seem strange to talk of an animal body which lives and grows without any of the structures or machinery we are accustomed to associate with the higher animals. Yet the hydra exemplifies the former condition; since we might accurately enough describe its body as consisting of a simple tube, the interior of which contains no organs of any kind, and which communicates with the outer world through the mouth. If we further suppose that the walls of this tubular body are composed of two closely applied layers or membranes — the outer somewhat dense and tough, and the inner of more delicate nature — we shall have formed a broad but accurate idea of the constitution of these polypes. When the prey or food is swallowed, it therefore passes into the interior of the tubular body, which evidently serves as a stomach-sac. Here the morsel is digested or dissolved, and as the result of this process, a fluid perfectly adapted for the nourishment of the polype is formed. This fluid or blood is kept circulating throughout the interior of the simple body, by the constant movements or vibrations of numerous minute processes named *cilia*, which exist like a fringe on the lining membrane of the body cavity, and which therefore perform the functions of the heart of higher animals. Thus it may be said that every part of the hydra's body is brought directly into contact with this nutritive fluid, since we note that the fluid is transmitted from membrane to membrane and from cell to cell by the process of imbibition. And in this simple manner does the hydra repair the continual waste of its parts; this process of waste being the inevitable result of the acts and functions of every living being, and the invariable concomitant of life itself.

We have already noted that the hydra possesses the power of appreciating sensations, since it shrinks when touched, and exhibits other proofs of its sensitiveness. In the possession of this power the polype resembles some plants, and most if not all other animals, including man himself. Broadly stated, this power which the hydra possesses may be regarded as presenting us with the idea of a nervous system in its simplest phase. The functions of such a system may be summarized in the statement that it is adapted for bringing the animal into relation with its surroundings. We thus say that the nervous system exercises the function of "relation;" whilst from the fact that the animal performs this function through impressions being made upon it, we are also accustomed to speak of the nervous power as exercising the function of "irritability." This power, in fact, stands mediately between the animal and the world in which it lives. The higher we ascend in the animal scale the more perfectly do we find the nervous system adapted for placing the animal in possession of a knowledge of its environments; although, as will be presently remarked, the differences between the nervous powers of higher and lower animals are to be considered rather differences of degree than of kind.

But, as an examination of the hydra demonstrates to us, the view just taken of the nervous functions can hardly be considered of a complete kind. For we find that the polype when touched is enabled to act upon the knowledge or sensation which the touch conveys; since its tentacles contract, and its whole body shrinks as if in irritation and alarm. The reception of a sensation by the nervous system is therefore accompanied by a power of acting upon "information received;" and it cannot be doubted that a certain and definite correspondence must exist between the impression and the act it evokes. Indeed, amongst lower forms of animal life this correspondence is not only exceedingly well marked, but constitutes in itself the sum total of the nervous functions in such beings. But the highest animals, including man himself, may be said to acquire a knowledge of their surroundings in an exactly similar manner. When we talk of exercising our senses — or when, to use a comprehensive term, we speak of "feeling" — we are simply expressing the idea of obtaining a certain knowledge of our environments, and as a result, we are further enabled to act upon that knowledge in ways and fashions relative thereto.

Some such ideas as those just stated, have given rise to the conception — widely known and discussed in these days under the name of the "automatic doctrine" — that the acts of all animals, including those of man — "the paragon of animals," as Hamlet terms him — bear in reality a much closer relation to their surroundings than they are generally supposed to possess. The simple acts of a hydra's life, and the most intricate operations of the human mind; the nervous action which enables a polype to obtain a particle of food, and the nerve-changes evolving thoughts which emanate from minds like those of Goethe, Shakespeare, Newton,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and Milton — thoughts which will re-echo in the minds of men throughout all time — are thus held to present, when analyzed out to their fullest extent, a striking community of origin. The polype is said to be really an "automaton," in that it simply acts through its nervous powers, as these powers are first acted upon by outer impressions; and man, we are told, must also be held as sharing this automaton nature, since his acts are determined in like manner by outward circumstances, and simply by the succession or order in which these circumstances have been impressed upon his nervous centres. "The question is," as Dr. Carpenter has expressed it, "whether the Ego is completely under the necessary domination of his original or inherited tendencies, modified by subsequent education; or whether he possesses within himself any power of directing and controlling these tendencies." Or as the case is put by Professor Huxley: "Descartes' line of argument is perfectly clear. He starts from reflex action in man, from the unquestionable fact that in ourselves co-ordinate purposive actions may take place without the intervention of consciousness or volition, or even contrary to the latter. As actions of a certain degree of complexity," continues Huxley, "are brought about by mere mechanism, why may not actions of still greater complexity be the result of a more refined mechanism?"

As may readily be noted, this theory of the physical origin of man's mental powers necessarily carries with it a special and peculiar interpretation of man's moral nature and obligations. For it implies the belief that we cannot act in any other fashion than is determined by our character; and this latter, in its turn, results from or is developed by the action of outer and physical circumstances upon the organism. Consciousness, or that knowledge of *self* which most people hold lies at the root and foundation of our mental existence, except as a secondary matter, is thus put altogether out of court; and the powers of mind come in this view to represent so many effects of the long-continued action of experience and custom in inducing various mental states, as the result of certain combinations of outer impressions.

The fierce conflict to which the discussion of this automatic doctrine has given rise can be readily understood and explained. It is no light matter to assert that the mental powers and intellect of man are, after all, simply material in their nature and origin, and that they merely represent a high development and modification of the simple nervous impressions seen in lower states of existence. Yet there is a latent truth in this view of the matter, which, when recognized and brought into relation with facts and ideas external to such a theory, presents us with a rational explanation of the origin of man's mental nature. Whatever may have been the origin of man's intellect, there can firstly be no question of the impassable nature of the gulf which exists between the human type of mind and the instincts of all other forms of life. Even if man's total origin from a lower form or forms were a proved fact, the recognition of the fact could never lessen by an iota our estimation of the infinite superiority of man, regarded as a thinking intelligent being, over his nearest allies. Preconceived notions and ideas might and probably would revolt against such an idea of the origin of man's mind; but the spirit of a liberal science would content itself with the fact that no considerations regarding its origin and development can detract from the high or immeasurable superiority of the human over every other type and form of nervous functions.

Turning next to inquire into the existence of automatic or instinctive acts amongst animals, we may in the first place be surprised to note that in the hydra, sensitive although the polype is seen to be to outward impressions, no traces of a nervous system or of analogous organs can be discerned. The polypes are thus literally sensitive, without possessing any appreciable or visible apparatus for exercising that sense. The hydra is, however, by no means alone in this respect. The sea-anemones, which are animals nearly related to the hydra, are equally if not more sensitive than the latter; since the anemones may be seen to withdraw their tentacles and to contract their bodies on being touched, or even if the light falling upon them be suddenly intercepted, as by the shadow of a passing cloud. Yet the anemones, like hydra, utterly want a nervous system. But certain plants may also not only exhibit symptoms of irritation or sensitiveness when touched, but may act upon their sensations — a feature well exemplified by the drooping leaflets and leaf-stalk of the sensitive plant; by the closure of the leaf of the Venus fly-trap, and by definite movements of contraction observed in other plants, resulting from alterations in temperature. In plants, it is almost need-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

less to remark, no nervous system has been demonstrated to exist; and no botanist has even suggested the possibility of the existence of nervous tissues within the limits of the vegetable creation. Yet, tested by the acts of their lives, we might truly say to such plants, with Shakespeare, —

> Sense you have,
> Else could you not have motion;

and, judging from the sensitiveness of the plants just mentioned, the conclusion appears inevitable that plants possess means for receiving and for acting upon sensations, and that in this light they may be fitly compared with the hydra and all lower animals in which a nervous system has not been demonstrated to exist.

It is perfectly clear that the acts of these plants, and of such animals as the hydra and sea-anemone, must be considered of a purely automatic kind. We cannot reasonably suppose that consciousness, or a knowledge of why or how the acts are performed, plays any part in the life-history of such forms. And even if it be maintained that mere sensation and consciousness in this case are identical or closely allied, the latter quality must be so far removed in its nature from the consciousness of humanity as to render the comparison quite inadmissible. The hydra and its neighbors are in truth automata pure and simple, in that they are stimulated by outward circumstances and respond to such stimuli without possessing any appreciation of the why and wherefore of any act of their lives.

But that automatic acts may represent the whole life, or a very large share of the actions, of animals much higher than these polypes, can readily be demonstrated. A centipede, for example, when cut in halves, will exhibit lively and independent movements in each half of its body — a fact readily explained when we note that each joint of the animal's body possesses a nerve-centre which supplies the surrounding parts with powers of movement. And if the central portion of the nervous system of the animal be destroyed whilst its body remains intact, the front portion of the body and the front legs together with the legs lying behind the destroyed portion will continue to push the animal forwards. Here the action of the hinder legs is purely automatic. But in the insect-class we find many examples of automatic acts, which at first sight actually seem to suggest the development of a high intelligence. The young insect, just liberated from its chrysalis state performs at once and perfectly all the operations of its life. And even in the case of the wonderful operations exemplified by the ants, bees, and their allies, we find examples of automatism. The acts of these insects are in reality determined by surrounding conditions; and each insect, destitute of all previous knowledge, enters upon its duties and discharges them with unerring skill, immediately after its birth or when it has attained its full development. Here, therefore, there can be no intelligent appreciation or consciousness of the nature of the duties performed. Indeed, as Dr. Carpenter has well remarked in speaking of the adaptation of such insects to their duties, "the very perfection of the adaptation, again, is often of itself a sufficient evidence of the unreasoning character of the beings which perform the work; for if we attribute it to their own intelligence, we must admit that this intelligence frequently equals, if it does not surpass, that of the most accomplished human reasoner."

Turning lastly to the investigation of man's actions as a type of those of higher animals generally, we find that physiology makes us acquainted with the performance of many automatic acts and movements in the common existence of humanity. The earliest acts of the infant are purely automatic; they are performed without the slightest appreciation of their meaning, and without any intelligent conception of their order and succession, that order and succession being really determined by the outward or physical conditions of life. The person who walks along the street absorbed in a reverie or day-dream, but who nevertheless and all unconsciously to himself avoids his neighbors and the lamp-posts, is so far an automaton in that the complicated muscular movements of his limbs and the general equilibrium of the body are being co-ordinated independently of his knowledge and will. And very many other examples might be cited in support of the allegation that automatic acts and movements play a very important part in the existence of higher animals.

Thus we may hold it to be fully proved that automatism has a veritable existence, and really forms the basis of all nervous acts. That in itself it constitutes the essence of all the intellectual acts of man is, however, a conclusion by no means involved in the preceding statement. That the "physical" act involved in the execution of any movement — such an act being

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

exemplified by the change which nerve-tissue undergoes even in the act of thinking — is connected and associated with another action, the "mental" act, cannot be doubted, if it be admitted at all that we possess a rational cognizance of ourselves and our actions. And that the "mental" act in the higher animal may represent the actual source, origin, and cause of the physical act, is also, as far as human intelligence can assure us, an undoubted fact. Hence we are forced to conclude that however this mental act has originated in man, it has really come to assume a place, dominion, and power in the constitution and working of his nervous system which is utterly unrepresented in any lower forms. If man may be proved or believed to be hereditarily the "slave of antecedent circumstances," it must also be admitted that a new power has been developed out of the action upon his nervous system of these same circumstances, this power being represented by the formation of the conscious self-knowing *ego* or mind. That hereditary influences and inherited constitution possess a large share in moulding the mind, as they undoubtedly operate in producing a certain conformation of body, is but a reasonable belief. And the formation of the character of the child, and through the development of the latter that of the adult mind also, must accordingly depend to a certain extent upon influences for which neither is in any way responsible, and over which, in the first instance, neither can have any control. That automatic acts derived from and moulded upon preceding acts of like character make up the chief part of human existence in a savage state is a statement of readily proved kind, since man in his primitive condition can hardly be supposed to speculate much concerning himself, but has his acts directed and controlled to a greater or less extent by outward circumstances and by the exigencies which his physical surroundings induce. But as in man's physical development, so in his mental nature, new features appear; and explain it how we may, we are forced to recognize that out of the mere instinct and pure automatism of his earlier state has been developed that fuller knowledge and command of self which brings with it the moral sense and all the noble conceptions of his race: a progress of mental development this, imitated by the mental advance of man as he emerges from the savage to the civilized state, and typified in a closer fashion still by the growth and progress of the infant's mind, from the indefinite mists of unconsciousness to the clearer light of a rational intelligence. The development of the child's intellect in this view presents us with a panoramic picture of the stages through which we may conceive the mind of man to have passed in its progress from the condition of a hydra-like automaton to the higher phase in which he obtains a knowledge of himself. And it seems to me that only through the ideas involved in some such theory of the origin of man's mental powers can we reasonably explain the possession by lower animals of many qualities and traits of character which we are too apt to regard as peculiar to man. The community of instincts in man and lower animals, in fact, affords a powerful argument in favor of the idea that the higher intellect of humanity has originated through the progressive development of lower instincts.

Our survey of the relations and origin of nervous acts has led us far afield into the domain of metaphysics, and has in some measure alienated us from our more sober study of the commonplace hydra. We have, however, noted that our polype forms a text for the illustration of some points highly interesting to humanity at large, and in what remains to be told of its life-history we shall find exemplified several other features of highly interesting if not of most remarkable kind.

Of these latter features, probably the most notable relate to the various modes in which the hydra may reproduce its kind. We have already observed how the animal makes provision for the wants of its own existence, and how it repairs the local and continually occurring death of its parts by the reception and digestion of food, and by the circulation from cell to cell of the products of nutrition. Such a view of the polype's organization, however, presents us after all with a one-sided aspect; and like most partial and incomplete surveys of things, our ideas of the polype's life-history are apt to become erroneous and liable to misconstruction. Every living being, in addition to the duty imposed upon it of repairing its individual loss of substance, has to bear a share in the reparation of the injuries and losses which death is the means of inflicting on its species or race. Through the processes of reproduction and development, new beings are ushered into the field of active life to take part in carrying on the life of the species, just as the process of nutrition made good the wants and supplied the exigencies of the single form.

The Harveian motto, "*Omne ex ovo,*"

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

holds good in the case of hydra, inasmuch as we find that the animal in summer more especially may be seen to produce eggs, from which, through a process of regular and defined development, new hydræ are produced. But we may concern ourselves less with this normal phase of development than with certain strange and out-of-the-way features which our polype may be observed to exhibit. There are very few persons outside the ranks of biologists who would be inclined to associate a veritable process of "budding" with the functions of an animal organism. Yet in hydra, in a large number of its neighbors, and in a few other groups of the animal world, a veritable process of this nature occurs, whereby from a parent body certain portions are gradually budded out to assume in due time the form and likeness of the being which has produced them.

Thus, when the hydra is well nourished, little projections may be observed to sprout from the side of the body. As these projections increase in size, each is seen gradually to develope a mouth and little tentacles at its free end, and in due time presents us with the spectacle of a young hydra, which has budded from the parent to which, save in size, it bears a close resemblance. Sometimes, also, it so happens that this young bud grows and multiplies like its parent, and produces a bud in its turn. So that we meet, in such a case, with a veritable genealogical tree, presenting us with three generations of hydræ, adhering to each other, and connected by the closest ties of blood-relationship. Not only, therefore, is our hydra colored like a plant: it also imitates the plant-creation in certain aspects of its life-history, and by the process of budding converts itself from a single into a compound animal. Whilst the young buds remain attached to the parent, free and perfect communication exists between the simple body-cavities of the connected individuals, and the compound organism is thus nourished by as many mouths as there are animals in the colony. But this connected and compound state is not permanent in hydra; although, as seen in the zoophytes, it presents us with a complicated and enduring fabric, numbering it may be many hundreds of included animals which have been produced by a process of budding. Sooner or later the young hydra-buds will break contact with the parent body, and will float away through the surrounding water on their way to root themselves to fixed objects, and to begin life on their own account.

More astonishing by far, however, is it to find that we possess the means for propagating hydræ at will. We may actually imitate the experiment performed of old by that redoubtable demigod Hercules, since by the artificial division of one polype we may give origin to new beings, and may multiply the species through the destruction of a single individuality. These curious results, also obtained by experimentation on the sea-anemones, were first made known to the world at large by Trembley, an Englishman, who was tutor to the sons of Count Bentinck, and who also, whilst resident at Geneva about the middle of the last century, contrived to find time and opportunity for close observation of those polypes. In 1744 Trembley published his memoir on the hydra, and we shall leave the ingenious naturalist to detail in his own language the method and results of his experiments. Surprised at the curious life-history and plasticity of these creatures under almost every condition, Trembley resolved to ascertain if the reproductive powers of hydra were further allied to those of plants in their ability to reproduce their like by being divided into "slips." Having divided a hydra crosswise and nearer to the mouth than to the root-extremity, he put the two parts into a flat glass which contained water four or five lines in depth, and in such a manner that each portion of the polype could be easily observed through a strong magnifying glass. "On the morning of the day after having cut the polyp, it seemed to me that on the edges of the second part, which had neither head nor arms, three small points were issuing from these edges. This surprised me extremely, and I waited with impatience for the moment when I could clearly ascertain what they were. Next day they were sufficiently developed to leave no doubt on my mind that they were true arms. The following day two new arms made their appearance, and some days after, a third appeared, and I now could trace no difference between the first and second half of the polyp which I had cut."

Experimenters since Trembley's time, but following in the track of that ingenious observer, have cut and divided the hydra in almost every possible fashion, with the result of finding that the polype possesses an unlimited power not only of resisting injuries — the least of which would be sufficient to insure the death of any ordinary organism, plant, or animal — but of utilizing the results of mutilation in the multiplication of its race. But as a

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

final feature in the hydra's history, we must allude to one point which perhaps we should deem as even of more extraordinary kind than the traits of character just described; this point being exemplified by certain experiments of Trembley, in which he actually succeeded in turning these polypes inside out, without in the slightest degree interfering with their ultimate vitality. In 1742, Trembley first succeeded in his endeavor to place the polype *hors de combat*, and his *ruse* or plan of procedure was of so ingenious a nature that we may again let him speak for himself. He tells us that he commenced operations "by giving a worm to the polyp, and put it, when the stomach was well filled, into a little water, which filled the hollow of my left hand. I pressed it afterwards with a gentle pinch towards the posterior extremities. In this manner I pressed the worm which was in the stomach against the mouth of the polyp, forcing it to open — continuing the pinching pressure until the worm was partly pressed out of the mouth. When the polyp was in this state I conducted it gently out of the water, without damaging it, and placed it upon the edge of my hand, which was simply moistened in order that the polyp should not stick to it. I forced it to contract itself more and more, and, in doing so, assisted in enlarging the mouth and stomach. I now took in my right hand a thick and pointless boar's bristle, which I held as a lancet is held in bleeding. I approached its thicker end to the posterior extremity of the polyp, which I pressed until it entered the stomach, which it does the more easily since it is empty at this place and much enlarged. I continued to advance the bristle, and in proportion as it advanced the polyp became more and more inverted. When it came to the worm, by which the mouth is kept open on one side, and the posterior part of the polyp is passed through the mouth, the creature is thus turned completely inside out; the exterior superficies of the polyp has become the interior."

The operation thus described was occasionally frustrated in a manner by the hydræ; since, in less than an hour, Trembley observed some specimens to succeed in restoring themselves to their natural position. This observer, however, prevented the latter result in one or two instances by spitting the polype, a needle being passed through the body close under the mouth; and when thus treated the animal, with wisdom which humanity might sometimes advantageously imitate, accommodated itself without murmur to the exigencies of its position. Trembley appears to have taken the state of the appetite of his polypes as a very natural and rational test of their state of health after being operated upon; since he remarks that a hydra which had been turned inside out ate "a small worm two days after the operation;" whilst to conclude, he remarks that "the same polyp may be successively inverted, cut in sections, and turned back again, without being seriously injured." After the recital of these experiments — to which, seeing that the hydra possesses no traces of a nervous system, the most tender-hearted anti-vivisectionist could offer no objection — we may well question whether the hydra of zoology is not after all a more wonderful animal than its mythical and fabulous namesake.

The attentive consideration of these features in our polype's biography, naturally suggests some remarks on the nature of the beings which possess powers so wondrous of resisting mutilation and of recovering from serious injury. In virtue of what description or amount of vitality, it may be asked, or on what supposition can we account for the amazing reparative powers of the hydra? The answer to the question may be prefaced by the remark that the hydræ are not singular in respect of their fertility under apparently disadvantageous circumstances. As already remarked, and as the writer can testify from experiment, the sea-anemones may be subjected to the ordeal of trial by slicing and chopping with favorable results, as far as the artificial increase of the race is concerned. But animals occupying a much higher place in the scale of animal society may also exhibit reparative powers of a singular and extensive kind. A star-fish, for example, need not in the slightest degree be disconcerted by the loss of its rays, for these astronomical beings may be met with on the sea-beach in the condition of grim old warriors who have left portions of their organization on numerous battle-fields, and possessing, it may be, but a single intact ray; the other four rays having most likely served voracious codfishes as dainty, if somewhat tough morsels. Or, again, the crabs and lobsters may be cited as examples of animals to whom the loss of a limb, less or more, makes but little difference. Indeed, the lobsters seem to part with even the largest of their members on very slight provocation; for a sudden noise, such as the report of cannon, has been known to serve as the exciting cause of dismemberment.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Or, lastly, to select animals of a higher grade still, it is well known that our familiar eft or newt may lose half of its tail without suffering any permanent loss; a natural process of reparation and growth in the starfish, in the crab and lobster, and in the newt, in due time providing new members for old ones. Man in one sense may well envy the reparative powers of his inferior neighbors; since even in the comparatively small matter of teeth he has to place himself under the tender mercies of the dentist in event of loss, and must view with hopeless gaze the disappearance of the last joint of a finger or toe.

Although the physiologist is unable in the present state of his science to explain the exact and intimate manner in which the hydra and other animals reproduce their tissues, we may nevertheless by a very homely simile contrive to gain a broad idea of the nature of these reparative powers. We thus must firstly note that the process is simply one of nutrition, or nutritive growth carried out to a high degree of development. We are dealing in fact, in such cases, with an increase of the ordinary powers and processes whereby, as we have already stated, the bodily waste is made good. But at the same time we note that these powers and processes vary throughout the animal world doubtless in obedience to some law which determines the closer interdependence of the different parts of animals the higher we advance in the zoological scale. To put the matter in its plainest light, we may compare the organization of the hydra and its neighbors to that of the "republic." The essential feature of this form of human association I take to be comprised in the broad statement that one man or member of the republic is as good as any other man or member, and that each man (theoretically) has an equal voice with his neighbor in the conduct and rule of the State. In that form of government to which the name of "limited monarchy" is applied, the levelling and equalizing tendencies of the republic are wanting. Every one person is not equal in rank or value to every other person; but, although each has theoretically his definite place and voice in the rule and management of the State, some assume a higher rank and power than others. Applying the comparison to the case before us, we can form at least an intelligent conception of the relative nature of the powers of the lower and higher animal. The hydra emphatically represents an animal democracy — a veritable republic. One part is as good as any other part, when demands are made upon it for reparation and growth; and this quality of self-support and independence, this power of existing separate from other parts, forms the feature in virtue of which the organization of the hydra becomes so plastic under the most trying conditions, and so well adapted in virtue of its inherent powers to rebuild the disorganized fabric. In man and higher animals, on the other hand, we find exemplified a form of vital government represented most nearly by the limited monarchy. Here, whilst each portion of the organism possesses a certain share in the constitution and management of affairs, some parts, and notably the nervous system, take precedence of, and serve to unite and combine the others. The principle of regulation and interdependence thus involved, simply renders it impossible for all parts to possess equal reparative powers. Hence lost parts are not commonly replaced in higher animals, for the reason that the loss has entailed a separation from other parts possessing no inherent powers of reproduction within themselves, and has divided the sustenance and life of the lost parts from that of the entire, connected, and interdependent system.

The process of growth and the harmonious relation of organs and parts observed in the hydra and in most other living beings, suggest, as a final feature worthy of note, the consideration of what is implied in the growth and increase of living organisms generally. The body of hydra was, at an early stage of our investigation, seen to be composed of tissues, and these tissues, again, to be made up of minute elements or cells. The growth of the hydra, therefore, in reality, means the increase of each of its minute parts; and when we reflect on the law of growth thus evolved, we may be puzzled to account for or explain the intimate nature of the mysterious power which is seen to operate in controlling and directing in so remarkable a manner the functions of this humble organism. In the hydra, then, as representing a single organism, or, still better, in the zoophyte, which consists of a colony numbering, it may be, hundreds of animals, united in a close structural relationship, or in the bodies of higher animals still, we find the principle of the perfect co-operation of many different parts to one harmonious end, namely, the maintenance of the organism, beautifully exemplified. In most of the grave affairs of life, man strives to secure the co-operation of his

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

fellows; but humanity, unfortunately for the success of its schemes, exhibits many little weaknesses and failings, and the common tendency of one mind to assert its supremacy over another may result in the demolition of the co-operative idea. Man might, therefore, well strive to imitate the unselfish union of aims and ends which a zoophyte colony exemplifies, or which the vital mechanism of his own tissues illustrates. When the political economist shall have succeeded in inaugurating a scheme of human co-operation for any purpose, on the successful model of nature's colonies in lower life, he will have good cause to congratulate himself and his fellows on having solved one of the paramount difficulties which beset his day and generation.

But, lastly, the true nature of the growth of a living being can only be fully understood if we for a moment compare that process with the increase of a lifeless body. No better, truer, or more eloquent descriptions of the difference between the growth of the living and that of the non-living could well be found than in the following passages, culled from an essay,* by one of the most liberal and advanced scholars of our day, intended to illustrate the progressive nature of philosophic science. "There is one kind of progress," says the writer, "which consists simply of addition of the same to the same, or of the external accumulation of materials. But increase by addition, even though it be ordered or regulated addition, is not the highest kind of advancement. Pile heap on heap of inorganic matter, and you have a result in which nothing is changed; the lowest stratum of the pile remains to the last what it was at the first; you keep all you ever had in solid permanence. Add stone to stone or brick to brick, till the house you have built stands complete from foundation to copestone; and here, though in order and system there may be a shadow of something higher than mere quantity, there is still only addition without progress. You have here also what the superficial mind covets as the sign of value in its possessions — permanent results, solid and stable reality. Every stone you place there remains to the last cut, hewn, shaped, in all its hard external actuality, what it was at the first: and the whole edifice, in its definite outward completeness, stands, it may be, for ages, a permanent possession of the world.

"But when you turn from inorganic accumulation or addition of quantities to organic growth, the kind of progress you get is altogether different. Here you never for a single day or hour keep firm possession of what you once had. Here there is never-resting mutation. What you now have is no sooner reached than it begins to slip away from your grasp. One form of existence comes into being only to be abolished and obliterated by that which succeeds it. Seed or germ, peeping bud, rising stem, leaf and blossom, flower and fruit, are things that do not continue side by side as part of a permanent store, but each owes its present existence to the annulling of that which was before. You cannot possess at one and the same time the tender grace of the vernal wood and the rich profusion of color and blossom of the later growth of summer; and if you are ever to gather in the fruit, for that you must be content that the gay blossoms should shrivel up and drop away. Yet though in organic development you cannot retain the past, it is not destroyed or annihilated. In a deeper way than by actual matter-of-fact presence and preservation, it continues. Each present phase of the living organism has in it the vital result of all that it has been. The past is gone, but the organism could not have become what it is without the past. Every bygone moment of its existence still lives in it, not indeed, as it was — but absorbed, transformed, worked up into the essence of its new and higher being. And when the perfection of the organism is reached, the unity of the perfectly developed life is one which gathers up into itself, not by juxtaposition or summation, but in a far deeper way, the concentrated results of all its bygone history. And by how much life is nobler than dead matter, by so much are the results and fruits of life the manifestation of a nobler kind of progress than that which is got by the accumulation of things which are at once permanent and lifeless, and permanent *because* they are lifeless."

The hydra equally with the higher animal, and the lowliest plant equally with the lordly oak, present the distinctions and differences thus forcibly expressed as existing between living and non-living matter. There is thus a constant replacement of old particles by new ones; and this change is not, after all, a mere replacement, but also includes and carries with it a process of growth and increase — of which latter, as seen in the living being, perhaps the

* Progressiveness of the Sciences, by John Caird, D.D., Principal of Glasgow University. Glasgow: Maclehose, 1875.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

most wonderful feature is that whereby, amid all the constant changes which living and being involve, the animal or plant should preserve and retain the form in which it was, so to speak, originally limned.

A study of the denizens of a stagnant pool may thus be shown to lead up, unconsciously it may be, but also naturally, to some matters of weighty consideration and interest, even to the most unscientific of observers. And it will be found not the least characteristic and valuable feature of all such studies, that they serve as literal starting-points and as vantage-grounds whence we may shape an intellectual course, leading us by many and diverse radii from limited perceptions and finite aims, outwards and upwards to the infinite itself.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

GERMAN SOCIETY FORTY YEARS SINCE.

In 1841–3 Mrs. Austin was in Germany, and met most of the celebrated men and women of that epoch. Some of the stories jotted down by her during a prolonged residence in Dresden and Berlin seem too good to be lost, while others show considerable insight into German life. The brothers Grimm appear to have been the most sympathetic people she met in Berlin. About Jacob Grimm she writes thus:

"His exterior is striking and engaging. He has the shyness and simplicity of a German man of letters, but without any of the awkward, uncouth air which is too common among them. His is a noble, refined head, full of intelligence, thought, and benevolence, and his whole exterior is full of grandeur — at the same time perfectly simple. Wilhelm is also a fine-looking man, younger, fatter, and more highly-colored; less imposing, less refined, but with a charming air of good nature, *bonhomie* and sense. His wife is also very pleasing. I met him one night at tea, and we began talking of fairy tales; I said, 'Your children appear to me the happiest in the world; they live in the midst of *Mährchen* (fairy-tales).' 'Ah,' said he, 'I must tell you about that. When we were at Göttingen somebody spoke to my little son about his father's *Mährchen.* He came running to me and said with an offended air, "*Vater, man sagt du hast die Mährchen geschrieben — nicht wahr, du hast nicht solches Dummezeuggemacht?*" ("Father, people say that you have written the fairy tales — surely you never invented such rubbish?") 'He thought it below my dignity,' said Grimm. Somehow the child had never seen or attended to the fact of his father's authorship."

Another story of Grimm's: —

"When I was a young man I was walking one day and saw an officer in the old-fashioned uniform. It was under the old elector. The officers still wore pigtails, cocked hats set over one eye, high neck-cloths, and coats buttoned back. As he was walking stiffly along, a groom came by riding a horse which he appeared to be breaking in. 'What mare is that you are riding?' called out the major with an authoritative, disdainful air. 'She belongs to Prince George,' answered the groom. 'A——h!' said the major, raising his hand reverentially to his hat with a military salute, and bowing low to the mare. I told this story," continued Grimm, "to Prince B., thinking to make him laugh. But he looked grave, and said, with quite a tragic tone of voice, 'Ah, that feeling is no longer to be found!'"

"Jacob Grimm told me a *Volksmährchen* too: —

"'St. Anselm was grown old and infirm, and lay on the ground among thorns and thistles. *Der liebe Gott* said to him, "You are very badly lodged there; why don't you build yourself a house?" "Before I take the trouble," said Anselm, "I should like to know how long I have to live." "About thirty years," said *der liebe Gott.* "Oh, for so short a time," replied he, "it's not worth while," and turned himself round among the thistles.'

"Bettina von Arnim called, and we had a *tête-à-tête* of two hours. Her conversation is that of a clever woman, with some originality, great conceit, and vast unconscious ignorance. Her sentiments have a bold and noble character. We talked about crime, punishment, prisons, education, law of divorce, etc., etc. Gleams of truth and sense, clouds of nonsense — all tumbled out with equally undoubting confidence. Occasional great fidelity of expression. Talking of the so-called happiness and security of ordinary marriages in Germany, she said, '*Qu'est que cela me fait? Est-ce que je me soucie de ces nids qu'on arrange pour propager?*' I laughed out; one must admit that the expression is most happy. She talked of the ministers with great contempt, and said, 'There is not a *man* in Germany; have you seen one for whom you could feel any enthusiasm? They are all like frogs in a big

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

pond; well, well, let them splash their best. What have we to do with their croaking?' Some things she said about the folly of attacking full-grown, habitual vice, by legislation, prison discipline, etc., were very true, and showed a great capacity for just thought. But what *did* she mean, or what did Schleiermacher mean, for she quoted him, by saying, '*La péché est une grâce de Dieu?*' These are things people say to make one stare. Among other divorce cases we talked of was the following: — Herr S——, a distinguished man, between fifty and sixty, with grown-up children and a wife who for five-and-twenty years had stood by his side a true and faithful partner through good and evil fortune — especially a great deal of the latter. A certain Madame A——, a woman about thirty, *bien conservée*, rather pretty, and extremely coquettish, made it her business to please Mr. S——, and succeeded so well that he soon announced to his wife his desire to be divorced from her, and to marry Madame A——, who on her side was to divorce her husband. Poor Madame S—— could hardly believe her senses. She was almost stupefied. She expostulated, resisted, pleaded their children — marriageable daughters — all in vain. Mr. S—— said he could not be happy without Madame A——. In short, as may be imagined, he wore out his wife's resistance, and the blameless, repudiated, and heart-broken wife took her children and retired into Old Prussia. Madame A—— then became Madame S——. But the most curious thing was that the *ci-devant* husband remained on terms of the greatest intimacy, and became the tame cat of the house. When Mr. S—— went a journey his wife accompanied him a certain way, and Mr. A—— went with them to escort her back, as a matter of course.

"At a ball given at C——, Mr. and Madame S—— were invited. He came alone, and apologized to the lady of the house about his wife's absence. She hoped Madame S—— was not ill. 'Oh, no; but Mr. A—— has just arrived, and you understand she could not leave him alone the first evening.'

"My maid Nannie told me a curious illustration of the position of servants here. The maid belonging to the master of the house, has, it seems, a practice of running out, and being gone for hours without leave. On Sunday last she had leave; Monday, ditto; Tuesday, ditto; and was out the whole of those evenings. Wednesday she took leave, and did not return till after tea. Her mistress asked her where she had been; she refused to answer, on which her mistress pressed her. 'Well,' she said, 'if I won't tell you, you can't hang me for it.' With which answer the lady went away content. Another day the master, who is lame, came down into the kitchen and said, 'I have left my spectacles; I wish you would run up for them.' 'Oh,' said she, 'I am washing dishes.' The droll thing is that they say they are only too glad to have this steady and obliging person, because she is honest — a thing almost unknown here.

"A great many ladies in Berlin have evenings on which they receive — especially the ministers' wives — not their friends, but all the world. If you don't go for two or three weeks, they tell you of it — the number of omissions is chalked up against you. Nor, except in two or three of the more exotic, can you look in for half an hour and come away. People ask you why you go, and where you are going to. In many houses you are expected to take leave. Then you have the satisfaction of being told where you were last night, and what you said; who sat next you, and especially that you did not admire Berlin, or something in it. Of course you deny, equivocate, palliate, lie. If you have the smallest pretension to be *vornehm* (fine), you can only live Unter den Linden, or in the Wilhelms-strasse.

"Social life does not exist in Berlin, though people are always in company, and one is, as Ranke said, *gehetzt* (hunted). In the fashionable parties one always sees the same faces — faces possessed by *ennui*. The great matter is for the men to show their decorations and the women their gowns, and to be called *excellency*. Generally speaking, it strikes me that the Prussians have no confidence in their own individual power of commanding respect. Much as they hold to all the old ideas and distinctions about birth, even that does not enable them to assume an upright independent attitude, not even when combined with wealth. Count G——, a man of old Saxon nobility, with large estates and the notions and feelings of an English aristocrat, tells me that he is completely *shouldered* in Berlin society, because he neither has nor will have any official title, wears no orders, and, in short, stands upon his own personal distinctions. The idea of going about the world stark naked to one's mere name! Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Canning — a German would be ashamed.

"The other day I went up three pair of

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

stairs to call on a nice little professor's wife. Arrived at the top, I rang the bell, and out comes a great hulking maid, who looks down upon me from a height of three or four steps. 'Is Madame G—— at home?' Answer (stereotype), 'I don't know;' after a pause — 'Do you mean the Frau Professorin?' 'Yes, Madame G——.' On this out rushes a second maid, looks half stupid, half indignant — 'What, do you mean the Frau Geheimräthin?' The joke was now too good to drop. I said again, 'I mean Madame G——, as it seems you do not hear distinctly; take my card to Madame G——.' I was admitted with the usual words, 'most agreeable,' and found the very pleasant Frau Professorin Geheimräthin, for she is both, whose servants seem ashamed of her name. Yet it is a name very illustrious in learning.

"Till a man is *accroché* on the court by some title, order, office, or what not, he may be fairly said not to exist. The Germans are becoming clamorous for freer institutions, but how much might they emancipate themselves! A vast deal of this servility is perfectly voluntary, but it seems in the blood. They dislike the king of Hanover as much as we do; but when Madame de L—— whispered to me at a ball, '*Voilà votre prince et seigneur*,' and I replied in no whisper, '*Prince oui, mais grâce á Dieu, seigneur non*.' She looked frightened, and so did all the ladies round her — and why? He could do them no more harm than me.

"In Dresden I met the grand duke of Saxe-Weimar, who told me the following anecdote on the authority of his mother-in-law the empress of Russia: 'When Paul and his wife went to Paris, they were called, as is well known, le Comte and la Comtesse du Nord. The Comtesse du Nord accompanied Marie Antoinette to the theatre at Versailles. Marie Antoinette pointed out, behind her fan, *aussi honnêtement que possible*, all the distinguished persons in the house. In doing this she had her head bent forward; all of a sudden she drew back with such an expression of terror and horror that the comtesse said, "*Pardon, madame, mais je suis sûre que vous avez vu quelque chose qui vous agite.*" The queen, after she had recovered herself, told her that there was about the court, but not of right belonging to it, a woman who professed to read fortunes on cards. One evening she had been displaying her skill to several ladies, and at length the queen desired to have her own destiny told. The cards were arranged in the usual manner, but when the woman had to read the result, she looked horror-struck and stammered out some generalities. The queen insisted on her saying what she saw, but she declared she could not. "From that time," said Marie Antoinette, "the sight of that woman produces in me a feeling, I cannot describe, of aversion and horror, and she seems studiously to throw herself in my way!"'

"The grand duke told very curious stories about a sort of second sight; especially of a Princess of S—— who was, I believe, connected with the house of Saxony. It is the custom among them to allow the bodies of their deceased relations to lie in state, and all the members of the family go to look at them. The princess was a single woman, and not young. She had the faculty, or the curse, of always seeing, not the body actually exposed but the next member of the family who was to die. On one occasion a child died, she went to the bedside and said, 'I thought I came to look at a branch, but I see the tree.' In less than three weeks the father was dead. The grand duke told me several other instances of the same kind. But this faculty was not confined to deaths. A gentleman whom the grand duke knew and named to me, went one day to visit the princess; as soon as she saw him she said, 'I am delighted to see you, but why have you your leg bound up?' 'Oh,' said her sister, Princess M——, 'it is not bound up; what are you talking of?' '*I* see that it is,' she said. On his way home his carriage was upset and his leg broken.

"I was saying that the Italians would not learn German. Madame de S—— said, 'I perfectly understand that; I had a French *bonne*, and when a child spoke French better than German. When the French were masters in Germany, M. de St. Aignan was resident at the court of Weimar. He and other French officers used to come every evening to my mother's house. I never spoke a word, I never appeared to understand a word. When the news of the battle of Leipsig arrived, M. de St. Aignan escaped through our garden. I was alone when he came to ask permission, and I answered him very volubly in French. "*Mais, mademoiselle,*" said he, astonished, "*vous parlez le Français comme l'Allemand. J'ai toujours cru que vouz n'en comprenez pas un mot.*" "*C'est que je n'ai pas voulu,*" replied I.'

"This in a young girl who talked well and liked to talk, shows great resolution,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and is a curious proof of the strength of the hatred of French rule.

"I went to see '*Figaro's Hochzeit*,' not '*Le Nozze di Figaro*.' If you have a mind to understand why the Italians can never be reconciled to Anstrian rulers go to see '*Figaro's Hochzeit*.' A Herr Dettmer, from Frankfurt, did Figaro, a good singer, I have no doubt, and not a bad, *i.e.*, an absurd, actor. But Figaro, the incarnation of southern vivacity, *espièglerie* and joyous grace! Imagine a square, thick-set man, with blond hair and a broad face, and that peculiar manner of standing and walking with the knees in, the heels stuck into the earth and the toes in the air, which one sees only in Germany. I thought of Piuco, a young Maltese, never, I believe, off his tiny island — whom I last saw in that part. I saw before me his *élancé* and supple figure, his small head clustered round with coal-black hair, his delicately turned jetty moustache, his truly Spanish costume, the sharp knee just covered by the breeches tied with gay ribbons, and the elastic step of the springing foot and high-bounding instep. What a contrast! — and what can art do against nature in such a case? Then the women; I had seen Ronzi de Begnis in the countess. What a countess! What a type of southern voluptuous grace, of high and stately beauty and indolent charm! Imagine a long-faced, lackadaisical-looking German woman, lean and high-shouldered, and with that peculiar construction of body which German women now affect. An enormously long waist, laced in to an absurd degree, and owing its equally extravagant rotundity below to the tailor. 'Happy we,' says Countess Hahn-Hahn, 'who, with so many ells of muslin or silk, can have a beautiful figure.'

"The Susanna was a pretty waiting-maid. How far that is from a Spanish Susanna, it is beyond me to say. Cherubino was the best, but he was only an *espiègle* boy playing at being in love — not the page whose head is turned at the sight of a woman. Then the language!

"After all, how immensely does this inaptitude of Germans to represent '*Figaro*' raise Mozart in our estimation; for he had not only to represent, but to conceive the whole — and what a conception! The sweet breath of the south vibrating in every note. Variety, grace, lightness, passion, *naïveté*, and, above all, a stately elegance which no one ever approached. His '*Don Giovanni*' and his '*Almaviva*' contain the most courtly, graceful, stately music that ever was conceived; and nothing like it *was* ever conceived. Only the real grandee, courtier, and fine gentleman could express himself so.

"Now, as a set-off, I must say what Germans can do, and what I am quite sure we English cannot in these days.

"I went to see Schiller's '*Braut von Messina*.' I expected little. The piece is essentially lyric rather than dramatic. The long speeches, thought I, will be dull, the choruses absurd; the sentiments are pagan. What have Spanish nobles to do with a Nemesis, with oracles, with a curse, like that on the house of Athens — with sustained speeches, the whole purport of which is *incusare deos?*

"Well, I was wrong. In the opening scene, Mademoiselle Berg has to stand for a quarter of an hour between two straight lines of senators and to make a speech — *rien que cela!* Can anything be more difficult? Yet such was the beauty of her declamation of Schiller's majestic verse, such the solemnity and propriety, grace and dignity of her action, that at every moment one's interest rose. Her acting through the whole of this arduous part gave me the highest idea of her sense and culture. Tenderness and passion were nicely proportioned to the austere character and sculptural beauty of the piece. I cannot at this moment recollect ever to to have seen an actress, French or English, who could have done it as well. Mademoiselle Rachel, with all her vast talents as a declaimer, would have been too hard for the heart-stricken mother.

"Emil Devrient's 'Don Cæsar' was quite as good. His acting in the last scene, where Beatrice entreats him to live, was *frightfully* good. The attempts at paternal tenderness, instantly relapsing into the fatal passion, ignorantly conceived, made one's heart stand still. And yet such was the extreme delicacy of his art, one felt none of the disgust which attends every allusion to such love. One saw before one only the youth vainly struggling with the hereditary curse of his house — the doomed victim and instrument of the vengeance of an implicable destiny.

"Anything more thoroughly heathenish than the play I cannot conceive, and I much question if an English audience would sit it out — on that score — not to mention others. We should find it our duty to be shocked. The audience last night was thin; those who went were probably attracted by Schiller's name, and knew that such "horrid opinions" once existed in Greece, and that a poet imitating Greek tragedy might represent Greek

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

modes of thinking. In short, we did not feel ourselves the least compromised by the queen of Sicily's attack upon the gods — nor the least more disposed to quarrel with our fate.

"The chorus is, as in duty bound, *versöhnend* (concilatory). The amount of the comfort, it is true, often is, 'It can't be helped; but even this is so nobly and beautifully expressed that one is satisfied. The chorus has every imaginable claim to be a bore. They deal in good advice, moral reflections, and consolation of the new and satisfactory kind above mentioned. Yet so great is the majestic, harmonious, composed beauty of Schiller's verse, so much greater the eternal beauty of truth and virtue, that the old men's words fall on one's heart like drops of balm, and one feels calmed and invigorated for the struggle with life. The chorus spoken, and in parts by all the voices at once, can never have a good effect — but somehow or other *cela allait*. Such are the triumphs of the true poet and artist."

The following anecdote dates from before the Russian emancipation: —

"The Archbishop of Erlau told me that at the time the Russian troops were stationed in Hungary, he and another gentleman were walking in the streets of ——— and suddenly heard a woman cry out. In a moment she ran into the street exclaiming that a Russian soldier had robbed, or was about to rob her. Such complaints were very frequent and sometimes unfounded. The soldiers could not make themselves understood, and took up things without meaning to rob. Be that as it may, two Russian officers were passing and heard the woman's story. They instantly collared the man, threw him down on the pavement, and, without making the smallest inquiry into the facts, they then and there spurred him to death. This, said the archbishop, I saw, with infinite horror and disgust."

Here we have a story which, though not absolutely new, is too good to be omitted: —

"Dr. F—— told me the following story of Voltaire, which I never met with before. Voltaire had for some reason or other taken a grudge against the prophet Habakkuk, and affected to find in him things he never wrote. Somebody took the Bible, and began to demonstrate to him that he was mistaken. '*C'est égal,*' said he, with an air of impatience, '*Habakkuk était capable de tout!*'

"Two days before we left Dresden, as I was dressing to go out, Nannie, my maid, came into my room and said two ladies wanted to see me. She said she had never seen them — they said I did not know them. I sent to say that I was sorry but I could not receive them, as Madame de S—— was already waiting for me. Nannie came back with the answer that they would wait in the anteroom — they only wanted to speak to me for a moment. Annoyed at being forced to commit a rudeness, I hurried on my gown and went out. In the anteroom were a middle-aged lady and a young one. I broke out into apologies, etc., upon which the elder lady said, in German, 'Pardon me for being so pressing. I only wished to give my daughter strength for the battle of life.' I was literally confounded at the oddness of this address, and remained dumb. It seemed her daughter wished to translate from the English. After a short explanation she turned to her daughter, and pointing to me, said, 'Now, my dear, you have seen the mistress, so we will not keep her any longer.' And so they went. I threw myself into a chair, and, alone as I was, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. This is as good a piece of Germanism as is to be found in any novel. Even my Dresden friends thought it quite amazing.

"Dr. Waagen and I were talking of the danger of disputing the authenticity of pictures. I said I had rather tell a man he's a rascal than that his pictures are copies. 'Yes,' said Waagen, 'I always compare a man, the genuineness of whose pictures are attacked, to a lioness defending her young.'

"We afterwards came upon intercourse with princes. Waagen said, Wilhelm von Humboldt, who was a great friend and patron of his when a young man, once said to him: 'My dear friend, your position will probably bring you into frequent contact with royalty. Take one piece of advice from me; always regard them as wild beasts in cages, and the courtiers as keepers. You see how noble and gentle and beautiful they look. But if you begin to put your hand through the bars and play with them, then you'll feel their claws and fangs. Always ask the keepers first what sort of humor they are in.'

"Countess H——, wife of the Mecklenburg minister, a Rubens beauty, and a very good-natured woman, told me she was invited to a grand dinner party at V—— to meet an English great lady. The hour was five. After everybody waiting till six, the hosts determined to sit

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

down. Some time after dinner was begun, Lady —— came in. The hostess began to regret, hoped nothing had happened, etc.

"'*Non, madame, c'est que je n'avais pas faim*,' was the refined and graceful reply.

"At a dinner party we were talking of Niebuhr, Varnhagen von Ense's article, etc. They spoke of his arrogance and caprice, which they said he had in common with all Holsteiners. He was much disliked by the Germans at Rome, partly for these qualities, partly for his parsimony and want of hospitality.

"Herr von Raumer said: 'I went to his house one evening, and we *nearly* succeeded in boiling some hot water for tea, but not quite.' Niebuhr told him that it was a serious thing to associate with Amati the Roman archæologist, because he frequented a certain wine-house called the Sabina, where the wine was dear. Amati was keeper of the Chigi Library, and held a post in the Vatican. His learning and judgment were universally acknowledged. He was particularly well known for his transcription and collation of codices, and a man whom any one might be proud to know.

"When the late king was at Rome, Niebuhr did the honors so badly that the king was quite impatient. He showed him little fragments of things in which he could take no interest, and none of the great objects. One day Niebuhr spoke of Palestrina. 'What is that?' said the king. 'What, your Majesty does not know that?' exclaimed Niebuhr in a tone of astonishment. The king was extremely annoyed, and turning round to some one, said, 'Stuff and nonsense; it's bad enough never to have learnt anything, without having it proclaimed aloud.'

"Niebuhr's ideas about his own importance, and his excessive cowardice were such, said B——, that at the time of the Carbonari affairs, he actually wrote home to the Prussian government that the whole of this conspiracy was directed against himself.

"In the steamer from Mainz to Bonn was — *inter alios* — an individual of the genus *Rath*. He sat opposite to us at dinner on the deck, and first attracted my attention by the following reply to his neighbor, a man who appeared to entertain the profoundest admiration for him. 'Oh, yes, there are lots of *theorists* in the world, only too many. *I* represent *den gesunden Menschenverstand* (sound common sense).' Delighted at this declaration, I raised my eyes and saw a face beaming with the most undoubting self-complacency. He went on to detail certain schemes of his for the good of his country — Oldenburg, as it seemed. My husband began to interrogate him about Oldenburg, and I said all I knew of it was from Justus Möser. The worthy *Rath* looked at me amazed, and said this was the first time he ever heard Justus Möser mentioned by a lady. I said so much the worse, there is an infinity of good sense in his writings. Yes, but he never expected to hear of his being read by a lady, and that I was evidently the second representative of sound common sense in the world, 'worthy to be *my* disciple,' added he with emphasis."

JANET ROSS.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE POETRY OF SEPTEMBER.

WE suppose that every month in the year has its own peculiar physiognomy, by which the true lover of nature would at once recognize it were he dropped from the clouds in a balloon after a prolonged absence in some other planet. Months melt into one another imperceptibly, of course; but such a one would know that the middle of July was not the middle of June, or the middle of August the middle of July. And this not by the weather, or the temperature, or by any agricultural operation which might betray the truth, but by the peculiar expression which nature wears at different seasons of the year. In July she is still young, still soft and fresh, with cooling showers and fickle skies, and clouds and sunshine rapidly chasing each other away. And for the full and perfect beauty of ordinary English scenery there is no period of the year to compare with the six weeks which separate the end of June from the middle of August. In August comes a slight change, we know not what, something to be felt rather than described. Perhaps it is that the face of nature begins then to wear rather a more set look, to show the first signs of middle age, and that lines of thought became visible in her still lovely countenance. But with the ensuing month the change is very apparent, and it is on the manner in which the expression of nature during an English September affects both the heart and the imagination that it is proposed to dwell in this article.

A September landscape is familiar to the majority of Englishmen; but still there is a numerous class of men, com-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

prising many among us who are the best qualified to appreciate it, who rarely see their native country at all during that particular month. The crowd of tourists which flies across the Channel, bound for Alps, or Pyrenees, or Carpathians, or what not, the moment they are free from the claims of business, or politics, or fashion, rarely return till September has passed gently away. Of those others who spend September in the country many, perhaps, are too much absorbed in field sports to notice the beauty which encircles them; and many more, perhaps, if they did notice it, would never get beyond observing that it was a very fine day. We hope, however, still to find a few readers who have been touched by the same feelings as ourselves under the influence of this particular month, and with their sympathy, if there be such, we shall be satisfied. The actual physical beauty of a September day, though not so luxuriant, it may be, as July or August, stirs us, perhaps, with a deeper emotion. The corn should not be all carried, for the wheat, standing in shocks upon the hillside, has a very pretty effect in the distance. There should be meadows within view, in which the rich green aftermath, still ankle deep, has not yet been fed off. There should be the fine stately hedgerow timber of the midland counties, or the hanging copses and long woods of the west and south. There should be the cool dark green of the turnips, contrasting with the pale yellow stubble, looking sheeny and silky in the sun. There should be a farmhouse or two, and a village spire in the hazy distance; and the foliage may be flecked here and there with two or three rust-spots as a foil to the surrounding verdure. Here is an ordinary view enough. But lie lazily on your back where the eye can take in all these varied contrasts, and you will allow that the same scene at an earlier period of the year would have wanted many of the charms which it exhibits now. If by the poetry of September we meant principally its suitability for descriptive poetry we might enlarge on these charms in some detail. As it is, I shall merely observe on the singularity of the fact that descriptive poets should have turned to so little account the peculiar beauties of this season of the year. It is not so with painters. September has sat for her portrait to many eminent hands, and we would call particular attention to a picture in last year's (1876) Academy, by Mr. Vicat Cole, called "The Day's Decline," which is evidently intended for September, and which, though it does not give the variety which I have just described, brings out many of the special characteristics of the month with marvellous fidelity. But Thomson is our classic on such subjects; and, though he could not fail to catch the dominant characteristic of the month, he hardly seems to have drunk in the full beauty of it. The following lines, however, show that he was not without appreciation: —

> A serener blue,
> With golden light enlivened, wide invests
> The happy world. Attempered suns arise,
> Sweet beamed, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
> A pleasing calm; while broad and brown below
> Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
> Rich, silent, deep they stand; for not a gale
> Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain —
> A calm of plenty.

This is truly fine. The epithets applied to the ripe cornfields, "rich, silent, deep," are most felicitous. But the primary idea of autumn with Thomson was what its name denotes, that of a season of abundance and rejoicing.

> Crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
> While autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
> Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more
> Well pleased I tune.

And we do not remember at the present moment either in Wordsworth, Tennyson, or Keats, the meed of even one melodious verse to the sweetest "daughter of the year," which dwells on her pathetic beauty.

For it is not the mere beauty of feature which characterizes September, great as that is, on which we are about to dwell: in this it is surpassed by other months. It is the expression which is worn by this one — all that it suggests, all the spell which it seems to lay upon us — which we hope to be able to describe, so that some few readers, as we have said, may recognize the likeness. We are presupposing, of course, that we have a seasonable September, the mild, warm, sunny month which it is four years out of five, and neither parched by drought nor yet drenched with constant rain; September, in fact, in her normal and natural condition. Then let the sky be perfectly blue, the air perfectly hushed, and the whole landscape bathed in a flood of pensive sunshine, and "on such a day" the mind becomes conscious of a mixture of melancholy and sweetness which is wholly peculiar to this season. The sweetness of September is, indeed, one of its most prominent attributes. No month in the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

year seems literally to smile upon one like September. It is so gentle, so soft, so mellow.

It seems to look at one out of mild hazel eyes with an almost human love and tenderness, and an equable serenity which gives assurance of unchanged affection. And this it is which leads us by degrees to become conscious of the melancholy of September. The contrast between the sense of repose, tranquillity, and permanence which is inspired by her aspect, and the sense of the approaching termination of all summer weather which we feel at the same time, naturally gives rise to this sentiment. We feel in gazing on September what we might feel in looking upon a beautiful and sweet-tempered woman, in perfect health and strength, whom we knew had but a short time to live. It is, however, difficult to separate the elements which constitute the sweetness from those which constitute the melancholy of this beautiful season. The profound brooding stillness of a September day, when you may even hear the beetles dropping from the bean-shocks in the adjoining field, must have struck many of our readers, and one can barely say whether it contributes more to the sadness or the joy with which we are inspired at such moments.

> Hark how the sacred calm which breathes around
> Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
> In still small accents whispering from the ground
> A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

How frequently have we experienced the exact sensations here described by Gray, on a soft hazy September afternoon, when, if the harvest is completed, there is often not a sound to be heard, while the soft warm glow of all around prevents the silence from being gloomy. That is a time at which to lie on the grass and "dream and dream;" when, without the help of any stimulant, you may kiss the lips you once have kissed, and recall your college friendship from the grave; gliding by degrees into a kind of dreamy feeling, which you care not to analyze too closely, that this ineffable peace of nature, which passes all description, may be a type, perhaps, of that peace of God which passes all understanding.

It is curious that September should be the one month in which we feel the strongest assurance of settled calm; have more reason to believe that to-morrow will be like to-day than at any other season of the year; and yet that it should be the last month of summer with which all the really green, warm, pleasant days practically depart. The poetry of decay is brought before us in October and November, but not in the month we are speaking of. In three seasons out of four September is green to the last, or sufficiently so to prevent one from noting much change. And it is this contrast, no doubt, a contrast we have already spoken of, which constitutes one of its chief charms: the deep stillness before the equinoctial tempest. But the same contrast may be regarded from another point of view. If there is one idea more than another which the aspect of September awakes in us, it is one of mellowness and maturity. It seems to speak of the strength and fulness of ripe and sunny middle age, the warmth of youth without its fever, the sobriety of age without its frost. The ideas of plenty and abundance, moreover, with which we associate this month come in to corroborate the impression which its outward aspect is calculated to produce; and a momentary fancy will sometimes flit across the mind that September cannot really be passing away, or that its life will be prolonged like Hezekiah's. It seems so difficult to suppose that the warm, genial, yet calm withal and tranquil weather, so redolent of life, health, and permanence, is so soon to leave us. But then come up the words of George Herbert, "But thou must die,"—and with thee all the lasting beauty of our brief English summer. October has its fine days, but the days are short and the nights are cold. It is as much an indoor month as an outdoor month. With September come to an end all the *molles sub arbore somni* in the happy afternoons, the moonlight stroll in the shrubbery, or the lounge by the garden gate, with perhaps some fair companion whom the softness of the scene makes doubly soft herself. After September these become pleasures of the past; and though of course they are as appropriate to any other summer month as they are to September, yet September is the month in which people in the country see more of each other than they do in June and July, and when, consequently, there are more opportunities for the poetry of moonlight flirtation.

And this leads us away to some lighter considerations than those which we have hitherto indulged it. Hitherto we have been trying to depict, however feebly, what may be called the moral beauty of this season of the year. We have dwelt on the particular emotions which the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

aspect of nature at such a time awakens in us; on the contrast between the sensations of sweetness and of sadness, of repose and of transitoriness, of maturity and of decay, which it suggests to us. But there is an artificial and social poetry also about the month of September at which we have just glanced in the last paragraph, and of which a little more has still to be said. September, in fact, has, owing to a gradual change of habits, appropriated to itself many of the associations which formerly belonged to May, and which are still assigned to her in the conventional language of poetry. But in the last quarter of the nineteenth century September is the lover's month. We are now, of course, speaking only of rural love-making. One month is the same as another in the life of cities, but in country life, and especially in the life of country houses, September bears away the palm. Whether any change has really taken place in our English season since the days of Milton, Dryden, and Addison, we cannot say, but the laureate contends that "those old Mays had thrice the life of ours;" and most certain it is that Dryden's well-known description of that month, if applied to any May we have had for the last twenty years, would seem simply ridiculous. We mean the lines beginning, —

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest, of the year.

Winter in the lap of May is now the rule and not the exception, and "society" does well, in our opinion, to spend it in the capital. Fashion, it may be, after all, has been only unconsciously adapting herself to nature and following in the footsteps of the seasons. When May was a warm and melting month, when the "groves" were full of leaf overhead, and when every bank was "a bed of flowers" on which a lady might throw herself without any fear of the rheumatism, the upper ten thousand did right to end their season in April. There has been, however, a change of dynasty since those days. May is no longer the queen of love and beauty, and the crown is for the present in commission. But the period of the year which now corresponds more closely than any other to what May was formerly is certainly to be found in the latter end of August and September. Then are croquet and archery in all their glory. Then it is that we get our only spell of settled fine weather; the woods are dry, the nights are warm, and long rides and walks furnishing innumerable opportunities for courtship under the most favorable circumstances are of daily occurrence. Then again there is that old-fashioned amusement of nutting, so admirably described in "Tom Brown," and which contains a world of poetry in itself. What a vision of glades and dingles, and steep woodland paths, and high mossy banks, and cool dank depths of impenetrable shade, it conjures up before us. What a sense of seclusion, of complete isolation from the world, of security and irresponsibility creeps over us in the centre of a thick wood, surrounded on all sides by the tall hazel bushes whose tangled branches form an arch over our heads, through which we just discern the great spreading limbs of the oak and the beech up above! Then if you, and the lady of the hour, can only lose your way and wander into some deep leafy hollow, where a half-seen brooklet just trickles over the pebbles, and where no other sound is heard but the flight of the ring-dove, or its soft appealing note from the neighboring elm, you will own the dangerous fascination, the melting influence of the season, nor would give a fig for all your merry months of May. Then the ground would be wet and the trees bare, and very probably an east wind lying in wait for you round the corner. Now all is soft and warm and sheltered. A thick leafy girdle shuts you in; here and there, through the openings, gleam the mossy trunks of ancient trees and gnarled old thorns and hollies; while beyond again all is green darkness — the very home of the fauns and the nymphs, and of the god Silvanus. And is not this a scene more fitting for the whispers of love, for the arm stealing softly round the waist, for the lips at last venturing to the glowing half-expectant cheek, than all the village greens or May-bespangled meads in the world? Our friend Thomson understood this feature of September at all events: —

The clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade;
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair,
Melinda formed with every grace complete.

Of course! But seriously, the poetry of nutting is a large part of that second form of the poetry of September with which we are now engaged. At such a moment your wish is assuredly for what Dryden has painted better than Virgil, for the simple reason that Virgil never painted it at all, —

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley and a lofty wood.

Then, if ever, you experience that absolute indifference to affairs which Virgil *has* painted:

Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
Flexit et infidos agitans discordia fratres,
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro:
Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna.

Let them rave! the peace of September is upon you. Melinda sits beside you, with every grace complete. What can the raw half-clad, chilly month of May, with all her frost-bitten flowers, give you in exchange for this?

We were wrong, perhaps, in saying that in the depth of that cool green wood you would hear no sound but the loving coo or the noisy pinion of the wood-pigeon. You may hear at intervals the distant gun of the partridge-shooter; and little as such a sport may seem at first sight to have to do with "the soul-subduing sentiment harshly styled flirtation,"* the reader of Whyte Melville's charming novel "All Down Hill" will know better, if he has not known it at first hand. In partridge-shooting there is such a thing as luncheon, which it needs little feminine dexterity to convert into a picnic of an exceptionally free and easy character. What more natural than for the daughters of the house to bring out their papa's luncheon in the pony carriage, who meets them with his two young friends in such and such a lane, or under such and such a big hedge? Paterfamilias himself is not unlikely to go to sleep when he has finished his share of pigeon-pie and smoked his allotted pipe. But whether he does or not, he will certainly not get up to help the young ladies gather blackberries; and as that is one of the fruits of the earth of which they happen at this moment to be particularly fond, and as it grows too high on these hedges to be reached without assistance, they pair off easily and naturally in quest of this delicacy; coming back — strange to say — with neither lips nor fingers showing any trace of the coveted refreshment, though what other fruit may have been tasted in the mean time it would perhaps be impertinent to inquire. Oh, yes! partridge-shooting — the sport *par excellence* of September — has a great deal of poetry in it. It is answerable for numerous love-affairs of all kinds — serious or trifling, innocent or otherwise. And while we are on the poetry of September we must never forget that it is of all months in the year the month of honeymoons. We might expatiate on this topic to any extent: on the raptures which September has beheld by lake or mountain, by the blue sea, or in the green retreats of some patrician home. There is some evidence in the context to show that it may have been September when the Lady of Shalott began to grow sick of shadows. The long fields of barley, the reapers reaping early, the sheaves through which Sir Lancelot rode, all point to this conclusion;

Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
I am half sick of shadow, said
The Lady of Shalott.

It must have been so. Hence, vain, deluding May! We will none of thee. If the Italian Venus loves best the "ivory moonlight of April," our English goddess is clearly most gracious in September.

If the transition from grave to gay in the above pages has been somewhat of the suddenest, I can only say that it reflects to some extent the character of the month I have been describing. The still, deep, eloquent calm of a September day speaking to us in a language which cannot be written down — at once so sweet, so soft, and so sad — may be exchanged in a moment for all the jocund activity of a harvest field, the rough pleasantries of the mowers, and the merry tones of girls and children. Thus there are two aspects of September which present themselves to us alternately, contrasting very strongly with each other, and not shaded off by any very gentle gradations. From one point of view September is merrier than May, from another it is sadder than December. Nothing can be gayer than the human life of the month, with all the bustle and license of the harvest: nothing more calculated to inspire us with serious emotions than the face of nature. Melancholy and gladness share the month between them; and whichever mood we may be in, September can always sympathize with us.

* Coningsby.

From The Saturday Review.

QUIET PEOPLE.

THE misgovernment of the world is carried on with such an amount of talk that one has seldom time to think how little would suffice. Half-a-dozen well-chosen words would generally be better than whole conferences and debates. But,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

since people must speak first and choose their words afterwards, everybody's time is taken up in saying that something was said, in saying that something quite different was meant, and in saying something fresh, which has to be explained in its turn. It naturally results that both wise and foolish people have broken much silence in praising it; and that, like abstract virtue, it is admired but seldom practised. It is in vain to point out that the silent fool often passes for a man of wit, because the fool who has wit enough to know this and act accordingly is not properly a fool. Were he a fool he would not keep silence. The negroes attribute this wisdom to the chimpanzee, who, they say, is a man, but will not speak lest he should be made to work. Silent people get through the world as well as their talkative neighbors; every one talks for them; their nod is interpreted where another man would have to make a speech; and every one is willing to excuse them, as the sailor excused his parrot, for, if they do not speak, they think the more. Foote the actor boasted of his horse that it could stand still faster than some horses could trot; and the silent man is often enabled, by the value attached to his rare utterances, to say more by his silence than a voluble talker by a string of phrases. No doubt there is a kind of silence which is the reverse of talk, and is in itself eloquent. A prisoner who reserves his defence, a witness who refuses to answer a question, a man who holds his tongue when his character is assailed — in short, all the cases in which "silence gives consent" are rather silence as the negation of speech than as a positive quantity. The old apophthegm of the Silent Club is not in point either. When the secretary presented the rejected candidate with a glass of water so full that it would not hold another drop, he went to great trouble to do in a roundabout way what he might have done in a moment by saying one word, and so have avoided the retort. The candidate, when he laid the rose-leaf on the water, answered in the language employed by the secretary; but it was a language, and not silence. It is quite easy to imagine loquacity in a deaf mute. He may not have power to utter a sound, yet, in the strict sense, he is not perhaps a silent person. And silence kept on purpose to express, by its very existence, an emotion of the mind, is only a substitution of signs for speech. Such is the reticence displayed by the well-known epitaph on a tombstone in Fulham churchyard, where, after the name, age, and date of death of the lady buried below, three words only are added by way of epitaph — "Silence is best." The estimation of the deceased by her surviving relations could not be more fully expressed had the whole stone been covered. When a character is to be given to a drunken or dishonest servant, the omission of the words honest and sober is sufficient. But this is not the silence of quiet people. Too often they resemble rather the chimpanzee than the parrot, and are not talkative because talk may involve them in further exertion. But it is not easy to pry into their motives of action, or rather of inaction. The Ulster folk have a proverb, "Nobody can tell what is in the pot when the lid is on." It is not the most unselfish people who talk least about themselves. To some the facts which relate to their personal history are too serious for words. When Queen Elizabeth visited Westminster School, it is said that the future Lord Burleigh, in answer to her question as to the number of his floggings, replied in the words of Æneas: —

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Unspeakable are the emotions of silent people; a sense of personal dignity or shame keeps them quiet; but to most of them is vouchsafed a single confidential friend, into whose ear all the pent-up feelings are poured from time to time.

This is especially the case with quiet girls. What they say in their moments of confidence we cannot pretend to know. Whether they are really quiet or only shy is equally beyond the superficial observer. That they are not found to impede the pleasant flow of soul in ordinary society is often because they are eminently good listeners, and do not yawn at the utmost commonplaces. That another should commit himself to speech, with or without anything to say, is enough to interest them. They are thought sympathetic, and often draw forth the tale of woe long hidden. Men begin by telling them of other loves, and often end by loving them for themselves. In this they have a great advantage over the more gushing sister. They take no notice of a foolish speech, and a man imagines he is safe in their hands. He can say things to them which, said to any one else, might have serious consequences. A quiet cousin is thus often a great blessing to a man. He can talk a matter out as if with himself, and imagine afterwards that he has had counsel upon it. The quiet girl hears him with

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

outward sympathy, agrees with all his views, and, when asked to help him to a decision, gives her casting vote in favor of the course he already prefers. He finds after a time that her quiet receptiveness is grateful to him; and, when she has seen him safe through an engagement or two, and half-a-dozen flirtations more or less serious, he suddenly finds out, or at least tells her, that he has really been in love with her only all the time. Sometimes this happy result is brought about by scheming, and it is the great drawback of quietness that duplicity is so often attributed to it. The quiet girl of the family regulates the autumn tour; she silently directs its goings to the place where her bosom friend, male or female, is to be met with, and she will bury her sisters in a northern moor or bake them at Brighton with equal and unruffled composure. True, she never asks to go anywhere in particular; but at odd intervals she hazards a remark which suggests the place, and now and then reads out a paragraph from a letter or a newspaper in which its advantages are set forth. What she does say is listened to by the family, for she is always sure of an audience for her rare utterances, and gets a reputation for good sense which she does not always deserve. She is never in scrapes, or, if she is, keeps them to herself. Her allowance is never overdrawn, or, if it is, no one hears her grumble that she cannot make ends meet. There seems to be a method in her doings to which people instinctively yield, and she gets her own way, not so much because she tries to get it, as because nobody thinks of opposing her. Like the flies whose feet are provided with soft pads, so that you do not feel them when they alight on you, her influence works unnoticed, and everything seems ordered for her rather than by her. She almost monopolizes the attentions of the lady's-maid she is supposed to share with her sisters, and can always manage a cup of tea in her room or breakfast in bed. She can flirt, on occasion, in a way no frivolous girl dares to attempt, but she never writes a compromising letter, and has a most convenient want of memory. She accepts presents which her sisters would have to refuse, and keeps them laid by in cotton wool to look at during the hour she is doing her back hair and saying her prayers. She retires gracefully in favor of the other girls, as if willing to let them shine, and gets her reward in the approbation of the old people of the party. Quiet men find her agreeable, and wonder why she is said to be silent, but this is chiefly because she does not bore them by insisting on answers to her questions. When she develops into a wife, for she always marries at least once, she gets her own way in everything. Her husband probably chose her because he thought it would turn out differently, and finds when too late that he could not possibly have made a more complete mistake. Children are always fond of her; sons respect, if they do not greatly love, quiet mothers, for they have never heard them talk nonsense. Servants never give them short answers, as their words are few and decisive, and the poor people think them dignified and mines of hidden wisdom. In fact, they go through the world under a kind of false pretense; they get credit for great depth of feeling, and it is for some reason thought well worth while to win their love. Only the experienced man estimates them at their right value, and admires the merry little sister with the sharp tongue, the pleasant smile, and, as he knows well, a warmer heart and truer character than underlie the staid demeanor of the quiet girl.

Quietness is sometimes a sign of bodily health. The nervous man who is always stirring is seldom strong. But when a man is thoroughly wrapped up in himself and his own importance, perfectly satisfied with his position and prospects, the cut of his clothes, the length of his whiskers, the attenuation of his umbrella, and the lustre of his hat, the chances are that he is very quiet. Such men are habitually well dressed; but as they get on in life they cling to old fashions. They are not considerate for others, yet they give very little trouble. They exact the utmost service, but make no fuss about it. They are painfully regular and punctual, but never seem put out by other people's want of order. They are bores at a dinner party, wet blankets at a picnic, mere sticks at a ball; but excellent as officers, admirable parsons, and much sought after by match-making mothers. It is they who carry off the heiresses; who always save money; who are never in debt or difficulty, as other men are; who are regular in their devotions, and invaluable on committees, where they always get their own way without trouble or fuss. They habitually wait till every one else has spoken, and then make the single remark which concludes the matter, and which seems as if it had risen to the surface, like cream, of itself.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

// LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XX. | No. 1739. — October 13, 1877. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXV.

CONTENTS.

I. The Colors of Animals and Plants, . *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . 67
II. Doris Barugh. A Yorkshire Story. By the author of "Patty,". . . . . *Good Words*, ... 87
III. Samuel Warren, ... *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . 104
IV. French Chateaux of the Renaissance. (1460–1547.) By Mrs. Mark Pattison, . *Contemporary Review*, . . . 111
V. Green Pastures and Piccadilly. By William Black. Part XXXII., . . . *Harper's Bazar*, ... 122
VI. Interesting People, ... *Saturday Review*, ... 125
VII. The Chemical Composition of the Flesh of the Halibut, ... *American Journal of Science*, . 128

POETRY.

In Memoriam, ... 66 | September, ... 66

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For Eight Dollars, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of The Living Age is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

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

Single Numbers of The Living Age, 18 cents.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

IN MEMORIAM.

WAR'S horror at its worst, the seeds of change
Darkly at work for nations, churches, kings,
What is there in an old man's death so strange
To give it rank among eventful things?

Nor king is he, nor president, nor pope;
He holds nor sword of strength, nor keys of power;
Hangs on his life nor world-wide fear nor hope;
If he was e'er "the man," long past his hour.

Yet but one statesman's exit, and no king's,
Could give such theme for thought, and tongue, and pen,
As this small eighty-years-old bourgeois' brings
The lightest hearts, and quickest wits, of men.

France, save the fraction that flings filth for flowers,
Utters one voice of sorrowing regret
O'er him who gave her his long manhood's powers,
Whom death, at eighty, found her soldier yet,

Unbowed beneath the burden of fourscore,
Donning his armor for the self-same fight
In which, a stripling, erst the flag he bore
Of might enthroned in power, with law-based right.

What wonder France should sorrow so for him
Who scorned what she scorns, held what she holds dear;
Whose quick sense saw no truth, while it was dim,
Content to rest in half-truth, while 'twas clear.

The sharpest-shaping, keenest-biting wit
That kept alive the memory of Voltaire;
Most French of Frenchmen, apt with phrase to fit
The unspoken sentiment that filled the air,

So giving it the concrete life that moulds
A party's purpose, people's mood, to act;
Finding, at need, the wanted word that holds
A nation's fancy, till it turns to fact.

Against such gifts, what was it that his pen
At times postponed harsh truth to happy phrase?
If, when he ministered as chief of men,
The statesman grasped at times the meaner praise

Of winning cleverly, than on the square?
The jury he appealed to were his peers;
His history was their legend, written fair;
His spice of false won for his truth their ears.

Nor only France he glassed, in fleck and flaw;
From youth he was the soldier-sworn of right
Set in the adamantine bounds of law,
For that was first, would have been last, to fight.

And therefore France, once more upon the verge
Of that sad war 'tis still her fate to wage,
'Twixt might with power, right with but law to urge,
Took him for champion even in his age.

Prone as she is good service to forget,
And fickle in her favor, as they say,
Still in her heart she bore the man who set
Weakness aside, and cast old age away,

Posting the world to raise her up a friend;
Then, harder task, subdued his wrath and shame,
His conquered country's interest to defend,
And melt her conquerors to milder frame.

Who, when concession's utmost boon was wrung,
Despaired not of his country, stricken low,
Beaten and bleeding, but her nerves re-strung
In tune to his, weak wailing to forego;

With hardness to endure, war's debt to pay,
And peace's work with heart and hope set to,
To earn the ransom she had wealth to pay,
And envy of her conquerors thereto.

For this she mourns him — lays upon his bier,
Tribute of common grief, the civic crown;
And holds this little bourgeois, henceforth, dear,
Among her great ones to the dead gone down.

Punch.

SEPTEMBER.

THERE sounds a rustling in the standing corn;
There hangs a bright-cheeked apple on the bough;
And later lingers now the tardy morn,
And evening shadows gather sooner now.

One crimson branch flames 'mid the maple wood;
One red leaf hides amid the woodbine's green;
And clean-raked fields lie bare, where lately stood
The tawny grain amid the summer scene.

Blue gentians show 'mid meadow grasses sear,
And, from the stubble, shrill the crickets sing:
A requiescat o'er the falling year
All sounds seem sadly chorusing.

New York Evening Mail.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE COLORS OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

I.

THE COLORS OF ANIMALS.

THERE is probably no one quality of natural objects, from which we derive so much pure and intellectual enjoyment as from their colors. The "heavenly" blue of the firmament, the glowing tints of sunset, the exquisite purity of the snowy mountains, and the endless shades of green presented by the verdure-clad surface of the earth, are a never-failing source of pleasure to all who enjoy the inestimable gift of sight. Yet these constitute, as it were, but the frame and background of a marvellous and ever-changing picture. In contrast with these broad and soothing tints, we have presented to us in the vegetable and animal worlds, an infinite variety of objects adorned with the most beautiful and most varied hues. Flowers, insects, and birds, are the organisms most generally ornamented in this way; and their symmetry of form, their variety of structure, and the lavish abundance with which they clothe and enliven the earth, cause them to be objects of universal admiration. The relation of this wealth of color to our mental and moral nature is indisputable. The child and the savage alike admire the gay tints of flower, bird, and insect; while to many of us their contemplation brings a solace and enjoyment which is both intellectually and morally beneficial. It can then hardly excite surprise that this relation was long thought to afford a sufficient explanation of the phenomena of color in nature; and although the fact that

> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air

might seem to throw some doubt on the sufficiency of the explanation, the answer was easy, — that in the progress of discovery, man would, sooner or later, find out and enjoy every beauty that the hidden recesses of the earth have in store for him. This theory received great support, from the difficulty of conceiving any other use or meaning in the colors with which so many natural objects are adorned. Why should the homely gorse be clothed in golden raiment, and the prickly cactus be adorned with crimson bells? Why should our fields be gay with buttercups, and the heather-clad mountains be clad in purple robes? Why should every land produce its own peculiar floral gems, and the Alpine rocks glow with beauty, if not for the contemplation and enjoyment of man? What could be the use to the butterfly of its gaily-painted wings, or to the humming-bird of its jewelled breast, except to add the final touches to a world-picture, calculated at once to please and to refine mankind? And even now, with all our recently acquired knowledge of this subject, who shall say that these old-world views were not intrinsically and fundamentally sound; and that, although we may know that color has "uses" in nature that we little dreamt of, yet the relation of those colors to our senses and emotions may be another, and perhaps more important use which they subserve in the great system of the universe?

We now propose to lay before our readers a general account of the more recent discoveries on this interesting subject; and in doing so, it will be necessary first to give an outline of the more important facts as to the colors of organized beings; then to point out the cases in which it has been shown that color is of use; and lastly, to endeavor to throw some light on its nature, and the general laws of its development.

Among naturalists, color was long thought to be of little import, and to be quite untrustworthy as a specific character. The numerous cases of variability of color led to this view. The occurrence of white blackbirds, white peacocks, and black leopards; of white bluebells, and of white, blue, or pink milkworts, led to the belief that color was essentially unstable, that it could therefore be of little or no importance, and belonged to quite a different class of characters from form or structure. But it now begins to be perceived that these cases, though tolerably numerous, are, after all, exceptional; and that color, as a rule, is a constant character. The great majority of species, both of animals and plants, are each distinguished by peculiar tints which vary very little, while

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the minutest markings are often constant in thousands or millions of individuals. All our field buttercups are invariably yellow, and our poppies red, while many of our butterflies and birds resemble each other in every spot and streak of color through thousands of individuals. We also find that color is constant in whole genera and other groups of species. The genistas are all yellow, the erythrinas all red, many genera of carabidæ are entirely black, whole families of birds — as the dendrocolaptidæ — are brown, while among butterflies the numerous species of lycæna are all more or less blue, those of pontia white, and those of callidryas yellow. An extensive survey of the organic world thus leads us to the conclusion that color is by no means so unimportant or inconstant a character as at first sight it appears to be; and the more we examine it the more convinced we shall become that it must serve some purpose in nature, and that besides charming us by its diversity and beauty it must be well worthy of our attentive study, and have many secrets to unfold to us.

In order to group the great variety of facts relating to the colors of the organic world in some intelligible way, it will be best to consider how far the chief theories already proposed will account for them. One of the most obvious and most popular of these theories, and one which is still held, in part at least, by many eminent naturalists, is, that color is due to some direct action of the heat and light of the sun, thus at once accounting for the great number of brilliant birds, insects, and flowers, which are found between the tropics. But here we must ask whether it is really the fact that color is more developed in tropical than in temperate climates, in proportion to the whole number of species; and even if we find this to be so, we have to inquire whether there are not so many and such striking exceptions to the rule, as to indicate some other causes at work than the direct influence of solar light and heat. As this is a most important question, we must go into it somewhat fully.

It is undoubtedly the case that there are an immensely greater number of richly-colored birds and insects in tropical than in temperate and cold countries; but it is by no means so certain that the *proportion* of colored to obscure species is much or any greater. Naturalists and collectors well know that the majority of tropical birds are dull-colored; and there are whole families, comprising hundreds of species, not one of which exhibits a particle of bright color. Such are the timaliidæ of the eastern and the dendrocolaptidæ of the western hemispheres. Again, many groups of birds, which are universally distributed, are no more adorned with color in the tropical than in the temperate zone; such are thrushes, wrens, goat-suckers, hawks, grouse, plovers, and snipe; and if tropical light and heat have any direct coloring effect, it is certainly most extraordinary that in groups so varied in form, structure, and habits as those just mentioned, the tropical should be in no wise distinguished in this respect from the temperate species. The brilliant tropical birds mostly belong to groups which are wholly or almost wholly tropical — as the chatterers, toucans, trogons, and pittas; but as there are perhaps an equal number of groups which are wholly dull-colored, while others contain dull and bright colored species in nearly equal proportions, the evidence is by no means strong that tropical light or heat has anything to do with the matter. But there are also groups in which the cold and temperate zones produce finer-colored species than the tropics. Thus the Arctic ducks and divers are handsomer than those of the tropical zone, while the king-duck of temperate America and the mandarin-duck of N. China are the most beautifully colored of the whole family. In the pheasant family we have the gorgeous gold and silver pheasants in N. China and Mongolia; and the superb Impeyan pheasant in the temperate N.W. Himalayas, as against the peacocks and fire-backed pheasants of tropical Asia. Then we have the curious fact that most of the bright-colored birds of the tropics are denizens of the forests, where they are shaded from the direct light of the sun, and that they abound near the equator where cloudy skies are very prevalent; while, on the other hand, places where light

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

and heat are at a maximum have often dull-colored birds. Such are the Sahara and other deserts, where almost all the living things are sand-colored; but the most curious case is that of the Galapagos Islands, situated under the equator, and not far from South America, where the most gorgeous colors abound, but which are yet characterized by prevailing dull and sombre tints in birds, insects, and flowers, so that they reminded Mr. Darwin of the cold and barren plains of Patagonia. Insects are wonderfully brilliant in tropical countries generally, and any one looking over a collection of South American or Malayan butterflies would scout the idea of their being no more gaily colored than the average of European species, and in this they would be undoubtedly right. But on examination we should find that all the more brilliantly-colored groups were exclusively tropical, and that, where a genus has a wide range, there is little difference in coloration between the species of cold and warm countries. Thus the European vanessides, including the beautiful "peacock," "Camberwell beauty," and "red admiral" butterflies, are quite up to the average of tropical beauty in the same group, and the remark will equally apply to the little "blues" and "coppers;" while the Alpine "Apollo" butterflies have a delicate beauty that can hardly be surpassed. In other insects, which are less directly dependent on climate and vegetation, we find even greater anomalies. In the immense family of the carabidæ or predaceous ground-beetles, the northern forms fully equal, if they do not surpass, all that the tropics can produce. Everywhere, too, in hot countries, there are thousands of obscure species of insects which, if they were all collected, would not improbably bring down the average of color to much about the same level as that of temperate zones.

But it is when we come to the vegetable world that the greatest misconception on this subject prevails. In abundance and variety of floral color the tropics are almost universally believed to be pre-eminent, not only absolutely, but relatively to the whole mass of vegetation and the total number of species. Twelve years of observation among the vegetation of the eastern and western tropics has, however, convinced me that this notion is entirely erroneous, and that, in proportion to the whole number of species of plants, those having gaily-colored flowers are actually more abundant in the temperate zones than between the tropics. This will be found to be not so extravagant an assertion as it may at first appear, if we consider how many of the choicest adornments of our greenhouses and flower-shows are really temperate as opposed to tropical plants. The masses of color produced by our rhododendrons, azaleas, and camellias, our pelargoniums, calceolarias, and cinerarias, — all strictly temperate plants — can certainly not be surpassed, if they can be equalled, by any productions of the tropics.* But we may go further, and say that the hardy plants of our cold temperate zone equal, if they do not surpass, the productions of the tropics. Let us only remember such gorgeous tribes of flowers as the roses, peonies, hollyhocks, and antirrhinums, the laburnum, wistaria, and lilac; the lilies, irises, and tulips, the hyacinths, anemones, gentians, and poppies, and even our humble gorse, broom, and heather; and we may defy any tropical country to produce masses of floral color in greater abundance and variety. It may be true that individual tropical shrubs and

* It may be objected that most of the plants named are choice cultivated *varieties*, far surpassing in color the original stock, while the tropical plants are mostly unvaried wild *species*. But this does not really much affect the question at issue. For our florists' gorgeous varieties have all been produced under the influence of our cloudy skies, and with even a still further deficiency of light, owing to the necessity of protecting them under glass from our sudden changes of temperature; so that they are themselves an additional proof that tropical light and heat are not needed for the production of intense and varied color. Another important consideration is, that these cultivated *varieties* in many cases displace a number of wild *species* which are hardly, if at all, cultivated. Thus there are scores of *species* of wild hollyhocks varying in color almost as much as the cultivated varieties, and the same may be said of the pentstemons, rhododendrons, and many other flowers; and if these were all brought together in well-grown specimens, they would produce a grand effect. But it is far easier, and more profitable, for our nurserymen to grow *varieties* of one or two species, which all require a very similar culture, rather than fifty distinct *species*, most of which would require special treatment; the result being that the varied beauty of the temperate flora is even now hardly known, except to botanists and to a few amateurs.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

flowers do surpass everything in the rest of the world, but that is to be expected, because the tropical zone comprises a much greater land-area than the two temperate zones, while, owing to its more favorable climate, it produces a still larger proportion of species of plants, and a great number of peculiar natural orders.

Direct observation in tropical forests, plains, and mountains, fully supports this view. Occasionally we are startled by some gorgeous mass of color, but as a rule we gaze upon an endless expanse of green foliage, only here and there enlivened by not very conspicuous flowers. Even the orchids, whose gorgeous blossoms adorn our stoves, form no exception to this rule. It is only in favored spots that we find them in abundance; the species with small and inconspicuous flowers greatly preponderate; and the flowering season of each kind being of short duration, they rarely produce any marked effect of color amid the vast masses of foliage which surround them. An experienced collector in the eastern tropics once told me, that although a single mountain in Java had produced three hundred species of orchideæ, only about two per cent. of the whole were sufficiently ornamental or showy to be worth sending home as a commercial speculation. The Alpine meadows and rock-slopes, the open plains of the Cape of Good Hope or of Australia, and the flower-prairies of North America, offer an amount and variety of floral color which can certainly not be surpassed, even if it can be equalled, between the tropics.

It appears, therefore, that we may dismiss the theory that the development of color in nature is directly dependent on, and in any way proportioned to the amount of solar heat and light, as entirely unsupported by facts. Strange to say, however, there are some rare and little-known phenomena, which prove that, in exceptional cases, light does directly affect the colors of natural objects, and it will be as well to consider these before passing on to other matters.

A few years ago, Mr. T. W. Wood called attention to the curious changes in the color of the chrysalis of the small cabbage butterfly (*Pontia rapæ*) when the caterpillars were confined in boxes lined with different tints. Thus in black boxes they were very dark, in white boxes nearly white; and he further showed that similar changes occurred in a state of nature, chrysalises fixed against a whitewashed wall being nearly white, against a red wall reddish, against a pitched paling nearly black. It has also been observed that the cocoon of the emperor moth is either white or brown, according to the surrounding colors. But the most extraordinary example of this kind of change is that furnished by the chrysalis of an African butterfly (*Papilio Nireus*), observed at the Cape by Mrs. Barber, and described (with a colored plate) in the "Transactions of the Entomological Society," 1874, p. 519. The caterpillar feeds on the orange-tree, and also on a forest tree (*Vepris lanceolata*) which has a lighter green leaf, and its color corresponds with that of the leaves it feeds upon, being of a darker green when it feeds on the orange. The chrysalis is usually found suspended among the leafy twigs of its food-plant, or of some neighboring tree; but it is probably often attached to larger branches, and Mrs. Barber has discovered that it has the property of acquiring the color, more or less accurately, of any natural object it may be in contact with. A number of the caterpillars were placed in a case with a glass cover, one side of the case being formed by a red brick wall, the other sides being of yellowish wood. They were fed on orange leaves, and a branch of the bottle-brush tree (*Banksia sp.*) was also placed in the case. When fully fed, some attached themselves to the orange twigs, others to the bottle-brush branch; and these all changed to green pupæ; but each corresponded exactly in tint to the leaves around it, the one being dark, the other a pale, faded green. Another attached itself to the wood, and the pupa became of the same yellowish color; while one fixed itself just where the wood and brick joined, and became one side red the other side yellow! These remarkable changes would perhaps not have been credited, had it not been for the previous observations of Mr. Wood; but the two support each other, and oblige us to accept them as actual phenomena. It is a kind of natural photography, the particular colored rays to which the fresh pupa is exposed in its soft, semi-transparent condition effecting such a chemical change in the organic juices as to produce the same tint in the hardened skin. It is interesting, however, to note that the range of color that can be acquired seems to be limited to those of natural objects to which the pupa is likely to be attached; for when Mrs. Barber surrounded one of the caterpillars with a piece of scarlet cloth no change of color at all was produced, the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

pupa being of the usual green tint, but the small red spots with which it is marked were brighter than usual.

In these caterpillars and pupæ, as well as in the great majority of cases in which a change of color occurs in animals, the action is quite involuntary; but among some of the higher animals the color of the integument can be modified at the will of the animal, or at all events by a reflex action dependent on sensation. The most remarkable case of this kind occurs with the chameleon, which has the power of changing its color from dull white to a variety of tints. This singular power has been traced to two layers of pigment deeply seated in the skin, from which minute tubes, or capillary vessels, rise to the surface. The pigment-layers are bluish and yellowish, and by the pressure of suitable muscles these can be forced upwards either together or separately. When no pressure is exerted the color is dirty white, which changes to various tints of bluish, green, yellow, or brown, as more or less of either pigment is forced up and rendered visible. The animal is excessively sluggish and defenceless, and its power of changing its color to harmonize with surrounding objests is essential to its existence. Here too, as with the pupa of *Papilio Nireus*, colors such as scarlet or blue, which do not occur in the immediate environment of the animal, cannot be produced. Somewhat similar changes of color occur in some prawns and flatfish, according to the color of the bottom on which they rest. This is very striking in the chameleon shrimp (*Mysis Chamæleon*), which is grey when on sand, but brown or green when among seaweed of these two colors. Experiment shows, however, that when blinded the change does not occur, so that here too we probably have a voluntary or reflex-sense action. Many cases are known among insects in which the same species has a different tint according to its surroundings, this being particularly marked in some south-African locusts which correspond with the color of the soil wherever they are found; while several caterpillars which feed on two or more plants vary in color accordingly. Several such changes are quoted by Mr. R. Meldola, in a paper on variable protective colcoloring in insects ("Proceedings of the Zoological Society in London," 1873, p 153), and some of them may perhaps be due to a photographic action of the reflected light. In other cases, however, it has been shown that green chlorophyll remains unchanged in the tissues of leaf-eating insects, and being discernible through the transparent integument produces the same color as that of the food-plant.

These peculiar powers of change of color and adaptation, are however rare and quite exceptional. As a rule there is no direct connection between the colors of organisms and the kind of light to which they are usually exposed. This is well seen in most fishes, and in such marine animals as porpoises, whose backs are always dark, although this part is exposed to the blue and white light of the sky and clouds, while their bellies are very generally white, although these are constantly subjected to the deep blue or dusky green light from the bottom. It is evident, however, that these two tints have been acquired for concealment and protection. Looking *down* on the dark back of a fish it is almost invisible, while to an enemy looking *up* from below the light under surface would be equally invisible against the light of the clouds and sky. Again, the gorgeous colors of the butterflies which inhabit the depths of tropical forests bear no relation to the kind of light that falls upon them, coming as it does almost wholly from green foliage, dark brown soil, or blue sky; and the bright under wings of many moths which are only exposed at night, contrast remarkably with the sombre tints of the upper wings which are more or less exposed to the various colors of surrounding nature.

We find, then, that neither the general influence of solar light and heat, nor the special action of variously-tinted rays are adequate causes for the wonderful variety, intensity, and complexity of the colors that everywhere meet us in the animal and vegetable world. Let us therefore take a wider view of these colors, grouping them into classes determined by what we know of their actual uses or special relations to the habits of their possessors. This, which may be termed the functional or biological classification of the colors of living organisms, seems to be best expressed by a division into five groups as follows: —

Animals.	1. Protective colors.	
	2. Warning colors.	*a*. Of creatures specially protected.
		b. Of defenceless creatures mimicking *a*.
	3. Sexual colors.	
	4. Typical colors.	
Plants.	5. Attractive colors.	

The nature of the two first groups, protective and warning colors, has been

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

so fully detailed and illustrated in my chapter on "Mimicry and other Protective Resemblances among Animals," ("Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection," p. 45), that very little need be added here except a few words of general explanation. Protective colors are exceedingly prevalent in nature, comprising those of all the white arctic animals, the sandy-colored desert forms, and the green birds and insects of tropical forests. It also comprises thousands of cases of special resemblance — of birds to the surroundings of their nests, and especially of insects to the bark, leaves, flowers, or soil, on or amid which they dwell. Mammalia, fishes, and reptiles, as well as mollusca and other marine invertebrates, present similar phenomena; and the more the habits of animals are investigated, the more numerous are found to be the cases in which their colors tend to conceal them, either from their enemies or from the creatures they prey upon. One of the last-observed and most curious of these protective resemblances has been communicated to me by Sir Charles Dilke. He was shown in Java a pink-colored mantis, which, when at rest, exactly resembled a pink orchis-flower. The mantis is a carnivorous insect, which lies in wait for its prey, and by its resemblance to a flower the insects it feeds on would be actually attracted towards it. This one is said to feed especially on butterflies, so that it is really a living trap and forms its own bait! All who have observed animals, and especially insects, in their native haunts and attitudes, can understand how it is that an insect which in a cabinet looks exceedingly conspicuous, may yet, when alive in its peculiar attitude of repose and with its habitual surroundings, be perfectly well concealed. We can hardly ever tell by the mere inspection of an animal, whether its colors are protective or not. No one would imagine the exquisitely beautiful caterpillar of the emperor moth, which is green, with pink star-like spots, to be protectively colored; yet when feeding on the heather it so harmonizes with the foliage and flowers as to be almost invisible. Every day fresh cases of protective coloring are being discovered even in our own country, and it is becoming more and more evident that the need of protection has played a very important part in determining the actual coloration of animals.

The second class — the warning colors — are exceedingly interesting, because the object and effect of these is, not to conceal the object, but to make it conspicuous. To these creatures it is *useful* to be seen and recognized, the reason being that they have a means of defence which, if known, will prevent their enemies from attacking them, though it is generally not sufficient to save their lives if they are actually attacked. The best examples of these specially protected creatures consist of two extensive families of butterflies, the danaidæ and acræidæ, comprising many hundreds of species inhabiting the tropics of all parts of the world. These insects are generally large, are all conspicuously and often most gorgeously colored, presenting almost every conceivable tint and pattern; they all fly slowly, and they never attempt to conceal themselves: yet no bird, spider, lizard, or monkey (all of which eat other butterflies) ever touch them. The reason simply is that they are not fit to eat, their juices having a powerful odor and taste that is absolutely disgusting to all these animals. Now, we see the reason of their showy colors and slow flight. It is good for them to be seen and recognized, for then they are never molested; but if they did not differ in form and coloring from other butterflies, or if they flew so quickly that their peculiarities could not be easily noticed, they would be captured, and though not eaten would be maimed or killed. As soon as the cause of the peculiarities of these butterflies was recognized, it was seen that the same explanation applied to many other groups of animals. Thus bees and wasps and other stinging insects are showily and distinctively colored; many soft and apparently defenceless beetles, and many gay-colored moths, were found to be as nauseous as the above-named butterflies; other beetles, whose hard and glossy coats of mail render them unpalatable to insect-eating birds, are also sometimes showily colored; and the same rule was found to apply to caterpillars, all the brown and green (or protectively-colored species) being greedily eaten by birds, while showy kinds which never hide themselves — like those of the magpie, mullein, and burnet moths — were utterly refused by insectivorous birds, lizards, frogs and spiders. ("Contributions to Theory of Natural Selection," p. 117.) Some few analogous examples are found among vertebrate animals. I will only mention here a very interesting case not given in my former work. In his delightful book entitled "The Naturalist in Nicaragua," Mr. Belt tells us that there is in that country a frog which is very abundant, which hops about

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

in the daytime, which never hides himself, and which is gorgeously colored with red and blue. Now frogs are usually green, brown, or earth-colored, feed mostly at night, and are all eaten by snakes and birds. Having full faith in the theory of protective and warning colors, to which he had himself contributed some valuable facts and observations, Mr. Belt felt convinced that this frog must be uneatable. He therefore took one home, and threw it to his ducks and fowls; but all refused to touch it except one young duck, which took the frog in its mouth, but dropped it directly, and went about jerking its head as if trying to get rid of something nasty. Here the uneatableness of the frog was predicted from its colors and habits, and we can have no more convincing proof of the truth of the theory than such previsions.

The universal avoidance by carnivorous animals of all these specially protected groups, which are thus entirely free from the constant persecution suffered by other creatures not so protected, would evidently render it advantageous for any of these latter which were subjected to extreme persecution to be mistaken for the former, and for this purpose it would be necessary that they should have the same colors, form, and habits. Strange to say, wherever there is an extensive group of directly protected forms (division *a* of animals with warning colors), there are sure to be found a few otherwise defenceless creatures which resemble them externally so as to be mistaken for them, and which thus gain protection as it were on false pretences, (division *b* of animals with warning colors). This is what is called "mimicry," and it has already been very fully treated of by Mr. Bates (its discoverer), by myself, by Mr. Trimen, and others. Here it is only necessary to state that the uneatable danaidæ and acræidæ are accompanied by a few species of other groups of butterflies (leptalidæ, papilios, diademas, and moths) which are all really eatable, but which escape attack by their close resemblance to some species of the uneatable groups found in the same locality. In like manner there are a few eatable beetles which exactly resemble species of uneatable groups, and others, which are soft, imitate those which are uneatable through their hardness. For the same reason wasps are imitated by moths, and ants by beetles; and even poisonous snakes are mimicked by harmless snakes, and dangerous hawks by defenceless cuckoos. How these curious imitations have been brought about, and the laws which govern them, have been discussed in the work already referred to.

The third class — sexual colors — comprise all cases in which the colors of the two sexes differ. This difference is very general, and varies greatly in amount, from a slight divergence of tint up to a radical change of coloration. Differences of this kind are found among all classes of animals in which the sexes are separated, but they are much more frequent in some groups than in others. In mammalia, reptiles, and fishes, they are comparatively rare and not great in amount, whereas among birds they are very frequent and very largely developed. So among insects, they are abundant in butterflies, while they are comparatively uncommon in beetles, wasps, and hemiptera.

The phenomena of sexual variations of color, as well as of color generally, are wonderfully similar in the two analogous yet totally unrelated groups of birds and butterflies; and as they both offer ample materials, we shall confine our study of the subject chiefly to them. The most common case of difference of color between the sexes, is for the male to have the same general hue as the females, but deeper and more intensified; as in many thrushes, finches, and hawks; and among butterflies in the majority of our British species. In cases where the male is smaller the intensification of color is especially well pronounced, as in many of the hawks and falcons, and in most butterflies and moths in which the coloration does not materially differ. In another extensive series we have spots or patches of vivid color in the male which are represented in the female by far less brilliant tints or are altogether wanting; as exemplified in the gold-crest warbler, the green woodpecker, and most of the orange-tip butterflies (*Anthocharis*). Proceeding with our survey we find greater and greater differences of color in the sexes, till we arrive at such extreme cases as some of the pheasants, the chatterers, tanagers, and birds of paradise, in which the male is adorned with the most gorgeous and vivid colors, while the female is usually dull brown, or olive green, and often shows no approximation whatever to the varied tints of her partner. Similar phenomena occur among butterflies; and in both these classes there are also a considerable number of cases in which both sexes are highly colored in a different way. Thus many woodpeckers have the head in the male red, in the female yellow; while some parrots have red spots in the male, replaced by blue in the female, as in *Psit-*

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

tacula diopthalma. In many South American papilios green spots on the male are represented by red on the female; and in several species of the genus epicalia, orange bands in the male are replaced by blue in the female, a similar change of color as in the small parrot above referred to. For fuller details of the varieties of sexual coloration we refer our readers to Mr. Darwin's "Descent of Man," chapters x. to xviii., and to chapters iii., iv., and vii. of my "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection."

The fourth group — of typically-colored animals — includes all species which are brilliantly or conspicuously colored in both sexes, and for whose particular colors we can assign no function or use. It comprises an immense number of showy birds, such as kingfishers, barbets, toucans, lories, tits, and starlings; among insects most of the largest and handsomest butterflies, innumerable bright-colored beetles, locusts, dragon-flies, and hymenoptera; a few mammalia, as the zebras; a great number of marine fishes; thousands of striped and spotted caterpillars; and abundance of mollusca, starfish, and other marine animals. Among these we have included some, which like the gaudy caterpillars have warning colors; but as that theory does not explain the particular colors or the varied patterns with which they are adorned, it is best to include them also in this class. It is a suggestive fact, that all the brightly-colored birds mentioned above build in holes or form covered nests, so that the females do not need that protection during the breeding season, which I believe to be one of the chief causes of the dull color of female birds when their partners are gaily colored. This subject is fully argued in my "Contributions," etc., chapter vii.

As the colors of plants and flowers are very different from those of animals both in their distribution and functions, it will be well to treat them separately: we will therefore now consider how the general facts of color here sketched out can be explained. We have first to inquire what is color, and how it is produced; what is known of the causes of change of color; and what theory best accords with the whole assemblage of facts.

The sensation of color is caused by vibrations or undulations of the ethereal medium of different lengths and velocities. The whole body of vibrations caused by the sun is termed radiation, and consists of sets of waves which vary considerably in their dimensions and their rate of vibration, but of which the middle portion only is capable of exciting in us sensations of light and color. Beginning with the largest and slowest rays of wave-vibrations, we have first those which produce heat-sensations only; as they get smaller and quicker, we perceive a dull red color; and as the waves increase in rapidity of vibration and diminish in size, we get successively sensations of orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, all fading imperceptibly into each other. Then come more invisible rays, of shorter wave-length and quicker vibration, which produce, solely or chiefly, chemical effects. The red rays, which first become visible, have been ascertained to vibrate at the rate of four hundred and fifty-eight millions of millions of times in a second, the length of each wave being one thirty-six-thousand-nine-hundredth of an inch; while the violet rays, which last remain visible, vibrate seven hundred and twenty-seven millions of millions of times per second, and have a wave-length of one sixty four-thousand-five-hundred-and-sixteenth of an inch. Although the waves vibrate at different rates, they are all propagated through the ether with the same velocity (one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles per second), just as different musical sounds, which are produced by waves of *air* of different lengths and rates of vibration, travel at the same rate, so that a tune played several hundred yards off reaches the ear in correct time. There are, therefore, an almost infinite number of different color-producing vibrations, and these may be combined in an almost infinite variety of ways, so as to excite in us the sensation of all the varied colors and tints we are capable of perceiving. When all the different kinds of rays reach us in the proportion in which they exist in the light of the sun, they produce the sensation of white. If the rays which excite the sensation of any one color are prevented from reaching us, the remaining rays in combination produce a sensation of color often very far removed from white. Thus green rays being abstracted leave purple light; blue, orange-red light; violet, yellowish-green light, and so on. These pairs are termed complementary colors. And if portions of differently-colored lights are abstracted in various degrees, we have produced all those infinite gradations of colors, and all those varied tints and hues which are of such use to us in distinguishing external objects, and which form one of the great charms of our existence. Pri-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mary colors would therefore be as numerous as the different wave-lengths of the visible radiations if we could appreciate all their differences, while secondary or compound colors caused by the simultaneous action of any combination of rays of different wave-lengths must be still more numerous. In order to account for the fact that all colors appear to us capable of being produced by combinations of three primary colors — red, green, and violet — it is believed that we have three sets of nerve-fibres in the retina, each of which is capable of being excited by all rays, but that one set is excited most by the larger or red waves, another by the medium or green waves, and the third set chiefly by the violet or smallest waves of light; and when all three sets are excited together in proper proportions we see white. This view is supported by the phenomena of color-blindness, which are explicable on the theory that one of these sets of nerve-fibres (usually that adapted to perceive red) has lost its sensibility, causing all colors to appear as if the red rays were abstracted from them. It is another property of these various radiations, that they are unequally refracted or bent in passing obliquely through transparent bodies, the longer waves being least refracted, the shorter most. Hence it becomes possible to analyze white or any other light into its component rays; a small ray of sunlight, for example, which would produce a round white spot on a wall, if passed through a prism is lengthened out into a band of colored light exactly corresponding to the colors of the rainbow. Any one color can thus be isolated and separately examined, and by means of reflecting mirrors the separate colors can be again compounded in various ways, and the resulting colors observed. This band of colored light is called a *spectrum*, and the instrument by which the *spectra* of various kinds of light are examined is called a *spectroscope*. This branch of the subject has, however, no direct bearing on the mode in which the colors of living things are produced, and it has only been alluded to in order to complete our sketch of the nature of color.

The colors which we perceive in material substances are produced either by the absorption or by the interference of some of the rays which form white light. Pigmental or absorption colors are the most frequent, comprising all the opaque tints of flowers and insects, and all the colors of dyes and pigments. They are caused by rays of certain wave-lengths being absorbed, while the remaining rays are reflected and give rise to the sensation of color. When all the color-producing rays are reflected in due proportion the color of the object is white, when all are absorbed the color is black. If blue rays only are absorbed the resulting color is orange-red; and generally, whatever color an object appears to us, it is because the complementary colors are absorbed by it. The reason why rays of only certain refrangibilities are reflected and the rest of the incident light absorbed by each substance, is supposed to depend upon the molecular structure of the body. Chemical action almost always implies change of molecular structure, hence chemical action is the most potent cause of change of color. Sometimes simple solution in water effects a marvellous change, as in the case of the well-known aniline dyes; the magenta and violet dyes exhibiting, when in the solid form, various shades of golden or bronzy metallic green. Heat again often produces change of color, and this without effecting any chemical change. Mr. Ackroyd has recently investigated this subject,* and has shown that a large number of bodies are changed by heat, returning to their normal color when cooled, and that this change is almost always in the direction of the less refrangible rays or longer wave-lengths; and he connects the change with molecular expansion caused by heat. As examples may be mentioned mercuric oxide, which is orange-yellow, but which changes to orange, red, and brown when heated; chromic-oxide, which is green, and changes to yellow; cinnabar, which is scarlet, and changes to puce; and metaborate of copper, which is blue, and changes to green and greenish yellow. The coloring matters of animals are very varied. Copper has been found in the red of the wing of the turaco, and Mr. Sorby has detected no less than seven distinct coloring matters in birds' eggs, several of which are chemically related to those of blood and bile. The same colors are often produced by quite different substances in different groups, as shown by the red of the wings of the burnet moth changing to yellow with muriatic acid, while the red of the red admiral butterfly undergoes no such change.

These pigmental colors have a different character in animals according to their position in the integument. Following

* "Metachromatism, or Color-Change," *Chemical News*, August, 1876.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Dr. Hagen's classification, epidermal colors are those which exist in the external chitinized skin of insects, in the hairs of mammals, and, partially, in the feathers of birds. They are often very deep and rich, and do not fade after death. The hypodermal colors are those which are situated in the inferior soft layer of the skin. These are often of lighter and more vivid tints, and usually fade after death. Many of the reds and yellows of butterflies and birds belong to this class, as well as the intensely vivid hues of the naked skin about the heads of many birds. These colors sometimes exude through the pores, forming an evanescent bloom on the surface.

Interference colors are less frequent in the organic world. They are caused in two ways: either by reflection from the two surfaces of transparent films, as seen in the soap-bubble and in thin films of oil on water; or by fine striæ which produce colors either by reflected or transmitted light, as seen in mother-of-pearl and in finely-ruled metallic surfaces. In both cases color is produced by light of one wave-length being neutralized, owing to one set of such waves being caused to be half a wave-length behind the other set, as may be found explained in any treatise on physical optics. The result is, that the complementary color of that neutralized is seen; and as the thickness of the film or the fineness of the striæ undergo slight changes almost any color can be produced. This is believed to be the origin of many of the glossy or metallic tints of insects, as well as of those of the feathers of some birds. The iridescent colors of the wings of dragon-flies are caused by the superposition of two or more transparent lamellæ; while the shining blue of the purple-emperor and other butterflies, and the intensely metallic colors of humming-birds are probably due to fine striæ.

This outline sketch of the nature of color in the animal world, however imperfect, will at least serve to show us how numerous and varied are the causes which perpetually tend to the production of color in animal tissues. If we consider that in order to produce white all the rays which fall upon an object must be reflected in the same proportions as they exist in solar light, whereas if rays of any one or more kinds are absorbed or neutralized the resultant reflected light will be colored, and that this color may be infinitely varied according to the proportions in which different rays are reflected or absorbed, we should expect that white would be, as it really is, comparatively rare and exceptional in nature. The same observation will apply to black, which arises from the absorption of all the different rays. Many of the complex substances which exist in animals and plants are subject to changes of color under the influence of light, heat, or chemical change, and we know that chemical changes are continually occurring during the physiological processes of development and growth. We also find that every external character is subject to minute changes, which are generally perceptible to us in closely allied species; and we can therefore have no doubt that the extension and thickness of the transparent lamellæ, and the fineness of the striæ or rugosities of the integuments, must be undergoing constant minute changes; and these changes will very frequently produce changes of color. These considerations render it probable that color is a normal and even necessary result of the complex structure of animals and plants, and that those parts of an organism which are undergoing continual development and adaptation to new conditions, and are also continually subject to the action of light and heat, will be the parts in which changes of color will most frequently appear. Now there is little doubt that the external changes of animals and plants in adaptation to the environment are much more numerous than the internal changes, as seen in the varied character of the integuments and appendages of animals — hair, horns, scales, feathers, etc., etc., and in plants, the leaves, bark, flowers, and fruit, with their various appendages — compared with the comparative uniformity of the texture and composition of their internal tissues; and this accords with the uniformity of the tints of blood, muscle, nerve, and bone throughout extensive groups, as compared with the great diversity of color of their external organs. It seems a fair conclusion that color *per se* may be considered to be normal, and to need no special accounting for, while the absence of color (that is, either *white* or *black*), or the prevalence of certain colors to the constant exclusion of others, must be traced, like other modifications in the economy of living things, to the needs of the species. Or, looking at it in another aspect, we may say, that amid the constant variations of animals and plants color is ever tending to vary and to appear where it is absent, and that natural selection is constantly eliminating such tints as are injurious to the species, or preserving and intensifying such as are useful.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

This view is in accordance with the well-known fact, of colors which rarely or never appear in the species in a state of nature continually occurring among domesticated animals and cultivated plants; showing us that the capacity to develop color is ever present, so that almost any required tint can be produced which may, under changed conditions, be useful, in however small a degree.

Let us now see how these principles will enable us to understand and explain the varied phenomena of color in nature, taking them in the order of our functional classification of colors (p. 71).

Theory of Protective Colors. — We have seen that obscure or protective tints in their infinitely varied degrees are present in every part of the animal kingdom, whole families or genera being often thus colored. Now the various brown, earthy, ashy, and other neutral tints are those which would be most readily produced, because they are due to an irregular mixture of many kinds of rays; while pure tints require either rays of one kind only, or definite mixtures in proper proportions of two or more kinds of rays. This is well exemplified by the comparative difficulty of producing definite pure tints by the mixture of two or more pigments, while a haphazard mixture of a number of these will be almost sure to produce browns, olives, or other neutral or dirty colors. An indefinite or irregular absorption of some rays and reflection of others would, therefore, produce obscure tints; while pure and vivid colors would require a perfectly definite absorption of one portion of the colored rays, leaving the remainder to produce the true complementary color. This being the case we may expect these brown tints to occur when the need of protection is very slight or even when it does not exist at all, always supposing that bright colors are not in any way useful to the species. But whenever a pure color is protective, as green in tropical forests or white among arctic snows, there is no difficulty in producing it, by natural selection acting on the innumerable slight variations of tint which are ever occurring. Such variations may, as we have seen, be produced in a great variety of ways; either by chemical changes in the secretions or by molecular changes in surface structure, and may be brought about by change of food, by the photographic action of light, or by the normal process of generative variation. Protective colors therefore, however curious and complex they may be in certain cases, offer no real difficulties.

Theory of Warning Colors. — These differ greatly from the last class, inasmuch as they present us with a variety of brilliant hues, often of the greatest purity, and combined in striking contrasts and conspicuous patterns. Their use depends upon their boldness and visibility, not on the presence of any one color; hence we find among these groups some of the most exquisitely-colored objects in nature. Many of the uneatable caterpillars are strikingly beautiful; while the danaidæ, heliconidæ, and protected groups of papilionidæ comprise a series of butterflies of the most brilliant and contrasted colors. The bright colors of many of the sea-anemones and sea-slugs will probably be found to be in this sense protective, serving as a warning of their uneatableness. On our theory none of these colors offer any difficulty. Conspicuousness being useful, every variation tending to brighter and purer colors was selected, the result being the beautiful variety and contrast we find.

But when we come to those groups which gain protection solely by being mistaken for some of these brilliantly-colored but uneatable creatures, a difficulty really exists, and to many minds is so great as to be insuperable. It will be well therefore to endeavor to explain how the resemblance in question may have been brought about. The most difficult case, which may be taken as a type of the whole, is that of the genus *Leptalis* (a group of South American butterflies allied to our common white and yellow kinds), many of the larger species of which are still white or yellow, and which are all eatable by birds and other insectivorous creatures. But there are also a number of species of *Leptalis*, which are brilliantly red, yellow, and black, and which, band for band and spot for spot resemble some one of the danaidæ or heliconidæ which inhabit the same district and which are nauseous and uneatable. Now the common objection is, that a slight approach to one of these protected butterflies would be of no use, while a greater sudden variation is not admissible on the theory of gradual change by indefinite slight variations. This objection depends almost wholly on the supposition that when the first steps towards mimicry occurred, the South American danaidæ were what they are now, while the ancestors of the leptalides were like the ordinary white or yellow pieridæ to which they are allied. But the danaioid butterflies of South America are so immensely numerous and so greatly varied, not only

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

in color but in structure, that we may be sure they are of vast antiquity and have undergone great modification. A large number of them, however, are still of comparatively plain colors, often rendered extremely elegant by the delicate transparency of the wing-membrane, but otherwise not at all conspicuous. Many have only dusky or purplish bands or spots, others have patches of reddish or yellowish brown — perhaps the commonest color among butterflies; while a considerable number are tinged or spotted with yellow, also a very common color, and one especially characteristic of the pieridæ, the family to which *Leptalis* belongs. We may therefore reasonably suppose that in the early stages of the development of the danaidæ, when they first began to acquire those nauseous secretions which are now their protection, their colors were somewhat plain, either dusky with paler bands and spots, or yellowish with dark borders, and sometimes with reddish bands or spots. At this time they had probably shorter wings and a more rapid flight, just like the other unprotected families of butterflies. But as soon as they became decidedly unpalatable to any of their enemies, it would be an advantage to them to be readily distinguished from all the eatable kinds; and as butterflies were no doubt already very varied in color, while all probably had wings adapted for pretty rapid or jerking flight, the best distinction might have been found in outline and habits; whence would arise the preservation of those varieties whose longer wings, bodies, and antennæ, and slower flight rendered them noticeable,— characters which now distinguish the whole group in every part of the world. Now it would be at this stage that some of the weaker-flying pieridæ which happened to resemble some of the danaidæ around them in their yellow and dusky tints and in the general outline of their wings, would be sometimes mistaken for them by the common enemy, and would thus gain an advantage in the struggle for existence. Admitting this one step to be made, and all the rest must inevitably follow from simple variation and survival of the fittest. So soon as the nauseous butterfly varied in form or color to such an extent that the corresponding eatable butterfly no longer closely resembled it, the latter would be exposed to attacks, and only those variations would be preserved which kept up the resemblance. At the same time we may well suppose the enemies to become more acute and able to detect smaller differences than at first. This would lead to the destruction of all adverse variations, and thus keep up in continually increasing complexity the outward mimicry which now so amazes us. During the long ages in which this process has been going on, many a *Leptalis* may have become extinct from not varying sufficiently in the right direction and at the right time to keep up a protective resemblance to its neighbor; and this will accord with the comparatively small number of cases of true mimicry as compared with the frequency of those protective resemblances to vegetable or inorganic objects whose forms are less definite and colors less changeable. About a dozen other genera of butterflies and moths mimic the danaidæ in various parts of the world, and exactly the same explanation will apply to all of them. They represent those species of each group which at the time when the danaidæ first acquired their protective secretions happened outwardly to resemble some of them, and have by concurrent variation, aided by a right selection, been able to keep up that resemblance to the present day.*

Theory of Sexual Colors. In Mr. Darwin's celebrated work, "The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex," he has treated of sexual color in combination with other sexual characters, and has arrived at the conclusion that all or almost all of the colors of the higher animals (including among these insects and all vertebrates) are due to voluntary sexual selection; and that diversity of color in the sexes is due, primarily, to the transmission of color-variations either to one sex only or to both sexes, the difference depending on some unknown law, and not being due to natural selection.

I have long held this portion of Mr. Darwin's theory to be erroneous, and have argued that the primary cause of sexual diversity of color was the need of protection, repressing in the female those bright colors which are normally produced in both sexes by general laws; and I have attempted to explain many of the more difficult cases on this principle ("A Theory of Birds' Nests," in "Contributions," etc., p. 231). As I have since given much

* For fuller information on this subject the reader should consult Mr. Bates's original paper, "Contributions to an Insect Fauna of the Amazon Valley," in "Transactions of the Linnean Society," vol. xxiii., p. 495; Mr. Trimen's paper in vol. xxvi., p. 497; the author's essay on "Mimicry," etc., already referred to; and, in the absence of collections of butterflies, the plates of heliconidæ and leptalidæ, in Hewitson's "Exotic Butterflies," and Felder's "Voyage of the 'Novara,'" may be examined.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

thought to this subject, and have arrived at some views which appear to me to be of considerable importance, it will be well to sketch briefly the theory I now hold, and afterwards show its application to some of the detailed cases adduced in Mr. Darwin's work.

The very frequent superiority of the male bird or insect in brightness or intensity of color, even when the general tints and coloration are the same, now seem to me to be due to the greater vigor and activity and the higher vitality of the male. The colors of an animal usually fade during disease or weakness, while robust health and vigor adds to their intensity. This intensity of coloration is most manifest in the male during the breeding season, when the vitality is at a maximum. It is also very manifest in those cases in which the male is smaller than the female, as in the hawks and in most butterflies and moths. The same phenomena occur, though in a less marked degree, among mammalia. Whenever there is a difference of color between the sexes the male is the darker or more strongly marked, and difference of intensity is most visible during the breeding season ("Descent of Man," p. 533). Numerous cases among domestic animals also prove, that there is an inherent tendency in the male to special developments of dermal appendages and color, quite independently of sexual or any other form of selection. Thus, "the hump on the male zebu cattle of India, the tail of fat-tailed rams, the arched outline of the forehead in the males of several breeds of sheep, and the mane, the long hairs on the hind legs, and the dewlap of the male of the Berbura goat," are all adduced by Mr. Darwin as instances of characters peculiar to the male, yet not derived from any parent ancestral form. Among domestic pigeons the character of the different breeds is often most strongly manifested in the male birds; the wattle of the carriers and the eyewattles of the barbs are largest in the males, and male pouters distend their crops to a much greater extent than do the females, and the cock fantails often have a greater number of tail-feathers than the females. There are also some varieties of pigeons of which the males are striped or spotted with black while the females are never so spotted ("Animals and Plants under Domestication," i. 161); yet in the parent stock of these pigeons there are no differences between the sexes either of plumage or color, and artificial selection has not been applied to produce them.

The greater intensity of coloration in the male — which may be termed the normal sexual difference, would be further developed by the combats of the males for the possession of the females. The most vigorous and energetic usually being able to rear most offspring, intensity of color, if dependent on, or correlated with vigor, would tend to increase. But as differences of color depend upon minute chemical or structural differences in the organism, increasing vigor acting unequally on different portions of the integument, and often producing at the same time abnormal developments of hair, horns, scales, feathers, etc., would almost necessarily lead also to variable distribution of color, and thus to the production of new tints and markings. These acquired colors would, as Mr. Darwin has shown, be transmitted to both sexes or to one only, according as they first appear at an early age, or in adults of one sex, and thus we may account for some of the most marked differences in this respect. With the exception of butterflies, the sexes are almost alike in the great majority of insects. The same is the case in mammals and reptiles, while the chief departure from the rule occurs in birds, though even here in very many cases the law of sexual likeness prevails. But in all cases where the increasing development of color became disadvantageous to the female, it would be checked by natural selection, and thus produce those numerous instances of protective coloring in the female only, which occur in these two groups of animals.

There is also, I believe, a very important purpose and use of the varied colors of the higher animals, in the facility it affords for recognition by the sexes or by the young of the same species; and it is this use which probably fixes and determines the coloration in many cases. When differences of size and form are very slight, color affords the only means of recognition at a distance or while in motion, and such a distinctive character must therefore be of especial value to flying insects which are continually in motion, and encounter each other, as it were, by accident. This view offers us an explanation of the curious fact, that among butterflies the females of closely allied species in the same locality sometimes differ considerably, while the males are much alike; for as the males are the swiftest and the highest fliers, and seek the females, it would evidently be advantageous for them to be able to recognize their true partners at some distance off. This peculiarity

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

occurs with many species of papilio, diadema, adolias, and colias. In birds such marked differences of color are not required, owing to the higher organization and more perfect senses, which render recognition easy by means of a combination of very slight differential characters. This principle may, perhaps, however, account for some anomalies of coloration among the higher animals. Thus, Mr. Darwin, while admitting that the hare and the rabbit are colored protectively, remarks that the latter, while running to its burrow, is made conspicuous to the sportsman, and no doubt to all beasts of prey, by its upturned white tail. But this very conspicuousness while running away, may be useful as a signal and guide to the young, who are thus enabled to escape danger by following the older rabbits, directly and without hesitation, to the safety of the burrow; and this may be the more important from the semi-nocturnal habits of the animal. If this explanation is correct, and it certainly seems probable, it may serve as a warning of how impossible it is, without exact knowledge of the habits of an animal and a full consideration of all the circumstances, to decide that any particular coloration cannot be protective or in any way useful. Mr. Darwin himself is not free from such assumptions. Thus, he says: "The zebra is conspicuously striped, and stripes cannot afford any protection on the open plains of south Africa." But the zebra is a very swift animal, and, when in herds, by no means void of means of defence. The stripes therefore *may* be of use by enabling stragglers to distinguish their fellows at a distance, and they *may* be even protective when the animal is at rest among herbage — the only time when it would need protective coloring. Until the habits of the zebra have been observed with special reference to this point, it is surely somewhat hasty to declare that the stripes "cannot afford any protection."

The wonderful display and endless variety of color in which butterflies and birds so far exceed all other animals, seems primarily due to the excessive development and endless variations of the integumentary structures. No insects have such widely expanded wings in proportion to their bodies as butterflies and moths; in none do the wings vary so much in size and form, and in none are they clothed with such a beautiful and highly-organized coating of scales. According to the general principles of the production of color already explained, these long-continued expansions of membranes and developments of surface structures must have led to numerous color-changes, which have been sometimes checked, sometimes fixed and utilized, sometimes intensified, by natural selection, according to the needs of the animal. In birds, too, we have the wonderful clothing of plumage — the most highly organized, the most varied, and the most expanded of all dermal appendages. The endless processes of growth and change during the development of feathers, and the enormous extent of this delicately-organized surface, must have been highly favorable to the production of varied color-effects, which, when not injurious, have been merely fixed for purposes of specific identification, but have often been modified or suppressed whenever different tints were needed for purposes of protection.

To voluntary sexual selection, that is, the actual choice by the females of the more brilliantly-colored males, I believe very little if any effect is directly due. It is undoubtedly proved that in birds the females do sometimes exert a choice; but the evidence of this fact collected by Mr. Darwin ("Descent of Man," chap. xiv.) does not prove that color determines that choice, while much of the strongest evidence is directly opposed to this view. All the facts appear to be consistent with the choice depending on a variety of male characteristics, with some of which color is often correlated. Thus it is the opinion of some of the best observers that vigor and liveliness are most attractive, and these are no doubt usually associated with intensity of color. Again, the display of the various ornamental appendages of the male during courtship may be attractive, but these appendages, with their bright colors or shaded paterns, are due probably to general laws of growth and to that superabundant vitality which we have seen to be a cause of color. But there are many considerations which seem to show that the possession of these ornamental appendages and bright colors in the male is not an important character functionally, and that it has not been produced by the action of voluntary sexual selection. Amid the copious mass of facts and opinions collected by Mr. Darwin as to the display of color and ornaments by the male birds, there is a total absence of any evidence that the females admire or even notice this display. The hen, the turkey, and the pea-fowl go on feeding while the male is displaying his finery, and there is reason to believe that it is his persistency and

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

energy rather than his beauty which wins the day. Again, evidence collected by Mr. Darwin himself proves that each bird finds a mate under any circumstances. He gives a number of cases of one of a pair of birds being shot, and the survivor being always found paired again almost immediately. This is sufficiently explained on the assumption that the destruction of birds by various causes is continually leaving widows and widowers in nearly equal proportions, and thus each one finds a fresh mate; and it leads to the conclusion that permanently unpaired birds are very scarce; so that, speaking broadly, every bird finds a mate and breeds. But this would almost or quite neutralize any effect of sexual selection of color or ornament, since the less highly-colored birds would be at no disadvantage as regards leaving healthy offspring. If, however, heightened color is correlated with health and vigor, and these healthy and vigorous birds provide best for their young, and leave offspring which, being equally healthy and vigorous, can best provide for themselves, then natural selection becomes a preserver and intensifier of color. Another most important consideration is, that male butterflies rival or even excel the most gorgeous male birds in bright colors and elegant patterns; and among these there is literally not one particle of evidence that the female is influenced by color or even that she has any power of choice, while there is much direct evidence to the contrary ("Descent of Man," p. 318). The weakness of the evidence for sexual selection among these insects is so palpable that Mr. Darwin is obliged to supplement it by the singularly inconclusive argument that, "Unless the females prefer one male to another, the pairing must be left to mere chance, and this does not appear probable (*l. c.*, p. 317)." But he has just said, "The males sometimes fight together in rivalry, and many may be seen pursuing or crowding round the same female;" while in the case of the silk-moths, "the females appear not to evince the least choice in regard to their partners." Surely the plain inference from all this is, that males fight and struggle for the almost passive female, and that the most vigorous and energetic, the strongest-winged or the most persevering, wins her. How can there be chance in this? Natural selection would here act, as in birds, in perpetuating the strongest and most vigorous males, and as these would usually be the more highly colored of their race, the same results would be produced as regards the intensification and variation of color in the one case as in the other.

Let us now see how these principles will apply to some of the cases adduced by Mr. Darwin in support of his theory of voluntary sexual selection.

In "Descent of Man," 2d ed., pp. 307–316, we find an elaborate account of the various modes of coloring of butterflies and moths, proving that the colored parts are always more or less displayed, and that they have some evident relation to an observer. Mr. Darwin then says, "From the several foregoing facts it is impossible to admit that the brilliant colors of butterflies, and of some few moths, have commonly been acquired for the sake of protection. We have seen that their colors and elegant patterns are arranged and exhibited as if for display. Hence I am led to believe that the females prefer or are most excited by the more brilliant males; for on any other supposition the males would, as far as we can see, be ornamented to no purpose" (*l. c.*, p. 316). I am not aware that any one has ever maintained that the brilliant colors of butterflies have "commonly been acquired for the sake of protection," yet Mr. Darwin has himself referred to cases in which the brilliant color is so placed as to serve for protection; as for example, the eye-spots on the hind wings of moths, which are pierced by birds and so save the vital parts of the insect, while the bright patch on the orange-tip butterflies which Mr. Darwin denies are protective, may serve the same purpose. It is in fact somewhat remarkable how very generally the black spots, ocelli, or bright patches of color are on the tips, margins, or discs of the wings; and as the insects are necessarily visible while flying, and this is the time when they are most subject to attacks by insectivorous birds, the position of the more conspicuous parts at some distance from the body may be a real protection to them. Again, Mr. Darwin admits that the white color of the male ghost-moth may render it more easily seen by the female while flying about in the dusk, and if to this we add that it will be also more readily distinguished from allied species, we have a reason for diverse ornamentation in these insects quite sufficient to account for most of the facts, without believing in the selection of brilliant males by the females, for which there is not a particle of evidence. The facts given to show that butterflies and other insects can distinguish colors and are attracted by colors similar to their

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

own, are quite consistent with the view that color, which continually tends to appear, is utilized for purposes of identification and distinction, when not required to be modified or suppressed for purposes of protection. The cases of the females of some species of thecla, calladryas, colias, and hipparchia, which have more conspicuous markings than the male, may be due to several causes: to obtain greater distinction from other species, for protection from birds, as in the case of the yellow-under-wing moths, while sometimes — as in hipparchia — the lower intensity of coloring in the female may lead to more contrasted markings. Mr. Darwin thinks that here the males have selected the more beautiful females, although one chief fact in support of his theory of voluntary sexual selection is, that throughout the whole animal kingdom the males are usually so ardent that they will accept any female, while the females are coy, and choose the handsomest males, whence it is believed the general brilliancy of males as compared with females has arisen.

Perhaps the most curious cases of sexual difference of color are those in which the female is very much more gaily colored than the male. This occurs most strikingly in some species of pieris in South America, and of diadema in the Malay islands, and in both cases the females resemble species of the uneatable danaidæ and heliconidæ, and thus gain a protection. In the case of *Pieris pyrrha*, *P. malenka*, and *P. lorena*, the males are plain white and black, while the females are orange, yellow, and black, and so banded and spotted as exactly to resemble species of heliconidæ. Mr. Darwin admits that these females have acquired these colors as a protection; but as there is no apparent cause for the strict limitations of the color to the female, he believes that it has been kept down in the male by its being *unattractive* to her. This appears to me to be a supposition opposed to the whole theory of sexual selection itself. For this theory is, that minute variation of color in the male are *attractive* to the female, have always been selected, and that thus the brilliant male colors have been produced. But in this case he thinks that the female butterfly had a constant aversion to every trace of color, even when we must suppose it was constantly recurring during the successive variations which resulted in such a marvellous change in herself. But if we consider the fact that the females frequent the forests where the heliconidæ abound, while the males fly much in the open, and assemble in great numbers with other white and yellow butterflies on the banks of rivers, may it not be possible that the appearance of orange stripes or patches would be as injurious to the male as it is useful to the female, by making him a more easy mark for insectivorous birds among his white companions? This seems a more probable supposition, than the altogether hypothetical choice of the female, sometimes exercised in favor of and sometimes against every new variety of color in her partner.

The full and interesting account given by Mr. Darwin of the colors and habits of male and female birds ("Descent of Man," chapters xiii. and xiv.), proves that in most, if not in all cases, the male birds fully display their ornamental plumage, before the females and in rivalry with each other; but on the essential point of whether the female's choice is determined by minute differences in these ornaments or in their colors, there appears to be an entire absence of evidence. In the section on "Preference for Particular Males by the Females," the facts quoted show indifference to color, except that some color similar to their own seems to be preferred. But in the case of the hen canary, who chose a greenfinch in preference to either chaffinch or goldfinch, gay colors had evidently no preponderating attraction. There is some evidence adduced that female birds may, and probably do, choose their mates, but none whatever that the choice is determined by difference of color; and no less than three eminent breeders informed Mr. Darwin that they "did not believe that the females prefer certain males on account of the beauty of their plumage." Again, Mr. Darwin himself says: "As a general rule color appears to have little influence on the pairing of pigeons." The oft-quoted case of Sir R. Heron's peahens which preferred an "old pied cock" to those normally colored, is a very unfortunate one, because pied birds are just those that are not favored in a state of nature, or the breeds of wild birds would become as varied and mottled as our domestic varieties. If such irregular fancies were not rare exceptions the production of definite colors and patterns by the choice of the female birds, or in any other way, would be impossible.

We now come to such wonderful developments of plumage and color as are exhibited by the peacock and the Argus pheasant; and I may here mention that it was the case of the latter bird, as fully discussed by Mr. Darwin, which first shook

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

my belief in "sexual," or more properly "female" selection. The long series of gradations, by which the beautifully shaded ocelli on the secondary wing-feathers of this bird have been produced, are clearly traced out, the result being a set of markings, so exquisitely shaded as to represent "balls lying loose within sockets," — purely artificial objects of which these birds could have no possible knowledge. That this result should have been attained through thousands and tens of thousands of female birds all preferring those males whose markings varied slightly in this one direction, this uniformity of choice continuing through thousands and tens of thousands of generations, is to me absolutely incredible. And, when further, we remember that those which did not so vary would also, according to all the evidence, find mates and leave offspring, the actual result seems quite impossible of attainment by such means.

Without pretending to solve completely so difficult a problem, I would point out a circumstance which seems to afford a clue. It is, that the most highly-colored and most richly-varied markings occur on those parts of the plumage which have undergone the greatest modification, or have acquired the most abnormal development. In the peacock, the tail-coverts are enormously developed, and the "eyes" are situated on the greatly dilated ends. In the birds of paradise, breast, or neck, or head, or tail-feathers, are greatly developed and highly colored. The hackles of the cock, and the scaly breasts of humming-birds are similar developments; while in the Argus pheasant the secondary quills are so enormously lengthened and broadened as to have become almost useless for flight. Now it is easily conceivable, that during this process of development, inequalities in the distribution of color may have arisen in different parts of the same feather, and that spots and bands may thus have become broadened out into shaded spots or ocelli, in the way indicated by Mr. Darwin, much as the spots and rings on a soap-bubble increase with increasing tenuity. This is the more probable, as in domestic fowls varieties tend to become symmetrical, quite independently of sexual selection ("Descent of Man," p. 424).

If now we accept the evidence of Mr. Darwin's most trustworthy correspondents, that the choice of the female, so far as she exerts any, falls upon the "most vigorous, defiant, and mettlesome male;" and if we further believe, what is certainly the case, that these are as a rule the most brightly colored and adorned with the finest developments of plumage, we have a real and not a hypothetical cause at work. For these most healthy, vigorous, and beautiful males will have the choice of the finest and most healthy females, will have the most numerous and healthy families, and will be able best to protect and rear those families. Natural selection, and what may be termed male selection, will tend to give them the advantage in the struggle for existence, and thus the fullest plumage and the finest colors will be transmitted, and tend to advance in each succeeding generation.

There remains, however, what Mr. Darwin evidently considers his strongest argument — the display by the male of each species of its peculiar beauties of plumage and color. We have here, no doubt, a very remarkable and very interesting fact; but this too may be explained by general principles, quite independent of any choice or volition of the female bird. During pairing-time, the male bird is in a state of great excitement, and full of exuberant energy. Even unornamented birds flutter their wings or spread them out, erect their tails or crests, and thus give vent to the nervous excitability with which they are overcharged. It is not improbable that crests and other erectile feathers may be primarily of use in frightening away enemies, since they are generally erected when angry or during combat. Those individuals who were most pugnacious and defiant, and who brought these erectile plumes most frequently and most powerfully into action, would tend to increase them by use, and to leave them further developed in some of their descendants. If, in the course of this development, color appeared, we have every reason to believe it would be most vivid in these most pugnacious and energetic individuals, and as these would always have the advantage in the rivalry for mates (to which advantage the excess of color and plumage might sometimes conduce), there seems nothing to prevent a progressive development of these ornaments in *all dominant races*, that is, wherever there was such a surplus of vitality, and such complete adaptation to conditions, that the inconvenience or danger produced by them was so comparatively small as not to affect the superiority of the race over its nearest allies. If then those portions of the plumage, which were originally erected and displayed, became developed and colored, the actual display under the influence of jealousy or sexual excitement becomes

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

intelligible. The males, in their rivalry with each other, would see what plumes were most effective, and each would endeavor to excel his enemy as far as voluntary exertion could effect it, just as they endeavor to rival each other in song, even sometimes to the point of causing their own destruction.

There is also a general argument against Mr. Darwin's views on this question, founded on the nature and potency of "natural" as opposed to "sexual" selection, which appears to me to be itself almost conclusive of the whole matter at issue. Natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, acts perpetually and on an enormous scale. Taking the offspring of each pair of birds as, on the average, only six annually, one-third of these at most will be preserved, while the two-thirds which are least fitted will die. At intervals of a few years, whenever unfavorable conditions occur, five-sixths, nine-tenths, or even a greater proportion of the whole yearly production are weeded out, leaving only the most perfect and best adapted to survive. Now unless these survivors are on the whole the most ornamental, this rigid selective power must neutralize and destroy any influence that may be exerted by female selection. For the utmost that can be claimed for this is, that a small fraction of the least ornamented do not obtain mates, while a few of the most ornamented may leave more than the average number of offspring. Unless, therefore, there is the strictest correlation between ornament and general perfection, the former can have no permanent advantage; and if there is (as I maintain) such a correlation, then the sexual selection of ornament for which there is little or no evidence becomes needless, because natural selection which is an admitted *vera causa* will itself produce all the results. In the case of butterflies the argument becomes even stronger, because the fertility is so much greater, and the weeding out of the unfit takes place, to a great extent, in the egg and larvæ state. Unless the eggs and larva which escaped to produce the next generation were those which would produce the more highly-colored butterflies, it is difficult to perceive how the slight preponderance of color sometimes selected by the females should not be wholly neutralized by the extremely rigid selection for other qualities to which the offspring in every stage are exposed. The only way in which we can account for the observed facts is, by the supposition that color and ornament are strictly correlated with health, vigor, and general fitness to survive. We have shown that there is reason to believe that this is the case, and if so, voluntary sexual selection becomes as unnecessary as it would certainly be ineffective.

There is one other very curious case of sexual coloring among birds — that, namely, in which the female is decidedly brighter or more strongly marked than the male; as in the fighting quails (*Turnix*), painted snipe (*Rhynchæa*), two species of phalarope (*Phalaropus*), and the common cassowary (*Casuarius galeatus*). In all these cases, it is known that the males take charge of and incubate the eggs, while the females are almost always larger and more pugnacious. In my "Theory of Birds' Nests" ("Natural Selection," p. 251), I imputed this difference of color to the greater need for protection by the male bird while incubating, to which Mr. Darwin has objected that the difference is not sufficient, and is not always so distributed as to be most effective for this purpose, and he believes that it is due to reversed sexual selection, that is, to the female taking the usual *rôle* of the male, and being chosen for her brighter tints. We have already seen reason for rejecting this latter theory in every case, and I also admit that my theory of protection is, in this case, only partially if at all applicable. But the general theory of intensity of color being due to general vital energy is quite applicable; and the fact that the superiority of the female in this respect is quite exceptional, and is therefore probably not of very ancient date in any one case, will account for the difference of color thus produced being always comparatively slight.

Theory of Typical Colors. — The remaining kinds of animal colors, those which can neither be classed as protective, warning, nor sexual, are for the most part readily explained on the general principles of the development of color which we have now laid down. It is a most suggestive fact, that, in cases where color is required only as a warning, as among the uneatable caterpillars, we find, not one or two glaring tints only, but every kind of color disposed in elegant patterns, and exhibiting almost as much variety and beauty as among insects and birds. Yet here, not only is sexual selection out of the question, but the need for recognition and identification by others of the same species seems equally unnecessary. We can then only impute this variety to the normal production of color in organic

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

forms when fully exposed to light and air and undergoing great and rapid developmental modification. Among more perfect animals where the need for recognition has been added, we find intensity and variety of color in its highest pitch among the South American butterflies of the families heliconidæ and danaidæ, as well as among the nymphalidæ and erycinidæ, many of which obtain the necessary protection in other ways. Among birds also, wherever the habits are such that no special protection is needed for the females, and where the species frequent the depths of tropical forests and are thus naturally protected from the swoop of birds of prey, we find almost equally intense coloration; as in the trogons, barbets, and gapers.

Of the mode of action of the general principles of color-development among animals, we have an excellent example in the humming-birds. Of all birds these are at once the smallest, the most active, and the fullest of vital energy. When poised in the air their wings are invisible, owing to the rapidity of their motion, and when startled they dart away with the rapidity of a flash of light. Such active creatures would not be an easy prey to any rapacious bird; and if one at length was captured, the morsel obtained would hardly repay the labor. We may be sure, therefore, that they are practically unmolested. The immense variety they exhibit in structure, plumage, and color, indicates a high antiquity for the race, while their general abundance in individuals shows that they are a dominant group, well adapted to all the conditions of their existence. Here we find everything necessary for the development of color and accessory plumes. The surplus vital energy shown in their combats and excessive activity, has expended itself in ever-increasing developments of plumage, and greater and greater intensity of color, regulated only by the need for specific identification which would be especially required in such small and mobile creatures. Thus may be explained those remarkable differences of color between closely allied species, one having a crest like the topaz, while in another it resembles the sapphire. The more vivid colors and more developed plumage of the males, I am now inclined to think may be wholly due to their greater vital energy, and to those general laws which lead to such superior developments even in domestic breeds; but in some cases the need of protection by the female while incubating, to which I formerly imputed the whole phenomenon, may have suppressed a portion of the ornament which she would otherwise have attained.

Another real, though as yet inexplicable cause of diversity of color, is to be found in the influence of locality. It is observed that species of totally distinct groups are colored alike in one district, while in another district the allied species all undergo the same change of color. Cases of this kind have been adduced by Mr. Bates, by Mr. Darwin, and by myself, and I have collected all the more curious and important examples in my address to the Biological Section of the British Association at Glasgow in 1876. The most probable cause for these simultaneous variations would seem to be the presence of peculiar elements or chemical compounds in the soil, the water, or the atmosphere, or of special organic substances in the vegetation; and a wide field is thus offered for chemical investigation in connection with this interesting subject. Yet, however we may explain it, the fact remains of the same vivid colors in definite patterns being produced in quite unrelated groups, which only agree, so far as we yet know, in inhabiting the same locality.

Let us now sum up the conclusion at which we have arrived, as to the various modes in which color is produced or modified in the animal kingdom.

The various causes of color in the animal world are, molecular and chemical change of the substance of their integuments, or the action on it of heat, light or moisture. It is also produced by interference of light in superposed transparent lamellæ, or by excessively fine surface striæ. These elementary conditions for the production of color are found everywhere in the surface structures of animals, so that its presence must be looked upon as normal, its absence as exceptional.

Colors are fixed or modified in animals by natural selection for various purposes; obscure or imitative colors for concealment — gaudy colors as a warning — and special markings, either for easy recognition by strayed individuals, females, or young, or to direct attack from a vital part, as in the large brilliantly-marked wings of some butterflies and moths.

Colors are produced or intensified by processes of development,— either where the integument or its appendages undergo great extension or modification, or where there is a surplus of vital energy, as in male animals generally, and more especially at the breeding-season.

Colors are also more or less influenced

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

by a variety of causes, such as the nature of the food, the photographic action of light, and also by some unknown local action probably dependent on chemical peculiarities in the soil or vegetation.

These various causes have acted and reacted in a variety of ways, and have been modified by conditions dependent on age or on sex, on competition with new forms, or on geographical or climatic changes. In so complex a subject, for which experiment and systematic inquiry has done so little, we cannot expect to explain every individual case, or solve every difficulty; but it is believed that all the great features of animal coloration and many of the details become explicable on the principles we have endeavored to lay down.

It will perhaps be considered presumptuous to put forth this sketch of the subject of color in animals, as a substitute for one of Mr. Darwin's most highly elaborated theories — that of voluntary or perceptive sexual selection; yet I venture to think that it is more in accordance with the whole of the facts, and with the theory of natural selection itself; and I would ask such of my readers as may be sufficiently interested in the subject to read again chapters xi. to xvi. of the "Descent of Man," and consider the whole theory from the point of view here laid down. The explanation of almost all the ornaments and colors of birds and insects as having been produced by the perceptions and choice of the females has, I believe, staggered many evolutionists, but has been provisionally accepted because it was the only theory that even attempted to explain the facts. It may perhaps be a relief to some of them, as it has been to myself, to find that the phenomena can be shown to depend on the general laws of development, and on the action of "natural selection," which theory will, I venture to think, be relieved from an abnormal excrescence, and gain additional vitality by the adoption of my view of the subject.

Although we have arrived at the conclusion that tropical light and heat can in no sense be considered the cause of color, there remains to be explained the undoubted fact that all the more intense and gorgeous tints are manifested by the animal life of the tropics, while in some groups, such as butterflies and birds, there is a marked preponderance of highly-colored species. This is probably due to a variety of causes, some of which we can indicate, while others remain to be discovered. The luxuriant vegetation of the tropics throughout the entire year, affords so much concealment, that color may there be safely developed to a much greater extent than in climates where the trees are bare in winter, during which season the struggle for existence is most severe, and even the slightest disadvantage may prove fatal. Equally important, probably, has been the permanence of favorable conditions in the tropics, allowing certain groups to continue dominant for long periods, and thus to carry out in one unbroken line whatever developments of plumage or color may once have acquired an ascendency. Changes of climatal conditions, and pre-eminently the glacial epoch, probably led to the extinction of a host of highly-developed and finely-colored insects and birds in temperate zones, just as we know that it led to the extinction of the larger and more powerful mammalia which formerly characterized the temperate zone in both hemispheres. This view is supported by the fact that it is amongst those groups only which are now exclusively tropical, that all the more extraordinary developments of ornament and color are found. The local causes of color will also have acted best in regions where the climatal conditions remained constant, and where migration was unnecessary; while whatever direct effect may be produced by light or heat, will necessarily have acted more powerfully within the tropics. And lastly, all these causes have been in action over an actually greater area in tropical than in temperate zones, while estimated potentially, in proportion to its life-sustaining power, the lands which enjoy a practically tropical climate (extending as they do considerably beyond the geographical tropics), are very much larger than the temperate regions of the earth. Combining the effects of all these various causes we are quite able to understand the superiority of the tropical parts of the globe, not only in the abundance and variety of their forms of life, but also as regards the ornamental appendages and vivid coloration which these forms present.

A. R. WALLACE.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

PROLOGUE.

CHAPTER I.

SWINGING ON A GATE.

THE day had been full of mist, a soft white veil clung to the side of the steep hill, and blotted out the village straggling up from the river below to the old grey church with its low crenellated tower and screen of tall fir-trees, standing on the skirts of the moor, five hundred feet above the valley.

This screen of old, thin fir-trees, set north and west within the loosely-piled stone fence that shut in the churchyard, gave a weird, haunted look to the spot.

It may be that this gaunt weirdness, for beyond the thin, outstretched fir-arms the moor spreads for miles in a barren level, has fostered the superstition that still hangs over Burneston; but even nowadays there are ghost-stories about Burneston Hall — the grey old manor-house in the valley below — stories which tell how the wife of the last Burneston of Burneston walks up and down, up and down the terraces beside the river, mourning her sin and her sorrow.

To-day even, there is something chilling and mysterious in those tall, thin fir-trees looming above the mist, as if trying to keep sight of the long range of pale grey hills across the valley.

Mr. Burneston, the present owner of the Hall, had come up through the mist from the old grey house beside the river to call at the parsonage, but he had not taken the steep way through the village, there was a nearer way by the avenue, and now as he stood looking at the church and its screen of weird trees, he was opposite Farmer Barugh's pig-yard. The white gate was open just now to admit seven fine, brown cows, breathing fragrance as they passed, and Mr. Burneston went through it whistling. One could see that the mist had not depressed his spirits, he looked very bright, very happy, and though there was an ease in his movement that betrayed carelessness, he looked like a well-bred, kindly English gentleman. He went on past the range of cow-stables, then through a rick-yard where a few empty stone posts seemed waiting for the coming harvest, and suddenly came in sight of the gate which led to the glebe field, a swelling green croft high above the white gabled parsonage below.

A girl, dressed in a lilac cotton frock, with short sleeves, a long, buff-striped pinafore, and a white sun-bonnet, was swinging on the gate. Her back was towards him, and her head was hidden by her sun-bonnet. She did not hear his footsteps, and she went on singing to herself in a sweet voice.

She made such a pretty picture there, with the background of golden starred meadow, that instinctively he stood still, and these words of her song reached him: —

> May it so happen, an' may it so fall,
> Ah may be lady of Burneston Hall.

He had been smiling as he looked at the careless grace of the girl's attitude, but as she ended the smile broadened, and he burst out laughing.

The girl started, looked round, and then jumped down; her sun-bonnet fell back as she reached the ground. Mr. Burneston saw the loveliest little face he had ever seen in his life. Large, blue-grey eyes gazed at him in bright terror from under delicate, finely-marked brows, shadowed by a frizzled crop of brown hair, which straggled over her forehead, but did not hide its beauty; the red lips were parted with the sudden alarm, but the nose and chin were so delicate, yet so firm in their outline, that they might have belonged to an ancient statue. A bright, deep blush spreading over her face and throat wakened Burneston from his sudden enchantment.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as if he were speaking to an equal; "but where do you come from?"

It had all happened too quickly for words to render — before his sentence had ended the girl snatched at the strings of her sun-bonnet and fled past him like a bird on the wing.

Mr. Burneston's blue eyes followed her till she disappeared, and he stood staring till two huge geese came and hissed at him.

Then he rubbed his hands across his forehead, and looked about as if he had had a sudden awakening.

"Good heavens, I never saw any one like her; where can she come from?"

Philip Burneston was easy-going, but he was an only son, and had early been his own master; he was accustomed to have his orders obeyed and his wishes gratified at once. He was impatient to know who the girl was, and he came back into the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

farmyard, and turning his back to the church, looked at the farmhouse, which showed through wreaths of brown and golden apples above the low stone wall.

"I cannot ask there," he said, "they are almost strangers, and the girl may belong to them."

On the other side of the road which ran down-hill past the churchyard and the large white gate of the farm, were two stone cottages with thatched roofs and low broad lattice windows, and over the door of one of these, making a frame of graceful foliage, stirred now by the breeze that was lifting the mist, was a large-flowered white convolvulus.

Mr. Burneston crossed the road, tapped at the door of this cottage, and raised the latch. The inner door was opened by an old woman, her head and hands shaking with palsy; but she smiled when she saw Mr. Burneston.

"Ay, ay, sir, ye mun coom in," she spoke heartily, "an' sit ye doon. An' how's yersel', Maister Burneston, an' how is t' wi' t' yung maister? It's long sin fooaks seed yer face oop here."

Mr. Burneston had to stoop as he went into the neat, exquisitely clean little room. The fire-irons and the steel fittings of the oven shone as if they were not meant for use, the walls and heavy-beamed ceiling were of chalky whiteness, in one corner was an old oak press with glistening brass handles, and in the other corner a triangular cupboard, the red Indian lac door brass-mounted, and through this half-open door showed treasured old china cups and saucers, and plates, and even a blue and white teapot on a high shelf.

"Well, how are you, Mrs. Duncombe? And how is Rose, eh?"

The old palsied head shook more than ever. "Ah'se as hard o' heearin as ivver ah war; howsomivver, if ye'll bide here a bit, ah'll just gan an' call t' laahttle lass. Rose, Rose, coom here."

There stole in from the back door a little girl with a round saucy face that in a minute was suffused with a blush of pleasure and shyness at sight of the visitor. Rose's tawny hair, with occasional tinges of red, was brushed smoothly behind her ears, and her fair, freckled skin looked scrupulously clean and well kept; but there was something disorderly in the expression of her yellow-brown eyes, her small turned-up nose, and her full, parted lips. She was very plump, and looked much younger than she really was.

"Why, Rose, when are you going to grow?" Mr. Burneston always had kind words for the little village girls, provided they were pretty. He pinched the child's blushing cheek: "you must grow tall as well as broad, little woman."

Rose's eyes drooped at the implied reproof. She thought the want of rapid growth must be caused by her own idleness, and she sighed heavily.

Her grandmother could not hear the sigh, but she noted the confusion of the downcast face.

"Mebbe it's aboot t' sewin', eh, Rose lass? Ain't ah allays tell'd thee as thee'l nivver mak a decent stiddy lass wiv'oot thou sticks te t' needle? Mebby thee'l be bud a poor shiftless thing as lang's thee lives."

At this picture of the possible result of laziness Rose's full pouting lips quivered, her cheeks puckered, and from the closed eyelids came a shower of tears.

Mr. Burneston's bright, frank face clouded in a moment.

"Oh, don't scold her, grannie," he said in a suffering voice, as if some one had wounded him keenly; then bending over Rose, he said tenderly, "There, there, my dear, don't you cry, grannie doesn't mean it, I'm sure you're a good girl; come down to the Hall, and Mrs. Emmett shall give you a pot of jam."

Rose looked up through her tears with a loving reverence that struck Mr. Burneston, though his mind was full of some thing else. "How fond that child must be of jam!" and somehow he felt less pity for Rose.

He put his lips close to Mrs. Duncombe's ear.

"Have the Barughs, those new people at the farm, any family?" he said.

The shaking old head nodded as if it meant to roll off.

"Ay, ay, t' missus, Dorothy her man calls her, cooms ov a better sort o' fooak an ther is aboot here, ah reckon. Fooalks sez as sheea cooms frae t' south, an' 'er fayther 'ad lots o' brass. Neea, bud it wad be a coom doon i' life fer sike as sheea te wed wiv a mon like John Barugh. If ah ain't gaumed reeghtly, ye mun axt' laahttle lass fer t' rest o' t' teeal."

The increasing impatience in her listener's face had shown Mrs. Duncombe that she was answering wrongly.

"Are there any children at the farm, Rose?" he said abruptly.

The soft-hearted child felt the change in his manner, and she blushed with pain. She who worshipped the ground the squire walked on had managed somehow to be all wrong with him in this visit.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"There's a lass an' a lad."

"And how old are they? Is the girl, for instance, older than you, and — and what like is she?"

The change in his voice made the girl look up, and Mr. Burneston reddened as he met her questioning eyes.

"Thea call t' lad George, an' he's a reet nice un, he is, an' he's goin' thirteen, an' he plays wi' me," said Rose; "bud t' lass is nae better an if sheea'd lost her tongue. Sheea's bigger nor me, an' as fer her 'air it's nivver tidy like, an' sheea deean't play. George sez as sheea's fair daft."

In her bias against Doris she spoke eagerly, quite forgetting her shyness, and Mr. Burneston felt a sudden dislike to Rose Duncombe.

"Ah," he said carelessly, and then he stood thinking — it was useless to question the old woman, she could not hear a word.

"Well," he nodded, "good-bye, Mrs. Duncombe. Be a good lass, Rose, and mind your sewing, or else when you're old enough to get a husband you won't be able to mend his stockings."

The old woman nodded repeatedly, but Rose did not curtsey, she stood with her fat fingers clasped together over her lilac pinafore, watching Mr. Burneston with rapt, loving eyes; he had spoken to her again with a smile, and every word was treasured in her warm little heart.

"If ah sud try fer te please my man as ah try t' please t' maister," she thought, "why then ah mun be able te do t' sewin' o' all sorts."

People talk sentimentally of the sufferings of worms trodden on heedlessly, of birds robbed of their young; very few have pity or sympathy for the unrequited love of children or of ugly or unattractive men and women. I say this advisedly, for ugly people are often gifted with extraordinary power of attraction. Perhaps much of this want of sympathy comes of unconsciousness; for people are less conceited or conscious of the love they win and slight, than of their personal gifts or intellectual acquirements.

Certainly Philip Burneston had no consciousness of the warm love that lay nestling for him in little Rose's heart.

Her words had stung him; he felt sure that the rough-headed daughter of Farmer Barugh must be the vision of beauty he had seen on the gate, and it jarred him that this mere village child, Rose, should speak as if the girl were her equal.

He stood facing the farmyard, and then he turned so as to front the steep descent on each side of which lay the village. The mist had lifted and revealed the opposite side of the valley, with plots of golden corn-land, some with shocks ready for carrying; with green strips of meadow here and there, and darker lines of green hedge dotted with trees. Beyond came a long stretch of woodland, then as the land rose towards the point where the sun was just about to sink behind the hills, the corn was glittering gold and the meadow gleamed emerald against dark fir-woods. Beyond all, rose the purple brown of the moor, cresting the long range of hills, purple almost to blackness as after a few minutes the sun sank into the leaden clouds that bordered the horizon.

The river which ran through the valley, and the Hall with its circling woods were not visible from where Mr. Burneston was gazing, the hill was so steep; and yet he seemed to be searching for his home as he stood looking so fixedly down the winding road with stone cottages on either side, some of these mounted so high on grassed banks above the road that they were reached by quaint flights of broken, time-stained stone steps.

Mrs. Duncombe had shut her door. Rose in a sudden and virtuous impulse had brought out a checked duster, and was hemming, with her eyes fixed on her needle. No one was looking at Mr. Burneston while he stood first rapt in thought, and then amused by his own hesitation.

He could not make up his mind to go home till he had had another vision of that frizzled head and the exquisite face belonging to it.

"I have not called on these people yet," he said, "and it is the right thing to do."

He pushed the gate open and crossed the yard diagonally from right to left, passing by the horse-pond which was near the road in the extreme left-hand corner, and in which four black and white ducks were dipping and splashing as if they thought water more invigorating when in motion.

There was a small gate in the furthest corner of the yard, almost hidden by apple boughs pendent from their weight of russet fruit, and through this gate Mr. Burneston entered the small, trim garden, showing few flowers on its neatly-raked brown borders, except tufts of monkshood and coral plant and some pink blossoms on the blue-green thrift border.

The door stood open, the squire knocked, and then stood waiting.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Mr. Barugh was a new tenant, and was therefore a new feature in Burneston: all the other inhabitants had been born in the village.

These new tenants had come into the Church Farm while Mr. Burneston had been travelling, and as yet he had only exchanged greetings with Mr. and Mrs. Barugh.

"George, lad, ther's yan at t' deear," a deep voice said from within; "thee mun gan an' see wheea's theer."

There was a door at the end of the passage, and one on each side, and the doors and walls were all painted buff and yellow.

A brown-eyed, pleasant-faced boy opened the left-hand door, and came out into the passage. He looked very shy when he saw the visitor.

"Mayhap it's t' squire," he said over his shoulder.

There was a momentary pause, and then a tall, powerful-looking man, with heavy red eyebrows and bushy red whiskers, appeared at the door.

"Nay, nay, Mr. Burneston, coom in, an' welcome," he said, awkwardly hitching one shoulder a little above the other, and holding out an enormous, but well-shaped red hand. "T' missus an' ah'se reeght pleased te see ye, that we is. Weean't ye sit ye doon?"

Mr. Burneston looked round eagerly, but as he entered there was only one person in the low-roofed room, and she was rising with evident difficulty from a couch placed beneath the long low window. He started forward at once.

"Please don't get up, Mrs. Barugh. I'm afraid I have disturbed you. I am very sorry. I did not know you were ill."

While he spoke his eyes were dazed with the faded likeness in the wasted, delicate face; it was as if he got here and there a faint trace of the beautiful vision he had seen on the gate, but it was all misty and uncertain. Mrs. Barugh looked very sickly; she wore a cap with lilac bows, and she was wrapped in a faded yellow crape shawl; but she must have been once a lovely woman.

She took the squire's proffered hand, and then pointed to a chair near her sofa, with an ease that surprised her visitor, accustomed to the stiff awkwardness of his other tenants on such occasions.

"Sit ye down, John." There was a mixture of pity and of irritation in her voice, and the big man started at the summons, but as he passed her on his way to the fireplace she frowned at him till her delicate brows met.

Mr. Burneston was amused; there was no real ill-temper in Mrs. Barugh's face, she seemed to regard her husband as a performing dog who was not going through his part correctly.

"You have very delicate health, I am afraid," he said; "but I hope you like Burneston."

John Barugh had been standing like a stone block beside the large open hearth, where a few charred logs were burning feebly; at this question he turned to answer, without a trace of his first shyness, —

"Sheea wur fairlings weel — fair eneugh while we coomed oop here; bud it's ower cauld, or sheea's too silly, mair's t' pity. T' stock throddens weel, an' George, t' lad ther, is as cobby as sud be."

"I'm very sorry to hear this of your wife. We always reckon the hill so healthy; even down at the Hall, where, as you know, the river goes almost round the house, the air is considered excellent."

"Perhaps it's not owing to the air" — Mrs. Barugh's voice was so soft and pleasant that it was a pity she minced her words — "but I'm so dull, Mr. Burneston; there's no kind of society to be found hereabout."

Mr. Burneston looked puzzled, and John Barugh gave an uneasy laugh.

"Confound it, yon word society'll dua fer ye sum fahne day, ah'se thinkin', Dorothy. Neeghbers ther' is, an' plenty, ah tak' it."

"Oh yes, there's neeghbers." Mrs. Barugh's lips curled with the scorn her gentility repressed.

John went on as if he had not heard her.

"What neeghbers is gude fer," he said, in his strong mellow voice, "is te hev sum fooaks te speeak tiv besides thae i' yer own hoose; else a man mud get taken up ower metch wi' his own doin's; besides, a mud find a chance o' helpin' whoor help's needful. One neeghber's as gude as annuther te ma thinkin'."

Mrs. Barugh drew her faded yellow shawl closer together, and then shrugged her thin shoulders, wondering how she ever could have thrown herself away on John Barugh.

"Well, not quite that, John, but every one can't think alike; an', besides, there are the children to be considered — they must have playfellows."

Mr. Burneston smiled at George, who had stood close by the door, with both hands in the pockets of his brown trousers; his eyes were fixed on a half-open book on the table. He was wondering at

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

that moment if it would be manners to go back to "Robinson Crusoe."

"I suppose that fellow goes to school somewhere," said Mr. Burneston.

One of John Barugh's shoulders rose higher than its fellow.

"Ay," he said uneasily.

The mother broke in eagerly. "Yes, Mr. Burneston, we have sent George to a fairly good school, for a small school, that is to say; but the master says there's somethin' wrong with the lad, an' that if he studies like the rest mebby he'll grow crippled."

"Skeealmaisters has their notions as weel's ither fooaks," said John grimly.

"Such nonsense," sighed the mother.

"So you're turned out to grass for a time, eh, my lad; and you haven't got a brother to help you into mischief?"

George fixed his large, languid brown eyes on Mr. Burneston. "Ah'se getten Doris," he said, "an' ther's Rose Duncombe; sheea's as gude as a lad."

A faint tinge of color came into his mother's pale face.

"There's a specimen of what I meant jist now, Mr. Burneston. How can I like my children to play with a gurl who runs wild like little Rose? They gets to speak like she do, an' I've tried hard to make Doris speak properly, an' now she's gettin' to speak like Rose."

"How old is your daughter? Is she at home?" He was growing impatient to see Doris.

"Doris is goin' fifteen, Mr. Burneston, but she doesn't look so old, though she's tall. George, go fetch yer sister."

George shook his head.

"Doris'll none coom. Ah axed her a while syne, an' she sed ah wer t' say if they axed fer her, she'd bide wi' t' bees."

John Barugh looked wrathful, and moved towards the door, but Mr. Burneston rose.

"Never mind, never mind. I shall find her in the garden," he said. "I know my way to the beehives." Then, bidding good-bye to Mrs. Barugh, "I wish I could make the place pleasanter for you," he said, "but I hardly know how. The housekeeper, Mrs. Emmett, shall come and see you if you like; she is a very clever woman, though perhaps not much of a companion."

Mrs. Barugh looked vexed.

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Burneston. I shall be extremely happy to see *you* whenever you like to call."

As soon as the door closed on Mr. Burneston and her husband she fell back on the sofa.

"There's nothing but disappointment in this life," she said. "I did think, whenever I saw the squire, that he would understand and see for himself I was not a ordinary person. Depend upon it, George, there's been some low marriage in the family some time or another, or a gentleman like that would never so forget himself as to recommend a housekeeper as companion for me. Why, George, lad, what ails ye? Why d'ye go white in that way and niver speak a word?"

She spoke irritably, but she rose up swiftly, as if nothing ailed her, and put her arm round the boy. He had turned a sickly white, and stood shivering, as if he were going to fall.

At first he clung to his mother, glad to let his head sink on her bosom, but next minute he raised it.

"Nay, nay, mother, deean't — thee'll hurt theesel'. Fayther'll be here soon." A groan, and then he fainted, just as his mother had drawn him close to a low chair, on which he fell seemingly lifeless.

CHAPTER II.

DORIS.

"BEES is fond things," said Doris; "they'se rare an' clivver, so they mun know how t' mak some sort o' change i' ther lives. Jist to think o' goin' on year after year, allays doin' t' same things, livin' on i' t' same house, wearin' t' same lilac pinny, an' warkin' hard all t' time. Weel, that's t' best part; wark's some fun when it ain't darnin' socks; if poor mother cud wark as she used, she'd hev somethin' to think on, she wadn't be so hard on fayther."

Doris paused, and looked round to see if there was any work to be done near at hand; and all at once a frown, so like her mother's, knitted her delicate brows, and her firm lips pouted with vexation.

"Fayther's i' t' reeght; Josh is a lazy gude-for-nought; he've gathered in t' beeans an' left t' stalks liggin. Howivver, ah'll soon fettle 'em."

She had been standing, sun-bonnet in hand, in front of the beehives at the end of the house farthest from the yard — a very quiet corner with a herb-garden in front, and a plot of beans and artichokes behind. High above this garden was a screen of leafy ash-boughs, but there were no near trees to shade the sun from the busy bees, or the loveliness of Doris Barugh. She had recovered from her fright.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

There was no color on her transparent skin, except that of youth and health. Her eyes had kindled as she spoke, and glowed deeper in color — a color that it is hard to define; there was blue in it, and green, grey, and yellow. Perhaps the eyes looked darker than they really were, from the long dark lashes above and beneath — darker even than her eyebrows, though these were a shade darker than her hair, and the hair would have looked darker brushed flat like Rose Duncombe's, instead of curling at its will over her head, gilded by the sunlight.

As she stood erect and thoughtful, it seemed that Doris was faultless. She wanted color, perhaps, but then color would have marred the spiritual tone of her beauty. At first sight she might have been likened to Undine, an Undine with brown hair and grey eyes, but the chief attributes of Undine, her love and her humility, were wanting in this fair English child. Poor Undine would not have met her hapless fate had she had the broad thoughtful forehead and the firmly chiselled lips and chin of Doris. A fault might have been found with the size of her head; it was too small, and something in it spoke of narrowness. Also there was a certain stiffness in her gait. But no eyes looking at the girl could thus have judged her; her beauty would have blinded all criticism.

Just as her father and Mr. Burneston came up the walk, she set her sun-bonnet firmly on her head, and stepping behind the beehives, began to drag the bean-haulms into a heap.

"Where's t' lass?" said John, but Mr. Burneston put his hand on his arm.

"Don't frighten her, or she'll run away." He hardly knew what he said, he so feared this lovely apparition would again take flight.

John chuckled inwardly.

"What would t' missus say if she knawed as Doris fettled t' beean-stalks, an' t' squire theer an' awl?"

A tawny-colored dog with short legs, a sort of mongrel Dandie Dinmont, came running up the walk, barking at two white pigeons which hovered near the eaves of the farmhouse. Doris looked up quickly, and the dog ran towards her, its bark changing into a joyous cry of welcome.

She stood, her arms full of bean-stalks; dumb with surprise and shame; her sweet face aglow with blushes.

"Set 'em doon; 'at 'll do, lass. Sheea's a rare 'un, sheea is, fer fettlin' owt 'at's nut dirty wark," he said proudly to Mr. Burneston. "Coom, coom, Doris, an' speeak t' squire; it's reel kind on him, it is, t' hev coomed an' hev a chat wi' t' mudher."

By this time Doris had mastered her longing to run away. She still longed for any sort of screen to hide herself from the master of Burneston, but as there was none to be had, she strove to seem cool and unconcerned, though she could not raise her eyes to his face. She curtsied awkwardly, but he held out his hand, and she put her trembling, clammy fingers into his warm clasp. Philip Burneston did not notice the chill touch of the frightened fingers; his eyes were fixed on the girl's downcast face, as if they could not get away; some power, he could not tell what, some magic had bound him to the sway of the slender, unformed creature standing there in her lilac frock and white sun-bonnet, so utterly unconscious of the spell she was working, that she longed to unloose her hand and run away before the squire should recognize her as the girl he had seen on the gate.

Mr. Burneston let go her hand, but he did not speak. Perhaps he feared to spoil the effect of this vision of beauty by drawing out words that did not match the face and the unconscious repose which made the charm of Doris. She did not look humble and shrinking, as Rose Duncombe had looked, but rather as if her thoughts were occupied with matters of more importance than herself, or than that which passed around her.

"Are you fond of bees?" Mr. Burneston said at last.

She looked up in slight surprise. "Nay, ah'se nane so fond on 'em, but ah likes t' see 'em at wark," she said shyly.

The farmer had stood watching with pride the effect produced by his daughter's beauty. His wife, in her teens, had been to John Barugh's mind the fairest piece of womanhood his eyes had ever seen, when she came on a visit to some north-country cousins; and he had looked at her and looked at her market-day after market-day as if he fancied his eyes were magnetic, and would draw her to him unsought by words, till one day he found a neighbor also looking at fair Dorothy; then he roused himself to begin his own wooing in a manly and earnest fashion, and to his own surprise he succeeded. He saw that Doris promised to be fairer still than her mother, and with but little chance of admirers. The Burneston farmers had either young wives and young children, or

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

else they were old and childless. Even John, who shrank from his wife's notions about society and speaking proper English, had to own that there was no one in the village fit to be put beside Doris or George. It was a triumph to see a real gentleman like Mr. Burneston so struck by the child's good looks.

"Ay, bud t' lass diz like te see t' wark done, let t' wark be done by whom t' will. Ah tells her sheea wur made te be t' maister; sheea'd keep us all in order, 'at sheea wad, bless her."

"Fayther!" Doris spoke reprovingly, and then, as her long thin arms fell straight on each side of her, she clasped her hands firmly, and wished the visitor would go.

He asked a few questions about the bees, but Doris let her father answer. Mr. Burneston was unable to find an excuse for remaining, though he tried; he could not stand there gazing silently, though the contemplation of her face made him strangely unwilling to talk.

"Perhaps," he looked at Doris, "your mother might like some books to read; there are plenty of story-books at the Hall. Shall I send some up?"

"Thank you kindly, sir." She flushed a little. "Mother does like books, but she's none so set upon tales as upon them 'at is more graver like; you know tales is nobbut fond stuff."

Mr. Burneston laughed, and the angry color rose to the girl's forehead.

Why was he laughing at her?

"I rather like story-books," he smiled at her. "Good morning, but I will not forget what you say; good day, Mr. Barugh." He looked at his watch. "I am too late for the parsonage now, and I shall be late for dinner."

John Barugh went with his visitor as far as the outside gate, and then stood looking after him as he went down the steep village, which straggled nearly a mile in length from the top of the hill to the river below.

"He's a nice chap yon," said John, "as pleeasant-lookin' a chap, an' as free-speeakin' too, as ah've knawn, so ther." He said this aloud, slowly and emphatically, to an audience of black, short-legged pigs, and then went back to Doris and the beehives.

She had not wasted her time in thinking of the squire. The bean-stalks were piled up in a heap, and the ground on which they had lain was raked into order. And now she stood resting while she watched the bees.

"Weel, my lass!" her father put his broad red hand on her shoulder, "an' what's thee think o' Mr. Burneston, an', Doris, lass, what made thee so shy-like wiv 'im?"

Doris still felt sore and angry, and she did not know on whom to vent her anger.

"He's well eneaf, ah suppose, but he's nut like wersels. Ah wer shy," she forced herself to speak out, "because — because ah'd seen him afore. Seest 'ee he fun me singin' fond stuff on t' gate."

She hung her head, and tears came into her eyes.

"Deean't freeat aboot that, my lass," the farmer said kindly, "ah'd warrant thoo'se not t' first lass 'at he's heeard singin' fond stuff afooar; let's hear t' fual sangs, Doris."

"Oh, fayther, t' wer ower fond!" She had broken down at last as the full remembrance of the scene at the gate came back, and she was crying in earnest. "He mun think me such a poor, fond lass," she sobbed, "he'll nobbut laff at me. Joseph Sunley has a tale of a lass 'at went fond an' deed, an' a' fer t' maister o' Burneston, an' she had a feeal's sang, an' a feeal's rhyme."

John Barugh looked puzzled and inquisitive, but he understood Doris too well to question her further. There was that kind of implicit unspoken trust between this father and daughter which often exists between people who never to one another expand into acts of tenderness. I say acts, for, after all, tenderness receives its value from the character of its recipient; and perhaps the most intense tenderness towards some natures is to make them feel that thorough though unspoken trust is felt in them. Doris and her father seldom talked together, but they never quarrelled.

John knew at this moment that a smile, a word even, might at once put a seal on the girl's unwonted confidence, and he stood still, only turning his face into a yet more listening attitude.

"Ah wer swingin' on t' gate as Rose might a' done," Doris spoke, with strong contempt against herself, "an' ah sang t' same words as t' poor mad lass sang, as Joseph Sunley tellt me, —

> May it so happen, an' may it so fall,
> Ah may be lady of Burneston Hall.

John's lower jaw fell. He looked so utterly confounded that Doris laughed, spite of herself. He reddened at this and then recovered himself.

"Thee's i' t' reeght te laugh, Doris.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Thoo's little mair an a babby, an' it's as like as nut as Mr. Burneston heared na'er a word o' tha fond rhyme. Bud it's a feeal's rhyme for a' that, an' Joseph's a feeal te go learnin' thee such a rhyme."

"Joseph didn't learn it me, faything. He said it once, an' then ah couldn't get it out o' my head. Ah says it over an' over again," she said angrily.

"Weel, nivver freeat theesel' aboot 'un; theer's neean harm." John felt uneasy, though he tried to hide it. He was wondering what Dorothy would think of this adventure. "Nivver freeat theesel' aboot un, lass; thoo may be seer Maister Burneston heerd nowt on it."

He did not look at Doris, but her eyes fixed on him with a hard scrutiny. It was difficult to believe that such eyes, so full of sweet reflection, could concentrate their expression into such hardness. Then, as her father turned his back and went slowly and heavily towards the house, the girl said to herself, —

"Faything forgets how old ah is when he puts me off like a babby. Wheeah! Mr. Burneston heared ivvery word o' t' rhyme, ah'se sure o' that; an' it wer reeght doon cruel o' him to coom an' find me out."

She pulled at the strings of her sun-bonnet with each hand, and walked indoors with even more dignity than usual.

CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOW OF A PURPOSE.

SOME one has said that you should never judge of men and women till you have seen them at home in the familiarity of domestic life, where all the angles of their characters are in broad light, and where these reflect and refract prism-wise the various influences brought to bear on them directly by tempers and tongues of near kin, as they stand unprotected by any of the blinds and shields which the reticence and ignorance of strangers make for them when abroad.

Till his marriage Phillip Burneston had never suffered from any domestic contradictions. He was the only child of loving parents, who died before he was twenty, and though he then spent a short time at Cambridge, his health as a boy prevented him from learning discipline and self-control at a public school, or at least did not give him the opportunity of learning it. And yet his natural gentleness kept him from any headstrong or self-willed measures when he came into the management of considerable property.

He married at twenty-two the wife assigned him by family arrangements ever since he and Miss Beaumont had been twelve years old, and he had made an irreproachable husband.

The first discipline of life came to him in those nine years of marriage. Mrs. Burneston was very elegant and fashionable, very shallow, exacting, and affectionate. In all larger matters, such as expenditure, place of residence, choice of friends, disposal of time, her husband soon found domestic peace was only to be had by submission, and as human nature must ordinarily, with regard to its fellows, have some compensation for self-sacrifice, this submission, so long unknown to his life, had for compensation a quality also hitherto undeveloped — a determined obstinacy about his own special fancies.

At the end of nine years Mrs. Burneston died, leaving a little boy of eight years old, and a great blank in her husband's life. She had been his occupation rather than his companion, but she had so often asserted her love for him, that it would have been impossible to the loving, gentle-natured man to disbelieve in it — to realize that love is an active rather than a passive quality. He would have been indignant to learn that his wife had died with a falsehood on her lips — unless, indeed, mere fidelity and lip-assurance constitute love.

The sensation of freedom was, therefore, alloyed with a sense of loss, and for two years he had wandered about aimlessly, his wife's dislike to foreign travel having kept him from much that he willed to examine, and during this time he had come home only to get occasional and brief glimpses of his boy Ralph, left ostensibly to the devoted care of Faith Emmett, the housekeeper of Burneston, and to the guardianship and tutorship of Mr. Spencer, the vicar. In reality, Ralph had been left free to exercise his own small despotisms on all who came in contact with him.

Mr. Burneston was an archæologist, and though he often had with him a companion sympathetic in the matters of stonework and stones, yet of late he had felt a new discontent, a longing for some more human interests, and on his return from a long Scandinavian excursion he had announced his intention of settling down for a year at least at Burneston.

The villagers smiled at this announcement, and Faith Emmett laughed in the bailiff's face as he made it.

"Mr. Burneston hev nivver stayed three months at once at t' Hall sin' I knawed

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

it," she said scoffingly; "it's nut t' place te suit a lively gentleman. Just t' little she did see o't wur the death o' t' poor lady — it fair gi' her t' horrors, poor soul."

But the butler, Benjamin Hazelgrave, an old servant of the Burnestons, was sternly indignant when he heard of Faith's prophecy.

"Mistress Emmett sud knaw," he said loftily, "that the gentlemen of Burneston are nane fond, like silly wimmin, an' it does nut become one taken fra t' other side o' t' country, an' slipped in as laady's favorite ower awder heads than her own, to be talkin' o' t' maister as if he wur lahk herself."

This he said at, not to, Mrs. Emmett, and then treated her with scornful silence, it being a sore point with Mr. Benjamin that his own wife, the cook at Burneston, should have had Mrs. Burneston's maid and nurse, Faith Emmett, an entire stranger, set in authority over her as housekeeper.

Faith was right, however, about the aspect of Burneston Hall. It was very weird and dreary; a heavy mass of grey building which, on closer inspection, took the shape of an E, two wings projected towards the river, and in the centre was a shorter projection; between this, which formed the back entrance, and the river came a smooth lawn swept by drooping cedar branches in the centre, and at the sides by low-growing beech-trees, so closely set that even from the meadow, planted like a park, on the other side of the river only occasional bits of the grey house and its upper lattice windows could be seen. The river ran swiftly and darkly past the low wall, which formed a long semicircular terrace with here and there willow-trees bathing deeply in the water, and giving a weird, damp look to the manor-house, especially in the dark corners formed by the ends of the semicircular wall, one of which was completely overshadowed by pendent boughs, while the other emerged from its mystery in a straight bit of wall, behind which, at a little distance, rose the lofty enclosure round the real entrance to the house and the stable-yard. Originally Burneston had been used as a shooting residence, and little pains had been taken either with the entrance or with the garden. Her husband's refusal to improve these had determined Mrs. Burneston's dislike to the place.

Just beyond the Hall, on the right as one faced the house, was a stone bridge with three arches, and through these the current swept strongly, the river broadening to nearly double its width on the farther side till there was room for a tree-covered islet in its midst. Beyond this islet was a narrow wooden bridge, and leading to this came the road down-hill from the church, with the village scattered along its sides; but the Hall was so thickly belted in with trees that no signs or sounds of human life reached it; even the smoke curling from the cottage chimneys as they mounted the hill was hidden away. It was just a place where ghosts might linger.

But at this moment, within the Hall itself, there is noise enough to banish all ghostly fancies. In the entrance hall, a square pleasant room with a Turkey carpet, painted glass windows, and old pictures, a tall slender woman is struggling with, and trying to pinion the arms of a fair-haired boy about ten years old. The woman's abundant white hair confined by a black net contrasted strangely with her long, deep-set, dark eyes flashing brightly with anger and excitement.

"Oh! you limb o' Satan!" she calls out amid the boy's outcries. "An' how dare you? It's none my fault, it's yer own, Master Ralph, if I say them words; it's yer conduct what makes me say 'em. Yer as brassend as Hector."

Ralph's blue eyes are bright with mischief rather than anger, and his face has got scarlet in his efforts to free himself; but at this he stands still, and laughs contemptuously.

"Oh, I like that, I do, you hardened old hypocrite! You know you're as glad as you can be to get a chance of using bad words, or they wouldn't come to your tongue so easily. Let go, I say, or I shall twist your wrists, and then you'll be sorry, you old marplot — I hate you!" he adds angrily.

Faith Emmett lets go of his arms at once, and drops exhausted into a high-backed cane chair. The flush leaves her face; she sits there grey and colorless.

Ralph, in his surprise, forgets his purpose, he stands looking at his nurse, and a sudden hush comes over the storm. Into this hush, startled by the previous clamor, comes Mr. Burneston from a doorway at the end of the hall farthest from the windows.

"Ralph, what are you doing? Is anything the matter with Faith?" for in an instant he sees the woman's pale face.

She rises at once.

"It's nowt. Master Ralph was playin', an'——"

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Hold your tongue, Faith, and don't tell stories to my father."

Faith turns paler still.

"Master Ralph," she says sadly, "that's nut t' way te speak te me."

"No, Ralph, it is not, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself." Mr. Burneston speaks in a vexed tone; he does not like the nurse's interference, and yet he cannot resent it.

"The long and the short of it is, father" — Ralph looks up coolly in his father's gentle face — "neither of us have been behaving at all. I wanted to shoot at Sir Marmaduke" — he points to one of the old pictures — "with my pop-gun — his nose annoys me — and Faith was goose enough to think she could hold my arms back and prevent me."

Ralph laughs, but looks uneasy when no smile comes on his father's face.

Mr. Burneston looks inquiringly at Faith, but she has seated herself again in the high-backed chair, as if the case were going to be tried before her. Seeing this, he raises his head slightly, and turns to the door by which he came into the hall.

"I want you in the study, Ralph." And he walks on, leaving the boy to follow.

But, instead, Ralph turns indignantly on the old woman.

"Bother you; why can't you hold your tongue? My father doesn't care what scrapes I get into and get out of by myself, but he hates to find me sparring with you. I know it by the look of him. Well, I'll just tell you what'll happen. He'll send me to school, and I'm not sure but what, after all, I sha'n't be jolly glad of it."

This was too much; he had said, "I hate you," he had accused her of telling a story, but to be glad to go to school! — she broke down into tears, though she struggled hard to hide her tears from Ralph.

He stood a moment, then he dashed up and gave her a kiss.

"Don't be an old silly, you'd much better go and make that toffy you promised me, than sit here crying."

"Gang, gang, maister Ralph, honey, gang quick, or yer papa will be mad wi' you." She choked down her sobs and smiled, as the boy nodded and ran away, and then she sat with her hands in her lap, frowning till nothing of her eyes was visible but the yellow light gleaming through her black lashes. She had a curiously-shaped face, so wide at the angle of the cheek bones that it seemed as if in infancy the forehead and chin had been pressed towards each other, and the loss of her front teeth had increased this nearness by shortening the space between nose and chin.

Her face was plump, though her figure was slender, but spite of this plumpness there was a stern, inflexible expression about the mouth, and an almost baleful glare from her eyes which did not impress one favorably.

She sat for some time clasping her bony hands and looking at them as if for counsel. At last she shook her head.

"Eh dearie me, an' how'll it ivver end, he'll nivver hev no beeans, he's all made o' gristle, he's as wake as a sneeze. That comes o' so much blood from t' south i' t' family. Ah'd liefer far hev seed him gang away stubborn, an' keep stubborn too, than get all in a moment like a bit o' silk with the creases smoothed out on't. Bud neeah, neeah, he'll be fierce as a buck-rat one minnit, an' t' nixt as soft as a dumplin'; no mair puppose in him than his fayther afore him, unless it's fer some folly or other, an' then if he wur te want t' moon he'd waste all t' brass as ivver he'd getten i' steers to reach it. Weel, so lang as ther ain't no new mamma brought heeame te vex him, mebbe he'll get on, bud 'at ud bring bad tiv us all, let alone Master Ralph, an' I misdoubt t' maister hissel'."

She rose up at the sound of footsteps, and it was surprising to see how quickly her vindictive look changed into a smile of welcome as she went forward to hold the door for the person who had opened it from the outside, and now entered the hall.

He was tall and thin almost to leanness; long dark lively eyes and the dark hair hanging over them gave him the appearance of a gypsy, and his slouched felt hat, threadbare coat, and patched boots, might have carried out this idea, but for the housekeeper's deep curtsy, and for that something about Gilbert Raine which made him look like a scholar and a gentleman.

He held carefully a fragment of dark-colored glass so frosted over with long interment that it was covered with prismatic tints; there were fragments of clay sticking to it, and Faith held out her hand.

"Where's Mr. Burneston, Mrs. Emmett?" He took no notice of her outstretched hand, but spoke in a quick, abrupt voice that seemed unused to contradiction.

"Maister's i' the study, sir; bud sha'n't I wash that for ye, Mr. Raine? It ain't fit to tak indoors, it ain't."

Raine pressed the precious relic against his coat.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Wash it, indeed — no, thank you, Mrs. Emmett — I haven't quite forgotten the scrubbing you gave to my terra-cotta Latona and the mural frescoes you took care of for me last year. Ah, you want a month's training at Austin's End, you do. I expect you'd like to polish my brazen shield there, and send a good deal else to the dusthole." He laughed and went out to the study with his relic. "She can't help being a woman," he said to himself, "and women's ideas are confined to decorating their persons, and cleaning all that doesn't want cleaning."

He found Mr. Burneston alone. Ralph had been dismissed with a lecture.

"Look here, Phil, I was just digging beneath the wall of the fruit-garden, where that bit of brick turned up the other day, and I found this." He paused, for Mr. Burneston looked up with only a sickly smile. "Is anything the matter?" said Gilbert Raine, with a sudden change of tone.

Philip Burneston pressed his hand on his forehead.

"Well," he tried to laugh, "I suppose I ought not to have stayed away, and then all these minor miseries would have been such a part of my existence that I should not have minded them; but I seem now always to be called on to interfere about Ralph."

"What's the matter now?" Raine's quick, jerking utterance had returned and formed a striking contrast to the slow, refined speech of his companion, it was full of seeming impatience, and the fire of his dark eyes enhanced this idea.

"Oh, a trifle not worth repeating, except that trifles make or mar life. I was asking myself, just as you came in, how I am to bring up Ralph without his mother to help me."

"Nonsense — I beg your pardon, my dear fellow" — his voice was gentle in an instant, for he had had deep sympathy with his cousin's sorrow, though he considered Mrs. Burneston had spoiled her husband's life — "but at ten years old I think a boy is better away from women."

Mr. Burneston fidgeted with a paper-knife on the table near him.

"Yes, I know I ought to send him to school, but then h.s mother thought him too delicate, and Faith says it would be the death of him."

"I shouldn't listen to Faith."

"No, you would not, because a single man of your age does not believe in a woman's judgment on certain points of health as a married man does, simply because the single man is a theorist in such matters."

Gilbert Raine shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "I intend to keep to theory; but if you don't send the boy to school, you must marry again, Phil; you can't expect Ralph to submit to an old nurse, the boy wouldn't be worth his salt if he did." A slight flush tinged Mr. Raine's dark, hollow cheeks, he was conscious of having encouraged Ralph in small rebellions against the housekeeper's interference.

"Well, perhaps not, but you are the last man I expected such advice from." Mr. Burneston sat upright and looked hard at his friend.

"I dare say — well, yes — but one can't always preach what one practises; a wife would destroy my happiness, she might increase yours; at least, I can see very plainly that you must have some one to take these petty worries off your hands, though, to tell you the truth, I always thought you much too light-hearted to let yourself be worried easily."

Burneston got up, shook himself, and laughed.

"So I am. You happened to come in at a moment when I had been vexed, by this evening I should have forgotten all about Ralph's scrape. I believe," he laughed again, "it is not anything in itself that worries, it is rather that nature revolts from the harness of civilized life after our two years of Arab freedom."

Raine groaned.

"Ah, there is the outcome of having been drilled by a wife. Now I'm going back to Austin's End. I don't mean that my responsibilities equal yours. I have one small estate to look after, and you have two large ones and a boy besides; but still I sha'n't allow myself to be worried, any more than I worried while we were vagrants."

"I wish we were vagrants again," Mr. Burneston sighed.

Raine went on, "Then again I keep the fewest possible servants, not only from economy, but because I find that servants are a worry. I never study fashion, either in dress or anything else, or that would soon grow into a worry, and I never allow dusting in my rooms: dusting is the greatest worry I can conceive in life, and a wife, you see, would at once bring servants and fashion, and dusters and brooms to Austin's End."

Burneston was laughing heartily. "My wonder is," he said, "that you don't try and find some one of your own way of thinking. You must often want help in arrang-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ing your treasures in that wonderful den of yours."

Raine looked serious for an instant.

"No, Phil, I thought of it once, I even argued it out, but I found it would not do. No," he shook his head. "A woman with my tastes would be a sloven, and I could not stand that in a wife; and probably she would be ugly. I thought once of another plan, but it would be too troublesome."

"And what may that be?"

"Well,"— Raine reddened, he shrank from his friend's ridicule —"it is an experiment that has been tried, but the result seems doubtful; of course it may not have been tried under favorable conditions. I thought whether it would do to choose out some young, good-looking, healthy country girl of twelve or thereabouts, and have her brought up precisely to suit me."

"But, my dear Gilbert, don't you see that to suit you she must have a certain amount of culture, and with that very culture would come the seeds of all you shrink from, love of dress, fashion, order, and need of attendance, just as one foot follows the other as you walk."

"Yes, I know," Raine looked foolish, "I saw all that, and I also saw another evil harder to bear than any — there might be children, and then there would be that unutterably vexed question of confusion of race, and though the Raines are poor, they have managed to keep to conservatism hitherto."

"You think opinion is influenced by blood then?"

"Undoubtedly; from such a marriage might spring a thorough-going Radical, who would perhaps level the old place, and build a modern mansion lighted by gas," he said mockingly.

"You are joking; you know as well as I do that outward surroundings and associations do much to cultivate and refine, and that whoever married you would for peace and quietness' sake adopt your opinions."

"Well, I shall not try the experiment, though I think the idea as an idea is not a bad one; but, to go back to the beginning, take my advice and send your boy to school."

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST STEP.

GILBERT RAINE only stayed another day at Burneston, and then set off for his cheerless, quaint, museum-like home at Austin's End, nearly a hundred miles away.

Mr. Burneston felt doubly lonely without him; Gilbert Raine was not a talkative companion, unless some favorite topic was discussed; but he was so full of genial warmth, so ready with rough counsel or with full-hearted sympathy, so deeply read and many-gifted, that when he went away the old manor-house felt as chilly as if the fires had gone out in the wide hearths, and the candles had sunk in their sockets.

There had been a singularly strong affection between the friends in their university life, when Gilbert Raine's public-school training had enabled him to be of great service to his home-trained cousin. Gilbert Raine had never known the spoiling of prosperity. He had been brought up by an eccentric bachelor uncle, who had made his inheritance of the small estate called Austin's End dependent on the boy's success both at school and college, and had besides enforced on him the strictest economy and self-denial. So that when at thirty he became his uncle's heir, he went on instinctively with the same simple, inexpensive habits, content to be left alone with his books, and only rejoicing in his larger means for the power they gave of adding to his treasures. Some of his equals called Gilbert Raine a miserly book-worm; but his poor tenants knew better, and said that there was a real good master at Austin's End.

Mr. Burneston had been so long with his cousin that he felt strangely unsettled at his departure, and yet he had no wish to leave the Hall. He took a lively interest in some planting on one side of the estate, and in draining and farm-building in another quarter; it was only when he came home tired out with his day's work that a restless discontent mastered him. And as discontent requires a very strong guardian, to be kept entirely out of sight, he was stern to Ralph and harsh to Faith, and disposed to general faultfinding with his household. Benjamin shook his head and whispered to his wife, "Theer'll be a new missus afore lang at t' Hall."

"Gan yer ways, sheea'll be a furrineer then, t' maister hevn't had t' chance o' seein' English laadies, an' after all it 'wad be bud nat'ral, he's too yung te be left aleean."

Joseph Sunley, the old sexton, who lived in the stone cottage next Mrs. Duncombe, was growing much disturbed by the squire's ways. He saw Mr. Burneston often now, and he commented on his frequent visits to the Church Farm. Joseph was not a conscious gossip, but by

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

living alone he had got a habit of talking to himself, and being a little deaf, was unaware how much of his mind he gave to the public.

One evening about a fortnight after Mr. Raine's departure, he sat at his door in a round-backed, three-cornered wooden chair; it was a warm evening, and he sat in his shirt-sleeves smoking a pipe.

His old brown face was puckered more than could have been caused by the effort of holding his pipe, and when he removed it, and held it between his fingers, the creases deepened round his mouth.

"Dang it," he struck his hand heavily on his brown fustian knees, "it fair caps me, that it diz. John Barugh's a decent chap, a trifle slow an' awkard; bud 'at missus o' hiz sheea's as fahne as a fiddle, an' that's aboot t' truth, an' ah deean't think Mr. Burneston can find owt te say tiv 'er. Mebby he gans noo t' see t' sick lad, bud ah deean't knaw, an' ah can't reeghtly tell what fer he gans theer so oft, it's mair an a boddy like me can knaw; bud he diz gan theer, an' that's sure an' certain, so theer."

He stopped not a minute too soon. Looking across the road, he saw Doris opening the white gate. She came slowly in answer to his nod. "How's t' lad?" he said. Doris looked very grave.

"Nay, but it's sad then," she spoke slowly, "t' doctor hev telt mother yisterda 'at t' poor lad'll mebby nivver hev t' reet use o' his legs ageean."

"Eh, what's 'at he sed, lass?" Joseph's face contracted, till a fan of wrinkles spread from the corners of his eyes and lips. "Poor chap, nut hev t' use o' his legs ageean—nut walk! What diz t' lass meean?"

"He'll mebby nut walk 'cept wi' crutches. Eh, Mr. Sunley, think o' George wi' crutches!" she pressed her lips tightly together. "But t' doctor hev said so—so now ye know."

"Mr. Burneston gans to see t' lad, eh lass; it's reeght kind o' him te gan so oft; ee's a kind chap, t' maister is."

"Ay," said Doris, "but he deean't say much te George, he talks te mother an' me; but ah mun go, Mr. Sunley, ah mun go te t' vicarage."

Joseph sate still watching the girl as she went round the corner to the churchyard gate, and then out at a smaller gate in the corner nearest the farm, which led into the glebe field. She could have done this just as well by going through the farmyard, and out into the glebe field by the gate on which she was swinging when the squire first saw her. But ever since that luckless afternoon Doris had hated the gate with all the strength of her nature. She did not hate Mr. Burneston, her sense of justice told her that he was not to blame because he had heard her foolish song; but she never felt at ease with him, and when she could she avoided being present at his visits, although she secretly delighted in listening to his gentle voice and refined speech.

To-day, besides her dislike to the glebe gate, she had seen Mr. Burneston standing in the rick-yard talking to her father, and she at once remembered that she had promised George to fetch him a book from the vicarage.

"Bon it!" Joseph said to himself, "t' wurld's full o' strange things. Te think o' a stiddy chap like Mr. Burneston spendin' his time wit' t' like o' Dorothy Barugh as he diz. Ah'd thowt he'd hev cared to hear o' his fayther an' his grandfayther when a' wer lahtle lads like Maister Ralph. Ah minds 'em both; they wor fahne lads, mebby not so bonny-lookin' as what this chap hev growed into; bud neea, neea, t' times is changed, fooalks nivver looks back noo, it's allays forrad, forrad, forrad."

At that moment Mr. Burneston was an apt illustration of Joseph's words. For more than a week he had been soothing his restlessness by mental pictures, which he felt only required an act of will to be converted from castles in the air to realities. And the past—which he had even thought of with regret, even if he had never felt a longing for its return—was gradually fading into a grey mist, in which indifference made all indistinct.

No wonder that Ralph complained of his father's dulness—every link that bound the boy to his father formed part of other links that went backwards into life; there was as yet nothing to bring Ralph into this dreamlike fancy which so entirely absorbed the present.

Mr. Burneston saw Doris go out of the house, and then he saw the gate swing, and he knew that she would not come through the rick-yard. But to-day he had made up his mind to act, and her absence was a necessary preliminary to this action.

He watched the girl pass beside the screen of fir-trees, and then he turned with a new purpose in his face to John Barugh.

"I want to have some talk with you and your wife together," he said; "shall we go in?"

He did not wait for the farmer's assent, but led the way to the house.

Joseph had seen Mr. Burneston coming

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

from the rick-yard, and by the time they were crossing towards the house he had reached the gate.

Pre-occupied as he was, Philip Burneston could not forget his habitual courtesy.

"Good-day, Joseph. How's the stiff knee? Did Mrs. Emmett's stuff do any good?"

Joseph shook his head.

"Neeah, neeah, sir, 't wurn't likely 'at t' sort o' stuff 'ud deea fer a knee, when t' wur wrote o' 't i' plain writin' fer a airm; a knee an' a airm ain't made alike, bliss t' lass. Shea sud read o' t' bottles afore sheea sends 'em te fooak."

"Well, I'll tell her," but Mr. Burneston spoke so absently as he turned away, that a fresh pucker rose on Joseph's forehead.

"Dash mah! Ah's fair capt, ah is; he's as glum as a sperret," he said, as he limped back to the seat outside his door. "Mebby Mrs. Duncombe knaws summat aboot 'un; shea's a 'cute awd lass."

Generally Mr. Burneston's visit only lasted half an hour, but to-day, though Joseph never relaxed his watch, an hour and a half passed, and still the squire did not come out. Doris came back, went in with the book, but she did not stay indoors, and Joseph saw her go on to the beehives.

At last the house-door opened, and Mr. Burneston appeared, followed by both husband and wife. Joseph gave a grunt of disapprobation, as he watched the cordial leave-taking, and then he tried to listen as Mr. Burneston stopped, when he came to the gate, to say a few more words to John Barugh.

They seemed very earnest words, but the sexton's deaf ears disappointed his eager longing; he could not hear Mr. Burneston say, —

"Well, I hope in time you will see the matter as your wife does. All that Doris gains at school will be undone if she spends her holidays here; you shall go and see her once a year, and she will of course write to you constantly."

John Barugh's face was full of trouble.

"Ah knaws 'at yeh mean it fer t' lass's gude, sur; bud ah mean no offence when ah say ah cann't see 't, ner ah cann't say ah thank yeh nowther. Ah cann't thank any mon as wants t' tak mah lass away fra' me."

Book I. — School.

CHAPTER I.

TWO SCHOOLGIRLS.

About four miles from London, on the skirts of a large common overgrown with golden gorse, there stood and still stands a large old-fashioned house, probably dating as far back as the Tudors.

In the large plot of front garden is a group of tall trees round which sweeps a broad, gravelled carriage drive, entered through tall, iron gates set in the high, iron railing which mounted on a low wall screens the house from the road. There is a portico over the central doorway; and above the old-fashioned windows are three quaint gables. The entrance under the portico is closed, but on the left side of the house is a conservatory, and through this you can, if you please, enter Pelican House, cross its slippery, marble-floored hall, and find your way out through double glass-doors on the left into a sort of second matted hall and thence to a pleasant lawn surrounded by shrubberies, and shaded on one side by the lofty elms which screen the grounds of Pelican House from those of its neighbor.

If you look round the matted hall a variety of garden bonnets hanging on pegs, a collection of battledores and shuttlecocks, with here and there the hoops and sticks for a game called *la grâce*, skipping-ropes and balls, will have suggested to you that Pelican House is a girls' school, and a few steps outside the glass-door will convince you of this fact, for the bell is ringing, and about a dozen girls of various age and size come rushing out, some by the way you have come, some from other doors, for the house is much larger than it looks from the gates; and in a minute, although almost all have disappeared among the shrubberies, a soft buzz of girls' voices, and occasional notes of merry, ringing laughter, reach you as you stand on the range of shallow steps which forms a terrace above the lawn.

The girls divide as they pass out of sight into small groups, and some twos go hand-in-hand or with arms circling each other's waists. The last two are neither the eldest nor the youngest. They are well matched in height and age, very different in face and figure.

The tall, slender girl, with erect head and delicately-cut, regular features, is Doris Barugh; but the ease with which she walks, and a nameless something which has spread over her whole person, show that the two years spent at Pelican House have given her, at least, outward refinement both when in movement and in repose. As the "principal," or schoolmistress, as she was simply called forty years ago, had said to Mr. Burneston, "The girl has so much natural refinement of look

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and dignity of manner, that there will be little up-hill work in training her."

And as Miss Phillimore's idea of education for her pupils did not go beyond refinement and culture, both of look and manner, with the amount of head knowledge and the accomplishments necessary for "a young lady," Doris was from her point of view a complete success.

Mr. Burneston had said to the schoolmistress that a friend of his wished to place his daughter under her care — a remarkable girl, but one whose education had been neglected. "Outward refinement and polish are what she chiefly wants," he said, getting a little confused under the calm eyes of the observing lady; "she has plenty of self-respect and dignity."

Miss Phillimore had that quickness in perceiving weak points which is so often found in a shallow nature incapable of deeper insight or sympathy, and she at once, woman-like, jumped at the result which this charming, pleasant-looking gentleman was contemplating; but she kept her surmise a secret, only, having ascertained the extent of Mr. Burneston's property, and the importance of his position, she resolved to attach the new pupil to herself, and to fit her in every way for the future that she divined lay before her. For even cold, world-hardened Miss Phillimore was at once fascinated by the girl's beauty, and the graceful dignity of her manner.

Often to herself the schoolmistress wondered how it was that this farmer's daughter had so rapidly shot out of the sheath of ignorance and broad speech which had at first separated her from her schoolfellows, and had now distanced them all in any study to which she chose to apply herself.

"Choose is the word," said Miss Phillimore thoughtfully. "Doris is so conscientiously in earnest in all she does, that I have never yet had to thwart her will. I fancy she could be very stubborn." But the schoolmistress dismissed the half-revelation which came to her with these words; and on the old plan of "leave well alone," she was doubtless in the right, having, with all her learning and perfection of outward manner, about as much knowledge of the human heart or of the way to help it in its struggles against self, as a hairdresser has of the inside of the heads that pass under his hands.

"Ah, Doris," she said with a smiling bow, as the two girls met her at a turn in one of the shrubberies. "A delightful afternoon, is it not?" and then she included Doris's companion in her very pleasant smile, and passed on towards the house.

"I wonder" — the girl shorter and stouter than Doris looked and breathed fresh country air, she might have just been gathered from a wild-rose spray — "I wonder," she hesitated, pushing her hazel-nut-brown hair out of her eyes, "if that smile may be trusted."

Doris lifted her long, dark lashes, and gave a surprised look at her companion.

"I should not have thought you mistrustful, Miss Masham."

"Why 'Miss Masham'? I told you this morning that if I did not bore you I should like to be your friend. I will call you Doris."

"I will call you what you like," said Doris quickly. "I think your name is Frederica?"

"Yes, is it not horrible? but you must call me Rica. At home the boys call me Freddy, but I don't like it, and my mother always calls me Rica."

"You have a mother, then?"

"Oh yes," sadly, "that is why I work so hard. I want to be very clever; my mother is so delicate, and if anything happened to my father, I should like to be of use. You see I am so terribly unlike other girls, at least they say so, and I am come here to be got into shape."

Doris smiled, and such a rare sweetness spread over her face that Rica looked up at her lovingly.

"Certainly you are not like other girls," she said in the soft, low voice that had charmed Mr. Burneston. She had lost the dialect, and she said I for ah now, but she had still the sweetness of northern tone. "But then these two years that I've been here, I've seen so many girls, and I've often wished they were not all so like one another."

"Ah! but," Rica broke in with impulsive abruptness, "are you quite sure they were alike? Don't laugh at me, Doris, but it seems to me that you do not notice much that goes on round you. You often seem to be dreaming; perhaps," she looked admiringly at her lovely friend, "you are thinking out thoughts beyond our comprehension."

Doris blushed so deeply in such confusion that Rica felt puzzled.

"Don't say that to me, please. I can't talk about my own thoughts. I dare say we are none of us quite so good or quite so bad as we seem. But I want to know why you distrust Miss Phillimore?"

"Well, I've only known her a few days,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

but she never has any phases or moods. It is natural you should like her, she treats you like a queen, but it seems to me that such a perpetually serene smile must be artificial and mechanical. People feel hot and cold, and glad and sorry, and well and ill; and of course all these phases must affect both mind and body; and somehow I don't think Miss Phillimore goes in for religion enough to make her perpetual sweetness the result of saintliness."

"I know nothing about saints," said Doris coldly, "but I fancy they must be dull and uninteresting, even if there are such people."

Rica's large grey eyes had been fixed earnestly on her companion. In an instant they grew dark and liquid as the pupils dilated, and she said with intense feeling, "Hush, Doris, dear! Don't say that. My father and mother are both saints, and so was my sister who died."

"Why"—began Doris, but she stopped. Rica's pink dimpled hands were placed on her eyes to keep in the tears which began to show through them.

They walked on silently. Doris soon forgot Rica, she went on thinking out a thought that often occupied her—what would life be like when she went to live at home? To-day this thought pressed heavily, and after it came another, how much longer should she stay at school? And then the dread, which week by week grew stronger as she brooded over it, should she be happy when she left Pelican House? Whenever she thought of her parents and her old life, she grew more and more aware of the change in herself. Another thought sometimes intruded, but she did not let herself dwell on it. A feeling that was partly pride, partly a kind of awkward shyness, which linked her to the past she so longed to forget, always made her banish any reveries about Mr. Burneston, and the share he had had in her going to school; but still every now and then, seemingly against her will, she found herself wondering whether she should ever see him again, and whether he would see the change in her; but her face grew crimson at the memory of that first interview, that by degrees she had made herself regard as a thing of no consequence.

Mr. Burneston had paid several visits to the farm before he could get John Barugh to listen patiently to his plans for Doris. He argued that the girl must be educated somewhere; that there was only an infant school in Burneston; even at Steersley, the nearest town, there was only a third-rate school, where Doris would learn more harm than good; even there she would have to go as a boarder, so that there must be a separation. If Mr. Barugh would tell him how much he would spend on his daughter's schooling, he (the squire) would promise that the sum named should satisfy the schoolmistress he had in view. But at this point John shrugged his broad shoulders and retreated to the mantelshelf, leaving Mr. Burneston to finish the talk with his wife.

At last, at the end of a month, wearied out by the squire's persistence and his wife's persistent persecution, he conceded that the decision should be left to Doris herself, on condition that he was present when the matter was put before her.

On the evening following this concession her mother called Doris in from the beehives. She spoke very cheerfully.

"Doris, lass, will ye like to go to school again?"

The girl had a sort of quiet mistrust of her mother's wisdom. She looked on to the tall, red-bearded father for answer.

John sighed, and a smothered groan sounded as he leant on the mantelshelf.

"Neeah, lass, gin thee dee'ant cotton tiv't, thee sall bide at yam. Better be content wi' thy awn fooak than freeat theesel to be made a laady."

"Nay, nay, father, that's not fair." There was a sharp anxiety in Dorothy's thin voice, and as her husband listened to it his head sank as if his last hope was gone. "We was to put it fair before her, an' she was to choose herself."

"What is t' choice?" said Doris firmly. "An' wheea is't can hev owt te do wi' me, beside fayther an' thee?"

John Barugh made a step forward, and then, with a great effort at self-control, he went back to the hearth.

"You tell her if you like," his wife said fretfully. She was trembling with eagerness lest her father's evident unwillingness should check the girl's ambition.

John Barugh shook his head.

"Wheea dee'ant thee tell it out, mother?" said Doris contemptuously.

"I'm sure it's time you was sent to school to learn manners, let alone how to talk. I'm sure I can't teach you, even to speak properly, though it's not for want of trying," said Dorothy. Then, afraid that her husband would tell her story for her, "If you like, Doris, you may go to a good school, such as reel ladies goes to, an' be taught everything heart can wish, an' to talk like 'the quality,' as your father says, an' cost little to him neither."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Tell t' truth, Dorothy." John Barugh had come forward, and there was a bitterness in his voice that startled the girl. Rarely had her mother's fretful twitting and constant complaints drawn an angry word from the strong, patient man, who sixteen years before had married for love, and he had never, before one of his children, rebuked his wife thus sternly. Then turning to Doris, who had become pale with sudden shrinking from this token of deep unspoken strife between her parents, "Ah'll tell t' lass mysel'. Neeah, neeah, Doris lass, ther's tweea sahdes t' ivverything i' life, an' thy moother's telt thee t' bright o' this'n. T' ither's a sad sahde te me, lass. Mebbe ah'm wrang, an' if ye think ah's wrang, ye'll be noane feard o' speakin' oop an' tellin' yer faythe, lass."

She looked at him trying to understand.

"Ah can't say while ah kens nowt, faythe."

It was curious that the girl's accent always broadened in speaking to her father.

"Well," said Mrs. Barugh pettishly, "there's a vast o' words wasted. It's soon said; you'll have to spend yer holidays at school, and never come home till ye've done with the learnin'."

Doris stood with open mouth and staring eyes. It was too much to take in all at once. She had first been dazzled, now she was shocked.

"Nivver coom yam!" She looked longingly at her father, and the pain in her voice soothed the hunger which had been gnawing at his heart.

"Neeah, lass" — and then, with an effort against himself, the supreme martyrdom of which no child could ever comprehend — "bud ah tellt ye t' leeak a beath sahdes, yan as mitch as t' other. Ther's t' scheeal an' t' learnin' ye says noo an' again ye wearies after, an' books, an' music, an' sike; an' ther's stayin' on in t' yam wi' faythe an' moother an' t' poor lad."

"George 'd miss me," said Doris simply.

John Barugh turned his back, went again to the mantelshelf, and gulped down a sob there. Then came a silence.

"Faythe" — Doris spoke resolutely — "scheeal is a great thing fer a lass. Ah'd liever not say out at yance what ah chooses."

"Neeah," he sighed; "at's trew an' fair eneeaf; t' mooarnin' 'ell deea te talk ageean, if it's t' be."

But his heart was very heavy; he had clung to the hope that he was as necessary to the girl as she was to him, and her hesitation told him what her decision would be.

And he was right. In less than a month Doris had bade good-bye to her mother and to poor, sobbing George, and found herself less sorrowful than she expected when she had parted from her father at the gates of Pelican House. For John Barugh would not risk a farewell before witnesses.

"Neeah, neeah," he said to Dorothy when he got back, "Doris looks a laady; no need for the fine scheeal-missus to see as she hev sike a rough chap te her faythe."

At the end of the year, he claimed Mr. Burneston's promise to go up and see Doris; he managed to see her alone and to exchange as few words as possible with any one else. And when he came back he said to Dorothy,—

"Gi' me a kiss, lass. Thou was i' t' reeght an' ah was i' t' wrang. T' lass is as beautiful an' as sweet as any queen; nowt's too gude fer t' like o' Doris. sheea's i' t' reet place. Sheea war clean thrawed away on sike as wersels."

And Mrs. Barugh gave the kiss. She did not hear the sob in her husband's voice; she hungered for a sight of her beautiful child, but her ambition was stronger than her love, and she sat with half-closed eyes and smiling lips, listening to all John had to tell, and weaving the part she meant to play in the brilliant future which lay before Doris.

Only George looked dissatisfied.

"Faythe," he said, after a pause, "is thee quite seear Doris is i' t' reet road?"

Even his mother's doating fondness could not keep her from an angry word.

"George, ye're turning foolish, lad; was ever the like o' such silly stuff as that?"

"Ah me-ans, faythe" — the boy's eyes looked earnestly in John Barugh's face — "it says, 'to do our duty in that state of life to which God hev been pleased to call us.' Now God didn't make Doris a laady."

His father's face clouded; but his mother laid her hand on his lips.

"Ye want yer supper, my poor lad." Then going over to her husband, who was stooping to get a light for his pipe, "Don't heed his sick fancies," she said; "it's best not take notice."

George was silent; but the day after his father's second visit to Pelican House, when he was alone with his father, he asked for writing-tools, and with much effort wrote to his sister.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

When he had finished he looked at his father. "Seal it oop, fayther, an' send it on to Doris." And then he fell back, white and exhausted with the effort he had made.

It was this letter that had made Doris so very dreamy and abstracted for the last few days.

She was not troubled by George's earnest question. "The poor, sick lad," she said to herself, no wonder he takes fancies as he lies there day after day; but I will write. Nay, nay, it's not a fancy. Any one must be i' t' right who's trying to better herself; Miss Phillimore has said so." Now and then, and especially when she was thinking of home-life, Doris would fall into the old familiar thought, and then check herself proudly for the error.

She glanced at her companion, whose pure, refined enunciation had greatly impressed her, and she felt thankful she had not spoken aloud.

Meantime Rica had recovered her self-possession.

"You have no sisters, either," she said quietly. She was glad that Doris was not demonstrative, for she shrank from some of her more gushing school-fellows, but still she wished her new friend had kissed her just now, when she must have seen she was very sad.

Doris started. "No. I've only got that poor, sick brother I told you about, who is almost always lying on a sofa."

"How dreadful!" and Rica's sympathetic face grew puckered in an instant. "How glad you must be when your holidays come, to go home and amuse him! Are you good at making up stories?"

Doris laughed.

"I never made up a story in my life, unless" — she hesitated — "do you call looking forward and planning what may happen to oneself making up stories?"

Rica looked curiously at her companion.

"What a strange creature you are!" Then, noticing a quick flush on her friend's delicate face, "I beg pardon. Do you mind — did I vex you? I did not mean to; I only thought that you take the same trouble and get less fun."

"I don't understand." There was pain in Doris's voice.

"Why, isn't it more amusing to make stories about people one has never seen, to make new people to think about, than to go on thinking about oneself? Of course you're a different self to me; but I've heard so much about myself in the way of scoldings, and so on, that I believe I'm rather sick of Rica Masham and all that belongs to her."

Doris thought before she answered.

"It may be more amusing to do as you say, but it's not reality, Rica. How old are you?"

"I am fifteen and a half, and you ——"

"I am just seventeen; but it seems to me I am ever so much older than you are. I dare say you'll do me good. Some day I'll tell you about myself, and why I am what you call such a strange girl."

"Tell me all this minute: you know all about me, and my father, and my mother, and my four brothers — such jolly boys! — and all I know of you is about poor sick George. When I love people I like to be able to imagine them in their home-life. Perhaps you will let me go and see you some day. I have written to my father already to ask you."

Doris blushed brightly, but this time she was evidently pleased.

"You are very kind indeed; but I stay here in the holidays; I do not even go home. Some day, if we keep friends, you shall know all about my home and everything, and then perhaps" — she made a great struggle to be frank — "you will not want to come and see me."

"Naughty Doris" — Rica's arm stole round her neck and drew her down to be kissed. "But, no, I will not go to see *you*; I shall go to your home on purpose to tell stories to that poor darling George."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SAMUEL WARREN.

BORN, 1807 — DIED, JULY 29, 1877.

On the 29th July died Samuel Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a-Year" and the "Diary of a Late Physician." Although it is now many years since any contribution from his pen appeared in the columns of this magazine, his fame is so much bound up with *Blackwood* that we feel sure our readers will sympathize with us in an attempt to give expression to our sorrow and our sense of loss. His place has for years stood vacant in the circle of authors, but his name is as familiar to the present generation of readers as to that which laughed and wept with him in turn, while the passages of the "Diary" and the fortunes of Tittlebat Titmouse were first passing through these pages. His family has sustained a heavy afflic-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tion; but it is tempered to them by the sympathy, not merely of those to whom he had personally endeared himself, by his kindness of heart and devoted friendship, but of all who have read his fictions, — for no one ever read Samuel Warren's books without conceiving a liking for the author. To us his loss is especially painful, for he was almost the last of a distinguished circle of coadjutors, whose connection with "Maga" in the earlier half of this century shed a mutual lustre over themselves and on us. The pride which he took in his connection with this magazine, so frequently expressed in his writings, was as gratifying to us as it was honorable to him; and we feel a sad pleasure in now recalling the chief incidents of his literary intercourse with us.

Samuel Warren was born in Denbighshire in 1807, the son of a Wesleyan clergyman, who afterwards took orders in the Church of England. He studied medicine in Edinburgh for some time, but, changing his mind, he went to London and began to read for the bar. It was while still a student in the Inns of Court that he commenced his literary career, and his first introduction to our pages cannot be more fittingly told than in his own words, in the preface to the fifth edition of the "Diary of a Late Physician," published in 1837: —

The first chapter of this "Diary" — the "Early Struggles" — was offered by me successively to the conductors of three leading magazines in London, and rejected, as "unsuitable for their pages," and "not likely to interest the public." In despair, I bethought myself of the "great northern magazine." I remember taking my packet to Mr. Cadell's in the Strand, with a sad suspicion that I should never see or hear anything more of it: but at the close of the month I received a letter from Mr. Blackwood, informing me that he had inserted the chapter, and begging me to make arrangements for immediately proceeding regularly with the series. It expressed his cordial approval of the first chapter, and predicted that I was likely to produce a series of papers well suited for his magazine, and calculated to interest the public. It would be great affectation in me, and ingratitude towards the public, were I to conceal my belief that his expectations have been in some degree verified by the event. Here I wish to pay a brief and sincere tribute to the memory of my late friend, Mr. Blackwood. I shall ever cherish it with respect and affection. I have this morning been referring to nearly fifty letters which he wrote to me during the publication of the first fifteen chapters of the "Diary." The perusal of them has occasioned me lively emotion. All of them evidence the remarkable tact and energy with which he conducted his celebrated magazine. Harassing as were his labors at the close of every month, he nevertheless invariably wrote to me a letter of considerable length, in style terse, vigorous, and accurate, full of interesting comments on literary matters in general, and instructive suggestions concerning my own papers in particular. He was a man of strong intellect, of great practical sagacity, of unrivalled energy and industry, of high and inflexible honor in every transaction, great or small, that I ever heard of his being concerned in. But for him, this work would certainly never have been in existence; and should it be so fortunate as to *live*, I wish it ever to be accompanied by the tribute I here sincerely and spontaneously pay to the memory of my departed friend, William Blackwood.

So full of deep and varied experience and knowledge of life was the physician's "Diary," that Mr. Blackwood naturally concluded it must be the work of a man of mature years. What was his surprise, then, when a bright-looking young man of two or three and twenty introduced himself as the author. "Bless me," exclaimed the astonished editor, as he glanced at the glossy black curls of his visitor, "I had thought your hair must be as grey as my own!" It was in August 1830 that the "Diary" began, and it was carried through the magazine at intervals during the next seven years, until a work of greater ambition began to occupy his mind. The merits of the physician's "Diary" were speedily acknowledged. The profession was indignant at the breach of etiquette implied in the publication of records of practice, and its journals anxiously sought to discover the offender. Month after month fresh passages were eagerly expected, were critically scanned when published, and not unfrequently made the subject of warm newspaper discussion. It does not appear that any suspicion was excited regarding the reality of the author's assumed profession, until circumstances brought about a revelation of his personality. Although the popularity of the "Diary" was so great as to insure success for any other work from the same pen, Warren's next venture was also at the outset an anonymous one. The first chapter of "Ten Thousand a-Year" appeared in the magazine of October 1839, and at once excited a powerful interest, which was not exhausted until all that there was to tell of the fortunes of the Aubreys and of the career of Titmouse had been revealed. The time was one when no novel not of intrinsic strength and merit could have held its ground. Some of the great-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

est masters of English fiction were then before the public, and both genius and power were needed, not to beat but to keep neck-and-neck with them in the race. The public were not slow to find many faults with "Ten Thousand a-Year." Some cavilled at the characters, many at the political bias, a good few at the plot, but all were impressed and all were interested. The success which attended the appearance of the story as a separate work was not at all impaired by its previous serial publication, and the hold which it then took upon the public has never up to the present moment relaxed.

The anonymity was now no more; and the hand of the author of "Ten Thousand a-Year" was easily traceable in many papers contributed to these pages down to a period of about twenty years ago. These sketches, now collected in a volume of "Miscellanies," are still read with great interest. As chips from the workshop in which the "Diary" and "Ten Thousand a-Year" were constructed, they naturally possess a strong claim on the critic's attention; and he will not fail to recognize in them the germ of many incidents which Warren has turned to good account in his great fiction. The same power of extracting dramatic effect out of ordinary judicial processes, which holds us spell-bound while the court is deciding the fate of the Yatton property, is displayed to great advantage in the sketch, "Who is the Murderer?" and in others of a similar character, which have proved a mine of wealth to subsequent novelists of the sensational school. Many writers of fiction could be pointed to who are largely indebted to Warren's works for their knowledge of the bar and the courts. A series of papers reviewing Townsend's "Modern State Trials" furnish a very readable account of some of the more remarkable *causes célèbres* prosecuted by the crown during the present reign. The treason of the Welsh rioters; Oxford's attempt to assassinate the queen; the murder of Mr. Drummond, Sir Robert Peel's private secretary, by M'Naughton; the trial of Humphreys, the claimant of the Stirling peerage, whose case is described at length under the title of "The Romance of Forgery;" the trial of Lord Cardigan by his peers for duelling; and the cases of O'Connell and Smith O'Brien, are all told in a manner that happily blend the acumen of the skilled lawyer with the vivacity and picturesqueness of the novelist. The last of his works that we shall notice, "Now and Then," was reviewed in *Blackwood* of February 1848, when an attempt was made to do justice to the lofty purpose, the dramatic power, and the exquisite pathos of the story of Adam Ayliffe. It is less ambitious in conception than "Ten Thousand a-Year," and is characterized by far less striving for effect than we meet with in that novel; but to our mind it possesses a sweetness and a softening influence that mere literary art could hardly have given it, and that could have sprung only from a pure mind feeling deeply for human distress. The fame that these works had secured him was sufficient to satisfy his literary ambition; his legal duties naturally claimed his first care; and his contributions to the magazine grew more infrequent, until at last he stood aside, and the pages which his writing had so often adorned knew his pen no more.

Such in brief outline is the story of Samuel Warren's literary life. It would be incomplete without some reference to his professional career. After practising for some years under the bar as a special pleader, he was called by the Inner Temple in 1837. Notwithstanding the mark which his novels had made for him, his progress was not rapid. He had to bear the full share of disappointment that falls to the lot of most lawyers, and to practise that patience which he had so forcibly preached in his fictions. Men accounted for this by the time-honored superstition that when a barrister begins to dabble in literature, his chances of professional success are altogether thrown away. Warren consoled himself with the more flattering belief that the attorneys were revenging themselves on him for the severe picture which he had drawn of their practices in his account of the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. We believe the real reason to be one more honorable to his character. Possessing, as he did, a high sense of the dignity of his profession, he not only did not resort to the common expedients for securing business, but did not even make such advances as are sanctioned by professional usage toward those who had the distribution of work. But if the Quirks and Gammons of the profession made him the object of their spite, he was more than compensated by the esteem in which he was held by the worthier members of the profession. Such men as Follett, Talfourd, and Pollock, Fitzroy Kelly, Grove, and Barnes Peacock, were his personal friends and admirers; and though no doubt they made quiet jokes at the way in which he bore his literary honors, they loved and respected him as a colleague.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

He went the Northern Circuit, and if none of those splendid chances which sometimes lift a man at one stroke from obscurity to wealth and professional advancement presented themselves to him, a still more propitious fortune gave him an opportunity of winning for himself a place in the first rank of the authors of the day. His law books, which had met with fair success, showed that amid the greater attractions of literature his professional studies were not being neglected. In 1851 he was made a queen's counsel, and became a bencher of his inn, of which he subsequently acted as treasurer. The return of the Conservatives to power in 1852 gave his friend Mr. Walpole, the home secretary, an opportunity of recognizing Warren's merits in the way that was most agreeable to his feelings, and he was made recorder of Hull. We cannot doubt that the office was a congenial one, and that Warren spared no pains to augment the dignity and character of his bench; and we can easily suppose that his charges to the grand jury would be very fine addresses in point of law as well as in point of rhetoric. In 1853, on the occasion of Lord Derby's installation as chancellor of the university, he was made an honorary D. C. L. of Oxford, along with Lord Lytton, Sir Archibald Alison, and Professor Aytoun, his fellow-contributors to the magazine. He was returned to Parliament for the burgh of Midhurst in 1856, and continued to sit for that place until he vacated his seat in 1859.

His Parliamentary career does not call for many remarks. His self-consciousness was, perhaps, against his success in the House; perhaps he felt that he had already achieved too great triumphs to be content to submit to the novitiate which has to be undergone before a member can take his place as a party leader. But he left pleasant recollections behind him in the Commons, and a popularity which was not bounded by the ministerial benches. When the offer of a mastership in lunacy was made to him by Lord Derby in 1859, it was not accepted without some natural regrets for the attractions of a Parliamentary career, and the possibilities which he was leaving behind him. But prudence came to his assistance, and he accepted an office which he of all men, by his psychological experience, his keen perception of character, and his unswerving conscientiousness, was so well qualified to fill. And thus was partially fulfilled the vaticination which had been spoken of him by Sir George Rose: —

Though envy may sneer at you, Warren, and say,
"Why, yes, he has talent, but throws it away;"
Take a hint, change the *venue*, and still persevere,
And you'll end as you start with "Ten Thousand a-Year."

That in his new office he was a valuable public servant, doing his work with zeal and fidelity, we know well; and it does not speak little for the man that he should have devoted himself to the labors of an unostentatious office, nor allowed himself to be distracted from his duties by work which would have kept his name more prominently before his public.

Of Warren we are almost tempted to say that we are never so conscious of the novelist as when he is penning a law treatise, or of the lawyer as when he is moulding the structure of one of his novels. But if he has not left so lasting a mark upon the literature of the bar as upon that of his country, few of its members have done more to vindicate its honor, or to elevate its professional standards. Almost the only occasions when he really dips his pen in gall are when he has to deal with those who lower its position by their lives, or abuse its forms in their practice. But not only has he painted for us the character of Mr. Toady Hug that all may take warning by him, but he has presented the aspiring lawyer with some noble ideals like that of the attorney-general in "Ten Thousand a-Year." The respect which he invariably shows for the bench, and the zealous care which he exercises to assert its dignity, by his representations not only of the justice of its decisions but of the exemplary lives and characters of those who occupy it, deserve to be kept in honorable remembrance. The fact that his sketch of Lord Widdrington is more or less a portrait, does not detract from the skill with which it had been executed, or make us less proud that it can be said of the English bench this man was of it. And where shall we go for a nobler, a more touching picture of a struggle between justice and mercy, of the strivings of a lenient mind charged with the execution of stern decrees, than in the description of the chief justice in "Now and Then," when he is appealed to for a respite to Adam Ayliffe?

No critic is likely to do justice to the works of Samuel Warren who fails to see that he has to do with a moralist as well as a novelist. A generation less acquainted with the rules of literary art, used to apply to their books the simple

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

test, "whether they made one wiser and better." Antiquated as this criterion may appear to some, we cannot forbear applying it to Warren's novels. A great novelist has it even better in his power than a great preacher to justify to men the ways of the Almighty; and Warren never for a moment loses sight of the responsibility which the exercise of his genius imposes upon him. He thinks it no shame to confess that his fictions are written with a purpose. And the lessons which he teaches, when once learned, will not easily be forgotten. Is there any reader whose moral nature is so unimpressionable that he or she can lay down "Ten Thousand a-Year" without the feeling that they have been listening to a great preacher who has expounded the weighty text of human life as it had rarely ever been expounded before? What lessons of patient, hopeful endurance under unmerited reverses do we not learn from the story of Aubrey? Could deceit and hypocrisy be shown in all their native loathsomeness and with their terrible consequences more forcibly than in the career and ending of Gammon? How close is the acquaintance we make with suffering, both mental and physical, each in its many-sided and painful aspects, in the "Diary of a Late Physician"! And who can read that noble story of the peer and the peasant in "Now and Then," without a deep feeling of the overruling power of God's providence over the mutable condition of human society — a power that puts down the mighty from his seat and exalteth the humble and meek?

Impressed as he was with the responsibility of exercising his powers for a higher object than the mere amusement of his readers, it is not strange that he would not trim his sails to catch the popular breeze. The free vent which he gave to his political convictions excited hostility and prejudice against his works which nothing but their rare literary merits could have overtopped. "Ten Thousand a-Year" especially has been stigmatized as a "Tory novel." We would be doing an injustice to his memory if we either disavowed or apologized for the fact. He was not one of those who would allow the text, "Fear God: honor the king" to be divided. His conservative principles were a part of his religion; and some of the most prominent of his creations owe their pre-eminence to this combination. A very natural objection has been taken to "Ten Thousand a-Year," that its art is all of a partisan character — that the Tories are all demi-gods and angels, and the Whigs for the most part incarnations of vice and vulgarity. There may be some justice in this allegation, but the complaint has not lowered the place of the novel among the classics of English fiction. To form a just estimate of this charge, we must consider the society which "Ten Thousand a-Year" seeks to portray. The estate of Yatton is lost and won amid the furious agitations which preceded the first Reform Bill. The stirring politics of the day penetrated everywhere, and leavened the tone and feelings of society to an extent which the present generation has some difficulty in conceiving possible. Even amid the excitement of the trial of the great case of "Doe *dem.* Titmouse *vs.* Jolter," Mr. Quicksilver, one of the counsel for the "lessor of the plaintiff," employs the intervals in court to pen an article for a Radical review. A novel of English life during the reign of the fourth William without any allusion to the political aspects of society would have been like the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. Mr. Titmouse, launched into politics under the auspices of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, naturally came into contact with the dregs of the Radical party, just as naturally as the best and most cultivated representatives of the Tory side are found in alliance with a man of Mr. Aubrey's refinement and position. And the partisan cast thus incidentally given to the book is of little account when we remember that a deeper motive than a purpose purely political underlies the whole. Atrociously grotesque as some of the Parliamentary caricatures unquestionably are, we doubt if they will appear as extravagant to the present generation as they did to that which read "Ten Thousand a-Year" for the first time in these pages. The Irish patriot who "showed infinite pluck in persevering against shouts of order from all parts of the house for an hour together," and his allies Mr. Phelim O'Doodle and the Och Hubbaboo, are not the only legislators whom Warren had a prophetic prescience that the "Great Bill for Giving Everybody Everything" would introduce into Parliament. But he would be a bigoted Whig indeed whose party prepossessions would not allow him to enjoy the pungent sarcasm and the wild humor which enter so largely into the descriptions of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse's legislative career.

Of the "Diary of a Late Physician," it has been said that it betrayed a far more intimate acquaintance with the affections of the heart than the diseases of the body. But so fully does Warren's intense sym-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

pathy with suffering cover his limited command of medical experience, that we are hardly sensible of any shortcoming. The field which the "Diary" covered was then a fresh one, and to the favor with which it was received was due the host of fictions cast in the form of professional experiences that speedily followed it. Probably none of his contemporaries could have played the *rôle* of the kind-hearted, philanthropic physician, who, not unacquainted with misfortune himself, has learned to hold out a helping hand to the miserable. His deep knowledge of the human heart, and his compassion with distress whether bodily or mental, enabled him to feel quite at home when dealing with the cases of those who were either expiating the consequences of their sins or were suffering from the unmerited harshness of a cold world. No one is likely to read the "Diary," however hurriedly, without perceiving that the author has probed each passion and dissected every feeling before settling in his own mind the parts which were to be allotted to them in the action of the plot. Mr. Warren was a psychologist in days when psychological inquiry was less a requirement of the novelist's art than at present. The story of the period depended for its success less upon the study of character than upon novelty of plot and energy of action, and we do not hesitate to trace the part which mental analysis now occupies in fiction in some measure to the influence which the delicate studies in the "Diary" soon began to exercise upon literary taste. Since the days of Richardson, scarcely any English novelist had studied human nature with the same minuteness and care, or had given the same attention to the proper coordination of the affections with the requirements of literary art; and, like Richardson, Warren not unfrequently falls into the mistake of making his readers a party to his analytical investigations; instead of placing merely the results before them. But though the detailed exposition of feeling which characterizes so prominently all Warren's novels may be occasionally pushed to such a length as, in the case of a less-gifted writer, might run the risk of impinging on the reader's patience, it tends greatly to preserve the illusion of naturalness and probability which we never miss from his creations. In this way the passages from the "Diary" come to have all the *vraisemblance* of a real record of medical experience. So powerfully is the mental side of suffering delineated, that we scarcely notice that its physical aspects receive a somewhat slight treatment. But though with our knowledge of the authorship, we can detect professional trippings, we must still wonder at that fulness and diversity of medical knowledge which were sufficient to impose upon the faculty of the day.

It would be superfluous on our part to recall the testimony which particular passages of the "Diary" bear to the literary powers which Warren had matured at that early age. In treating of a book so universally read, the critic has no need to refer to the evidence on which his judgment is based. Yet we cannot help feeling that we are arousing pleasant as well as tender recollections in the minds of old readers of Maga, when we mention some of the more striking scenes in which the physician took part. Who that has read "The Scholar's Deathbed" will ever forget the painful picture of a life unable to divest itself of its ruling passion for thoughts befitting the verge of the unseen world? The miserable termination of the "Man about Town's" career, with the loathsome picture of the grosser vices and their punishment, does not take a less-firm hold of the memory; and there is probably no "passage" in the whole of the "Diary" that better illustrates Warren's power of securing the whole of his intended effect without entering upon descriptions from which the sensitive mind might be in danger of revolting. "The Statesman," which seems to mix up so strangely the stories of Canning and Castlereagh, and in which we can hardly distinguish between what is taken from history and what comes from the imagination, is another sketch which the mention of the "Diary" will at once bring back to the remembrance of those who have read it. Another paper, "The Martyr Philosopher," in which Warren deals with a subject that always presented a powerful attraction to his genius — the effects of unmerited misfortune upon a pure and noble mind — is one of the finest specimens of vivid description combined with pathetic power that he has left behind him. He himself tells us, with pardonable pride, in his preface to one of the later editions of the "Diary," how an excellent nobleman, since dead, was so much interested in this paper that he wrote to the conductor of this magazine, asking permission to reprint it, at his own expense, for circulation among the upper classes of society. But what need have we to discuss individual stories, when the whole of the "Diary" itself bears a far stronger testimony to his

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

literary genius, high purpose, and warmth of heart, than it would become us to offer to one whose fame is so closely bound up with our own? It will suffice to say, that the "Diary" at once took a high place, not in our own literature alone, but with American and Continental readers, to whom reprints and translations speedily introduced it; and this position it has continued to maintain amid the many inducements which contemporary literature holds out to make us forget the works of preceding generations.

In "Ten Thousand a-Year," next to the interest of the plot, to which Warren gave so much thought and study, the powerful cast of characters constitutes its most notable feature. Amid a larger crowd of actors than we generally meet with in the pages of a single novel, there is hardly one whose outlines are not filled in with sufficient distinctness, even if only by a few graphic dashes of the pen, to give it an individuality and lifelikeness that retain a firm hold of the reader's recollection. There is a host of lay figures who, like the Toady Hugs, Smirk Mudflints, and Dismal Horrors, are simply brought on the scene by way of interlude between the graver business of the piece, to be ignominiously kicked off it; there are many sketches from contemporary life, in the fidelity and justice of which the world has had no difficulty in identifying the originals; but there are also a number of creations that offer ample attestation to Warren's powers as a delineator of character. Of these we can only notice two, which are beyond question his masterpieces. Exception is frequently taken to the portrait of Aubrey as a strained ideal, whose virtues are pushed to an excessive and improbable degree, and whose patience under his tribulations seems so unnatural, that the reader is apt to lose his own patience in his behalf. Those who go away with this impression can hardly have understood the principles upon which Aubrey's character has been formed. It is not merely to serve as a foil to the worthlessness and selfishness of Tittlebat Titmouse that Aubrey has been endowed with virtues that may appear at first sight to be superhuman. The oft-quoted lines of Horace, which supply a motto to the novel, indicate the keynote in unison with which the chords in Aubrey's character have been struck. The author's design was to show that a mind regulated by principle, refined by philosophy, and fortified by the teachings and the hopes of Christianity, had in itself resources against any change of fortune. And how well he has done so! If the heroism and patience and gentleness of Aubrey are unnatural it is surely a matter of deep regret; and we rejoice to think that English society, with all the hollowness and imperfection that are laid to its charge, can afford many proofs that Warren has not conceived a character too ideal for human nature.

If either of the characters is overstrained, it is that of Gammon. Such a Satanic combination of lofty intellect and daring purpose, with deceit and baseness, had hardly before been depicted in prose. And as with Satan, the character of Gammon is pushed to a point where we are attracted, instead of repelled, by its hideous proportions. When contrasted with the sordid, grovelling rascality of Quirk, and the petty chicanery of Snap, the smooth and easy-flowing guilt of Gammon seems almost venial; and it is not until we remember that it is his directing mind keeps these tools at work, that we are able to view him with the reprobation which he deserves. However despicable and worthless Tittlebat Titmouse may seem, we must always remember that he had Gammon for his evil angel, and that it would have been utterly impossible even for a better man to have turned out well under such a master. And it is not until Gammon is brought into contact with a mind so pure and noble as that of Aubrey that the full loathsomeness of his nature stands revealed. As in the case of Aubrey his whole strength had been derived from his firm convictions of religious truth, so the character of Gammon forcibly illustrates the effects of the absence of any guiding principles higher than self-interest and expediency. So irresistible is his villany that we cannot help being fascinated by it; and Warren himself seems to have fallen in some degree under the spell of his own creation, for he provides him with a termination to his career at once more dignified and dramatic than that vouchsafed to his wretched associates. We would have been glad, if the limits of this notice had allowed of it, to forget the career of Gammon in the recollection of Kate Aubrey, Dr. Tatham, and the other pleasant characters met with in "Ten Thousand a-Year." Our regrets are, however, the less that the reader will readily learn to love and appreciate these for themselves.

Outside his family and the wide circle of his friends, there is no place where Warren's loss will be more marked than in the Temple Church. In the benchers'

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

seats he was one of the most familiar figures; and as a member of the choir committee he took a great interest in improving the vocal service — a task which his delicate ear for music well qualified him to discharge. The allusion made by Dr. Vaughan, the master of the Temple, on the Sunday after his death, was as well merited as it was appropriate, and must have gone at once to the hearts of the audience. Those who only saw the outside of Warren's character must have been little able to appreciate the serious depth of his nature and the vein of sincere piety that lay within; but we who knew and loved him well, can testify from our hearts to the truth of the reverend master's tribute to the memory of our dear old friend, with which we may be permitted to close this imperfect notice. Speaking of the deaths of Mr. Ward Hunt and Mr. Warren, Dr. Vaughan said: —

"Many things conspire to make the word to-day vocal. It is a parting day. It is a closing service. "Who knoweth what a day may bring forth?" how much more a period of thirty days, or of sixty? But our last services of this season are services of mourning. Two chief men have fallen in our Israel — to-day the dirge is our music. One of these was less to us than to the country. His funeral oration was spoken in Parliament. Long years ago he forsook law for politics; his renewed connection with us was but a compliment to the statesman. Such a connection is honorable to both parties — it dignifies the man, it strengthens the society.

"But the other lost friend was a very part of this 'house.' You know how he loved it! This church has never looked the same since he left it — left it, not knowing that it was forever, on the eve of last Christmas. Who shall replace him in that seat, where we can see him still — that grey head, that keen eye, that fixed, that rapt devotion? Some of his last thoughts were with us — he is gone where there is 'no temple.'

"He was a man of mark in his generation. The memory of my boyhood goes back to the intense interest, the curious mystery, of his first work of fiction, combining so strikingly his two educations — the training of the physician, and the training of the lawyer. Honors fell thick upon him in that brilliant seed-time; he would have been more than man if they had not — just a little — elated him. His genius was less to us than his character. The servants and officers of this house can tell how kind he was. *I* can tell. He leaves behind him in his house those who hallow — who almost idolize — his memory; well may they! These things are too sacred for public mention. I may but tell in one last word, how gently, how lovingly, he sank gradually to his rest, amidst thoughts and looks, all of peace, all of blessing. Two days ago it was given me to speak the last words over him in his beloved son's village churchyard, where love will still survive him, as he lies waiting FOR 'THE GREAT EASTER'!"

From The Contemporary Review.

FRENCH CHATEAUX OF THE RENAISSANCE.

(1460–1547.)

BY MRS. MARK PATTISON.

THE architectural activity of the French Renaissance is of the greatest moment in its civil aspect. The secular character of the revolution in thought and manners found expression in the erection of palaces and châteaux. The religious architecture of the day only reflects social changes which took their first shape in civil monuments. It is therefore to these civil monuments that we must look for illustrations of the nature and succession of the changes which go to make up the history of the movement in its relation to architecture.

The French Renaissance may be said to embrace two distinct periods. The first extends from the middle of the fifteenth century to the reign of Francis I. The second ends with the last of the Valois (Henri III., 1589). Each period has peculiar and characteristic features; features which are not only indicative of the artistic revolution which was afoot, but of the political and social change of which that revolution was a part, and which are plainly affected by the influence which the centralization of government had upon every branch of art. The king was at last king, and the court took the initiative both in politics and arts. The finest châteaux built in the sixteenth century are the châteaux of the king, or of those princes who stood nearest to his throne. The progressive alterations and developments which transformed the fortified castle of the Middle Age into the prototype of the modern palace may be traced, one after another, in each succeeding building, and the history of these alterations and developments is the history of French architecture as fashioned by the Renaissance.

During the first period, the period

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

which begins even in the days of Louis XI., the transition from the *maison forte* to the *maison de plaisance* was accomplished. The old traditions of defence were shaken off. During the second period, which ends with the extinction of the house of Valois, the central idea of the *maison de plaisance* was elaborated till it touched the highest point of luxury and convenience permitted by the resources of the time.

The actual change in construction, necessitated by the changes in requirement, was accompanied by a great change in style. This change in style is so distinctly marked by different features in the two succeeding periods that some have regarded them as independent and separable epochs. They have called the first the French Renaissance, and have abruptly cut off the men who worked during the reigns of the Valois from national traditions, looking on them as forming, in all branches of art, a bastard Italian school. They have depicted their work as animated wholly by foreign inspiration, the importation of which acted injuriously on the characteristic promise of French art; and for this importation Francis I. is regarded as mainly responsible.

The theory is certainly false as regards French architecture. If we examine the buildings erected during this time of more than a century, there appears no evidence of forced and sudden transition. It would rather seem that the elements of change were slowly absorbed by a simple and natural process. From Langeais to Gaillon, from Gaillon to Azay le Rideau, from Azay le Rideau to Ecouen, the passage of a gradually developing style can be traced. First come minor modifications of detail which herald great constructive change, and then great constructive change itself.

The type of that which should be, was revealed in the drawings of Fouquet (painter to Louis XI.), thirty years before the stubborn stone began to yield to the force of new impressions. When Fouquet filled his backgrounds with architecture, the fashion of which expresses an ardent desire for classical symmetry and perfection, Gothic in France was prostrate beneath the wealthy burden of decoration which it had heaped upon itself. All outline had disappeared beneath an accumulation of frail and toylike prettiness. The costly church, erected by Margaret of Austria at Brou, in the decoration of which some of the most distinguished workmen of Tours were employed, is the helpless protest of an expiring style.

Michel Colombe, who had labored with Fouquet in the pay of Louis XI., lived on into the sixteenth century. In 1511, at the age of eighty, he designed the centre tomb, the tomb of Philibert of Savoy, which stands in the chancel of the church of Brou. He followed in this work the set precedent of Gothic fashion as he had seen it in the "*sepultures de feuz messeigneurs les ducs de Bourgoigne*," when, as a boy, he worked at Dijon under those "*souverains tailleurs d'ymaiges maistre Claux et maistre Anthoniet*" (Antoine le Mouturier), but on the minor details he engrafted the delicate arabesques and surface patterns which all men had then begun to love. In the tomb of Margaret herself, the signs of the time are even yet more evident; the border of her dress, her pillow, are all patterned with interweaving of Renaissance ornament; the very columns which support the upper shafts have undergone strange modifications, and their surface is subtly varied with threading of figured lines.

Already at Tours the effort was being made to carry matters a step further, to find the lines which should fitly enforce these lovely details, and at the same time to adapt these details to architectural features rapidly undergoing important alterations. The battlement, for instance, which had defended a castle of the previous century was destined to become the cornice, which, rich with moulding and ornament, surmounted, like a crown, the *maison de plaisance* that was to be. Elsewhere in France the same process was going on, but Touraine, where the court long dwelt, was necessarily the centre of the movement. It is to Tours that we look, until, with the commencement of the second period, the centre of activity is completely transferred to Paris. Gaillon, Chenonceaux, Azay le Rideau, Chambord, all arose before the sure force of political centralization had finally sucked into the capital the rich springs of provincial energies. Before many years elapsed each of these monuments was re-handled by Parisian architects, and brought as near as might be to the point of fastidious symmetry required by Parisian eyes. But when Bastien François built the cloister of the chapter of St. Martin of Tours, and Pierre le Nepveu worked at Chenonceaux, the school of Touraine was still holding its place with honor, and had also absorbed the flagging strength of a formidable rival.

The ancient vigor of the school of Burgundy had been slowly and certainly

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

exhausted in disturbing struggles for a political independence, the loss of which was plainly inevitable. Claux and Anthoniet, the men whom Colombe mentions in his contract with Margaret of Austria as the most skilful sculptors in France in the middle of the fifteenth century, were the last names of the Burgundian school. Although a Breton born, it was by them that Michel Colombe was trained. But Michel Colombe did not remain in Burgundy. He left Dijon for Tours, and took service with Louis XI. The school of Tours did not owe its existence to, but it received a renewal of energy from, the breaking up of the Burgundian centre. The works of the artists of Dijon are impregnate with the sentiment of the Flemish school, to which they were in truth affiliate. The artists of Tours were of a different ancestry. Once introduced into their circle, the Burgundian artist received its inevitable stamp. Touraine had never been in permanent contact with northern influence, but had long enjoyed a frequent, if not continuous communication with Italy. Travellers coming from Rome, and landing at the port of Narbonne, passed this way on their road to England, or even to Paris. Now and then the artists of Tours themselves, as Fouquet, visited Rome, and before the close of the fifteenth century many Italian artists had, in their turn, made their way into Touraine; and in 1502 the château of Bury, now in ruins, was built for Florimond Robertet by an Italian architect whose name has perished with his work.

This occasional commerce with the south brought to the men of Tours moments of precious insight, by which they were naturally well fittted to profit. From the north they seem to have been practically cut off. The journey into Flanders is spoken of by Michel Colombe in a letter already quoted, as a voyage unknown in those parts, and not to be undertaken unless a competent person be sent to guide travellers thither. This was probably no disadvantage, for so the school was left free to develop in the direction best suited to it, only receiving now and again from Italy a stimulus not too foreign to be well assimilated, and which inspired the keen French senses with a richer passion.

A few years after the building of Bury arose the cloister of St. Martin of Tours, and other buildings of very decided character. But the triumph of the new style was not to be rapidly complete. M. Lassus, in his valuable criticisms on the architectural designs which occur in the "*Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*" (1467), has remarked that the author solves the structural problems which they contain by the procedures of that very Gothic which he at the same time broadly condemns. Even so, in many of the chateaux of Touraine, the architect relies in construction on that very school the principles of which he denies in every minor detail. Here and there, as at Azay le Rideau, a boldly innovating hand may be seen at work; but for the most part throughout this transitional period men are feeling their way towards constructive change, not daring to touch essential features, but tentatively busy on the transformation and adaptation of minor details. Chambord is truly typical of the earlier stage of the movement. In the general arrangement, in the *ordonnance*, late Gothic caprice and fantastic love of the unforeseen rule triumphant. The older portions of the château, the seemingly irregular assemblages of half-Oriental turrets and spires, are debased Gothic full of audacious disregard of all outward seeming of order. The architect, instead of seeking to bring home to the eye the general law, the plan on which the whole is grouped, wilfully obscures and conceals it beneath the obviousness of the wild and daring conceits heaped above. But even here as at Brou, the mark is set which promises other days. It is the transition moment; Gothic fancy may wildly distribute ornament and obscure design, but the ornament which it distributes is Gothic no longer. The *obscœna* which haunt the cathedrals of the Middle Ages, which infest the earlier towers of Amboise, and linger defilingly about Gaillon, these are banished. In their place come faint foliated traceries and arabesques in low relief, enriching every surface, disturbing none, moving with melodious adaptation of subtle line, winding, falling, rising in sympathy with every swiftly ascending shaft or slowly hollowing curve.

Each success gave fresh courage for fresh audacity. The movement fully developed itself, and grew to the full knowledge of its secret strength. The aid of ornament was now rejected, except to accent the intelligible triumphs of construction. At last arrives the culminating moment — the instant which contains the fusion of perceptions excited to the most exquisite point of sensitiveness with the vital intellectual forces which invigorate and control the whole. With this moment the name of Francis I. has had the acci-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

dental good fortune to be associated, but the art-activity of his reign was not the arbitrary creation of despotic free-will, it was the natural result to which previous conditions had been tending. When Francis sent Le Fevre d'Etaples to collect MSS., or bade Primaticcio bring works of art from Italy, or summoned Leonardo from the ruined city of Milan, he was but giving royal effect to an impulse shared by all about him. The currents of the day carried him away; he neither controlled nor could he direct their course.

Before the accession of Henri II. took place (1547), the character of future effort was irrevocably fixed. The transitional air which much of the work done during his father's reign still wears had finally disappeared. Paris now enjoyed that established pre-eminence which Tours had so long and so honorably maintained. The names of local artists no longer occupy the leading place on the lists of those engaged in carrying out work of importance. They are replaced by Parisians; if not indeed Parisians by birth, Parisians by training. Instead of Bastien François, and Pierre le Nepveu, we have Bullant, Lescot, and De Lorme; instead of Chambord and Madrid, Ecouen, Anet, and the Louvre.

In the attempt to sketch that earlier period which, beginning after the middle of the fifteenth century, closed with the death of Francis I., we find that though many buildings of that epoch shows signs of strongly individual treatment, nothing is to be learnt concerning the lives, nor can we, except in rare instances, even identify the names, of those who built them. All that can be done is to trace the tendencies expressed in the buildings themselves, selecting in their order some of the most typical monuments of that district which was the cradle of the Renaissance in France. In so doing, it will be necessary to treat each as if it were indeed the product of a single epoch and of a single mind, but this is true only in a strictly limited sense. Each building was an agglomeration of work done by different hands at different times. Not even Chambord was the sole creation of Francis and his architect, Pierre le Nepveu. Many a stone bears the monogram of Henri II., and the names of Primaticcio and Philibert de Lorme are associated with certain portions of the building. But at Chambord, and even at Chenonceaux, the characteristic form had been determined by those who began the work. Chenonceaux owes much more to later additions than Chambord, yet the general character of Chenonceaux is unmistakably that of a château built under Francis I. The after-touches, such as the gallery-bridge built over the Cher by De Lorme for Diana de Poitiers, or the chapel thrown out by Catherine de Medicis, show plainly as after-touches — as so many distinct and separable additions, the value of which we estimate having always reference to the main intention as declared at the very commencement. It is the evident predominance of this main intention which justifies the consideration of each building as belonging to the epoch in which it originated, so that it may be counted as of that epoch, all later additions being reserved as exceptions always made, if not always specified. Beginning with Langeais, an almost pure example of the fortress-château (1460), we pass the cloister of St. Martin of Tours (1508), taking next Blois and Chenonceaux (1515), then the Hôtel Pincé at Angers (1525), Chambord and Azay le Rideau (1526), until at last with the building of Madrid and the works of Fontainebleau, we find the centre of activity wholly transferred to Paris, and a second period commencing with the accession of Henri II.

Langeais is a fortress of the Middle Ages, but it bears within its very walls the traces of coming change. It stands on the banks of the Loire, not far from Tours, and is one of the finest existing examples of a French castle built about the middle of the fifteenth century. Pierre de la Brosse, barber to Louis XI., is said to have begun laying the foundations, but there ended his share in the construction, which was taken up and completed by the next possessor, Jean Bourré, minister to the same king. The problem which the architect had to solve was how to conciliate the necessities of defence with the already increasing demands of domestic life. The system on which the fortifications were planned seems to have been curiously behind the science of the day. The effects of gunpowder are, it is said, left wholly out of calculation, but every means of repelling attack by scaling-ladders has been provided. One gate only affords access to the interior court, and that gate is flanked by massive towers, and protected by a portcullis. The interior court is almost wholly confined by the buildings around it, the high walls which defend it on the outside are cut up at well-guarded angles by massive towers, and pierced at irregular intervals by narrow openings. The whole length is crowned

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

by heavy machicolated battlements. The aspect of the exterior is severe, but the façade which looks upon the court within is not wanting in elegance. Four small towers, each of which contains a spiral staircase, break the monotony of the front, and give access to the different stories. The interior space is divided out in the simplest fashion, and the arrangements adopted on the ground-floor continue in unvarying repetition tier above tier. But above, along the roof, run no heavy battlements; a bold projecting cornice takes their place in surmounting the wall, and over this rises a sharply pointed roof, the outline of which is broken by towers, and pierced with chimneys and dormers.

This cornice in the interior court gives the first note of change, and the way in which it was developed out of the battlement is curiously illustrated by the Tour des Gendarmes at Caen, built towards the close of the fifteenth century. Each battlement in this tower contains a sculptured medallion. Thus one has Janus, another the heads of a woman and two children, a third a woman's bust. The next step was to fill up the notch between the subjects and make the mouldings continuous; we then get the first form of the cornice, which rapidly became one of the most important and distinguishing features of every considerable building. At Langeais it replaces the battlements on the walls of the inside only, but it was destined soon to replace them on the outside also. At Chenonceaux, at Azay le Rideau, at Blois, at Chambord, its bold projecting lines encircle each building with a crown. The fresh spirit, which has taken the direction of the failing energies of French art, next commands yet another change. The sculptured dormers which are handed down by Gothic tradition are grouped with a symmetry hitherto unknown, and the *croisées,* which take us back into the far-off thirteenth century, are ordered inexorably one above the other. Not only do all openings at irregular intervals disappear before the growing exigencies of an instinct which marshals even the smallest details into fitting place within an ordained framework of well-considered lines, but gradually all these openings are placed so as to give the perpendicular lines of the general design, and are thus opposed to the sense in which they had been previously taken, for in Gothic work openings, when disposed regularly, are almost invariably made to indicate horizontal bands. Horizontal bands, when required in Renaissance work, are obtained by the accentuation of the division line between the superimposed stories of the building. Both these peculiarities are to be seen in the still-existing remains of what was once one of the most beautiful constructions left by the Renaissance in Touraine — perhaps even in France — the cloister of St. Martin of Tours. "On the 24th of May, 1508," so runs the entry in the register of the corporation, "the chapter commences building the beautiful galleries, such as they are." Of these beautiful galleries, the eastern side has alone survived. It is little known, and has, fortunately, been left to go quietly to ruin; but even in its present condition, the sculptures with which it is enriched, the bas-reliefs, arabasques, and medallions which fill the delicate lines of the pilasters and arcades, testify to the brilliant and decided character which the Renaissance early assumed in Touraine. It is conjectured that the credit of this work, which was executed just after the completion of the château of Bury, is due, to Bastien François, nephew of Michel Colombe, for we happen to know from the cathedral accounts that he held the appointment of architect to the chapter in 1511, when this work was still in progress.

But notwithstanding the distinct and positive assertion of certain leading principles made by the architect of these galleries, they have yet to win their way with other men. The foundations of the château of Chenonceaux were laid in 1515, the year of the accession of Francis I., by whom it was acquired in 1535.* The name of the architect has never been positively ascertained, but there is reason to suppose that he was no other than Pierre Nepveu dit Trinqueau, who became at a later date *maistre de la maçonnerie du batiment du chastel de Chambord.* In the plan of the building, the same wild, fantastic spirit which lends its unreasonable charm to Chambord still pierces sharply through the later refinements and additions with which the original work has been overlaid. On approaching the château from the eastern side, the eye is caught by a confused medley of spires, minarets, and cupolas; the lines of the roof seem lost beneath the luxuriant and disorderly growth of shafts springing towards the sky. Here is the same quality of harmonious extravagance which in a few years later was to rule with royal liberality at Chambord. Tourelles break out from the massive walls at points where

* Arch. du Chât. de Chenonceaux, p. 13.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

they cease to suggest the flanking towers which they originally replaced. Every turret, every pinnacle, is crowned with some fantastic ornament, and the angles, at which gables jut forth here and there from the pierced and carved work which surrounds them, seem to be selected with the express intention of misleading the eye, so as to hinder rather than aid it in divining the general purpose of construction, but the determined lines of the heavy cones which surmount the larger towers, thrust through the ornaments which flame about them and bring a sense of order into troubled places, giving an accent of precise intention even where every element of design seems animated by a spirit of wilful fantasy.

The surprises, the accidents of the interior multiply with incessant mystery. The numberless halls, chambers, cabinets, present the most striking signs of diversity both as to size and character. The infinitely varied necessities of a complex civilization have begun to make themselves felt. M. Michelet, writing of Chambord, remarks that it is neither a Gothic design nor an Italian palace. The Italian palace is roomy, but has few rooms: Chambord, on the contrary, affords every facility not only for the life in common, but also for the life apart. The convenient passage, the double staircase, permit of every freedom for pleasure, and M. Michelet sees in these arrangements a reflection of the state of health and temper of Francis on his return from Spain. But this idea of the secular convent which should bring together under one roof halls of state, private apartments, secluded cabinets, and hidden cells, was not peculiar to Chambord; it is the ruling idea at Chenonceaux, at Azay le Rideau, at Nantouillet, and reaches its full proportions in the splendors of Anet and Ecouen.

It is not to the liberties of pleasure only that these buildings afford all opportunity. At the court of Margaret of Navarre, Des Periers complains that "*il y'a si grand' presse de gens ceans qu'on ne se peut tourner.*" His motto is a cry for "*loysir et liberté;*" he entreats for freedom, for time, specially for *room.* These numerous and separate chambers gave room, they gave freedom from the overbearing pressure of other lives, they permitted the individual life to develop even in the midst of a common society. When the queen of Navarre sketches a division of the day for the courtly company of the "Heptameron," she allots a certain space to be spent by *chascun dans sa chambre.* The demands of a more complex and luxurious civilization coincided with the necessities of the growing intellectual activity of the epoch. The fortress of Louis XII. was built to house one noble family with its officers, guards, and dependents; the palace of Francis I. gathered within its walls a congeries of families of which the royal house was but the centre. Social life assumed an importance hitherto unknown in this assemblage of great personages of both sexes. A few *hautes chambres tapissées* might suffice for the needs of Jean Bourré when he raised the château of Langeais, but the wants of Thomas Bohier, as they stand expressed in Chenonceaux, were far more complex; and not only do the châteaux of great nobles give evidence of the change in the manners of the day, the less pretentious hotels and country houses of private persons present the same striking differences. The Hôtel de Beaune at Tours, the Hôtel de Bourgtheroulde at Rouen, and the Hôtel Pincé at Angers, were not built by princes, yet each provides according to its space and means for the separate as well as for the common needs of many dwelling beneath the same roof.

Whilst Chenonceaux was building Louis XII. died (1515), and the reign of Francis I. began. The building of the eastern wing of the château of Blois, commenced by Louis, was already far advanced, and to Francis fell the speedy honors of its completion. The names of the architect who planned and of the sculptors who decorated this splendid monument of the earlier Renaissance are alike unknown to us. The main features are such as are common to other châteaux in the valley of the Loire; but there are important though minor differences which specially individualize it. The architectural scheme is very simple. Three rows of pilasters are superimposed one above another. At about two-thirds down the front the open spiral staircase juts out and towers upwards. It seems at first to stand free, breaking up the even succession of small columns and their perpendicular descent with the bold projection of its octagonal lines. But above it is embraced and caught into the whole mass by the broad crowning cornice which gathers within its strengthening bands every various curve. The sculptured dormers fret along its edge, searching the air with their pointed tongues, and twice the carved cases of the chimneystacks break aloft through the roof, like towers. So far this eastern façade at Blois brings to mind the general

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

type which may be recognized in other châteaux of the district. It is but by the grave simplicity of the *ordonnance* that Blois appears to detach itself from the rest, and to stand somewhat alone. A disciplined intellect, disposing soberly of the means at its command, here carries on the work begun by Bastien François in the cloisters of St. Martin. It may be Bastien François himself, or that unknown Italian who raised ten years earlier the beautiful chateau of Bury, now lying a heap of ruins on the shores of the Cissé. The fine and choice instinct for proportion which makes every disposition, the symmetrical order preserved in the distribution of ornament, show at least that the architect of Blois had wholly given himself up to the intention of the new movement.

The division between the stories, plainly defined at Blois, is yet more strongly marked in the little Hôtel Pincé, built at Tours for Pierre de Pincé, *lieutenant criminal du seneschal d'Anjou* about 1525. The effect of the horizontal bands of ornament introduced for this purpose is vigorously counteracted by the introduction of rapidly descending perpendicular shafts, which span the wall curtain, group the openings, and keep the whole building together. This is precisely the mode of treatment on which the chief architects of the second period wholly rely. It is the method in virtue of which De Lorme triumphs at Anet, and Bullant at Ecouen. At Chambord, which was in building a year or two later (1526), the storeys are, it is true, very forcibly indicated, but the whole building is pulled together in Gothic fashion by the towers of the *corps de logis*, and by those which flank the wings or pavilions which stretch out on either side of the main body. In a building of the size of Chambord the result of this treatment is scarcely satisfactory to the eye. The lines of the wings to right and left of the main body seem to droop away from the heavy towers on either side like the lines of a suspended chain. At Chaumont, indeed, De Lorme depends wholly on the corner towers for the necessary amount of perpendicular ascent, but Chaumont is not a palace. It is a château of ordinary dimensions, the whole extent of which might be enclosed within the space occupied by the *corps de logis* alone at Chambord. Inside the court the unpleasant effect disappears, for the apparent length of the wings is greatly abbreviated by the action of the two spiral staircases which run up outside the building at the internal angles, on opposite sides.

It is not now possible to approach Chambord carrying in our eyes a vision of the great Renaissance château, as engraved by Du Cerceau in his "*Plus Excellens Batiments de la France*." Burdened by the weighty labors of Louis XIV., effaced by eight improving years at the hands of Stanislas Leczinski, mutilated by Marshal Saxe, the Chambord which we now go out from Blois to visit is not the Chambord of Francis I. The broad foundations and heaving arches which rose proudly out of the rolling waters exist no longer to the eye. The truncated building squats ignobly upon the turf, the moat is gone, gone are the deep embankments crowned with pierced balustrades, gone is the no-longer-needed bridge with its guardian lions. All the outlying work, which gave the actual building space and dignity, has vanished, and we enter directly from the park outside to what was once but the inner court of the château. It is not until we stand within this inner court, until we have passed through the lines of building which enclose it on the western side, and which show the unmistakable signs of stupid and brutal destruction, that we can believe again in the departed glories of Chambord. Lippomano, ambassador from Venice to France during the reign of Henri III., as he journeyed to Paris turned out of his way to visit Chambord.

> On the 21st [he says] we made a slight detour in order to visit the château of Chambord, or more strictly speaking the palace commenced by Francis I., and truly worthy of this great prince. I have seen many magnificent buildings in the course of my life, but never anything more beautiful or more rich. They say that the piles for the foundations of the château in this marshy ground have alone cost three hundred thousand francs. The effect is very good on all sides. . . . I counted one hundred and eighty-six steps in the spiral staircase which occupies the centre; it is constructed with such skill, and is so convenient, that a party can go up one side and down the other, six or eight abreast, at a time. . . . The number of the rooms is as remarkable as their size, and indeed space was not wanting to the architect, since the wall that surrounds the park is seven leagues in length. The park itself is full of forests, of lakes, of streams, of pasture land, and of hunting grounds, and in the centre rises the château with its gilt battlements, with its wings covered in with lead, with its pavilions, its towers, and its corridors, even as the romancers describe to us the abode of Morgana or of Alcinoüs. More than half remains to be done, and I don't believe it will ever be finished, for the kingdom is completely exhausted by war. We left much marvelling, or rather let us say thunderstruck, and we

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

arrived that evening at Blois. ("*Documens Inédits*," v. 2, p. 300.)

To destroy the character of this château from the outside was not difficult. It was not easy to tame the rude defiance of Vincennes, or give facility to the reserved and guarded approaches of Gaillon. Solid rectangular towers, heavy machicolations, and ponderous drawbridges offer a stubborn resistance to schemes of ruthless innovation; but Chambord was no fortress, it was a country house. The very site is motived by no other reason than the pleasures of the chase. The battlements of Gaillon gave back the echoes of the trumpet, but the galleries of Chambord resound with the huntsman's bugle. The construction of these galleries in itself points to the rapid progress of social change. There are not only such as may be called covered passages communicating from the spiral staircases with the rooms on each story; galleries which have their special cause in actual need and daily use; but the roofs of the range of one-storied buildings which connect the side wings of the main building on the north and south, and which run along the western front, are finished up from the cornice with a balustrade, and turned into a promenade for courtiers. The women whom Francis I. was blamed for bringing about the court throng the spaces of Du Cerceau's cut, idling with their fans, attended by their servants, and followed by their little dogs. The drawbridge of the past age is already replaced by a fixed bridge, and a couple of lazy sentinels find their occupation in watching the groups who saunter by the side of the moat, the waters of which rush by at full speed, sending coolness into the thirsty air.

Yet, in spite of these marked indications of change the ancient spirit lingers. The unrestrained freedom of grotesque caprice finds expression everywhere, even in those later portions which belong to another reign. Pierre le Nepveu has left on all his work the imprint of profuse and fantastic force; the wild outlines of his cupolas strike the sky with an audacity which seems to defy the adverse criticism of those who moved within the limits of more cautious rule. Symmetrical balance for which the masters of a succeeding era sought, and by which they strove to harmonize every portion of their design, obliged them to reject the aid of those varied resources which Nepveu shrewdly marshalled with a vigorous hand. Chambord is a brilliant example of transition. The early Renaissance is there to be seen, taking on itself the burden beneath which had sunk the failing forms of the Gothic spirit. But the intention of the work is wholly foreign to the main direction taken by the new movement. If we turn from Chambord to Azay, we shall see the point which was actually being made by others, whilst Nepveu was engaged in the execution of a project condemned, by its very nature, to remain, in spite of the wonderful genius lavished upon it, an unfruitful *tour de force*.

The graceful château of Azay le Rideau rises directly out of the waters of the Indre. It was in actual progress during the earlier years of the works at Chambord. It is built on two sides of a square, one side of which is prolonged somewhat and then abruptly truncated at an outward angle. This unsymmetrical ground-plan is a trace still retained of earlier days, which are also faintly recalled by the elegant tourelles, carried on corbels, which complete each angle. In every other respect, Azay is a continuation of the intention manifested in the eastern wing of Blois. The openings, like those of the Hôtel Pincé at Angers, are grouped within pilasters one above another so as to strengthen with their perpendicular lines the broad and outspread surface. Ornament, with one exception, is reserved to accent the bands of the different stories, and to enrich the cornice. The one exception is important, the very pretence of defence having been abandoned: the entrance is made by a high portal, and this portal, together with the staircase which it supports, is magnificently enriched with carving. The first frieze shows bas-reliefs of the salamander of Francis I., and of the ermine of Claude of Brittany his wife, who lay dying at Blois in July, 1524, when this château was still in course of building. On the plinth which supports the two windows of the pediment the same devices appear, then a little arcade connects the ground-floor with the upper stories, the pilasters and other members of which are covered with arabesques which may challenge comparison for beauty of design with the most exquisite passages produced at a later period.

From Azay to the château of Longchamps or Madrid we pass with ease. But the erection of this château in 1527 marks the transference of the chief activity to Paris, and the building itself shows important modifications, both in the fashion of the exterior and in the disposition of the internal arrangements. Azay, though minor portions were added at a later period,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

may be considered to have been practically finished before the building of Madrid was begun. Francis had undertaken the works at Chambord in 1526, and throughout succeeding years he went on building there and elsewhere with incessant rapidity. In February, 1527, fresh alterations were set on foot in the Louvre. The great tower, the destruction of which is deeply lamented by L'Etoile, was pulled down to make room for these improvements. But Chambord and the Louvre together could not absorb the restless energies of the king. Before the close of the same year the foundations of Madrid were laid. The château of Longchamps, in the Bois de Boulogne, which was afterwards called Madrid, is to us now no more than a name, but on this château Francis lavished the utmost resources of wealth and art. Du Cerceau has again preserved for us the original outlines. They are expressive. There is no room for official display or state ceremonial: we are within the consecrated precincts of private pleasure. The covered galleries, running round outside every story, are pleasant places for idle enjoyment, a sheltered lounge where may be watched out the long course of a summer day. The interior is destined to be filled with light, and brilliance, and air. The sun streams in through numberless panes of fixed glass, wooden shutters are placed beneath, and they fly open at the gust of fresh winds blowing past them. This gay summer-house is full, too, of little touches of personal fancy, and marks of individual caprice. The ceilings of the small rooms which flanked the great hall on either side were placed at half-way of the whole height. A secret chamber occupied the space above them. Here Francis could creep unseen, by means of staircases hidden behind the imposing chimneypieces of the rooms below; the object of all this contrivance being to afford, says Du Cerceau, a retreat to the prince whence he might at any time, without being seen, play the spy upon those who met and talked in the great hall below.

But the distinguishing feature of the internal arrangements, and that which was then regarded as a specially remarkable innovation, was the commodious completeness of the offices. They were partly underground, but they were also as convenient and well lighted as the other apartments, and in this respect differed wholly from the sombre and mysterious dungeons which lurked amidst the heavy supporting piles of the château of Chenonceaux. At a later period at Anet, at Ecouen, attention was paid to the offices as a matter of course, but at Chambord, at Amboise, at Blois, special provision for the service was unheard of. The architect provided for the guard-chamber and left the household to seek refuge in the cellar. As for sleeping accommodation, any hole, any bed, was good enough for those in attendance. Des Periers says, —

> En cour pour le beau premier soir,
> Couché fuz comme en un pressoir,
> En lit bien autre que de plume,
> Un petit plus dur qu'une enclume:
> On le peut sentir à s'y seoir.

An improvement in the number and arrangement of the upper chambers had been rendered necessary by the press of nobles about the court, and it finally became an imperative necessity to provide in some measure for the wants of a service greatly enlarged by the train of attendants who accompanied them.

The *corps de logis* or main body of the château of Madrid was flanked by two pavilions, the angles of which were accented only by ordinary projections. This is a noteworthy change in the external plan. The tourelle no longer records the tower which fifty years before of necessity defended each outward point. This feature, which had not elsewhere ceased to be indispensable and prominent, is at Madrid relegated to the unimportant office of carrying certain staircases at the sides. It may be said that Madrid was not raised by French hands, and that we are not justified even in giving it a place among French work. The enamelled terracottas, ornamental tiles, the delicate friezes and medallions, which are to be seen in Du Cerceau's engraving, filling the springing arches of the windows, marking out the stones with brilliant lines of decoration, were, it is true, the work of no other than Girolamo della Robbia himself, who left Florence for Paris in order that he might execute this task. The actual practice of covering the wall surface with a veneer of enamelled tiles was not indeed unknown in France. Two houses at Beauvais dating from about the end of the fifteenth century are often instanced, on the authority of M. Léon Vaudoyer, as still-existing examples; and the tiles with which the façades of these buildings are overlaid are said to be ornamented with little figures enamelled and in relief, so that, in one respect at least, they resemble the brilliant works presenting "all the characteristics of sculpture" which "shone on the walls of Madrid." These relics were destroyed

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

together with the rest of the château at the great Revolution, and there is no existing record of their fashion, but Du Cerceau reproduced several of the arabesque designs which enriched the tiled pavements of the rooms, and these present those characteristics of delicate elegance and symmetry of arrangement which invariably belong to Italian decorative work, whilst here and there are bits which might rival passages from the hand of that perfect master of the art, Giovanni da Udine. The chimneypieces, too, seem in Du Cerceau's drawings to have been due to the chisels of Italian sculptors. The accent is softer and more languorous than is the wont of definite French speech, but over the accumulated mass of foreign detail the spirit of the soil maintains its ascendency and compels the strange exotic to shape itself anew. The fantastic devices which cover the building *entrelacez les uns les autres* announce the action of a kindred instinct to that which puts forth at Chenonceaux, and prevails at Chambord. In spite of the importation of Italian craftsmen, Madrid became a French château; the ornaments which they designed and the caprices which they invented were alike subjected to the controlling force of French taste, and to the rule of outlines planned probably by a French architect. The name of him who built this china palace has indeed perished, lost in the renown of the decorator, but the elevation, as given by Du Cerceau, has neither the proportions nor the style of Italian design.

It is mere matter for conjecture who were the architects employed by Francis I. on the numerous works he had in hand both at Paris and in its neighborhood, even at this late moment. In the same year, (1527), says Corrozet, that the king commenced the superb edifice of the château of Madrid, "*il fit poursuivre avec diligence les bastimens qu'il avait fait commencer à Fontainebelleau, à St. Germain en Laye, au Bois de Vincennes, et en nôtre ville.*" It has been supposed that Pierre Lescot was the architect entrusted with the alterations going on at Fontainebleau,

> chasteau qui s'appelle,
> Du gracieux surnom d'une fontaine belle.

Felibien des Avoux seems to have been the first to have put this tradition on record; but he, writing in 1680, has not even the weight of second-hand authority; and had Lescot early given proof of his ability as architect of Fontainebleau, the king would not have sent to Bologna in 1541 for Sebastian Serlio to fill the place of "*surintendant des bastimens et architecte de Fontainebleau.*" Rosso, who held the same post before Serlio, did not arrive in Paris till 1530, and not only was Madrid far advanced before his arrival, but the works at Fontainebleau and the Louvre were also in full progress.

M. Berty conjectures that, as regards the Louvre at least, the additions projected by Francis I. were only carried out on paper. The letters patent which confer on Lescot the whole charge and superintendence of the works, and approve his plans, were only granted by Francis, at Fontainebleau, in the year before his death (1546).* Little progress, therefore, can have been made during his reign with the additions planned by Lescot, and M. Berty supposes that nothing was done before this date, because Corrozet, who, in the 1550 edition of his "*Antiquités de la Ville de Paris,*" says, "*François I. fit faire au Louvre de grandes reparations, et nouveaux édifices,*" is silent concerning them in an earlier edition, that of 1543, although he mentions the destruction of the great tower as a preparation for the execution of future plans. If, then, says M. Berty, Corrozet, who gives these details in 1550, does not give them in 1543, it must be because in 1543 the works of reconstruction had not then begun. But there is another edition of the same book which has escaped M. Berty's notice, a yet earlier edition, the edition of 1532, and in it we find, on p. 49, "*Celluy seigneur* (*François I.*) *a aussi fait reparer le château du Louvre de plusieurs riches édifices, lequel lieu il a esleu pour sa demourance.*" From this passage it is plain that Francis had indeed made important additions to the Louvre fourteen years before he sanctioned the plans of Lescot, but it is impossible to say by whom they were conducted or designed. Rosso, it is true, arrived in 1530, two years before the date at which Corrozet writes; but even two clear years would scarcely give time for the erection of "*plusieurs riches édifices;*" and his name is wholly connected with Fontainebleau, where he nearly always resided during his ten years' life in France.

As long as we are dealing with the châteaux of Touraine we half accept the mystery which seems to shroud their erection, as the natural result of their connection with a more remote past. They seem to hang on, as it were, to the skirts of that ghostly Middle Age which is enveloped in even deeper obscurity; but Paris in the reign of Francis I. should be well within the

* *Vieux Paris*, t. xi., p. 440.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

reach of modern curiosity. We expect to get easily at definite knowledge concerning its work and those by whom it was done. But again we are forced to acknowledge that often the utmost efforts of search will not even yield a name, and that, if we are sure of a name, we are sure of nothing else. Considerable works were undoubtedly undertaken at the Louvre, at Fontainebleau, at Longchamps (Madrid), and other places, during the first four or five years which elapsed after Francis I. returned from his Spanish captivity (1525); but we know neither by whom they were planned, nor by whom they were executed. One thing only is certain, the number of Italian artists in Paris was not considerable until the sack of Rome (1527) and the fall of the Medici drove them northwards. Such as had come into France earlier, coming in one by one, found themselves absorbed by forces already active, and added only some inappreciable impulse of foreign vigor. After a while, when they flocked in greater numbers, they constituted an individual school, which drew to itself some French followers, but which as a rule was regarded with envy and dislike by native artists. Prior to the coming of Rosso, who was, as has already been said, specially engaged at Fontainebleau, no Italian of note is known to have been employed in directing the works undertaken at the various royal châteaux.

It was in the course of the year 1530 that Maître Roux (Rosso del Rosso) arrived in Paris, where, says Vasari, "*fu con molte carezze della nazione fiorentina ricevuto.*" Francis was very liberal to him. His appointments began with a yearly pension of four hundred crowns, and a house in Paris, which he rarely inhabited, spending most of his time at Fontainebleau, where he also had apartments. In the following year (1531) Primaticcio came. Born at Bologna in 1490, Francesco Primaticcio quitted his native city for Mantua at the age of thirty-five, attracted by the fame of Giulio Romano. There he worked for six years with great credit, and now came into France with all the prestige which could accrue from the fact that Giulio, unable to accept for himself the invitation which Francis had addressed to him, had nominated Primaticcio as his worthy representative. He was welcomed at Paris with all the honors due to his credentials. Francis named him prior of Bretigny, and *abbé* of St Martin de Troyes, two places which brought him in an annual income of eight thousand crowns; but he does not seem to have found active and immediate employment. Rosso, who, as a man of general cultivation, well-bred, well-mannered, of good figure and address, had rendered himself acceptable to the king, was already in possession of the title of *surintendant des bâtimens.* The arrival of Primaticcio seemed to threaten his supremacy, and it is conjectured that, in consequence of the difficulties which arose between them, Primaticcio was eventually despatched to Italy, under commission from the king, to take casts of the finest examples of ancient and modern sculpture, and to purchase other works of art.

The field was now left clear for Rosso (1531). Under his supervision were constructed the Galerie François I. in the Cour Ovale at Fontainebleau, and a portion of the Cour de la Fontaine, in which Charles V. and his suite were lodged in 1539. That either Primaticcio or Rosso were practically skilled as architects is doubtful. The province of art in which both specially distinguished themselves was purely that of decoration. Decorative painting and every class of ornamental work in relief, from surface patterns to statuettes, were familiar technic in the hands of both; and in this respect, by the introduction of methods of procedure and ornament common only in Italy at that date, they enlarged the boundaries and reunited the resources of French art. Their action on the construction of the buildings which they decorated was probably limited to a merely general dictation and control. Such portions of Fontainebleau as were in building during the rule of Rosso do not differ essentially from parts previously executed, and we shall probably be right in concluding that the legitimate credit due to him is simply that of having developed and extended changes which had already taken place in interior decoration and architectural detail, and of having thus carried forward the work of preparing and educating the national taste to relish the decisive revolution which was now inaugurated, and destined to be accomplished with the next reign.

For it is to the era inaugurated by the accession of Henri II. that we must look for a complete expression of change; and it is a significant fact that the works of this reign are signed. Ecouen speaks to us of Bullant, Anet and the Tuileries once bore witness to the talent of De Lorme, and the genius of Lescot is still acknowledged by the Louvre. Of these men we know not much indeed, but enough to individualize our conception of their character, and to make them appear to us not as names only, but as men.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY · Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 · Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), *being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in* THE LIVING AGE *from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

CHAPTER XL.

A FLASH OF NEWS.

WE dragged a lengthening chain. As soon as we had left Niagara and its hotels and holiday-making, and plunged into that interminable forest-land that lies between Lakes Huron and Erie, one could have noticed that the gravity of our women-folk was visibly increased. Did they half expect, then, while they were idling about these show-places, some sudden summons which they could readily answer? Bell, at least, could have no such hope; but all the same, as this big and ornate car was quietly gliding away westward, in the direction of her future home, she was as sad as any of them.

What was the matter? It was a beautiful afternoon. The country through which we were passing was sufficiently cheerful; for this forest was not dark, gloomy, and monotonous like the Schwarzwald, but, on the contrary, bright, varied in hue, and broken up by innumerable clearances. Every few minutes the window next us became the frame of a pleasant little picture, — the sudden open space among the trees; a wooden house set amidst orchards in which the ruddy apples showed in the evening light; a drove of cattle homeward going along the rough road; tall, silver-gray stems of trees that had been left when the wood was burned down; and everywhere, in every available corner, maize, maize, maize.

"What is the matter?" says the German ex-lieutenant to his wife, who is gazing somewhat absently out of the window.

"I know," says Queen T., with a gentle smile. "She is thinking how she could ever make her way back through this perpetual forest if she were all by herself, and with no road to guide her. Fancy Bell wandering on day and night — always toward the east — toward her children. She might take some food from the country people, but she would not enter their houses; she would go on, day after day, night after night, until she got to the sea. And you want to know what she is thinking of now? I believe she is consumed with hatred of every thing lying westward of the River Mole, and that she considers the Pullman car a detestable invention. That is the pretty result of Colonel Sloane's ingenuity!"

It certainly was not fair to talk in this slighting fashion of poor old Five-Ace Jack, who was but recently dead, and who had done what he considered his best with such worldly possessions as Providence had allowed him to thieve and amass. But at this moment the lieutenant struck in.

"Oh, that is quite foolish!" he cried. "There is no longer any such thing as distance; it is only time. It is foolish to think of the distance between the Rocky Mountains and Surrey; it is only how many days; and you may as well be living in a pleasant car, and having good food and very capital beds, as in a hotel, while all the time you are travelling. And indeed," continued this young man, seriously addressing his wife, "there is very little difference of time either now. You want to speak to your children? You speak to them through the telegraph. It is an hour or two — it is nothing. In the morning you send them a message; you say, 'How do you do?' In the evening, as you sit down to dinner, you have the answer. What is that separation? It is nothing."

"I think," says Bell, with savage ferocity, but with tears springing to her eyes, "I will spend the whole of the first year's income of this wretched property in telegrams to the children. One might just as well be dead as living without them."

And if she was to derive any comfort from this reflection that the telegraph was a constant link of communication between herself and those young folks left behind in Surrey, she was not likely to be allowed to forget the fact for any length of time. Even out in this forest wilderness the most prominent feature of the smallest hamlet we passed was its telegraph posts and wires. Very plain, unpretending, picturesque hamlets these were, even in the ruddy glow now shining over the land. They consisted of a number of wooden shanties all set down in rectangular rows, the thoroughfares being exceedingly broad and bare, the whole place having an oddly improvised and temporary look, as if the houses and shops could in a few minutes be put on wheels and carried along to the next clearance in the forest. But what could even the smallest of these here-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

to-day-and-gone-to-morrow-looking places want with such a multiplicity of telegraph wires?

That night the three women, having been bundled into the prettily decorated stateroom that had been secured for them, and being now doubtless fast asleep, saw nothing of the strange thing that occurred to us. Had Von Rosen gone mad, or had the phrase "stateroom" confused his fancies, that, looking out of the car window, he suddenly declared we were at sea? Rubbing his eyes — perhaps he had been dozing a bit — he insisted on it. Then he must needs hurry out to the little iron gangway at the end of the car to see if his senses were forsaking him.

Here, certainly, a strange sight was visible. We were no doubt standing on a railroad car; but all around us there was nothing but black and lapping water through which we were rapidly moving, propelled by some unknown power. And the blackness of this mysterious lake or sea was intensified by the flashing down on the waves of one or two distant lights that seemed to be high above any possible land. Then, as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, lo! another phenomenon — a great black mass, like a portion of a city, moving after us through the night. We began to make it out at last. The bewildering lights ahead were two lofty beacons. We were crossing a lake, or a bit of a lake. The long train had been severed into lengths, and each portion of the huge serpent placed on a gigantic steam ferry-boat, which was taking us across the black waters. And when this night passage ceased, we scarcely knew whether we were on sea or on shore, whether on a boat or on a line of rail. But people began to talk about Detroit; and here undoubtedly was a railway station, to say nothing of a refreshment bar.

"I believe we have got into the States again," observed the lieutenant, thereby showing a knowledge of geography which was not surprising in a German.

Next morning our little party had most obviously improved in spirits. Perhaps there was some secret hope among the women-folk that they would have further news from England when they arrived at Chicago, though what good could come of that it was hard to say. Or perhaps they were delighted to find that they had suffered no discomfort at all in passing a night on board a railway train. They praised everything — the cleanness and comfort of the beds, the handiness of the lavatories, the civility of the attendants. There was no fatigue at all visible in their fresh and bright faces. And when they sat down to breakfast, it was quite clear that they meant to make it a comic breakfast, whereas breakfast in an American railway car is a serious business, to be conducted with circumspection and with due regard for contingencies. For one thing the hospitable board is not spacious; and with even the most smoothly going of cars there are occasional swayings which threaten peril to coffee-cups But the chief occasion for fear arises from the fact that your travelling American is a curious person, and insists on experimenting upon every possible form of food that the districts through which he is passing produce. Moreover, he has a sumptuous eye, and likes to have all these things spread out before him at once. No matter how simple the central dish may be — a bit of a prairie-chicken, for example, or a slice of pork — he must have it, perhaps merely for the delight of color, graced by a semicircle of dishes containing varied and variously prepared vegetables. Now we never could get the most intelligent of negroes to understand that we were only plain country-folk, unaccustomed to such gorgeous displays and varieties of things, and not at all desirous of eating at one and the same time boiled beans, beet root in vinegar, green corn, squash, and sweet potatoes. Sambo would insist on our having all these things, and more, and could not be got to believe that we could get through breakfast without an assortment of boiled trout, pork and apple-sauce, and prairie-chicken. The consequence was that this overloaded small table not unfrequently reminded one or two of us of certain experiences in northern climes, when the most frugal banquet — down in that twilit saloon — was attended by the most awful anxiety.

"She pitches a good deal," said Bell, raising her cup so as to steady it the better; "the sea must be getting rougher."

"Madame Columbus," asked the lieutenant, "when shall we come in sight of land? The provisions will be running short soon. I have never seen people eat as these people eat: it is the fine air, is it not?"

"Mr. Von Rosen," said Lady Sylvia, "do you know that you can have Milwaukee lager-beer on board this ship?"

"Do I know?" said the young man, modestly. "Oh, yes, I know. I had some this morning at seven o'clock." And then he turned to his shocked wife: "I was

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

very thirsty, and I do not like that water of melted ice."

He would have explained further, but that his wife intimates that such excuses are unnecessary. She has got used to this kind of thing. Happily her children are now beyond the sphere of his evil example.

"Ah," said he, "this is all very poor and wretched as yet — this crossing of the American continent. I am a prophet. I can see the things that will come. Why have we not here the saloon that we have across the Atlantic — with a piano? I would sing you a song, Lady Sylvia."

"Indeed," said that lady, very sweetly, "you are very kind."

"But it is a long time ago since we used to have songs in our travelling. I can remember when we had to try a new piano every day — some of them very queer; but always, in any case, we had the guitar, and 'Woodstock Town' and 'The Flowers of the Forest' ——"

"And '*Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter*,'" says Bell, in a suddenly deep and tragical voice, "'*wollt' dem Kaiser wiedrum krrrrrrrriegen Stadt und Festung Belga-rrrrrr-ad!*'"

"Ah, Bell," says Queen T., "do you remember that morning at Bourton-on-the-Hill?"

Did she remember that morning at Bourton-on-the-Hill! Did she remember that bunch of fiddlesticks! No doubt they were very pleased to get away from the small inn where they had had ham and eggs and whiskey for supper, and ham and eggs and tea for breakfast; but here, in this bountiful and beneficent land, flowing over with broiled bluefish, Carolina widgeon, marrow squash, and Lima beans, what was the use of thinking about Bourton-on-the-Hill and its belongings? I do not believe we were charged more than a shilling per head for our lodging in that Worcestershire hostelry; here we were in a country where we could pay, if we chose, a couple of shillings extra for having a bottle of wine iced. And, if it came to that, what fresher morning could we have had anywhere than this that now shone all around us? We dragged these nostalgic persons out on to the pleasant little iron balcony at the end of the car. There had been a good deal of rain for some time before, so there was little dust. And what could be brighter and pleasanter than these fair, blue skies, and the green woods, and the sweet, cool winds that blew about and tempered the heat of the sun? We seemed to be rolling onward through a perpetual forest, along a pathway of flowers. Slowly as the train went, we could not quite make out these tall blossoms by the side of the track, except to guess that the yellow blooms were some sort of marigold or sunflower, and the purple ones probably a valerian, while the rich tones of brownish-red that occurred among the green were doubtless those of some kind of rumex. And all through this forest country were visible the symptoms of a busy and shifty industry. Clearing followed clearing, with its inclosures of split rails to keep the cattle from wandering; with its stock of felled timber close to the house; and with, everywhere, the golden yellow pumpkins gleaming in the sunlight between the rows of the gray-green maize.

"What a lonely life these people must lead!" said Lady Sylvia, as we stood there.

"Yes, indeed," responded her monitress. "They are pretty nearly as far removed from telegraphs and newspapers and neighbors as we are in Surrey. But no doubt they are content — as we might be, if we had any sense. But if the newspaper is ten minutes late, or the fire not quite bright in the breakfast-room ——"

"Or the temper of the mistress of the house," says another voice, "of such a demoniacal complexion that the very mice are afraid of her ——"

"Then, no doubt, we think we are the most injured beings on earth. Oh, by-the-way, Lady Sylvia, how did your dado of Indian matting look?"

This was a sudden change; and, strangely enough, Lady Sylvia seemed rather embarrassed as she answered.

"I think it turned out very well," said she, meekly.

"I suppose some of your guests were rather surprised," is the next remark.

"Perhaps so," answers the young wife, evasively. "You know we never have given many dinner-parties in Piccadilly. I — I think it is so much better for my husband to get into the country whenever he can get away from the House."

"Oh yes, no doubt," says Queen T., with much simplicity. "No doubt. But you know you are very singular in your tastes, Lady Sylvia. I don't know many women who would spend the season in Surrey if they had the chance of spending it in Piccadilly. And what did you say those flowers were?"

Our attention was soon to be called away from the flowers. The forest become scantier and scantier — finally it disappeared altogether. In its place we

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

found a succession of low and smooth sand-hills, of a brilliant yellowish-brown in this warm sunlight, and dotted here and there with a few scrubby bushes. This was rather an odd thing to find in the midst of a forest, and we were regarding these low-lying mounds with some interest when, suddenly, they dipped. And lo! in the dip a dark blue line, and that the line of the horizon. The sea! — we cried. Who can imagine the surprise and delight of finding this vast plain of water before the eyes, after the perpetual succession of tree-stems that had confronted us since the previous morning? And surely this blue plain was indeed the sea; for far away we could pick out large schooners apparently hovering in the white light, and nearer at hand were smart little yachts, with the sunlight on their sails.

"Madame Columbus," cried the lieutenant, "have we crossed the continent already? Is it the Pacific out there?"

"Why, you know," says the great geographer, with a curtness unworthy of her historic name and fame, "it is Lake Michigan. It is a mere pond. It is only about as long as from London to Carlisle; and about as broad as — let me see — as Scotland, from the Clyde to the Forth."

It was a beautiful sight, however insignificant the size of the lake may have been. Nothing could have been more intensely blue than the far horizon line, just over those smooth and sunlit hills. No doubt, had we been on a greater height we should have caught the peculiar green color of the water. Any one who has unexpectedly come in view of the sea in driving over a high-lying country — say in crossing the high moors between Launceston and Boscastle — must have been startled by the height of the suddenly revealed horizon-line. It seems to jump up to meet him like the pavement in the story of the bemuddled person. But down here on this low level we had necessarily a low horizon-line; and what we lost in intrinsic color we gained in that deep reflected blue that was all the stronger by reason of the yellow glow of the sand-hills.

We got into Michigan City. We were offered newspapers. We refused these — for should we not have plenty of time in Chicago to read not only the newspapers, from which we expected nothing, but also our letters from England, from which we expected everything? As it turned out, there was nothing at all of importance in our letters; whereas, if we had taken these newspapers, we could not fail to have noticed the brief telegraphic announcement — which had been sent all over the commercial world — of the suspension of the well-known firm of Balfour, Skinner, Green, & Co., liabilities £500,000. In happy ignorance we travelled on.

It was about midday, after skirting the southern shores of Lake Michigan through a curiously swampy country, that we entered Chicago, and drove to the very biggest of its big hotels.

From The Saturday Review.

INTERESTING PEOPLE.

WHENEVER we see the term "interesting" applied to a character it excites an especial curiosity. Perhaps there are few epithets so flattering; but when we attempt to define it we find it impossible to treat the subject apart from oneself, to make it other than a personal question; we cannot say what is interesting in the abstract apart from what is interesting to us. Of course, indeed, it is this alliance between the interesting and the interested that gives the epithet its meaning and constitutes the charm. We can define a sensible, an amiable, a generous person without our individuality being concerned; but if we set about a definition of the interesting, assuming the same conditions, we are pulled up at once by the consciousness of the standard being different according as we treat the question in the general or from our own particular point of view. If we would say what sort of persons are interesting to the world at large we assume a cynical spirit; the abstract interesting person is another creature altogether from the man who has the honor to interest us. We invest him with the touches of the sentimental, the lackadaisical, the Byronic, the affected, the sham and illusory, to fit him as the ideal of the common run of undiscerning, easily deceived men and women; but, if we are interested, it must needs be by some choice special grace of nature which it implies some fellow-feeling on our part to detect and bring into prominence. Our highest sympathies may, however, be awakened long before we know why; and the question what it is in some men that separates them by this marked distinction from their fellows may cost one some expense of thought while the interest excited is at its strongest.

We have said that personal considerations come in first in dealing with this question. People may indeed think a

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

man interesting without any prospect of personal experience of his qualities; but, when driven to justify their preference, they will find it to rest on a belief of mutual affinity; the interesting person is supposed to have an exceptional share of sympathy, not for the world at large probably, but for those worthy of his sympathy. He must be capable of strong human likings and — as inseparable from strong likings — strong dislikes. The interesting person that pleases us is a marked character, but differs from the character often so described by being not easy to read. If there is any one point essential to the interesting person, it is a touch of mystery. Nobody is really interesting who does not stimulate curiosity, whom we think we know all round, who leaves no room for guessing. There must be something supposed to exist that is not altogether of a piece with appearances. Nobody is interesting who can be interpreted by general laws, who needs no tenderness of insight, who awakens no speculation. The difference between those who excite strong personal feeling — we are not speaking now of close personal relations — and those who are generally esteemed for their important or great qualities lies in some such point as this. The latter do not excite the imagination; they do not appeal to that faculty whose exercise gives the greatest pleasure and sense of intellectual power to its possessor. We may respect and admire a man without being drawn towards him; we are drawn towards the man of interesting qualities by the suspicion of some latent attraction over and above his open and definable worth and value, which attraction our penetration is to discover; for of course the more the subject of our inquiry and observation gives us to do — the more he exercises our acuteness — the larger space he fills in our minds. Nor does the interesting character maintain its attraction if it becomes, as it were, independent of our indulgence. We must have our points of superiority; our award must go for something. The topmost point of success has its advantages, but, as a station to pose upon, it does not specially interest. We shall find in all fiction that success detracts from this quality. The interesting characters are those to whom the reader is kinder than their surroundings. As a hero, who so interesting as Hamlet? not only because from beginning to end he is a mystery, but because the reader is forever excusing, explaining, making discoveries. In the absence of this particular quality, Walter Scott, great as he is, does not present many examples of the "interesting person;" the Master of Ravenswood is the almost too obvious, and as such commonplace, exception. Most beautiful touches of romantic interest there are in his personages, but not, we should say, in his leading characters. Not, of course, that we are not interested, but that our praise expresses itself in other epithets. Wherever principles and temperament are in strong antagonism, there the novelist at least aims at the quality we are speaking of, appointing the reader arbiter in the conflict. It is this that gives misfortune its value in fiction, especially the misfortune of being misunderstood and undervalued. The reader is brought into a particular and close relation with the sufferer, and sees further than his blind companions of the story.

In pronouncing a person to be interesting, we are claiming more comprehension of, and insight into, his character than in attributing to him positive qualities. In fact, there is an assumption, a certain claim of equality, in conferring the title. To be a fit subject for it, a man must have more in him than he shows to everybody; we detect, or at least suspect, some striking or amiable contradiction to the outside tone and bearing. Persons of weak or excitable minds are constantly finding people interesting through mere mistake and blundering. We would, therefore, take no one's judgment on this point whom we consider to be himself wholly without this delicate quality. The one purpose and aim of affectation is to excite interest, and undiscerning people who cannot distinguish between real and sham respond to the appeal; but if there is one thing more than another essential to the genuine gift, it is truth and nature. Many natural people are not interesting, but no one who is not natural can be interesting to sensible people. Not, of course, that there may not be a side of concealment or display, for interest attaches to complex characters; but it is only where we see nature assert itself than we are interested. Every contradiction between the manner and bearing of the man, the character borne before the world, and his inner life, excites an interest, and where this contradiction is revealed in an unexpected devotion to the simpler duties and affections, the person who shows it is eminently interesting. Biography reveals these contrasts. Poor Charles Lamb, so airy and witty in speech, known to the world even as a boon companion, with his hidden grief and his life-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

long sacrifice which few would have undertaken and fewer still could have endured to the end, is an example; and Cowper, in the strange contrast between his humor and his gloom, between his domestic winning gentleness of character and the harsh severity of his graver verse, was pre-eminently interesting to all with whom he was brought in contact. There is another contrast which is equally interesting, especially to minds with a strong bent of their own, and ever in search of illustrations on views and points on which their own faculties are exercised. We do not suppose, for example, that Lord Wellesley was abstractedly a case specially to our purpose; but Macaulay writes of him, "I am particularly curious, and always was, to know him. He has made a splendid figure in history, and his weaknesses, though they make his character less worthy of respect, make it more interesting as a study." Going on to give a description of the person of that distinguished man, he says, "Such a blooming old swain I never saw; hair combed with exquisite nicety, a waistcoat of driven snow, and a star and garter put on with care and skill." Perhaps, though this does not answer to any ideal of the interesting, there is something to our point in the notion of a mind occupied with statesmanship linked to a person in the disguise of a *petit maître*. But, if weaknesses even of the smaller kind may add to interest, they must be clear of moral taint. The "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind," if his greatness and wisdom did not make him interesting, would not be rendered so by his meanness except as a psychological study.

The biography of Macaulay himself shows him to the outside world in an interesting light, with all the elements of the unexpected. While he shone before the world in one character, he had an inner life which no stranger could have attributed to him, and this inner life was, as it seems, the more intense and engrossing of the two. To ill-natured people, even to persons with nothing but his public aspect and circumstances to go by, his brilliancy, versatility, and domineering powers of speech might seem to represent the whole man; and these qualities do not make a man interesting; in fact, he was too much of a prodigy for the epithet to occur to anybody as descriptive; still no reader of his biography can withhold it. There are men idolized in their families, and dull or fantastic to the world at large, who are properly interesting to nobody, the element of nature, pure and unalloyed, being wanting; but Macaulay's letters to his sisters, and the delightful image they raise of his home life, placed side by side with the blaze of his public fame, constitute him a specimen example. On this point literary people prove themselves no better judges, invested with no keener discernment, than common folks. It is amusing to read, along with these domestic revelations, Miss Martineau's summary condemnation of the man as author, politician, and social star. To be sure, her book makes it apparent that nobody was very interesting to Miss Martineau but herself and those to whom she was interesting. We are quite open to Macaulay's faults, so we need not produce here the long string of offences, failures, and errors with which she leads up to her conclusion: "My own impression is, and always was, that the cause of the defect is constitutional. The evidence seems to indicate that he wants heart. He appears to be wholly unaware of this deficiency; and the superficial fervor which suns over his disclosures probably deceives himself, as it deceives a good many other people; and he may really believe that he has a heart. To those who do not hold this key to the interpretation of his career it must be a very mysterious thing . . . that he should never have achieved any complete success." People in the turmoil of literary work — its hopes and fears, its vanities and small transient triumphs — are not at all in a condition to detect the hidden and to see behind the curtain of manner. However, we do not know whether even the testimony of Macaulay's home life would have influenced the exponent of positivism in her verdict.

In all notable public examples the element of mystery carries it over everything else in exciting and sustaining interest. We see this conspicuously in Swift, so profoundly interesting to the last century; though in his case the mystery did not admit of resolution into contradictory excellencies. Descending to the domestic and social standards of this quality, we should say that in family life those are most interesting who are most fully known to the observer, whose intricacies of character have been a long study; while in social life it is the new and unfamiliar, which has to be guessed at, that gives the most amusing and exciting exercise to this vein of observation. The lovers of new acquaintance are always expecting to make discoveries of more than meets the eye, of depths unsuspected by the careless and indiffer-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ent; but they are impatient and often miss what they are looking for. The really interesting character grows in interest, and only fully reveals itself to the constant sympathy of a kindred nature.

We think it may be observed that the epithet is oftener applied to men than to women, which may be explained by the fact that women, in their easy, unscientific way, are much oftener students of character than men; and, as men play the more conspicuous part in the world, they are naturally the objects of this study. But also it may be that mystery, if we may so apply the word, belongs rather to man's organization. Those who do not take much pains in the choice of their epithets, but use those in vogue, will call a woman charming where they would call a man interesting; both epithets connect the object of admiration with the admirer. The man who calls a woman charming has both felt her charm and believes himself to be the object of an intention to please. The praise of moral and intellectual excellence may be bestowed without this condition, but there is always a subtle affinity between the interesting man and the person interested, between the charming woman and the person charmed.

From The American Journal of Science.

THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF THE FLESH OF THE HALIBUT.

THE halibut (*Hippoglossus americanus*, Gill), which abounds in the waters of the Atlantic, as far north as Newfoundland and as far south at Cape Hatteras, is highly valued as food in the United States. The flesh is of a fine white color, is delicate and tender, and resembles that of the whiting (*Merlangus vulgaris*). The fresh flesh of the halibut has been analyzed by Chittenden, and he gives in his paper the results of his examination side by side with those of Payen, who investigated the composition of the flesh of the whiting. They are as follows: —

	Halibut.	Whiting.
Water	82·87	82·95
Solid constituents	17·12	17·05
Ash	1·08	1·08
Fatty matter	1·26	0·38
Nitrogen	2·01	2·41

The flesh of the American fish, when dried at 100° C., was found to consist of —

Carbon	50·38
Hydrogen	7·43
Nitrogen	11·68
Oxygen	6·35
Ash	24·16
	100·00

and of the above constituents 7.11 per cent. were present in the form of fatty matter. The ash of the flesh of this fish is composed of —

Silicic acid	0·32
Chlorine	11·11
Carbonic acid	1·13
Sulphuric acid	1·30
Phosphoric acid	34·36
Iron	0·19
Lime	0·15
Magnesia	2·43
Potash	37·07
Soda	12·22
Lithia	trace.
	100·28

Some considerable part of the alkaline metals which the author gives as oxides in the above percentage numbers must in reality be present in the form of *chlorides*, combined with the 11·11 per cent. of chlorine, and the total constituents found must therefore fall short of the total above given. In fact, the 11·11 per cent. of chlorine has, so to speak, been left out in the cold, uncombined, and must take the place of oxygen in these calculated results; this will reduce the total considerably. More than 70 per cent. of the constituents of the ash, according to the author's mode of regarding them, consists of phosphoric acid and potash.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XX. | No. 1740.—October 20, 1877. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXV.

CONTENTS.

I.	LORD FALKLAND AND HIS MODERN CRITICS,	*Church Quarterly Review*,	131
II.	DORIS BARUGH. A Yorkshire Story. By the author of "Patty." Part II.,	*Good Words*,	144
III.	PRUSSIAN HISTORY,	*Macmillan's Magazine*,	162
IV.	GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXXIII.,	*Harper's Bazar*,	174
V.	COMMODORE GOODENOUGH, R.N.	*Good Words*,	178
VI.	AFRICA "TRANSLATED,"	*Spectator*,	182
VII.	A HIDDEN LIFE,	*Good Words*,	185
VIII.	M. THIERS AS AN HISTORIAN,	*Academy*,	189
IX.	M. THIERS' WILL,	*Academy*,	190

POETRY.

THE FLIGHT OF THE SWALLOWS, . . . 130
A CONTRAST, ... 130
HYMN, ... 130
LOVE'S ARROWS, ... 191

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.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE FLIGHT OF THE SWALLOWS.

AROUND the old minster the swallows are flying;
Soon into white winter the year will be dying;
Soon, soon the chill winds through the boughs will be sighing,
And ice will be here;
South, south are the summer and happy birds singing,
And sunshine, that only here spring will be bringing,
So the wise swallows gather in flocks for their winging
To warm climes so dear.

Are they twittering and chattering of bright days departed?
Of dear happy nest-homes from which they have started?
How they wheel, as if exiled, they lingered, sad-hearted,
Their known eaves to leave;
And why should they thus stay the moment of starting?
Why so seem to loathe from grey skies to be parting?
Think they of the happy hours here they spent, darting
Through many a red eve?

Do birds, like to men, hover round parted pleasure?
Has the past its dear memories, to bird-thoughts a treasure?
Is the gone to you swallows, oh, sweet beyond measure?
Ah, that who shall tell?
Men know not the mysteries that haunt their own being,
And swallows may hide feelings deep from our seeing.
Well, fleet ones, speed far, from the snows to come fleeing;
God guides you. Farewell!

Sunday Magazine. W. C. BENNETT.

A CONTRAST.

BLOW fresh, ye winds, blow fresh and strong,
Sing loud, dear lark, your sweetest song,—
In the deep blue, sing loud and long.

Shine brightly, sun, in summer might,
Flood all the fields with golden light,
And drive far off the envious night.

To-day there is no room for care,
A heavenly beauty fills the air,—
Fair is God's world, yea, very fair!

Upon our peaceful English shore,
Heaven's love is resting evermore,
And wealth of Heaven a boundless store.

From east to west, from south to north,
No voice of discord echoes forth,—
We hear no muttering sounds of wrath;

But careless song of youth and maid,
Mirth-making in the woodland glade,
At leisure in September's shade,

With music of the bird and bee,
And hum of civic industry,
Are borne o'er England's guardian sea.

Deep is our peace, while from afar
Roll on the murd'rous wheels of War,
And Famine's Juggernautine car.

Far off, our brethren cry to Heaven,
By lust, and hate, and hunger driven,—
Scathed as the oak by lightning riven.

Here, bask we in serenest light,
There, horrors crowd from morn to night;
And love is lust, and might is right.

Spectator. JOHN DENNIS.

HYMN.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

O THOU, my heart's best treasure!
O Friend unchangeable!
Sweet spring of ceaseless pleasure
For all who love thee well!
Take of my heart possession,
And reign alone therein,
Thou, whose dear cross and passion
Have saved me from my sin.

Joy of my life! thou feedest
My soul with living bread;
Still to faith's sight thou bleedest,
And richest drops are shed.
When tired and faint I languish,
By thee the weak is strong,
And in my night of anguish
I tune my loudest song.

Ah! pour on me thy favor,
Rich fount of love and grace;
Around me shine forever,
Great Sun of Righteousness!
Without thy smile peace-giving
Life were but death to me;
But in thy presence living
True light and life I see.

My heart, in closest union
With thine, dear Lord, made one,
Finds here in sweet communion,
Its heaven on earth begun:
Better 'mid flames fierce-wreathing,
Safe in thy love to be,
Than heaven's own fragrance breathing
If heaven were void of thee!

Sunday Magazine. HENRY DOWNTON.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Church Quarterly Review.

LORD FALKLAND AND HIS MODERN CRITICS.*

WE know of no sign of the times more truly healthy and hopeful than the desire which finds frequent expression amongst us for a worthy commemoration of the great representative men of English history. In the case of Lord Falkland it is only surprising that such an effort to raise a fitting monument as was lately inaugurated at Newbury has been so long delayed. That remarkable nobleman — remarkable in so many ways, the statesman, soldier, poet, theologian, controversialist, and scholar, "the inspiring chief," as Principal Tulloch calls him, "of a circle of rational and moderate thinkers, amidst the excesses of a violent and dogmatic age" — has always been one of our truest British heroes. Immortalized by the glowing and most eloquent praise of his bosom friend, Lord Clarendon, the idol of the poets of his day, — Ben Jonson, Cowley, Waller, Suckling, who find an echo in Pope, — the loving companion and intimate friend of Sheldon, Morley, Hammond, Earles, Chillingworth, the gracious host of Great Tew, where he was visited by "all men of eminent parts and faculties in Oxford, besides those who resorted thither from London; who all found their lodgings there as ready as in the colleges;" † the chivalrous victim of the Civil War, which he had done his utmost to prevent by timely reform; the representative, as he may be considered, of the Old English Constitution, which he found so grievously out of joint; the rare example of a private virtue consistent in the minutest particular with his public character, and of a true and practical religion which found outward expression in every act of his exalted career; the splendid example of a deeply learned layman, who "never declined controversies on political or religious questions," now overthrowing the Jesuits with their own weapons, now attacking the abuses of an ecclesiastical government, now defending with equal vigor the essential foundations of the Church of England, and dying for the cause of those very bishops whose errors he had resisted, — where shall we find a figure more deservedly placed in the niche of fame? where a study more deserving of the attention of historical students? And yet, while Hampden had his pillar erected on Chalgrove Field nearly half a century ago; while Cromwell, the mighty king-killer, finds his place amongst the kings; while the various merits of the men who have made Britain glorious by sea and land find recognition in brick and mortar, pillar and monument, it has been reserved for this very year, 1877, to do public honor to Lork Falkland. The more honor is due to the promoters of this tardy act of justice, to the Field Club, of Newbury, and especially to Mr. Money, of that place, who have conceived and almost carried the project into effect,* and to Lord Carnarvon, whose admirable speech on the late occasion the public press has with one voice ratified and approved.

In the present paper it will be unnecessary to reproduce in another form what has been brought out in modern times relating to the life and works of this great man. Mr. Teale in 1842, Lady Theresa Lewis in 1852, and Principal Tulloch in 1872, have given elaborate and eulogistic biographies of Lord Falkland; Mr. Grosart has lovingly collected all his poems, with an appreciative sketch of his life, while Lord Lytton successfully defended his memory in the *Quarterly Review* of October 1860.†

But the attention drawn to the subject by the late meeting at Newbury has, for the first time, attracted the general public, and its intrinsic interest is evinced, not only by the numerous newspaper articles of that date, but by the notice which it has been receiving in periodicals and re-

* 1. *Speech at a Meeting held at Newbury, on January* 9, 1877, *by the Earl of* CARNARVON, *Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies.* (*Times*, January 10, 1877.)

2. *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century.* By JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's College in the University of St. Andrews, etc. 1872.

3. *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library.* Printed for Private Circulation. By A. B. GROSART. 1871.

† Lord Clarendon's Life and Continuation, i. 48.

* We regret to hear that funds are still wanting.

† This review appears now in Lord Lytton's "Prose Works."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

views. The new *Nineteenth Century*, breaking off from its parent the *Contemporary Review*, signalized its assertion that it could run alone by a characteristic essay on Falkland from the fastidious pen of Mr. Matthew Arnold; and the parent desired to prove that it still possessed the vigor of youth by enlisting the masculine services of Mr. Goldwin Smith in reply. In neither of these literary efforts could the authors speak with a congenial spirit on such a topic; though indeed the former discovers in the hero a shining example of that "sweetness and light" of which he is the self-constituted prophet, and a typical smiter of the Philistines, whose discomfiture, whether under the buff coat of the old Puritan or the greasy apron of the modern tradesman, he has devoted his life to compass; while the latter claims all the support for his well-known admiration of the Cromwellian party which he can derive from the consideration of one portion, and one portion only, of Falkland's twofold career. There has indeed been a vein of depreciation running along with the eulogy of Falkland from the time of Horace Walpole, who was tired of hearing Aristides always called "the Just," while in our own time Lord Macaulay, Mr. Forster, Mr. Sanford, and others, have unsparingly condemned his political course from the simple point of view of the Cromwellian partisan. There is still room then for an attempt to discriminate between opposing views, and especially to save the memory of Falkland from some of his admiring friends, who have contrived to read within the lines of the few prose works he has left behind a nearer agreement with their own peculiar sentiments than facts will justify. The course of our remarks bring us into contact with some questions which are at least as interesting now as they were two centuries and a half ago.

Taking first, and very briefly, Lord Falkland's political career, we must suppose the reader to be familiar with its general outline, with his learned, and no doubt indignant, retirement at Great Tew, from 1632 to 1639, while Charles I. was governing without Parliaments, and under the tutorship of Laud and Strafford, and with his first appearance in public life as one of the most vehement of that consummately able band of reformers who sat in the Short and the Long Parliaments of 1640, and soon acting as a leader, along with his friend Hyde, in every measure adopted for the destruction of the tyranny under which the old Constitution had been well nigh lost. Then, finally, when Strafford was executed, the Star Chamber and all the old tyrannical courts abolished, Laud imprisoned, the ecclesiastical government in civil affairs destroyed, triennial Parliaments become law (Charles having even consented to his own virtual dethronement by relinquishing his prerogative of dissolving the existing Parliament), the power over the public purse and the national forces taken out of the king's hands, — hopeless of stemming the advancing tides, we know how, still along with Hyde, he threw himself into the opposite scale, and devoted the short remainder of his life as secretary of state, fighting in the front rank with sword and pen for the cause of Church and king, yet contending with Charles's own corrupt courtiers as decisively as against the forces of the Parliament, till the end came — came so speedily on the fatal field of Newbury, that the world had scarcely begun to understand what a hero it possessed, till he was removed with an awful suddenness which adds no little to the dramatic force of the tragedy.

We shall not attempt to defend through thick and thin every isolated act or opinion of one whose example would be useless to his fellows had he not been beset with the same infirmities as other men. Whether he carried his impetuous attacks on the government of Charles further than was necessary for reform, whether he can be justified in the violence of his invectives against Strafford and the bishops, whether he chose exactly the right moment for leaving the side of those who had misled him, and were bent on very different courses from his own, — questions of this sort are so difficult to decide, and we who are enjoying the political calm which he did so much to secure for us are so strictly bound to a modest style of criticism when dealing with them, that it

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

seems our duty rather to look to broad and general outlines of conduct, and to balance against one another opposing tendencies and results. In all this impetuous and chivalrous earnestness, first on one side and then on the other, in this combat of principles so fruitful for all future time, we cannot but discern the noble but impulsive action of the youthful student, called to sudden action at a great crisis, and impelled with all that soldierly order which he evinced at the very outset of his life, and which burned all the more fiercely for its previous repression in the learned pursuits of his ancestral home.

But we have no doubt whatever as to the correctness of the judgment which Falkland and Hyde formed on the whole as to their eventful course; and it would hardly be necessary to reassert what was once so generally received, were it not that (as we showed in a former article) the modern school of historians has so slavishly followed the lead of Lord Macaulay and the Reform-Bill-period writers, that they now profess to consider the point settled, and to assume that the sympathies of every true Englishman must necessarily lie with Pym, Hampden, and Cromwell in the final struggle, rather than with Hyde and Falkland.

We have promised brevity on this point, and therefore at once refer the reader to the article in the *Quarterly Review* noticed above. It will not be easy to present the broad outlines of the two political courses in a more succinct form.

> The reforms [says Lord Lytton] which were re-established (after the Great Rebellion), and which we enjoy now, were the reforms, not of Pym and St. John, but of Hyde and Falkland, the reforms already achieved before the Grand Remonstrance was flung forth to substitute the soldier for the reformer. All that we owe to the violent men are the military usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, and the reaction and arbitrary monarchy under Charles the Second.

The famous nineteen propositions, to which Hyde and Falkland contributed — we know not in what proportions — so admirable an answer, were the manifesto of republicanism. The cause of the sovereign, after the proper safeguards had been secured, was the cause of the people of England, the cause of the British Constitution. We cannot expect all persons to be of one mind on these points; there will always be those who would prefer that our Constitution should not be what it is, and who, failing to find a response in the public opinion of their own times, fondly hope to influence that opinion by asserting the righteousness of the party which attempted to overthrow the Constitution in days gone by. The character of such heroes as Falkland is a very serious obstacle in their way. When such a man, an apostle of "sweetness and light," illuminates the narrow middle course in the most critical and typical struggle in the history of England, it is an awkward fact not easily got rid of. The admirers of the later policy of Pym, Hampden, and Cromwell find themselves deserted by the logic of facts; unless indeed they openly reject the criterion, and boldly proclaim their dissatisfaction with the laws of their own land, and their preference for the ruder forms of government which prevail elsewhere.

These brief remarks are in themselves a sufficient answer to the condescending criticism of Horace Walpole, who pronounced Falkland to be "a virtuous and well-meaning man, with a moderate understanding, who got knocked on the head early in the Civil War because it boded ill."* There could hardly be found in the language a sentence less creditable to the head and heart of a writer. It would, indeed, be easy to produce any number of instances, on either side of the struggle, of such strength and such capacity as Walpole admired; but to support the Constitution on both sides, to beat down the old tyranny, and then to save for posterity what had been purified of its dross, this required the eagle eye and the lion heart given to few, and a singleness of purpose rarely met with in the world's history, a character, when found, to be held aloft, like the admiral's lantern over the dark waters in which his scattered fleet pushes its devious way.

There has been a feeble attempt to cast dishonor on Falkland's memory by accus-

* Royal and Noble Authors.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ing him of complicity with Charles in his arrest of the five members. Mr. Forster* has more than insinuated this charge; and it is a serious charge, because it would not only involve our hero in a political blunder of the most serious kind, but convict him of something like treachery and deceit. There never was a more wanton accusation. Lord Lytton, whose article was a review of Mr. Forster's violent and one-sided book, has elaborately shown that it is contrary to everything we know on the subject; and Principal Tulloch dismisses it with indignation as "without a tittle of evidence." † Those who blame Falkland for remaining in Charles's service after this event forget that one main object in his changing sides was to correct the errors of the king, and that his disgust at the conduct of the advisers who had hitherto misled Charles must have had the strongest influence in deterring him from throwing in his lot with fallen majesty. It was his highest honor that he combated this fastidious delicacy, and suffered nothing to stand in the way of the call to heroic duty — a duty which, he well knew, meant in his case early death.

We close this part of our subject with a declaration of hearty adhesion to Lord Carnarvon's summing up on the occasion referred to. The first point which he singled out as chiefly significant in Falkland's career was his surrender, the painful, yet the cheerful and ready surrender, of his delightful country life and splendid literary society, so dear to his cultured intellect, at the call of duty. The second was "the striking combination in Lord Falkland's character of a reformer and a devoted servant to the crown." The third was "the spirit of singular moderation which pervaded his character — moderation without lukewarmness, partisanship without at any time forfeiting his own respect or the respect of others — a moderation consistent with strength and also with honor."

Those great ends for which Lord Falkland and his friends spoke and acted, lived and fought, but which the great Rebellion could not accomplish, have been since achieved in the peaceful progress of two hundred years. There are indeed many things which we may yet seek to gain; but in the England of to-day, in her abundant prosperity, in her equal laws, in her well-ordered Constitution, in her united classes, in her beloved monarch, — in all these things, after making due allowance and deduction for all human institutions, we have a picture that our ancestors hardly ever dreamt of as possible, even in the pages of their fondest Utopias. Many objects of legitimate ambition still remain for us to try for, but the heritage to which we have succeeded may be prized and preserved, and we may rejoice to honor the men by whom it was won.

* Arrest of the Five Members.
† Rational Theology, etc., i. 148.

These graceful words of Lord Carnarvon's, some of which perhaps apply more strictly to the course taken by Falkland as a whole than to the exact steps by which he pursued it, invite us to extend our inquiry beyond the results of Falkland's training, beyond the external and political course which is familiar to all, to the training itself which produced such results, and to the proofs which we may be able to discover of the position which his studies and the society of his learned friends had led him to assume on the great religious questions which lay at the bottom of all politics in that age, as indeed they have so lain for many an age before and since.

In the years immediately preceding his political career theology and the learned languages had been the main studies of Falkland's retirement. He had received an excellent education at the University of Dublin on which to found these studies. It was probably at Dublin, under the influences of the learned and pious Ussher, that he obtained the high standard of literary research which so remarkably distinguished him. It was also probably under Ussher's influence that he imbibed those notions as to the episcopate which will now engage our attention. Checked in his aspirations for a military career, left his own master in early manhood, with a fine estate and convenient residence, married — a marriage of affection — to one who was the glory of her sex, it is the lot of few to have such a splendid opportunity for developing the noblest tastes. Two circumstances pointed out the direction of his studies, which had at the outset been rather those of the more ordinary wit of the day — poetry and general literature. How he shone in that brilliant society which met at the "Apollo" under Ben Jonson's presidency, Suckling has told us; and his own verses, admired in their day, have at least the quality of wit and ingenuity, if wanting in the grace and elegance of some of his contemporaries. But his genius lay in a higher sphere. To theology he was attracted, not only by his own earnest and serious character, but also by the consuming desire he felt to trace to the fountain head the great controversy with Rome, in which

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

his clever mother had engaged him; for she had already led her two younger sons to follow her own desertion of the Church of England for that of Rome. The other circumstance was the proximity of Great Tew to Oxford, the chief centre of theological and classical study. It is a mistake to connect him with St. John's College, Oxford — a mistake which has arisen out of his affiliation to St. John's College, Cambridge; where, however, he never seems to have resided. But the pleasant ride of twelve miles which lay between his mansion and the University of Oxford was no barrier to a man so prepared to receive all Oxford teaching from the many men of surpassing ability and goodness of whom the university at that time boasted. For those years at Great Tew happened to be exactly coincident with one of the most remarkable periods of Oxford history. They witnessed the termination of the lengthened conflict between the Calvinism of Abbot and his party, and the Arminianism of Laud and his followers. The great reform of the university, which had so long been called for, was effected during this period by Laud. If his busy hand was too fatally sowing the seeds of the subsequent disasters, his pervading influence had most assuredly elevated the standard of learning and piety in his beloved university. Scarcely at any time before or since has Oxford sent forth so many men trained in all the learning of the schools, and capable of taking a great place in the struggle which now lay before them. These were the days when a symposium in an Oxford college, to which we may well suppose Falkland, Hyde, Sandys, and Wenman invited as honored guests, might have included Sheldon, Jeremy Taylor, Hammond, Earles, Sanderson, Morley, Prideaux, Juxon, Brian Duppa, Pococke, and Samuel Fell. Chillingworth and Hales might have joined the entertainment, Stewart have left his deanery, and Laud sent a haunch of venison for the occasion. In many another decade of Oxford history the possession of even some one or two of such names would have redeemed it from the charge of barrenness.

Of the above names, Clarendon, in those most happy passages from his "Life," only a few words of which need here be quoted, mentions several; and, from the tenor of those passages, it is clear that the intercourse he there describes between Falkland and his Oxford friends was of the most uncommon character. They were encouraged to spend as much of their time as they liked at Great Tew.

Nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in his house till he came to dinner or supper, where all still met; otherwise there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint, to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there; so that many came thither to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they could wish, and not find in any other society.*

This mention of his library exactly corresponds with Bishop Barlow's reminiscences, supplied in his old age to Sir Peter Pett, one of which attributes Chillingworth's success in his controversy with the Jesuits entirely to Falkland's library, and to Falkland's intimate knowledge of the passages in his books which supplied Chillingworth's references, but of which he himself was quite ignorant.†

It is observable that this galaxy of literary men, whose daily and hourly converse was forming Lord Falkland's mind and character, through a series of years, to a far greater degree than we can imagine in the case of any ordinary university or collegiate life, was by no means principally composed of those whom it is right to style "Latitudinarians." This term has been very freely used, we are bound to say misused, to designate the company which met at Great Tew; and their accomplished host has been called the founder of that section of the Church of England. But in the first place the term when brought into use somewhat later than Falkland's time implied a very different color of opinion from that which it bears in our own day; and then, secondly, it is certain that no one can designate Sheldon, Morley, Hammond, or Earles, by that name, nor Hyde, who mentions them as Falkland's chief friends, nor can they, in justice, Falkland himself. If it applied to Hales and Chillingworth, we have no reason for confus-

* Lord Clarendon's Life and Continuation, i. 48.

† "When Mr. Chillingworth undertook the defence of Dr. Potter's book against the Jesuits, he was almost continually at Tew with my lord, examining the reasons of both parties *pro* and *con*, and their invalidity or consequence, where Mr. Chillingworth had the benefit of my lord's company and my lord's library. The benefit he had by my lord's company and rational discourse was very great, as Mr. Chillingworth would modestly and truly confess. But his library, which was well furnished with choice books (I have several times been in it and seen them), such as Mr. Chillingworth neither had, nor ever heard of many of them, till my lord showed him the books, and the passages in them which were significant and pertinent to the purpose. So that it is certain that most of those authorities which Mr. Chillingworth makes use of, he owes first to my Lord of Falkland's learning, that he could give him so good directions, and next to his civility and kindness that he could direct him." — Bishop Barlow's "Remains," collected by Sir Peter Pett, 1693.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ing them with their host. Chillingworth, indeed, went through fluctuating phases of belief and profession, some of which exceeded the bounds even of modern latitude; for there is no doubt that, as he had at one time joined the Church of Rome, so at another time he had a strong leaning to Socinianism. It was indeed asserted of Falkland that he had adopted the last-named opinions; but Cressy's evidence is conclusive against it, for he heard Chillingworth "dispute with my Lord Falkland in favor of Socinianism, wherein he was by his lordship so often confounded that it really appears he has much more reason for his engine (a military machine of his invention) than for his opinion." * Many of these men were indeed independent and original thinkers, but that is a very different thing. Sheldon had given proof at All Souls' of a sturdy spirit, which braved the displeasure of Laud in the height of his power; Hammond was a prince among reasoners; Earles was a man of great originality; but they were not Latitudinarians, nor, as we shall see, was Falkland. The mistake has arisen from a misconception of the line of argument which he pursued on the subject of the episcopate; and some color has been supposed to be given for the use of the term in his controversial works against the papal infallibility. As we cannot enter into any detail on the latter of these points, it may be enough to say that Falkland's exhaustive treatise against papal infallibility was most learnedly and effectively defended by the great Hammond † three years after Falkland's death, and that the identification of the two writers is absolute and complete throughout the argument, which proceeds on the grounds, chiefly Patristic, taken by Hammond's school of what we should call High Churchmen, certainly not Latitudinarians; and this might alone be thought conclusive.

Thus then his relations with Chillingworth and Hammond afford concurrent testimony from opposite sides, of at least a negative character, against the accusation of Latitudinarianism. Let us now see whether his speeches upon episcopacy, the sole remaining foundation for the charge, will bear it out.

There are two of these speeches. The first is by far the best known, and indeed the only one generally known, for it was the only one actually delivered; and as it exercised a very important influence on the course of events at a critical moment, it finds a place in every history of the period. The other is a draft of a speech of a later date, found among Falkland's papers at his death, and published in the following year (1644) at Oxford. It was in his own handwriting, and its authenticity has never been doubted.

It was in the first of these speeches, delivered on February 9, 1640, that Falkland poured forth his long-pent-up indignation at the abuses of episcopal government, which had, under Laud's primacy, driven the people to madness.

> The kingdom hath long labored under many and great oppressions both in religion and liberty. The great, if not a principal cause of both these have been *some bishops* and their adherents.

As a specimen of his powerful method of denouncing the innovations of the Laudian school, rhetorical and highly colored, no doubt, as might he expected under the circumstances, the following passage may be quoted: —

> The truth, Mr. Speaker, is that, as some ill ministers in our State first took away our money from us, and after endeavored to make our money not worth the taking, by turning it into brass by a kind of anti-philosopher's stone, so these men used us in the point of preaching — first depressing it to their power, and next laboring to make it such as the harm had not been much if it had been depressed. The most frequent subjects, even in the most sacred auditories, being the *jus divinum* of bishops and tithes, the sacredness of the clergy, the sacrilege of impropriations, the demolishing of Puritanism and propriety, the building of the prerogative at Paul's, the introduction of such doctrines as, admitting them true, the truth would not recompense the scandal, or such as were so far false that, as Sir Thomas More says of the Casuists, their business was not to keep men from sinning, but to confirm them — *quam prope ad peccatum sine peccato liceat accedere;* so it seemed their will was to try how much of a Papist might be brought in without Popery, and to destroy as much as they could of the Gospel without bringing themselves into danger of being destroyed by the law.
>
> Mr. Speaker, to go yet further, some of them have so industriously labored to deduce themselves from Rome, that they have given great suspicion, that in gratitude they desire to return thither, or at least to meet it half way. Some have evidently labored to bring in an English, though not a Roman, Popery; I mean not only the outside and dress of it, but equally absolute, a blind dependence of the people upon the clergy, and of the clergy upon themselves, and have opposed the papacy

* Quoted in Lady T. Lewis's "Life of Lord Falkland," i. 170.

† This was published at first without Hammond's name, but afterwards placed in the second volume of his works, collected and published by himself.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

beyond the seas that they might settle one beyond the water [Lambeth]. Nay, common fame is more than ordinarily false if none of them have found a way to reconcile the opinions of Rome to the preferments of England, and to be so absolutely, directly, and cordially Papists, that it is all that fifteen hundred pound a year can do to keep them from confessing it.

The bitterness of this philippic — and it would be wrong to omit it in this sketch — will be the more excusable when we remember that two of these bishops, Mountagu and Goodman, did as a matter of fact sufficiently scandalize even their own brethren at this period by their approaches to Rome, and that the last is very much misrepresented indeed if he did not actually join that Church.

The mischief that had been done in the State by these episcopal advisers of the crown, Falkland sums up in the same glowing language: —

Mr. Speaker, I come now to speak of our liberties; and considering the interest these men have had in our common master [the King], and considering how great a good to us they might have made that interest in him, if they would have used it to have informed him of our general sufferings; and considering how a little of their freedom of speech at Whitehall might have saved us a great deal of the use we have now of it in the Parliament House — their not doing this alone were occasion enough for us to accuse them as betrayers, though not as the destroyers of our rights and liberties; though I confess that if they had been only silent in this particular, I had been silent too. But alas! they whose ancestors in the darkest times excommunicated the breakers of Magna Charta, did now by themselves and their adherents both write, preach, plot, and act against it by encouraging Dr. Beale, by preferring Dr. Mainwaring, appearing forward for monopolies and ship-money, and if any were slow and backward to comply, blasting both them and their preferment with the utmost expression of their hatred — the title of Puritan.

Mr. Speaker, we shall find some of them to have labored to exclude both all persons and all causes of the clergy from the ordinary jurisdiction of the temporal magistrate . . . to have encouraged all the clergy to suits, and have brought all suits to the Council-table; that having all power in ecclesiastical matters, they labored for equal power in temporal, and to dispose as well of every office as of every benefice . . . so that indeed the gain of their greatness extended but to a few of that order, though the envy extended to all. We shall find them to have both kindled and blown the common fire of both nations [English and Scotch] . . . to have been the first and principal cause of the breach, I will not say of, but since the pacification of Berwick. We shall find them to have been the almost sole abettors of my Lord Strafford, whilst he was practising upon another kingdom that manner of government which he intended to settle in this, . . . to have assisted him in the giving such counsels and the pursuing of such courses as it is a hard and measuring cast whether they were more unwise, more unjust, or more unfortunate.

These extracts will at least serve to explain the cause of Falkland's conduct at the crisis which had arrived. We all know how much there is to be said in extenuation of the errors committed by the king and his advisers, of whom the ecclesiastics were not the least influential; but the facts remain: the government was a tyranny, and the Church had mixed herself up with it in such fashion that a learned and devoted Churchman like Falkland could see no way of escape short of the expulsion of the bishops from the House of Lords. He was mistaken, and not that only, he was misled. He fondly hoped that by this means the nation would be saved from the disgrace and loss of abolishing episcopacy outright, and he plainly saw that the stroke was imminent. It was indeed effected in less than twelve months afterwards. In the first vehemence of his reforming ardor he would, to save the order, give up what was after all but an accidental feature of it in England. And he himself declared, at a later date, that he acted under false hopes held out to him by Hampden and others.

For we next observe that the rest of the speech, as well as, in a still more suggestive manner, the second and undelivered speech, was devoted to the *defence* of episcopacy, and to the most pressing arguments for staying the attack which the more violent politicians of the "Root and Branch" were directing against the Church. Long before the final and successful attack, Falkland had discovered the error into which his hatred of tyranny had led him. Accordingly in October 1641, he resisted the bill for depriving the bishops of their seats in the House of Lords, and obstructed the movement to the utmost of his power. By December he had so far left the side of his old friends, that Charles offered him the post of secretary of state. On the first of January 1641-2 he was sworn of the Privy Council.

In Falkland's defence of the episcopate in his first speech it is impossible to admire too much the rhetorical skill with which he attempts to influence a Parliament, which had such good cause for disgust, towards the side of moderation.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

He would have them distinguish between individual offenders and the whole order. He reminds them of the debt due to bishops in old times, of the early martyrs, of the Reformation martyrs; even now there were examples enough to show that "bishops *may be* good men." It was something to get as far as this. Remove excrescences, make new rules, strict rules; but beware of reducing the Church so low as to debase learning and discourage students.

Let us not invert that of Jeroboam, and as he made the meanest of the people priests, make the highest of the priests the meanest of the people. Let us not abolish in a few days' debate an Order which hath lasted (as appears by story) in most churches these sixteen hundred years, and in all, from Christ to Calvin; or in an instant change the whole face of the Church like the scene of a mask. Mr. Speaker, I do not believe them to be *jure divino*—nay, I believe them to be not *jure divino;* but neither do I believe them to be *injuria humana.* I neither consider them as necessary, nor as unlawful, but as convenient or inconvenient. No wise man will undergo great danger but for great necessity.

His principle in short may be thus expressed: where it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change.

This speech does not, however, fully convey his sentiments. He had a deeper view of the episcopate than this. It was as much as he dared to say at the time, but it was not all he meant, or believed. Not that in the second speech there is any indication of a belief in the divine right of episcopacy, strictly so called; but the grounds of his adherence to the order were far more powerfully laid down. He declares that it was "so ancient, general, and uncontradicted in the first and best times, that our most laborious antiquaries can find no nation, city, church, nor houses under any other, that our first ecclesiastical authors tell us that the Apostles not only allowed, but founded bishops, so that the tradition for some books of Scripture which we receive as Canonical is both less ancient, less general, and less uncontradicted." This is pretty strong language as well as pretty strong argument, and then he goes on to show that no substitute had been agreed on for the episcopate; but "to restore it again would be a miracle in State like that of the Resurrection to nature." How few could then have foreseen that such a "miracle" would indeed take place! He next dwells on the evil of an unlearned priesthood. There would be "no controversialists to match Bellarmine." Many would "go over to Rome when an Apostolic institution was abolished in our Church."

Sir, it hath been said that we have a better way to know Scripture than by tradition. I dispute not this, sir, but I know that tradition is the only argument to prove Scripture to another, and the first to every man's self, being compared to the Samaritan woman's report, which made many first believe in Christ, though they after believed him for himself. And I therefore would not have this so far weakened to us as to take away Episcopacy as unlawful, which is so far by tradition proved to be lawful.

What would succeed episcopacy? The Scotch government, which was *jure divino* by profession, unlimited, independent, and so against the liberty of the *subject* and the privileges of Parliament, "while, after all, Episcopacy was only said to be injurious to the supremacy of the *Crown.*" It might be said that this Presbyterian claim was made for spiritual power alone; but spiritual power soon carries temporal power after it, as we see in the case of the pope.

And sure, sir, they will in this case be judges, not only of that which is spiritual, but of what it is that is so; and the people receiving instruction from no other will take the most temporal matter to be spiritual if they tell them it is so.

Here, then, we have the deliberate attitude of Lord Falkland on the question of Church government; and it enables us to judge in the first place what to think of an author, eulogized by one of the critics we have mentioned for his correct estimate of Falkland's position, Mr. Sanford, who, in his "Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion," tells us that Falkland's "hatred of episcopacy" guided him at the commencement of the struggle, but when a "morbid dread of anarchy and the overthrow of constitutional monarchy took possession of his mind," he saw only the "danger which existed," and "threw himself unhesitatingly into the arms of the king."* It is, as Mr. Grosart has remarked, much more correct to say that the king threw himself into Falkland's arms. But where is there any "hatred of episcopacy"? On the contrary, we find the greatest reverence and affection for it. The "hatred" was simply a hatred of certain abuses which had clouded over the fair prospect he so much admired, and which had brought into extreme danger an "Apostolic institution," whose claim to

* P. 383.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

allegiance no one in England asserted more decidedly than himself.

Was this position, viz. that episcopacy was an apostolic institution, but not *jure divino*, the badge of a "Latitudinarian?" Certainly not in the modern sense; and it may well be questioned whether in any sense. Burnet associates the term "Latitudinarian" with the rise of the school of More and Cudworth, and their pupils Tillotson and Stillingfleet; while Hoadly has always been considered its chief and most typical representative; but the principles of these men included a far wider range of disagreement with the prevailing opinions of the Church than simply maintaining the apostolic origin of episcopacy in preference to its absolute divine right. On this point Falkland was in agreement with the reformers themselves, or, at any rate, with the more important of them; and on the practical corollary of that doctrine he was entirely at one with them; for if episcopacy was not of direct divine command, but simply carried with it, like the institution of the Lord's Day and infant baptism, the authority of the earliest primitive Church, it would not be wrong, they thought, to hold communion with the foreign Churches. Those bodies were in error, but still not an excluding error. In rejecting episcopacy he regarded them as rejecting what had a greater authority than even some parts of the Bible itself; therein they suffered great loss, but still not a loss which gave us a right to treat them as aliens, especially as their loss might be said to have been forced upon them rather than voluntary. It was not till the close of the reign of Elizabeth that the school of Bancroft and Laud claimed the establishment of bishops in the full sense of *jure divino*. The doctrine made its way side by side with the same claim for the sovereign.

In a sense, indeed, Falkland would probably himself have admitted the claim. For if it was of apostolical origin it must in a very real sense be of divine origin too. But this was not what in those days the term *jure divino* carried with it. It placed the bishops in the very seat of the apostles, and proclaimed the episcopacy as an article of faith. He would probably have consented to the ancient canon — "*Nulla ecclesia sine episcopo*" — but he claimed, as we have said, to extend his active sympathy to those foreign bodies which the violence of the breach with Rome had left destitute of the legitimate office, and he saw no inconsistency in so doing. He made it one of his charges against the Laudian government that it had refused to accept this position.

Here we must observe that we are simply considering how far, under the circumstances of the time, Falkland's view justified the charge of Latitudinarianism. On the great question itself we have no need to enter, especially as the rubrics and services of the English Church have treated it in precise accordance with the primitive, as distinct from the mediæval ruling of Rome: —

> It is evident unto all men diligently reading the Holy Scriptures and ancient authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church — bishops, priests, and deacons.

It is only necessary to remark that Falkland fully accepted the authority of the English Church, and that his profound and uncommon learning had enabled him to penetrate much more deeply into the relative value to be attached to patristic utterances at different periods than many of those who have written most confidently and authoritatively on the subject. On the same historic basis which he thus learned to accept theories of the episcopate have since his time been built up of more than one species, from the ultra-sacerdotal view of Dodwell and some of the non-jurors, down to the very moderate theory put forward by Canon Lightfoot in our own times * — a view, be it observed, which by no means excludes, but rather postulates, the belief that the Holy Spirit guided the primitive Church into the adoption of the three orders of the ministry.†

Enough has been said to show that it is a gratuitous assumption to claim Falkland as the parent and leader of our modern Latitudinarians and rationalists, or to suppose that his fearless controversial spirit and force of logical reasoning had led, or would have led him, into any the slightest concession to that impatience of dogma which betrays the shallowness of so much of our current literature. "Follow truth" indeed he did, but it was in no sense of questioning revelation or apostolical tradition. It was only in the sense of removing the gloss of mediæval interpretation which he found still, in spite of the light of the Reformation, overlaying so much of primitive truth. There are no signs of his considering "the frame of the Church of England" as admirably suited to afford

* Dissertation on Epistle to the Philippians.

† For a full and learned discussion of the question, with all modern lights, the reader is referred to the Rev. A. W. Haddan's article upon "Bishops" in Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"room for wide differences of dogmatic opinion and the free rights of Christian reason pursuing its inquest after truth;" nor, in the assertion that "he would have reformed, but preserved and purified it, as the flexible and appropriate vehicle of the nation's religious progress," do we trace the true notes of Falkland's course; still less when we are told that "his ideal of the Christian Church may yet be realized when men have learned that patient search for truth is better than all dogmas." * If Falkland's researches had taught him no more than this he would not have broken with the Root and Branch party, much less have died on the bloody field of Newbury. It was precisely because he recognized and devoutly bowed his capacious intellect to dogma that he rejected the pseudo-dogma of Romanism and the assumptions of Presbyterianism. His "rational theology" extended not to the exercise of the mental faculties in a sphere in which they cannot expatiate, an atmosphere in which they cannot draw breath, but was confined to the modest limits which our own Hooker had delighted to circumscribe for the members of the Church of Christ, and within which all the most orthodox, the most learned, and the most sagacious of our divines have ever since found sufficient scope. If a modern school, under the mistaken hope of making gains for religion by concession to modern unbelief, has advanced very much further than this, let them abstain from demanding that we should give up Falkland as their patron and leader. We claim to retain him in the non-Latitudinarian ranks, and are not aware that he ever hoisted the signal of defection.

But the history of Lord Falkland's opinions also throws light incidentally upon an interesting and difficult Constitutional question, on which it may be worth while to make some remarks. Few such questions are more obscure than that of the "three estates of the realm," an expression which has been used in many different senses, one on which the best authorities not only have differed during the last two centuries and a half, but differ still, and one which, at the period of the great Rebellion, was in so confused a state that people supported their arguments for taking up one side or the other in the war by considerations arising out of it. Thus, to state the case briefly, the law-books in general lay down the law, in a very decided way, to the effect that the lords spiritual, viz. the bishops in Parliament, form one of the "three estates of the realm," along with the lords temporal and the commons.

"The Three Estates of the Realm, viz., the Lords Spiritual, Archbishops and Bishops, being in number twenty-four . . . the Lords Temporal, in number at this time one hundred and six. The third estate is the Commons of the Realm." * "The constituent parts of a Parliament are the king sitting there in the royal political capacity, and the three Estates of the Realm — the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal (who sit together with the sovereign in one house), and the Commons, who sit by themselves in another. The Sovereign and these Three Estates, together, form the great corporation or body politic of the kingdom, of which the Sovereign is said to be *caput, principium, et finis*." † "And by divers statutes Bishops are called Peers of the land; one of the Three Estates of the Realm; one of the greatest Estates of the Realm, and the like." ‡

But it is equally certain that the clergy, lords, and commons, the clergy "by a pious courtesy," as the first order, the lords as the second, and the commons as the third, are the three historical estates of the realm; and that this term "clergy" included the whole body of the clergy, and not merely the bishops. "The first or spiritual estate comprises the whole body of the clergy, whether endowed with land or tithe, whether dignified or undignified, whether sharing or not sharing the privileges of baronage." § "In England, where the clergy have been esteemed one estate, the peers of the realm the second estate, and the commons of the realm, represented in Parliament by persons chosen by certain electors, a third estate." ‖ "The name of the three estates, that is, the nobles, clergy and commons, is equally well known in England, though the meaning of the three names differs not a little

* Rational Theology, etc., i. 168, 169.

* Coke's "Fourth Institute," cap. i.
† Stephens' "Blackstone," 3rd edition, ii. 319.
‡ Burn's "Ecclesiastical Law," i. 213.
The references to statutes made by Burn in this place are the following: 25 Edw. III., st. 3, c. 6; 1 Eliz., c. 3; 8 Eliz., c. 1; but it may be noticed that in none of them are the bishops called an estate of the realm, and in only one, viz., 1 Eliz., c. 3, said to represent an estate: "We, your said most loving, faithful, and obedient subjects, representing the Three Estates of your Realm of England;" and these are "the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled." In 25 Edw. III. the expression is, "The holy Church of England was founded in the estate of prelacy," which proves nothing to the point; but in 8 Eliz., c. 1, the expression is, "The state of the Clergy, being one of the great States of this Realm." The statutes do not, in fact, bear out the assertion of the lawyers on this point.
§ Stubbs' "Constitutional History," ii. 169.
‖ Ibid. (from Lords' Report, i. 118), ii. 168.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

in England from what it meant elsewhere."*

How can the clergy in general be an "estate of the realm," and the bishops sitting in Parliament, the "lords spiritual," be called, in our authoritative law-books, by that very same title? As the historical facts cannot be disputed, we are driven to the conclusion that the term is used by lawyers inaccurately, or at least unhistorically, and that they mean by "estates of the realm" "estates in Parliament," an expression which has become current in modern times.

The way in which the clergy dropped out of the position in the Constitution which Edward I. vainly attempted to assign to them, is too well known to require repetition here; the fact is enough that they did so drop out, and that the prelates, who, as *sapientes*, were councillors of the sovereign, and as barons (so reckoned in the Constitutions of Clarendon) sat in the House of Lords, gradually and insensibly came to be reckoned as the representatives of the clergy, though they were not elected by them. Such has been the tendency of our government from the earliest ages. In Anglo-Saxon times the position of the bishop in the county courts and Witenagemote made him a a great State officer; and this position, though changed in form by the establishment of the Courts Christian, was rather magnified than diminished in Norman and Plantagenet times. The popes, quite as much as the sovereigns of England, found their account in ruling the clergy through the bishops in a summary fashion, and the constant rivalry of the monastic and mendicant orders still further added to the political depression of the secular priesthood. The Tudor period emphasized these relations of the episcopate to the clergy; † for the bishops, during the Tudor dictatorship (excluding of course Mary's short reign), could only be selected from the ranks of those who heartily accepted the Reformation; while the mass of the clergy offered more or less resistance to a movement which proceeded either from the superior powers of Church and State, or from those vehement reformers of the middle and lower classes with whom they had little sympathy.

Besides, then, this character of practical representation the bishops appeared in Parliament as guardians of the Church, "guardians of the Spiritualities," *ne quid ecclesia detrimenti capiat*, as is proved by the fact that the dean and chapter are summoned during the vacancy of a see, and that the bishops of the newer creations, though no barons, are summoned equally with the rest. And here we distinguish a cause of the changed political position of the bishops, which, at and after the Reformation, grew up side by side with their more distinct representative position. This has never been sufficiently observed. It was this difference between the baronial tenure of the ancient bishops and abbots, and the non-baronial tenure of Henry VIII.'s and subsequent bishops, together with the suppression of the abbots and their seats in Parliament, which, probably, led to the forfeiture by the bishops of the baronial privileges of the lords temporal, though the seat in the same house with them was retained. It was as barons that they shared the judicial functions of that house; but, having themselves objected to exercise the right of judging in criminal cases, and at the same time being diminished in number, and not all alike barons, they were held to be only quasi peers of the realm; or, as it got to be expressed, peers in Parliament. Instead of being tried by their peers they are tried, as we know, like commoners by jury, and have to give their testimony upon oath. Thus while the clergy were more and more lost, politically, in the episcopate, the bishops themselves took up, relatively to the other branches of the body politic, a lower position than of old.

But if not peers of the realm, nor an estate of the realm, in the full and proper sense, does this make the lords spiritual any the more an "estate in Parliament"? Not a bit. But the above limitations may have had a tendency to favor the adoption of the phrase; and it must be remembered that the clergy, having retained their right of self-taxation up to the period of the Restoration, were still considered an estate in convocation; for the term "estate" was always connected principally, though not altogether, with the exercise of taxing power. As the bishops in Parliament were distinct from this "estate" in convocation, the idea of an "estate in Parliament" seemed in a rough way to signify the anomalous position of lords spiritual who were already only "peers in Parliament," as opposed to peers of the realm. It must have been in some such way that the phrase, which is radically incorrect, came to be customary.

To add to the confusion existing on this

* Freeman's "Growth of the English Constitution," p. 88. Mr. Freeman is wrong in speaking of the clergy as "the second estate," p. 90.

† *E.g.*, Statutes 24 & 25 Hen. VIII.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

point, a "republican conceit," as Roger North terms it,* obtained circulation in the seventeenth century that the sovereign was himself one of the three estates of the realm. Readers of Clarendon † must have been astonished to find that even Lord Falkland fell into this error. Soon after he became secretary of state he and Colepepper drew up an answer, in the name of the king, to the Nineteen Propositions of the Parliament, and in this paper the king, lords, and commons are called the three estates, whereas, says Clarendon, "in truth the Bishops make the Third Estate." The king submitted the paper to Hyde, who would not print it. Falkland was angry with his friend for thus suppressing his handiwork, but Hyde having informed him of the reason, he at once expressed his regret, and

> imputed [his mistake] to his own inadvertency and to the infusion of some lawyers who had misled Sir John Colepepper, and to the declarations which many of the prelatical clergy frequently and ignorantly made that the Bishops did not sit in Parliament as the representatives of the clergy, and so could not be the Third Estate.

This is a very suggestive passage as to the three estates. Here is a secretary of state, of immense learning, and of such devotion to the Constitution and the episcopate that he has "set his life upon the cast" for king and bishops in the tremendous struggle which has now commenced, utterly forgetting that either clergy or bishops were an estate of the realm or estate of Parliament, and inserting "from inadvertency" what "some lawyers" had told his coadjutor, who was, indeed, a rough, soldierly man, not likely to be perfectly conversant with the Constitution. It is evident that the lawyers, or some of them, were very imperfectly acquainted with the history of England; but his second excuse is still more interesting to us, for it shows that not only some of the lawyers, but some of the clergy themselves, had repudiated, as early as 1642, the claim of the bishops to represent the clergy in Parliament as an estate of the realm. In so doing they were, no doubt, technically right. Whether in the later and secondary sense above mentioned, the bishops were, as Clarendon said, a third estate, depends on how far we may consider custom to have by that time hardened into law; but the "prelatical clergy" were able to adduce three indisputable facts on their side. The bishops, not being elected by the clergy, were not representatives of the clergy; they had no veto on the proceedings of the temporal peers — the very essence of an "estate," and the clergy did at that time (not after the Restoration) sit in *convocation* for taxing purposes as an estate of the realm, though they had no place in Parliament as legislators.

Thus the case was hardly so clear as Clarendon thought; and Falkland had more excuse than he himself claimed for dropping the bishops out of the category of the three estates of the realm. But he was inexcusable for allowing the king to be inserted in their place. It was tempting to make up the number "three" in this manner; but the sovereign never had been considered an "estate," for the simple reason that it was his business to "rule all estates and degrees committed to his charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal."* He is a component portion of Parliament. "I am a part of Parliament," said, with perfect propriety, Charles the First; but an estate is an order or body of men.

> On no mediæval [or other] theory of government could the king be regarded as an estate of the realm. He was supreme in idea, if not in practice; the head, and not a limb, of the body politic; the impersonation of the majesty of the kingdom, not one of several coördinate constituents.†

It is easy to see what an advantage this "republican conceit" gave to those Parliamentarians who still professed to respect the Constitution. If the king were only one of three estates, it might be argued that the concurrence of two out of the three, viz., the lords and commons (however little they might truly represent those orders at the time, for this might be put aside), was enough to overbear the resistance of the third. But when the sovereign is allowed his legitimate place above, and yet inseparable from, the estates in Parliament, all proceedings of Parliament are illegal without him. This is the Constitution, and it brings matters at a crisis to their true issue — the issue of the Revolution of 1688. To pretend that a Parliament can make war upon the king is wholly contrary to the Constitution; but the country having, in the best manner available at the moment, deposed a sovereign who obstinately breaks the laws, and establishes a successor, is then free,

* Examen, p. 222.
† Life and Continuation, i. 155.

* Article xxxvii.
† Stubbs' Const. Hist., ii. 168.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

if such a necessity should ever arise, as in the case of James the Second, to act through its legally constituted Parliament.

Instead, then, of attempting to force an interpretation of the Constitution which might suit the ancient tradition of an assembly of three estates of the realm, but which was utterly alien to the Constitution, and incorrect in every respect, it was open to Constitutional writers either at once to give up the theory of a representation of three estates of the realm in Parliament, and to admit that they had practically, in the course of ages, been reduced to two, the lords spiritual being merged in the lords temporal, and the bishops merely sitting in respect of their baronies as far as they still held them, and also as *sapientes* and guardians of the Church, which was the view to which Blackstone,* as distinguished from his commentators, himself leant; or else it was open to them to invent a sort of *tertium quid*, the appellation of which we have already spoken, the term "estate in Parliament." This last may be said on the whole to have prevailed, and it is perhaps the nearest approach to a fact; though the word "estate" suggests, and always will suggest, the erroneous inference that the bishops are an "estate of the realm," which they are not, except by a gross and unhistorical fiction. They are an order, class, or rank, and are in that respect an estate; but not with any ancient claim to that title, like the peers of the realm, or the estate of the commons, though the old baronial bishops were no doubt peers of the realm, and inseparable from the peers in their civil capacity. If the lawbooks, which speak with so much decision on this point, still designate the bishops in Parliament as "an estate of the realm," we must, then, only consider it as a modern adaptation, destitute of real authority, of an ancient term which once had a very different meaning; and if, on the other hand, a Constitutional position is claimed, as it often is nowadays, for the clergy in general as an estate of the realm, we must remind those who use it that all practical meaning has passed away from the phrase, and that it passed away many ages ago. Applied to the clergy as clergy, the term is a mere bit of antiquarianism. But no one who understands the Constitution can admit that the right of the clergy to be heard by representation in matters concerning the doctrine and discipline of the Church is affected by the fact that the term which is sometimes erroneously held to confer that right, has become obsolete. That right rests on other and far stronger grounds, which need not be discussed in this place.

Nor is the right of the bishops to their seat in the House of Lords the least affected by the above considerations; still less the justice and propriety of the place thus assigned to them by the Constitution. Their right is as old as that of the sovereign and the peers, older than that of the commons. Justice and propriety demand it as long as the Church is established. As Falkland so keenly felt, where it is not necessary to change it is necessary not to change. It is not our business here to consider the various aspects of this question from the modern point of view; we are regarding it from the Constitutional side, and in relation to the opinions of the great man whose career we have been considering. To him, when he had rallied from the effects of the oppression which he labored to remedy, the seat of the bishops in the House of Lords presented itself as part and parcel of the compact between Church and State, the privilege granted in return for the sacrifice of independence made by the Church, the guarantee that the power exercised by the State should not be perverted to the injury of the Church, the channel by which the consent of the Church should be given to laws which affected her external state and condition. To him this symbol of compact, this guarantee against perversion, this channel of consent, was none the less real because undefined, none the less valuable because it had been abused, none the less vital to the Constitution because anomalous and unsymmetrical. That the expulsion of the bishops from Parliament proved to be the immediate precursor of revolution and anarchy is the best commentary on the sagacity which led Falkland to break with his party on this precise question, as it is also on the imprudence with which he allowed himself, in the first burst of his reforming enthusiasm, to listen on this same question to the counsels of Pym, Fiennes, and Hampden. Nor is the lesson of the great Rebellion, in connection with this subject, without its special application to our own day. But here we stop.

Our object will have been attained if we have shown that we may learn something

* "And from this want of a separate assembly and separate negative of the prelates some writers have argued very cogently that the Lords Spiritual and Temporal are only one estate, which is unquestionably true in every effectual sense, though the ancient distinction between them still nominally continues." — Archbold's Blackstone, i. 156.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

even from the mistakes of a most remarkable man. That he made fewer mistakes than any one except Hyde, in the most critical and difficult period of English history, is perhaps the highest tribute we can pay him; for as it was the maxim of our greatest modern general that this was the only title to supreme praise in the art of war, so also it is still more true in civil strife. But at any rate let us take him as we find him, not attempting to build an ideal palace for our hero, but recognizing him in the place where he placed himself, along with the friends of Oxford and Great Tew, who shared his principles and admired his acts, with Hyde, Sheldon, and Hammond, the types of the statesman, the ecclesiastical politician, and the divine, who may most fairly stand out as representative of English Church and State in the seventeenth century. No party badges, no nicknames, no misapplied watchwords, can obscure the fact that the line taken by these men, along with Falkland, was that on which we have moved — moved forward, indeed — but moved ever since, the true *via media* of the English Constitution and the English Church; and in honoring by a monument the brilliant soldier-student whose romantic life and death we have noticed, England is doing honor to herself.

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER II.

ROSE.

WHAT is the instinct which tells us that loving thoughts are with us — that loving words are spoken of us, or written to us; nay, which even heralds the approach of some dearly-loved friend, and when the thought of us is deep and more special makes us conscious of soothing and help in a subtle and inexplicable way? This spiritual or electric wave touched George Barugh as Rica's interest in him deepened; and as Doris only spoke of her friend vaguely, George grew up in ignorance of this sweet new sisterly love that had ripened for him; and when the tide of instinctive feeling flowed warmly into his bosom he said to himself, —

"Doris is thinking of me. How dearly Doris loves me!"

At such times the boy's generous heart was full of self-reproach. He knew that he had often chosen Rose Duncombe as a playfellow instead of Doris, and he felt that even when his sister came back it would be hard to give Rose up for Doris.

Rose had spent part of every day with him during the first two years of his illness, and these visits had grown to be a part of his life. At first Mrs. Barugh had tried to keep Rose away, she said that "George must learn to speak properly against Doris came home," but the boy craved after his playfellow, and at last the mother yielded, the doctor having told Mr. Spencer, the vicar, that Rose's visits were as good as change of air and scene to his patient; for the disease which had appeared with such apparent suddenness had been latent in the system, and there was little hope of perfect cure; even if George outgrew it, he could scarcely hope to outgrow the lameness it had produced, for at the end of two years one leg was shorter than the other.

But then came a heavy trial for George. Joseph Sunley was a kindly man, folks said, but he dearly loved his prerogatives. He had been petted by the squires of Burneston for three generations, and it seemed hard to him that new-comers like the Barughs should absorb the attention and interest which he felt were due to him.

Ever since Doris had gone away to school in London — and Joseph always looked sceptical on this point — the squire, during his occasional visits to Burneston, went more often to the Church Farm than anywhere else.

"He's nae getten t' same head-piece as his faything an' his grandfayther had, ah suppose." Joseph was sitting in his usual place at his cottage door, where he now often found a companion, for the kitchen felt dull without Rose, and Mrs. Duncombe brought her knitting to the door while her grandchild sat with George. She nodded her head, but it was all one to Joseph whether she heard or not; he was far too much accustomed to preaching to need an audience.

"He'll nae settle at Burneston. He's here yan day, an' t' neeit he's away te Lunnon, or mebbe Paaris. T' only wise thing 'at he hev done sin he coom back fra travellin' war puttin' t' lahtle lad te skeeal. Skeeal's t' making o' yung 'uns, let 'em be big or lahtle. Ah say, missus" — he leaned forward to shout in the old woman's ear — "when is ye thinkin' o' puttin' t' lass te skeeal?"

The old woman's smooth full face looked troubled, and her large double chin wagged.

"Ah've nae thowt o' sendin' 'er ageean," she said querulously; "t' skeeal-teacher said sheea did neeah gude — sheea nobbut made t' ither lasses laff when thea sud be sewin'; an' ah war vexed an' took 'er away. Sheea's fowerteen now — she's over awd fer t' skeeal."

Joseph shook his head.

"Sheea mun gan wi' sum 'un 'at 'll keep 'er tighter than what ye deea, ye awd feeal, mebbe sheea'll gan te t' divvil else — sheea's just t' soart is Rose; sheea's as ahdell as a alligatur." Then projecting his old dark withered chin, and bringing it into striking contrast with the blond, easy-going face beside him, "Bon it! ye' mun send t' lass away fra Burneston. Ye cann't larn 'er to wark here; sheea'll spend mair an' mair o' 'er time wi' t' sick lad. My word, ye hevn't seea mitch brass, neeghber, 'at ye can keep Rose loake a leeady."

Mrs. Duncombe's chin waggled, and she began to cry.

"Neeah, neeah," she said piteously; "skeealin' costs brass, it deeant save it; an' wheer'll be t' use o' seea mitch skeeal te t' lass?"

"Ah knaws t' skeeal fer Rose." Joseph spoke oracularly. "At Steersley ther's t' skeeal wheer sik a lass as Rose 'll larn te get 'er own livin' by teeachin'. They takes 'er and larns 'er, an' after a bit sheea teeaches t' lahtle lasses; an' theer's nut ower mitch te pay; an' if sheea stays win 'em t' three years, they finds 'er t' pleeace as teeacher, seea noo ye knaws."

He waited for an answer, but Mrs. Duncombe sat thinking, and her easy face grew stiff in the unusual process. Rose was a trouble, but she was loving, so loving that the grandmother could not summon courage to send her away.

"Neeah, neeah," she said weakly, in a struggling voice, as if she were trying to get free from a strong grasp, "mebby she'll larn mischief at t' skeeal, an' she'll get nae ill fra t' sick lad."

Instead of answering, Joseph looked straight before him, and spoke in his loudest, strongest voice.

"Caps me, it diz, wheea God A'mighty made t' lasses, so ther. Theer's need fer summat female ah knaws, bud a few on 'em wad hev done; an' they needn't hev had as mitch tongue as t' lads; an' ah aims if you war to leeak fer't ye'd find a lass had twice seea many roots tiv 'er tongue as 'at a lad hev. It's 'at as keeps it waggin' feeal's notions." Then shouting in his companion's ear, or more truly through the net of her frill-bordered cap,—

"For seear t' lad's nae harm in him, bud 'e cann't larn t' lass te keep 'ersel when ye're deead an' gone, an' 'at's what a laakely lass like Rose sud larn. Put her te manty makker, or mak her a teeacher if ye pleease, it's all yan to me," he said loftily, and went on in his usual voice. "T' ane puts vanity outside, an' t' ither puts it inside t' 'eead o' t' lahtle lasses. Weel, theea're made fer 't. Ah tak it follies mun hev owners, an' mebby t' lasses wur made t' help t' peacock spread his teeal — theea keeps him in mind o't ov Sunda's."

The old woman wiped her eyes, but did not answer. Joseph saw that for the present he must give up the subject, but next day he found a potent ally in Rose herself.

The grandmother had poured out Joseph's suggestion to Rose with many tears, and, to her surprise, the girl announced her willingness, and indeed her wish, to go to the Steersley school.

"Ah's tired o' Burneston," Rose said; to herself she added, "ther's nobbut George to speak wiv, an' he's dull noo he can't gan nuttin' nor nowt; and ah aims ther's shops in Steersley, an' grandmother mun gi'e me new frocks gin ah gans te boardin'-skeeal."

So Rose had her way, and went to Steersley to be educated for a nursery governess. The boarding-school was kept by an ignorant woman, who, having once been housekeeper in a gentleman's family, though herself qualified to teach; by means of an artificial manner modelled on a good pattern she had managed to get under her care most of the farmer's daughters round Steersley, and a few girls from other districts whom she took at a cheaper rate, and whom, as she asserted in her prospectus, she fitted for teachers. Rose grew prettier and perter every day, but she managed to be a universal favorite, especially among the little ones she was set to teach. Her fellow-teachers were always willing to undertake her duties, and left her plenty of time to practise affectations and follies. Still in her holidays she was as devoted as ever to George, and he saw no change in her, except the improvement in her reading and the pleasure she gave him by singing the pretty songs she learned from her richer school-fellows. She did not learn much besides, except what she considered an improved way of speaking, that is to say, she lost much of the coun-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

try dialect and quaint expressions, and picked up the vulgarisms of some of her southern schoolfellows. George had at first pined after his playfellow, and his mother took him to the sea for a while. The air had a wonderful effect both on mind and body. The boy's eyes, so long obliged to content themselves with the surroundings of his own home, devoured all he saw with delighted intelligence, and when he came back his face was full of life and color, and he could walk with a stick.

Mr. Burneston gave him books, and, what he wanted most of all, sympathy in his studies, and between these and the delight of Rose's holidays his life passed happily enough. The bond between him and his mother had drawn closer during Rose's absence; and now that the three years were over and the girl was to come home for a few months, Mrs. Barugh felt some pangs of fear lest her place in her son's heart should be taken from her.

He had been very fidgety this afternoon.

"Moother, is thee seear 'at's t' best nosegay 'at thee can find i' t' garden?" to which the fond mother's answer was to go out and gather a glorious group of autumn leaves, crimson, and scarlet, and purple, and yellow of every shade, from palest gold to tawniest orange. These she placed in a little flower-basket, one of Rose's gifts, beside the nosegay of China asters on George's book-table.

But even this attention did not satisfy him, though he got up, and, limping across to his mother, kissed her and thanked her.

"Flowers and leaves don't suit side by side," he said, "'cept t' leaves is green." Then when he came back to his seat he said, half aloud, as if talking to himself, "It seems ower gude news, don't it, mother, 'at Rose is comin' — we'll see her ivvery day?"

Mrs. Barugh bent over her knitting. She looked far less delicate, and she led a more active life; even the sound of her voice told of better health.

"I don't know about that, lad," she said gravely. "Rose 'ull never be able to stay at home, unless she takes to t' dressmakin', an' there's two or three before her there. I suppose Mrs. Duncombe ain't got enough brass to keep a likely lass such as Rose at home doin' naught. If she meant that, what for did she give her schoolin'?"

"She went to school to get clevver like our Doris; eh, but, mother, Rose is growin' vaary 'cute — she knows ivvery-thing."

"You must not think of Doris and Rose i' the same breath, lad. Doris is a lady now."

A flush spread over the boy's face.

"Moother, Rose is kind an' lovin', an' I don't know whether 'ats not as gude as being a laady, but d'ye really think 'at Rose 'ell go fra' home?" he looked full of anxiety. "Mr. Burneston helped pay for her schooling. I'll ask him if she mun go away, or if she can get little lasses to learn at home."

Dorothy felt vexed that she had troubled him. George was the centre of her life now, all her thoughts circled round her poor crippled boy.

"I mean nought, lad, but I think a pretty face like Rose's won't bide at home for long. Why, she's seventeen an' past. Maybe Nicholas Crewe or Ephraim Wigglesworth 'll be wanting her to wed; they're both marryin' men."

George leaned back in his chair and sighed wearily.

"Ye're tired out, lad." His mother gave him a quick glance full of a new and sudden fear. Though she consulted her wise thoughtful son, and looked up to him on all intellectual subjects, till this moment it had not occurred to her that he was nearly eighteen, and that he might no longer think of Rose only as a playfellow. "Ye've been afoot," she said, with a sudden indignation against his lameness, "on that poor stupid leg of yours since six o'clock, and ye've ate no dinner, an' ye must have yer tea at once — get on the couch, lad, an' take a wink o' sleep whiles I make the kettle boil."

George obeyed silently, turning his face towards the wall, and Dorothy went on with the tea-making; but presently as she stooped over the kettle, she thought she heard a groan. She turned round quickly and looked at the couch. George lay quite still, seemingly sound asleep with his face buried on his pillow.

"Poor lad," said Dorothy, "he's tired himself out — and a good thing it 'ud be for Rose if a steady chap like Nicholas were to ask her. I've a mind t' put it in his head."

She went away to call her husband in to tea. The husband and wife had drawn closer together over the sick-bed. As her footsteps sounded in the passage George opened his eyes and looked round him with eager burning glances.

"Rose — marry some one else," he said, with passionate scorn, "Rose is

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

mine, sheea shall keep to me. Sheea hev always been mine." And then, as he rose up and limped across the floor, he sighed heavily.

Tea was quickly over, for John Barugh did not come in, and soon after Dorothy went out with a sort of vague purpose of seeking Nicholas Crewe. "If our lad wants her to stay i' the village she must stay, but she'd best have a man of her own."

Presently there was the click of the gate, and George's heart beat very fast as he listened; a light tread came on the gravel, and then a bird-like chirping voice said at the open door, "Please may I come in, Mrs. Barugh?" The wan wearied look left the boy's face, his brown eyes grew dark with happiness.

"Pull t' bobbin, an t' latch will gan up, Rose Riding Hood. Eh! why cann't I run to meet you?" he said, as the door opened before he could reach it.

There stepped down into the room a pretty, coquettish-looking damsel, who looked quite twenty, though she was really about three years younger. Her complexion was as pink and as white as when we first saw her, but her freckles had disappeared, and her face was more oval than round, her blue eyes and her little turn-up nose were still as saucy as ever.

"Grumbling, George, oh fie for shame, all t' little dogs shall know yer name!" She gave her head a little toss, and untied the strings of a gay bonnet covered with artificial roses. "I thought I taught you to say go instead o' gan," she said pertly.

George was taking her hand, but she drew it back to pull off a glove before she shook hands with him.

"Gloves, eh! Rose, lass, you're grown a fine lady, an' no mistake."

"I pay for 'em myself," she spoke sharply, and then she softened into a smile as she seated herself in the chair he had placed for her. "Look here, George," she said, "we put on our best on prize-day, an' as I got a prize," she glanced at a book under her arm, "I came away in haste to show it just as I wer i' my Sunday clothes, an' ——"

"Show us the prize," George said eagerly; "is it a gude story?"

Her face clouded as she gave him the book. "Nay, it's dull readin', it's a sermon or something o' t' sort, but t' pictures is pretty an' t' outside," and she pointed to the gilt lettering and scarlet binding.

Such a glow of pleasure came into his face as he read the title, "The Pilgrim's Progress."

"Eh, lass, I have wanted this sorely. T'awd yan ther" — he pointed to a dingy-looking bookshelf with some old volumes on it — "hev only two pages at t' beginnin', an' half o' t' middle is torn out, and Mr. Burneston hev oft sed he'd lend it me fra t' Hall, but I suppose he forgot. Oh, Rose, how happy we'll be readin' this!"

He looked at her with glowing eyes, but there was no sympathy in Rose's face, she was gaping unrestrainedly.

"I tell ye what, George, lad," she said hurriedly, "I'se a mind t' gie ye t' book. I've got to like another sort o' books this half, an' I'm not sure they'll please you; so ye shall hev t' Pilgrim to read yourself. Will ye take it as a keepsake?"

The glow faded out of his eyes. "I can't take yer prize, Rose, but ye'll come an' see me as ye used to," he spoke timidly, something, he could not name the feeling, seemed to come between him and Rose.

"Com an see ye! why, George, lad," she said heartily, "what d'ye mean by sayin' that? What sud I do all day if I didn't come t' teaze ye a bit? An' ye can walk again now, an' if ye'll like my books, I'll read 'em out t' ye; they's t' sort that don't bear dawdlin' over, they goes along like lightning."

George fixed his eyes on her earnestly. "I doubt they'se none so safe as t' gude old sort," he said.

"Niver trouble about t' books," said Rose, "I want to tell ye about t' prizes. Why, Mrs. Tower, t' squire's wife, gies 'em away herself, an' ther wer lots o' quality besides. She's a bonny young lady from Lunnon, she is, an' she said ivver so many pretty things to me."

"What do ye mean by pretty things?"

"Oh, I don't call to mind the words, but they came so pat; an' the things, well, she sed that bright red an' gold was the right sort of bindin' for me. Now t' others was plain bindin's, an' plain lasses got 'em. So of course it wer easy t' see what she meant, an' then I heeard her say my complexion was wonderful. She said, 'I sud like to paint it, Mrs. Jones;' so of course I wer pleased."

"Of course ye wer," she looked so bright and pretty in her animation that George thought no one could praise her too much. "Ye do look bonny; but, Rose, lass, ye wadn't like ivvery one te praise ye, wad ye now?" He looked at her earnestly, she seemed puzzled.

"Why not, lad?"

"Ah mean to yer face, ye wadn't like any kind o' lads to praise ye."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Don't say "ah," George, it's I. Why, my gracious, lad, an' why not lads to praise me? What else wer I made fer? That's t' use o' not havin' a real sweetheart, an' that's why I don't mean te take up with one yet awhile;" and she sang in a sweet teasing voice, —

"An' a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
An' what the waur am I?"

There was a silence. George's heart was throbbing so violently that he could not speak.

"Weel, lad," Rose went on in an excited tone, "look at me, 'what the waur am I?' an' there's plenty o' likely lads in Steersley, I can tell ye, to have fun with."

She waited for his answer.

"Why don't ye answer?" she said pettishly. "Come, lad, ye'se grown sulky while I've been away."

"Not sulky, Rose," he had flushed at her words, now he tried to smile, "I was wonderin' howivver ye could get on wiv yer learning at school if ye war carryin' on wiv t' lads."

"Bless him, what an innocent! Why, George, lad, yer too good to live; ye forgit playtime an' our walks two an' two along the road, an' t' maid as was allays ready to take our letters an' giv 'em; but ther was no harm, lad, don't you be feared, I niver cared for ne'er a one of 'em as much as I care for you." She looked at him affectionately, but a faint flush, rather of vexation than of pleasure, rose in the boy's face.

"Mebbe ye'll think ah'm strict and solemn, lass, but ah say that makes it worse. Ye may not care, but ye may hev made some poor lad right mad wi' luv for ye; an' such ways is wrong, they makes t' lads speaks lightly of ye too. I sud not like te think o' Doris doin' so, Rose, and ye're as good as Doris."

"Doris!" Rose grew very red, and she tossed her head angrily. "My word, Doris an' I is quite different; Doris is a lady, you know," she said, with a pert mimicry of Mrs. Barugh's manner that vexed him, it was so like. "I'm only a village lass. It's all very well, lad, but I should like ye te read how some ladies carries on i' t' books I reads now; my way is nothing after that, so there. I must go now," she got up gaping. "Grandmother said I weren't to stop. Give my love to yer mother." But she turned round on her way to the door and shook her finger in his face as he followed her, "Don't tell her nought I've told you, mind ye, not one word." She frowned, and then went away laughing and nodding.

George stretched out both legs and sighed as he looked at them: one was at least half an inch shorter than the other.

"Ah mun get well," he said resolutely, "if it's only to save Rose. She'll get a bad name if she goes on i' that way; she'll be just like a plum wi' t' bloom rubbed off. She's sound-hearted, I know, that I'll niver doubt, I cuddent; but ther's no puttin' t' bloom on once it's rubbed off. Eh! I must get well."

Again the burning longing filled his eyes. Usually his patience was most remarkable, he had borne severe suffering without a word of complaint; but the sight of Ross had unhinged him.

"She disn't luv me as ah luv her," he said bitterly; "how can she luv a cripple?"

CHAPTER III.

A "COO'S" HEART.

From Gilbert Raine in the Island of Bornholm, to Philip Burneston, at Burneston Hall: —

"My dear Philip, — I am getting on famously, at the same time the book you sent is full of mistakes — mistakes only to be understood by the hypothesis that the writer never visited the places he describes. The round churches here are wonderfully curious. I send you a detailed account in order. . . .

"But to come back to England, and first to you. A sentence here and there in your letters has struck me curiously, but being very intent on making my observations, I confess I read hastily, and crammed the letters into my pocket to enjoy when I had more leisure. Yesterday while I sat taking my lunch in the middle of a hard morning's work at some stones at G——, I began to wonder how you were occupying yourself, and I took out and read your three last letters over again. You say, 'I think your idea of educating a wife for oneself excellent, so excellent that I believe I shall adopt it,' and in each of the other letters you refer seriously to the same project. Perhaps you are only joking, perhaps too I have been living and working seriously here for so many months that I have got to take everything literally, and you are only trying to see how much you can make me swallow. I will hope so, for you know, Phil, I always speak my mind, whether you like it or not. A fellow like me, without any relations to

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

speak of but yourself, may do very much what he likes; but you are in quite another position, you must not be eccentric, you are a match for any one, that is, if you must marry again, though why a man having achieved the chief end of marriage — an heir to his possessions — and having freed himself from the restraints of such a life, should want to give up his freedom a second time, passes my comprehension. Education is a fine thing, but after all there are habits and ways of life which education does not touch; you may put on as much outside varnish as you like, but it is liable to crack, and then the coarse texture shows through the rent. Good-bye, old fellow; don't be offended, but write again soon, and send me all the news you can, specially about yourself and Ralph. I suppose I shall find the fellow in tails and stick-ups, no, I forgot Eton practices when I wrote that. I'm glad he loves the old place. Tell him we must have cricket at Burneston when I come home." . . .

It has been said already that Mr. Burneston was as obstinate on certain points as he was yielding on others. If he had wanted any confirmation in his intentions about Doris Barugh, this letter would have given it.

He read it through twice with increasing impatience, and then turning round from the breakfast-table, he threw it in the fire.

"I thought Raine was strong-minded, different from other men, in being able to stand to his own opinions, no matter what fire of world's judgment was brought to bear on them. I shall have no tolerance for his eccentricities in future, they are not signs of real originality, merely affectations to save himself the trouble of conforming to rules."

He rose up and left his breakfast unfinished, giving thereby a fruitful topic of wondering comment for the rest of the day to Mr. and Mrs. Hazelgrange as to "what could have gone wrang wi' t' maister."

During these five years Mr. Burneston's temper had been far less equable than it had ever been in his life, for although nothing would have made him give up his project, after the first step had been taken, he was a prey to fits of doubt which would not have troubled a stronger and less-impulsive nature. He had resolved not to see Doris while she was at school, he wished entirely to blot out the past relations between them, and to meet the girl as an equal and try to win her love. This was the chief source of his disquiet, and it was a puzzle to himself. He was not a romantic man, he had been fascinated by Doris's first appearance, and impressed by the strange fortuitousness of the words he had heard her singing; but he knew that he could have forgotten her, it was the singular appositeness of Raine's idea that had seemed to make a fate for him out of that chance meeting.

"I did not trouble about being married for myself in Louisa's case," he said; "why should it be more difficult to make a young creature like Doris care for me, a girl who has never known society or received any attention or admiration? Yes, that is part of the beauty of this idea, that there will be nothing to unlearn or eradicate, she will be so perfectly guileless and simple."

He went out through the doors leading on to the lawn, and then with his hands clasped behind his back, and his hat pulled over his eyes, he walked beside the river.

The five years were just over, and he was in daily expectation that John Barugh would demand his daughter's return. Mr. Burneston had not committed himself by any direct avowal of his intentions; he had told the farmer and his wife that Doris ought to have a good education. She was not, he said, an ordinary girl, and the ordinary education of a country town was not enough for her, and he had promised to provide handsomely for her if he were allowed to choose a school for her, but on the condition that she was never to be told she owed him anything.

His dread had been that the idea of marriage might suggest itself, and that this would lower the girl's tone of mind, and defeat all his hopes of happiness. He told himself he was not romantic, that he had no idea of inspiring Doris with violent love for him, but he did not want her to marry him for his position only.

"After all," he stopped in his walk and turned to his house again, "it is quite possible I may be disappointed in her, and I certainly shall not marry for the mere sake of taking a wife. I have educated her, and I will settle such a sum on her as will make her independent of her father and mother."

He had determined on one point in this long meditation. Doris should not make her first appearance at Burneston. When she met him again there should be nothing to remind her of the girl swinging on the gate.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

He went round the house, and out at the great gates, and then on beside the river till he reached the foot of the village, where another bridge, a rough one of open planks, crossed to the meadows opposite.

Joseph Sunley was leaning against one of the posts at the end of the bridge, with a very weary look on his face, but seeing Mr. Burneston, he started forward.

"Neea, neea, squire; bud if ah'd aimed ye be coomin' oop this way, mebbe ah'd hev bided atop, instead o' gien' mysel' t' clim back. My legs iz no' that strong 's they wur."

"Good-day, Joseph." Joseph had been far too much excited to remember any greeting. Were you coming to see me?"

"Weel, I wur that; an' it's summat perticler 'rt mun be spoke aboot, wivoot loss o' time nowther. T' things gans on an' on, an' gets fra bad te worse, just as a corn grows on t' fut, an' its a' fer want o' settin' streight."

Mr. Burneston felt impatient.

"Well, what is it, Joseph?" he said carelessly.

"Bon it, squire! it's nut like a nail oot o' pleeace, or a withered tree 'at sud be uprooted; mebbe in a way, 't is a withered shoot 'at sud be lopped off a healthy body; bud it's a evil 'at sud hev been stopped sooner gin ye'd been at t' Hall, Maister Burneston." He said this reproachfully.

"Well, I'm here now," the squire answered good-humoredly; "so let me hear it at once, Joseph."

"T' hearin's nowt — it's t' doin' 'at is wantin', unless ye wants te see devvel wark spread ower t' village like a curse." He shook his head, but the effort at mystery in his face weakened the effect of his words.

"Weel, Sunley, I can do nothing until I hear something." And Mr. Burneston looked impatiently towards the village.

"Well," Joseph sighed, "d' ye mind t' awd uncanny lass Prudence, wi' a crooked e'e an' yan shoulder higher 'an t' ither?"

"Oh, yes, I remember her; she's a queer body. What about her — is she dead?"

Joseph shook his head, and then looked at the squire with slight contempt; this expression was, however, transient, and it was soon lost in the sort of officious mystery with which he had at first accosted Mr. Burneston.

"Neea, neea, *sheea's*" — with much emphasis — "not deead, sike as sheea deean't dee." He held up both hands with the palms outward, his face wearing a look of abhorrence, as at some awful spectacle. "It's t' ither way wi' t' witches — they dissen't dee if they's nut called te t' reckonin' fer mischief — it's t' ithers 'at dees."

Mr. Burneston laughed. He had heard that a belief in witchcraft still lingered in the village, but secretly he was shocked to find it upheld by such a person as Joseph Sunley.

"Nonsense, Joseph, that's all very well for old women to believe, but men like you and me know better. Just because this wretched old woman has a bad temper and an ugly face, no one likes her, but this very circumstance ought to make you pity her, — a sensible man like you." He said the last words extra loud, and though Joseph still frowned, his lips relaxed at the compliment. He laid his wrinkled hand solemnly on Mr. Burneston's shoulder.

"Yer too gud te see it, sir. Parson oop at t' vicarage" — he jerked his head towards the hill — "Lord luv ye, he ain't a mossel o' sense i' t' matter; an' ah says t' him, 'Parson, ye knaws aboot ivven an' all as gans on oop ther, an' mebbe ye knaws aboot t' ither pleeace; but deean't gan for t' meddle with these yere earth matters, 'at ye knaws nowt aboot."

Mr. Burneston laughed, but he felt impatient.

"Well, Sunley, I'm going up the village" — Joseph's lips curled again — "and you can walk with me, and we'll talk this matter over. For what cause do you call poor old Dame Wrigley a witch?"

"Ye seys yes goin' thruft t' village; mebbe ye's bund te t' Church Farm? Eh! eh! an' it's Farmer Barugh 'at hev t' best reeght te call Prudence a witch."

It was so absurd to hear of such an idea being entertained by John Barugh, that Mr. Burneston laughed again, even more heartily than before.

"This is too much of a good thing, Sunley. I can't believe a man like Mr. Barugh would listen to such nonsense."

Joseph's face quivered with anger; he stopped short and raised his head stiffly, for in the uphill walk he had bent till his nose nearly touched the hand which grasped his stick.

"John Barugh's nut a feeal, Maister Burneston, an' if he feels hissel' witched he's i' t' reeght te leeak abrooad an' seea wheea't be 'at hev warked t' mischief. He hev lost tweea coos, an' there's a calf a dyin', an' he knaws, an' ah knaws, it's t' awd divvelskin's withered 'em fer spite."

Mr. Burneston thought he began to understand; he looked very serious.

"Do you mean to inform against this

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

woman, Prudence Wrigley, as having poisoned Mr. Barugh's cows?"

Joseph laughed scornfully.

"Lord luv ye, ye're nowt wahser ner parson, squire. T' witch warks wivvout puzzom; sheea" — he looked cautiously up and down the hill, and then at the open doors and windows of two cottages perched on the steep green bank above the road — "bide a bit," he said, and walked on beside his companion.

A little higher up the houses stopped, giving place, on the left, to a lofty hedge on the top of the bank, and on the right to a low stone wall shutting in a paddock, in one corner of which stood a huge walnut-tree, its branches shedding gold and green leaves down into the road. In the midst of the grey wall was a large white gate, and Joseph limped quickly up to this and peered round the enclosure, to make sure that no listener was to be seen.

He then came close up to Mr. Burneston.

"If ye'll jist bend ye'r heead doon ah'll tell ye. Sik as sheea dizzent use puzzom; they's got puzzom i' t' inside on 'em. They gans an' gets a coo's heart — ah knaws Prudence did — an' they sticks it wi' pins, an' they buries it, an' they seys a damnable rhyme, an' in three days t' ither coo's deead as mutton; an' when they cuts t' poor beast open its heart's withered leeake a bit o' skin an' full o' small holes. So noo ye kens," he added triumphantly.

Mr. Burneston looked shocked and incredulous. "I tell you what, Joseph," he said earnestly, "you are about the oldest man in the village, and till now I have thought you one of the wisest. I tell you the thing's impossible; even if the poor creature thinks herself a witch, she can do nothing; she is most likely crazy, and you will drive her quite mad if you spread this ridiculous nonsense about the village, and I tell you, as a magistrate, I shall interfere to protect this woman, if I find any one molesting her."

He spoke severely, for Joseph's eyes were gleaming with a decidedly cruel expression.

They had just reached the top of the hill, and Mr. Burneston turned to the farmyard gate.

The action roused Joseph's jealousy and completely upset his self-control.

"An' ah seys 'tis magistrate's bounden dooty te stop t' witch's mischief, an' nobbut t' draw blood ill do't. Eh, an' if they 'at sud do it weean't do't, then it mun be done best way it can."

But Mr. Burneston paid no heed to this outburst; he pushed open the white gate and went on to the rick-yard, leaving Joseph trembling with passion in the middle of the road.

John Barugh's tall, erect figure and massive red beard made him look like one of his stalwart Danish forefathers, as he stood against the light, contemplating the last of his newly-made ricks with some satisfaction, for there had been an exceptionally good harvest; but this satisfaction was soon over; his thoughts went back to their favorite subject of contemplation — his daughter Doris. He was growing very restless to see her. He had given a sad, unwilling consent to the separation; but then it was only to be for three years. At the end of that time Doris had herself asked for two years longer, and her father had not found himself able to refuse consent. "Ah war a feeal te let her gan," he said bitterly; "bud yance a feeal ah mun gan on wi' t' folly."

He had never forgiven Mr. Burneston for having as it were cheated his consent out of him, for he knew that if the request had been made to him alone he should have refused it. But Dorothy had been present, and had sided entirely with the squire, and as, except where marriage means complete union, husbands and wives seldom like others equally, John was conscious of a contradictory feeling towards his landlord, whom Dorothy held up as a model of perfection. The sight of Mr. Burneston always recalled to him his own weakness in yielding up his better judgment, and he felt constrained and ill at ease when they met.

He was stiff now in returning the squire's greeting.

"Ah war thinkin' of comin' awa' te speeak wi' you, Maister Burneston," he said coldly.

Mr. Burneston smiled.

"I dare say I am come about the same business. At least I fancied you would be going to fetch your daughter home, and I thought it would be better that she should not come back here at first."

The same thought had come to the father, and yet he felt irritated.

"Ah deean't see wheea not," he said, sullenly turning one shoulder awkwardly towards his visitor.

"Now, if Doris is what I hope and expect," said Mr. Burneston to himself, "she will not like this kind of behavior."

A slight flush rose to his face.

"Well, Mr. Barugh, you must of course do as you please, but I was thinking of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Doris. It seems to me in many ways pleasanter that your reunion should not take place in the midst of your neighbors. Mrs. Barugh said last time I was here that George was flagging again, and I thought of taking a cottage near Steersley, where you could be all to yourselves for a time."

John looked taller and prouder than ever.

"Ah'm obleeged, Maister Burneston, an' 'at's what ah'm nut fond o' bein' te onny man. Gin ah wants a cottage at Steersley, ah'll get it mysel' wivout troublin' ye, sir. It wur aboot summat else 'at ah wur comin' awa' te t' Hall.

Mr. Burneston had grown fiery red, but he saw that remonstrance would provoke a quarrel.

"Ah wur comin'," said John, squaring his shoulders and stuffing his hands to the bottom of his pockets, "te speaak aboot t' uncanny awd lass, Prudence Wrigley."

"Let her be," said Mr. Burneston. "For heaven's sake don't you join with that cruel old man opposite against the poor creature."

John gave a derisive smile; he could not control his irritation.

"Sheea's getten ye too, hev sheea, squire, as weel as parson? Weel, Satan's a cute chap, seear eneeaf, he knaws how te set his limbs te wark; bud mark ye this, gin ah lose t'other coo — sheea's been sick sin t' mornin' — ah diz this, ah takes mah biggest cart-whip an' ah slashes t' owd divvel's feeace across till t' blood spirts, 'tis t' only cure," he said calmly.

"No, you won't," Burneston said earnestly; "you're too much of a man to strike a woman; now mayn't I come in?" He put his hand on the farmer's arm. "I want to have a talk with George. I envy you that lad, Mr. Barugh. I wish Ralph would take after him."

CHAPTER IV.

COMING HOME.

DORIS, in whom the hopes of both these men were so firmly centred, was looking forward to her new life at home, so near at hand, with keen interest, and at the same time with much shrinking.

It was a definite sign of the change wrought in her by culture, that she now shrank more from daily intercourse with her mother's artificial attempts at gentility, which, though really softened since Dorothy had lived George's life instead of her own, still lived in a somewhat exaggerated form in the letters which she sent to her daughter. Doris had no shrinking from her father's roughness. She found full sympathy in his simplicity, and his perfect truth — for she saw that he never hid his opinions even when they clashed decidedly with her own.

"I shall get on with father, but then I always did, and mother is so kind that I must try not to get vexed with her. George is the one who puzzles me, he seems to have grown downright unreasonable. Rica is right when she says an invalid is sure to be full of fancies."

Her face was full of wounded feeling. Next to her father she loved George better than she loved any one, and though Doris was free from petty conceit, still school-life had taught her that she was some one who had a right to expect deference, and affection too, from her companions. Of the last she had had far more offered than she could possibly accept, and her dislike to demonstrative affection had given to her manner a slight haughtiness with most of her companions.

It has been said that the schoolmistress at Pelican House did not trouble herself about the inner life of her pupils, but she had a rapid perception of outward manner. She saw this haughtiness in Doris, and did not attempt to check it. She foresaw a brilliant future for this beautiful, well-mannered girl, and when she saw Doris walk away from some gushing schoolfellow, with her head rather higher than usual, Miss Phillimore smiled and thought, "She is learning to govern others," and probably, to use the language of the outside world, manner is one of the great essentials of a successful ruler.

There was another quality in Doris, to which even Miss Phillimore submitted without being aware that it had a far deeper source of life than could have been supplied to it at Pelican House.

Spite of this occasional haughtiness, at times almost *brusquerie* — spite of the quiet, unimpulsive manner which was sometimes called reserve, and sometimes a singular self-control, there was in Doris an irresistible fascination — the more difficult to strive against, because as it was never assumed or visibly put forth, there was nothing tangible to resist. Her smile was delightful, it seemed so heartfelt, and as it spread over her lovely face, irradiating the delicate skin and exquisitely perfect features, no one could stop to realize the strong power of will, that in this charming form drew all hearts to itself, and its own way of seeing things.

She was far more conscious of her sway

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

than strong-willed people often are, but she attributed this chiefly to her surroundings.

"You say I shall be so happy," she said to her friend on the last morning; "in some ways no doubt I shall be, but life will not be so peaceful at home as it is here. You are the only person in this house who ever finds fault with me."

They were to leave Pelican House together, and to say good-bye at the railway station, where their respective fathers would meet them; and now in the hour that must elapse before starting they were together in the schoolroom.

"Doris" — Rica stopped suddenly, and turned round to face her friend — "do you want to stagnate, or to grow into a grand Turk? for you must do one or other, perhaps both, if you're not contradicted. People who are never contradicted are odious. Besides, it is an incomprehensible idea that you, who are always wanting to get cleverer and cleverer, should be content to stand still. Don't disappoint me, Doris, in these last moments; I can't bear it."

Doris laughed, for Rica's vehemence had brought bright color rushing to her cheeks, and her eyes had grown dark with excitement. "You torrent," Doris said, "you put me in mind of a volcano. You go about for days dreaming in a kind of black or brown study, and then suddenly you pour out a stream of glowing, burning words that scorches one."

"Well" — Rica looked ashamed of herself — "I really am going to be matter-of-fact for the rest of my days. I mean that — stop, I'm going to give you a bit of my father, I have not wit enough to grow such ideas — well, I mean that life goes on, and we must go on along with it. We may shut our eyes and let ourselves be carried; that is stagnation according to my ideas; if not, we are always learning and being acted upon by what we learn. In all conscience you've done enough with book-learning; you've got enough to last you for life if you keep it bright. Well, then, now you've got to learn life from real people; and nothing will teach you that and yourself, too, as contradiction will."

"How do you mean teach me myself? A girl must be stupid who does not understand herself."

"I know, so it seems to me; and when I said so to my father he laughed, and said I wanted a lantern."

"But, Rica," — the subject of self-knowledge did not interest Doris; she had a great dislike to sermons, and she thought this sounded like a fragment from Mr. Masham's pulpit — "you are unjust, and also not quite true."

"What do you mean?" in a very impetuous voice.

"I mean, that if people don't agree with me I am always content to let them go on in the wrong so long as they leave me in peace; live and let live, is my motto, but you are never happy till you have persuaded people to agree with you."

"You see" — Rica stood thinking — "I'm not proud; and perhaps though you are such an angel, you are a trifle proud. Now give me a good kiss, Doris, to wipe out this argument. We can't afford to argue on our last day."

Then, as they stood a moment, with moistened eyes, and circled by each other's arms,—

"And you will really give my love to George, and make him fond of me. My heart is quite ready to take in a fifth brother."

"Thank you;" then, with most unusual impulse, for the coming change in her life had shaken Doris out of all restraint, "What a loving heart you have, Rica! I believe you love my father, and mother, and George as much as I love them myself, and I seem to love your people so little, though you talk of them so much."

"That's because I'm a chatterbox."

They walked up and down silently after this. Doris's thoughts soon left her friend to picture life at home, and its difficulties; while Rica, who in the glamor of her intense friendship could not really see a fault in her companion, was saddened out of any looking forward beyond the coming sharpness of separation.

And meantime, in a pretty cottage covered with scarlet leaves, Mrs. Barugh had been busy for the last fortnight making preparations to receive her daughter. Dorothy had at once seen the wisdom of Mr. Burneston's suggestions, and by means of George's health, always better away from Burneston, she had worried her husband into consent. Probably the victory had been made easy to her by Doris, who, when informed of the idea, wrote at once to say she preferred to return to Steersley instead of to Burneston.

It was late afternoon, and Mrs. Barugh stood looking at the neatly-spread tea-table with a nervous, dissatisfied face.

"I doubt about Doris liking to eat her tea in the room we sits in," she said fretfully, "she'll have been used to a proper drawing-room."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

George was sitting at a little side-table reading out of the red and gold book Rose had given him, and which had become his favorite companion. He looked up with a smile on his pale face, for he too was tired. He had been trying to carry out some of his mother's constantly changing ideas of preparation through the morning, without being able to satisfy her over-wrought notions of that which was fit for Doris.

"Mother, ye'll be so weary. Ye'll not be able to look at Doris when she cooms here."

He rose up, and going to her, kissed away the frown that was gathering on her face and put her in an easy-chair.

"Coom, mother, ye have to do as ah tells you now father's away, an' ye mun do as e're bid, ye know."

George had lost much broadness of dialect, but his accent was still broad, and specially to-day, for he felt greatly moved at the near prospect of seeing Doris.

His mother sighed.

"She'll think us far beneath her, poor girl. She'll not care for you, George, if ye speak so broad and common," she sighed. "I wish ye'd speak more like me."

"Nivver fear, mother." His smile brought into his face a strange likeness to Doris, it was so winning. "Ye're a bit upset now, an' so cann't see things rightly. She cann't help lovin' us, ye know, for we're her own. Nay, nay, mother, if ye'd try and read Rose's book, ye'd see these things clearer; ye'd see it's not worth while to worrit so much aboot this life after all."

"It's all very well, George." She could not keep the irritable tone out of her voice. "Ye're very good, an' all that, but ye're not real; them things reads well in books, but they don't do for life."

"Now, mother," he patted her shoulders lovingly, "you carry out what t' book says yourself; ye've spent all your time an' thought on the bedroom an' t' sittin'-room Doris is to hev; but as to t' passage, beyond 'at it's clean an' orderly, ye've took no thowt about it. Now life's our passage, an' t' rooms is t' place we're getting ready for us in heaven. So you see t' book 's reet after all."

Dorothy did not answer, and George thought she was pondering his idea; but all at once she started up with a scared look in her eyes.

"They're comin', lad; they're comin'. Don't ye' hear the wheels? An' my cap not changed." She ran away up-stairs, while George felt as suddenly taken by surprise as if he had not been schooling himself for days past for the meeting with Doris.

CHAPTER V.

SYMPATHIES.

"How small — how very small it all is! and how my mother stoops!"

Doris looked round the small square room with its low ceiling, cheap white curtains, and commonplace furnishings, almost before she looked at its occupants.

Her mother and George had received her at the door, and she had returned their hearty kisses warmly; and now came that lull which with English people is apt to succeed any unusual outburst of affection, as if we want to give emotion time to subside into an equable flow of feeling. The silence was broken by the father, usually the least talkative member of the Barugh family. He had stood gazing at Doris; now he said suddenly, —

"Wheea, George, lad, thee's as glum as a deearnail. Ain't thee fain te see Doris?"

"Aye, fayther," he smiled, and limped nearer the chair where his sister sat, looking at her with loving admiration.

Doris did not want to speak. She would have liked to sit quietly taking in all these new impressions, but her own sense of good-breeding and this appeal roused her. At present she felt too much a stranger for affection.

"How you have grown, George!" She looked up at the tall, slender lad; he was paler even than usual; his brown eyes were full of feeling as he smiled in his sister's lovely face.

All the repulsion he had fancied, all the coldness he had feared his manner would betray, had melted in the genuine delight of her presence. He had imagined he should see an artificial, stiff, grandly-dressed young lady, and here instead was a lovely, simple girl smiling at him as if she were quite at her ease.

"D'ye find him altered, my dear?" Mrs. Barugh spoke to her daughter with great respect, pulling nervously at her cap-strings; though she had paid for the clothes Doris wore, Miss Phillimore had chosen them, and the make of the girl's gown, the set of her shawl, and the style of her simple straw bonnet impressed Dorothy's mind at once. "John's right; she's like a born lady," she said to herself.

Doris looked earnestly at George's brown eyes still bent on her face.

"Yes, he is altered," she said gravely;

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"he looks so much older" — then turning to her mother — "and you are altered too, mother," she said, with her sweet, rare smile, "but you look younger than I could have expected."

The tinge of color that rose in Dorothy's cheeks made the likeness between herself and her daughter very perceptible.

"That's just what Mr. Burneston remarked yesterday," she said in a fluttered voice; "he said ——"

"Bother Maister Burneston," said John good-humoredly. "We'll hev t' rest o' 'teeal presently — t' lass 'll need t' gan oop-steers an' fettle hersel'."

Doris sat down in a chair near her bedroom window. She saw how small everything was, and that the ceiling was very low, but she never glanced at the little details about the room, at which Mrs. Barugh and George had worked so hard.

"How different things are from what one expects!" she said. "I thought mother would vex me, and that father and I should get on well; and now it's father's way of speaking that vexes me, and this little ugly house. I feel as if I must stifle in such small, poky rooms. Mother looks nice if she wouldn't stoop, and George looks like a gentleman — somehow I feel timid with George. But it's too soon to judge fairly of anything, and it *is* nice to be like Rica, and have people of one's own to love one."

Doris's notions of the outside world were somewhat vague. Twice a year there were parties at Pelican House, and in these she had danced with, and had been spoken to, by "grown-up" gentlemen and ladies, for every one was attracted by Miss Phillimore's "lovely pupil," who never seemed the worse for the notice she excited. Then at church she saw many people, and in the long summer holidays Miss Phillimore had taken her sometimes to Cromer, sometimes to Broadstairs, and Doris had found friends everywhere. She never sought them. Her proud northern nature shrank from any deception, and she felt that with strangers she was a deception, and that if they could see her in her home surroundings, with her mother in place of Miss Phillimore, these refined acquaintances would not care about her.

There was no outspoken confidence between Doris and her schoolmistress about her home or her parents. Miss Phillimore had asked no questions and made no comments — even on John Barugh's broad accent — for she saw him once or twice; and so the girl's natural reserve had deepened and strengthened. Till Rica Masham came to school, Doris had not opened her heart to any one — even to Rica she merely said her father was a Yorkshire farmer. She had tried to forget her surmise that Mr. Burneston had been the means of sending her to so good a school. The feeling of obligation was galling to Doris, but it came back now; and she wondered how her father could ever have brought himself to submit to it.

"Well, perhaps it is a way landlords have." She roused herself to take off her bonnet and smooth her hair — for she now wore it smoothly brushed behind the little ears that blushed like a delicate sea-shell — it would not lie flat, there was a lovely ripple on the silken masses, especially over the creamy temples, where a blue vein showed through the tender skin. "George said, when he wrote about Rose, that Mr. Burneston was going to pay half her schooling; but Rose and I are different." Then, after a pause, "Perhaps father's richer than I thought, and took nothing but advice from Mr. Burneston."

Doris came into the room below, and the sight of the tea-table gave her a fresh shock — she had forgotten the old home customs — it was piled with cakes of all kinds, besides cold ham and fowls, and a huge pie. She looked at the plateful her father carved for her, and pushed it gently away.

"I can't eat half this, father; indeed I can't," she said.

"Nivver fash theesel', my lass," John said. He was so happy that he was almost frolicsome this evening. "Eat it or lay't back, it's all yan, bless thee; thee's safe to be reeght."

George said little; he was studying Doris, and wondering whether she would like Rose. He always felt better in health away from Burneston, but it had been a sacrifice to give up Rose's visits, though lately she had been visiting some of her schoolfellows, and he had seen little of her.

John Barugh noticed the lad's silence, and the wistful looks he cast at Doris; and, though he grudged to lose a moment of his darling, he understood George's feelings.

"Dorothy," he said when the meal was over, and the smart little maid had cleared the table, "coom awa. Ah'se summat fer thee." Then in the kitchen he added, "T' lad's fleyed. He weean't speeak te Doris while ther's nobbut him an' her aleean. Coom, mah lass, ah'se brought ye a fairin' frae Lunnon."

It was true; false shame or perhaps

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

strength of feeling, had kept George dumb. As soon as his father and mother had departed his shyness fled. He limped across the room and took a chair beside his sister.

"I'm afraid" — he spoke much less broadly now; his intercourse with Mr. Burneston and with Rose had rubbed away some of his accent, while his reading had changed the old idioms of his forefathers into a nearer approach to standard English — "I'm afraid," he repeated, "that at first ye'll find us rough an' unlike what ye've been used to."

"Yes, it's very different." Then, with an effort, "But then you are my own people, and it is so lonely to live among strangers."

George raised his eyebrows, and his young face looked almost stern.

"Then why did ye stay on so much longer than was thought of?"

"Ah, that was different. I had got used to the loneliness, and I felt that if I came away at the time that had been fixed, I should be only half taught; my learning and music would have been of no use; I should most likely have given them up."

"You would nivver give up readin'."

"Oh no; every one must read, but reading is not all. I suppose any one can read, whether educated or not," she said, loftily.

George felt humbled, and the old distance seemed to rise between him and Doris. He had grown to consider reading a high acquirement, because it was the only means of culture that came within his reach; and besides this, his reading had taught him the meaning of some of his own feelings. In these years of separation from Doris he had often blamed himself for their disputes, or rather silent estrangements, for they both felt too deeply to get their grievances readily into words. Now this pitiless speech, which he exonerated Doris from meaning unkindly, carried him back to childish days, and revealed the root of the want of sympathy between them.

"No, it's not all," — he made an effort to smile — "but it is a good deal to a chap that has to keep quiet most of his time, Doris."

"Yes; I was not thinking of you when I spoke," said Doris simply.

She had had no intention to wound; she was so accustomed to look at everything from her own point of view that it could not occur to her to study the feelings of others; and this manifest ignorance restored George's balance.

"School don't teach everything, I see," he thought, looking admiringly at his beautiful sister, "or may be my notion of a lady ain't t' right 'un; an' yet there's Mr. Burneston, he quite sorts wiv all I fancy; he's good an' gentle an' 'refined,' as mother calls it; he's proper an' kind too, but he nivver speaks a word 'at 'll mak' a lad feel sore when he's out at door; instid mah heart seems to gan after him."

"D'ye mind t' squire, lass?" he said presently.

Doris had gone up to a little bookshelf, and was reading the names on the backs of George's favorites. She did not turn her head; she felt her cheeks had grown red at the words.

"Yes, of course I do; he used often to come to the farm, you know; he's not altered much, I expect." And as she spoke, really and vividly came into her mind that meeting at the gate, and the foolish rhyme which during her school-life, and the complete severance from home scenes, had grown vague, and when recalled had made her wonder why it had so greatly troubled her. Now she seemed to see the golden-starred meadow, and the white parsonage house nestling down below it, and she said over to herself the words, —

> May it so happen, and may it so fall,
> I may be lady of Burneston Hall.

George laughed loudly, and Doris started and cried out. The reality of it all seemed to scorch her, and she turned round suddenly so as to break away from the vision which had effaced present surroundings.

"Eh, lass, did I fley ye?" He got up, and, limping towards her, laid his hand gently on her shoulder. "Why, I'se sorry, Doris, ye looks real skeeared; sit ye down, lass, on t' squab. I laffed t' see ye potterin' at t' old books. D'ye know aught o' this 'n?" And he pulled Rose's well-read gift from under the squab-cushion and gave it to his sister.

"'Pilgrim's Progress.'" Doris turned over a few pages, and then gaped a little. "I've heard of it, but I don't think I ought to read it, George. Miss Phillimore told us never to read 'Don Quixote,' or 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or 'Vicar of Wakefield.' She said they were common books, quite unsuited to girls."

George's lips curled. "Well, so is Shakespeare an' t' Bible, an' yet they'se not common. If ye choose t' read the Pilgrim, I'll mark ye what t' read; an' ye'll hev a real loss wivout, Doris. It's as full o' wisdom as a pudden is of plums.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 / Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Maybe it wad help ye; it hev me, oft an' again."

"Help me!" Her delicate eyebrows curved in wonder, but she was not ruffled by her brother's bluntness. "I fancy one must always get help from superiors, and John Bunyan was an ignorant man."

There was a silence.

"This isn't the old piano." Doris went up to a small pianoforte at the end of the room and opened it; then her eyes glistened. "Oh, how very kind of father! Has he really bought this for me?"

She touched a few notes carelessly, and a bright flush stole into the boy's pale face. He limped up to her, put his arm round her neck, and kissed her.

"Sing me a song, honey," he said tenderly; "ye could sing like a lark when ye were a little lass."

CHAPTER VI.

DORIS'S WALK.

THE beauty of the dales round Steersley, and the picturesque little town itself delighted Doris; in the fresh glow of reunion and the novelty of all around, she lost the stiffness which the first strangeness had created.

"Thee's ma ain lass, after all, 'at ah thouwt ah'd nivver see again," said John Barugh on the third morning after her arrival. "Ah war reet afeared o' thee, lass, at first, thee war as set-oop as a duchess."

Doris looked at him gravely.

"Only shy, father, I think; you see you were all used to one another, and I was the only stranger."

"Weel, weel," he patted her soft hair with his broad red hand, "'t war t' sangs, lass, t' sangs hev put new life into me an' George."

And it seemed as if the magic power of her music had melted reserve and distance between the brother and sister. Doris did not yet know how to talk to George so as to win his confidence, but she had found out how to please him and her parents too, and the three sat entranced while she sang song after song, or played little snatches of Mozart or Beethoven.

Her chief longing in these first days was to get out of doors, and her father had gone with her in her walks. George tired so soon, and Mrs. Barugh never walked farther than to church and back: spite of the tiny house and the clever little maid, the notable Dorothy always had something to do indoors.

John Barugh had walked out twice with Doris, swelling with pride as he crossed the square market-place with its old pump in the midst, and saw the landlord of the Black Eagle come to his door, which faced the said market-place, to look after the fair creature walking beside her father; but on the fourth day John departed for Burneston without trusting himself to any leave-taking.

"Tak tent o' mah lass," he said to Dorothy, "an' see sheea deeant want nowt, but, mind ye, mah lass, no visitors." He said this stubbornly, and got into his dog-cart and went back to his farm.

Mrs. Barugh had gone down to the gate with her husband, and now, instead of going back into the little sitting-room, where Doris and George were reading, she turned into the room they dined in, on the other side of the passage.

"My word, one would think Doris was more John's nor mine, he seems to set more store by her than by any one else." She went up to the small, gaudily-framed looking-glass and settled her cap. "I suppose it's natural; she calls to his mind, poor fellow, what I was twenty years ago." She gave another look in the glass, and a little sigh escaped her. "Ah dear! I little thought then to take up with a man that couldn't speak English. Perhaps Doris'll improve him — though somehow I don't think she'll bide long with us."

Mrs. Barugh went off into a reverie on the subject nearest her heart, — a subject so sternly forbidden by her husband on the occasions when she had ventured to hint at it, that Dorothy had grown to consider it almost criminal, and seldom now spoke of Mr. Burneston lest she should say more than she intended.

"It's all a pack o' nonsense o' John," she said at last, pinching and pulling her large worked muslin collar to make it sit more like those worn by Doris. "Such a face and such a figure as she's got would ha' made her look like a lady anyway, and now she can play and sing and talk as she do — I ask where's the hindrance? John's a good husband, but he's a fool in some ways, he's clivver too, an' he ought to know where a woman's wit comes in useful; ah, if he'd just let me manage, I'd soon see the squire courtin' our lass."

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently, she hated to be forbidden anything, but to be forbidden to ask Mr. Burneston to come to the cottage was insupportable.

"Mother, I want father." Mrs. Barugh started. There was Doris standing in the doorway. "I'm going to walk alongside the river we crossed yesterday, there's

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

beautiful country down in the valley. Where is father, perhaps he'll like a walk?"

"Why, child, how you scared me! Your father's gone back to Burneston, he's wanted there. Why, my dear, he's taken a longer holiday than he's took for many a year, all along of you."

"It was very kind of him," she said, and she went up-stairs.

She had grown used to her father's broad speech, and his great kindness had touched her deeply, but there was a certain sense of freedom in his absence. The tiny house oppressed her, and so did her mother's quiet commonplace talk. George was interesting, but he gave her much food for reflection, and the complete change in her life had caused, after the first excitement awakened by it, a powerful reaction and a longing for space in which to dream as she had dreamed till Rica came to Pelican House.

There was this distinction between Doris's craving for solitude and that of a more imaginative dreamer, out of whose reveries creations are evolved — she only wanted to digest and consider this new life. It seemed to her that she was a woman now, and she must plan her future, as when at school she had planned her return home and its consequences. This was over, and home was on the whole more satisfactory than she had expected, her mother was so much quieter, and George was so superior to her remembrance of him; but yet it seemed to her that all was not over. Some day they would have to go back to Burneston, and what would life be like then? Must she always be content to live alone at home? for she could not associate with the village people. As she looked forward to this part of her future, she saw that there lay the sting of the difference between herself and her family. Her mother and George spoke with delight of Mr. Burneston's visits, and she could not endure the prospect of seeing him. Doubtless there would be a charm in listening to his refined talk, and in the sympathy she would find in him; but it would be too galling to be visited as an inferior, and how else could Mr. Burneston regard her? She turned gladly from this thought to the picture she was occupied in painting of her own future usefulness. She meant to seek out poor ignorant girls and teach them to refine themselves, to make them give up the taste for smart cheap finery which she remarked in Steersley, and imitate her own simple ways; also she would teach them to think less of lovers; it was so very absurd that a man almost a stranger should claim all the thoughts of a woman, and make her forgetful and careless even of her parents. This last idea had been created by George, who argued that the first duty of a woman was to become devoted to one man.

Many of these thoughts haunted Doris as she tied her bonnet strings and came slowly down-stairs.

"Doris, love," — her mother came out into the passage and spoke timidly; she was not nearly so much at her ease with her beautiful child as clumsy simple old John was, — "it's best not to go far off, unless the father's with ye, my dear. This isn't Burneston, where all the folks know ye; we're strangers here."

"Mother," the girl held her head very proudly, "what's the use of trying to be different to what I am? If there's no one to walk with, I must walk alone. I suppose other farmers' daughters have to do it. I shall be ill if you coop me up indoors. You would be far better yourself if you got more air and exercise, and so would George." Then seeing the look of timid dismay on her mother's pale face, she added gently, "Will you come a little way with me now?"

Poor Dorothy was so touched and flattered by this request, that, almost involuntarily, she kissed her daughter.

"I'd like it of all things, my dear, and maybe another day I'll manage it; but George's heart is set on apple-pie to-day, and as to trusting Harriet to make it alone, I'd liefer go without, — 't would be leather or chips, and maybe burned as well. You needn't look so troubled, Doris. Indeed, my dear, I don't do kitchen work, your father couldn't abide it, let alone that I was never brought up to anything dirty; but standing over piecrust is a thing that not even a lady need look down on, so I tell you." Her cheeks flushed as she ended. Doris smiled and went down to the gate. "Good-bye, mother," she nodded, and it seemed to her that in that little outburst her mother had been more real, more like the fretful woman she remembered, than she had seen her since her own return home.

"There is really nothing to be ashamed of in my present life except that I am idle," the girl thought. She tried to be dispassionate, and to look at the whole matter as if she herself were detached from it. "I don't think I'm ashamed of any of them; if I had not been to school I shouldn't have known any difference, I

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

suppose. Then, if I hadn't been I should have lost, oh, how much! Why, I had no more perception of things than a dog or a cat has! I enjoyed nothing but puddings and new frocks. At school I was always looking forward. Well, then, there must be a want of some kind in life, so perhaps in time I may feel satisfied."

There was a stern contraction in the delicate eyebrows, a firm compression in the exquisitely-curved lips, which told that the prospect of her future life gave Doris deeper anxiety than she would acknowledge. But her mind was too strong to indulge in repining, and she looked round to enjoy the exquisite country she delighted in.

Behind the two old-fashioned inns, with their quaint signs, the square-towered church stood at the corner of three roads; on the right was the highroad on which she had walked with her father; the path which ran up past the church followed the course of the little beck for some way, and then divided, and broadened on the left into another highroad, which went northward, leading on the right through a gate into pleasant-looking meadows.

Doris stopped a red-headed boy at the gate, and made out from him as well as she could her way to Steersdale; she had heard of it in her yesterday's walk, and had resolved to see it without delay. A fresh breeze blew her hair into her eyes as she climbed up the steep meadow which rose in a long green hill on the right. She paused for breath, before her was the wood the boy had spoken of, rising from a stretch of intervening waste grown over with brown gorse and dark orange brake and long red bramble arms. The wood was bordered by oak-trees which, though set some way apart, stretched their branches till one met the other. Doris soon crossed the waste, and when she reached the shade of the oak-trees she looked back across the broad stretch of waste.

The tower and roof of the church, with its belt of poplar-trees, gave some token of a village, but the houses lay hidden in the valley from which she had climbed, and only betrayed their whereabouts by wreaths of blue smoke, which blew this way and that as the breeze reached them. In the background lines of pine-trees stretched east and west, and above the dark trees rose the top of the hill, on the right glowing with golden corn, and on the left purple with a stretch of heathy moorland; far as her eye could reach, rose interminable trees, veils of grey mist showing here and there where the dales came between the wooded hills. These soft mists varied in hue according to distance, and at times seemed to melt into the skyline. Doris sighed with the fulness of peace such a scene brings, and then as her eyes fell on the foreground on each side of the waste — a foreground of emerald-green meadows, and fat yellowing turnip-fields — she turned and resumed her journey.

Her road lay through the wood, and this was suffused with green light, for the trees within it were planted closely, and the thin branches intermingled overhead; but soon the light grew whiter, and she found a small gate leading into the highroad. Crossing this, she passed through another gate into a lane with grassed banks and hedges gay with honeysuckle. Except these flowers, which made the air sweet around her, and the clumsy buzz of a humble-bee blundering in and out of the heavy-laden blossoms, there was no sign of life near; there might have been cows in the fields on either hand, but the hedges were too thick to see through. The perfect solitude was delightful to Doris; she wanted to think about George, especially about his manner on the previous evening.

Her mother had spoken of Rose Duncombe, and Doris had answered coldly. She had never liked Rose, and one of the resolutions she had made at Pelican House was, that she would not associate with this girl. As she answered her mother she looked at George, and his expression of sudden anger puzzled her.

She walked on, her eyes bent on the ground, striving to puzzle out the meaning of the vexation in her brother's face, but after her usual fashion, simply from her own point of view. All at once a bright flush flew over her cheeks, her eyes grew brilliant with indignation, and she gave a little stamp as she walked.

"It sha'n't be. It can't be. If George were to marry a girl like that, I could have nothing to do with him. She's not good enough for him — she can't be. Oh, it can't be! He only cares for her for old acquaintance' sake."

A stile which she had been told to cross stopped her, and she looked round to be sure that her landmarks were correct. Yes, there in front was a meadow rising into a green hill, and at the top, on the left, she saw smoke curling upwards from the farmhouse, which she knew must be lying under the shoulder of the hill; but her way lay slightly to the right, over the hilltop. Here were black-faced sheep

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

nibbling busily, and every moment a faint tinkle came from a bell among them. A girl in a lilac frock and a sun-bonnet of the same color was coming slowly down the hill path, leading by the hand a tiny copy of herself; the tiny child lagged behind at the end of its sister's long thin arm.

"Nance," the little voice said fretfully, "ah'se sare weary." Then as her sister went on with her head bent, taking no heed of her, the child spoke angrily, "Thee taks nae gaun o' what ah says, Nance."

"Hod thee gab," said Nance, sententiously, and she went on silently as before.

Doris looked after the children, and an expression of uneasiness crossed her face.

"I was like that girl once," she said, "exactly like her. I never had charge of George, but I remember how I used to vex him by my silent dreamy ways; but when we played or talked we used to quarrel; surely silence was better than quarrelling, and it is almost the same now. George is good, very good, much better than I shall ever be or should care to be, but he and I cannot see things with the same eyes." She paused for a while, but the thought kept its place. "Well, Rica and I seldom agreed, but we never quarrelled; but then Rica can argue so well about things. She has seen and heard so much more than George has, she can give new light on subjects. Rica is so bright and original, and then she never broods over things, one knows exactly what she means. I did not know how much I cared for Rica till I came home."

She sighed deeply. At Pelican House she had felt herself Rica's equal, in some ways her superior; but now she asked which was real, her present estimate of her own position or the Doris she had seemed to be at Pelican House; the well-dressed, looked-up-to young lady, whose notice was sought by all her schoolfellows.

"I cannot ask Rica to come and see me," she said mournfully. "She is poor, poorer than we are, no doubt, and poverty seemed to be inferiority at Pelican House; but I am sure that every one who belongs to her is as refined as she is; there is no falseness about her anywhere."

Even if Rica would excuse and tolerate the roughness of her people, Doris felt that there was an insuperable obstacle to the happiness of their meeting at the farm. Sooner or later Mr. Burneston would visit them, and there would always be the chance of his meeting Rica, and Doris felt bitterly that Rica, with her home-made merino gown and her untidy careless ways, would be Mr. Burneston's equal, while she, so much better dressed, in what Miss Phillimore herself had called "such much better style," would have to behave to him as to a superior.

"Clergymen are the equals of every one," said Doris, "and these Mashams are refined people besides."

She left off thinking, and looked, with a longing for escape from these worries, at the peaceful English landscape, and at a long stretch of moorland bounded by the Hambledon Hills. In front of her lay another wood, enclosed and entered by a large white gate, and as this slammed behind her Doris wished she could shut out her worries with it. This solitude, for which she had longed, had brought torment instead of soothing to her.

It was a very different wood to the oak copse. Tall ash and beech trees sent out such massive roots across the track that she had to walk heedfully. A rushing sound close by told her she had at last reached the river, and now the path which had been winding in and out among the trees turned abruptly and began to descend, and Doris saw through the tree-trunks on her right that she was near the edge of the bank overhanging the stream; the sound told her how very high she was above it, but the path in front descended more and more rapidly, and she felt she should soon see the water that rushed along with so hoarse a voice below. She was too dispirited, or she might easily have broken a way through the brush-wood and clinging brambles to the edge of the ravine, but instead she went on pensively planning her future, under the new light that had come on it.

Should she give up Rica and all her upward clingings, and try to content herself with her parents and George, and the neighbors? "I cannot, I cannot!" she said. "Why should I fling away all that I have gained so hardly? Books may keep up my learning, but they won't keep up my manners or my speaking; and I can't give up Rica; I never knew what she was to me before."

She might leave home and be a governess. More than one of Miss Phillimore's pupils had been educated with this intention. Why, even Rica herself contemplated taking such a position should need require her to do so. Doris sighed.

This was not the future she had planned, the future in which she was to influence and help others unaided. Well, could she

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

not as a governess influence and help the childish minds confided to her?

"I would not mind taking care of orphans" (the exquisitely-set head was proudly erect) "if I could be entire mistress; but I could not live in another person's house and adopt the ideas I found there, — no, that is not the life I have planned."

There was another future — Doris flushed angrily when the thought came; it was perhaps because this other future, viz., marriage, had a way of subtly connecting itself with Mr. Burneston, that the girl shrank with such dislike from the prospect of seeing him.

"Any way but that." She turned her head as if to shake off the idea, but to-day it clung like a burr; generally she found it easy to dismiss. For refuge she went back to the maxims of Miss Phillimore. Doris set far more store by the schoolmistress's scraps of worldly wisdom than her warm-hearted friend did.

"Rica used to laugh at Miss Phillimore; she thought her shallow and a prig, but I learned things from her that I find useful every day, little things that I never knew till she taught me. Yes, mother perhaps meant the same thing in what she used to say about getting married before I ever went to school, only" — her lip curled — "poor mother said girls shouldn't think about 'sweethearts;' and she was right, though she ought not to have talked so at my age. Miss Phillimore said more than once there was nothing so common and underbred as for a girl to think about getting a husband, or to think about love nonsense of any sort. Well, of course," she smiled, "it is absurd; no one could think of falling in love with a middle-aged man like Mr. Burneston; but I will not think about him at all."

To shake off this unwelcome puzzle she began to run down the steep path, smooth now, for the very tall trees had stopped on the brow above, and she ran on violently till she stopped herself in a green meadow into which the wood suddenly opened.

A bright tinge of color glowed on the girl's cheeks, and her eyes were glistening as she looked round for the river. The light had begun to fade down in this valley, and the evening looked later than it really was. Yes, there lay the river, dwindled to a tiny brook now and screened behind a hedge that ran along the opposite side of the narrow strip of meadow. A gap in this hedge showed a plank laid over the stream, and across this Doris found herself in the dale she had so longed to reach.

The stream went winding on along between green banks, gravel-edged, for the heat had shrunk the water; down below large stones showed green and brown through it with here and there grey projecting masses against which the stream struggled hoarsely. Ash-trees rose from the hedge beside it, a hedge backed by the ever-rising hill she had just descended, and now as she went on the sun began to set behind the wood, and the breeze rippling the water made thereon grey patches which contrasted with the reflection from the glowing sky overhead; the grassy dale broadened as she advanced, and a steeply-rising wooded bank on the left made the place a charming green valley which seemed to have no end, and through which the broadening stream might so far as eye could reach "flow on forever."

The trees looked dark and massive now, and as the sun sank and the light faded, the grass toned down from the bright emerald of its midday hue; it was wonderfully smooth, like a huge soft carpet, through which the river went on babbling, sometimes by a sudden curve making its way almost to the middle of the dale, and then again retreating to its ordinary channel on the right. It had so shrunk in some places, though the tops of the banks were a good distance apart, that the water ran along below like a silver thread. Doris grew tired of following its meanderings, and at last, when it curved and recurved like an S in the middle of the dale, she scrambled a little way down the bank, and drawing her skirt closely round her jumped four times in succession across the brook. The last jump was a wide one, and her bonnet fell off as she reached the farther side. She laughed as she replaced it; the exercise had brought back her serenity.

"What would they say at Pelican House?" she thought, but her eyes and cheeks glowed, and the breeze sent her hair straggling over her forehead. It had just occurred to Doris that she was taking a very long walk, and that her mother might grow anxious. She looked on to the end of the dale. Framed by the trees, which closed all distant view, was a man on horseback. He was not coming towards her; he seemed to be waiting for some one. "He is too far off to have seen me jump," Doris thought, "but it was foolish of me to behave so like a child;" and again a bright flush rose in her face.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From Macmillan's Magazine.

PRUSSIAN HISTORY.*

Do we ever mean to make ourselves acquainted with the modern history of Prussia and Germany? The complete change which has taken place of late years in our estimate of the Germans as politicians might reasonably lead us to consider whether their politics are not worthy to be studied. Half a century ago our estimate of the German literature and philosophy underwent a similar change. We then discovered, to use the language of an Edinburgh Reviewer, that Germany was not "a tract of country peopled only by hussars and editors of Greek plays," but that it had its poets, its critics, its thinkers and philosophers in greater excellence and abundance, for a time at least, than any other country. But when we had discovered the new German wisdom, we made without delay a serious attempt to master and assimilate it. A considerable part of the literary ability of England has been occupied during the present century with the task of interpreting German thought. After Coleridge, the earliest, and Carlyle, the most industrious, laborer in this field, how many distinguished writers have lent themselves to the work! Is it not time that our second discovery about the Germans should be put to profit as our first was? Then we discovered that "*un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit*," but we did not even then imagine that the Germans could have any politics. With the exception of Niebuhr no German politician is ever quoted among us, and the "Life of Niebuhr" is the only elaborate biography of a German politician (later than Frederick the Great) that is known to the English public. We picture to ourselves Goethe, Schiller, Schleiermacher, Kant, Hegel, not with any background of public institutions or public affairs, but as if they moved like heavenly bodies in the empty sky. And we have had some excuse for doing so. We could hardly disregard their politics much more than the Germans seemed to do themselves. They did not tell us of great German statesmen or great German political doings unjustly neglected by us. Rather they were fond of confessing that they had no political life, or that they were not yet out of their political nonage. In their minds as in ours their philosophers and writers had a great precedence over their statesmen. Two or three years ago, when I inquired of a most accomplished German whether there were any news of the "Memoirs of Hardenberg," those very memoirs which are at last before us, he took it for granted that I must be speaking of Novalis. To be sure Novalis is usually spoken of by his *nom de plume*, but his real name was Hardenberg, and it was intrinsically so probable that I was interested in this young mystic who died — I think — at the age of twenty-eight, and so inconceivable that I could care about Prince Hardenberg, who was only first minister of Prussia at the time of the War of Liberation and for nine years afterwards, that my friend jumped to the conclusion that I had adopted an unusual way of speaking. And for an example of the consciousness of a certain political inferiority which the Germans retained not many years back, we may take Bunsen as we see him in his biography. He looks up to Arnold in politics almost as Arnold looks up to him in learning. Bunsen, the pupil of that Niebuhr who had sat at council with Stein and Hardenberg, and who surpassed Arnold in experience of public affairs even more than in historical knowledge; Bunsen, who was himself by profession a public man, feels it quite natural to look up in political questions to an English schoolmaster, and is converted to Whiggism by him! But all this is changed now. The largest and hitherto the most successful political exploit of the century has been done by the Germans. They have their Parliaments, as we have, in fact too many Parliaments; they have their great orators, and debaters, and journalists, and statesmen, and have no reason any longer to yield the precedence in politics to the most political people on earth. We cannot but recognize this fact; but is it enough to recognize it? Is it not necessary to study it? Should not our readers read and our writers write about it?

I venture to suppose that there are some among my readers who have actually little information on this subject, and may almost be instructed about it as if they were beginners. They know of course in outline the great occurrences of 1866 and 1870; but it will occur to them that successes so sudden, complete, and on so vast a scale must have been prepared by a long antecedent history. As the horrors of the French Revolution lead us when we reflect on them to examine with a new interest the last age of the old *régime* because the explanation of them must lie there, so do the successes of 1866 and

* Suggested by the "Memoirs of Prince Hardenberg," edited by Leopold von Ranke.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

1870 give a new interest to the period that precedes them in German history. Our inquirer then will search that compartment of his memory in which is stored up the German history of the first half of this century. Beyond the wranglings of Bismarck with the Prussian Parliament at the beginning of the sixties, he will remember that there were certainly great disturbances in Germany in 1848. How they began and how they ended he finds it hard to say, but he feels certain that he has heard speak of a Frankfort Parliament. Beyond this what does he remember? What was happening in Germany earlier — in the forties and in the thirties? Something occurs to him about a bishopric of Jerusalem; what curious thoughts will come into one's head at times! But beyond this stretches a cloudless expanse, a perfectly empty region. "Plumb down he drops, fluttering his pennons vain," until the strong rebuff of the battle of Waterloo stops him. Of course there were some Prussians there, though it is difficult to say how or why, and every one knows that before that Napoleon won some great battles in Germany. As to the Prussians, since they have become so important now, their beating was — at Austerlitz? no, it was at Jena, certainly at Jena. And then before that there was Frederick the Great, you know. Besides this, military men occasionally mention Scharnhorst, who did something to the Prussian army; and when political economists come together they sometimes mention a man called Stein, and sometimes another man called Hardenberg, who concerned themselves with land questions.

This I suppose would be the account my reader would give of German history if he were taken by surprise. If he had a little time to prepare he would give it somewhat more arrangement and precision. He would then discover that the reforms in Prussia, those affecting both the army and the tenure of land were connected with the disaster at Jena, and that the old system which had come down from Frederick the Great was brought to an end in consequence of its failure in the contest with Napoleon, and that Scharnhorst, Stein, Hardenberg, and others were the founders of a new system which has since made the greatness of Prussia. He would also discover that Napoleon did not merely win battles in Germany, and annex territory which was afterwards recovered again, but that his victories produced a political revolution over the whole country, destroyed the empire, raised several German princes to the rank of kings, and that after his fall the old system was not restored, but a new system in many respects widely different was introduced, and in particular that this was the time of the foundation of that German Confederation which fell in 1866.

Even this meagre outline would be enough to convince our inquirer that if he would understand the transition of 1866 and 1870, he must go back to the Napoleonic age, and that in that age he must give particular attention to the transformation of Prussia, which took place after the campaign of Jena, under the direction of Stein, Hardenberg, Scharnhorst, and the rest. He will then of course consult the English authorities upon the period. He will look in Alison to see what was done by Stein and Hardenberg, and I can promise that he will meet with the most complete disappointment.

This brings us to the book before us. It seems in Germany a great event that the "Memoirs of Hardenberg" are out at last. They are out, and their editor, the illustrious Leopold von Ranke, has accompanied them with two large volumes of his own, in which not only the gaps left by the memoirs in Hardenberg's biography are filled up, but the history of Prussia from the beginning of the Revolutionary War to the War of Liberation is re-written from new documents, with all the master's well-known subtlety, and in a style which betrays no trace of the languor or garrulity of age.

But in this announcement our investigator will find a curious stumbling-block. he will say, "No, at the very outset of my inquiries I have learnt more than will allow me to believe this. The "Memoirs of Hardenberg" cannot be just published, for it is well known that they have for years past formed one of the principal sources of the history of that age. Alison draws from them more than from almost any other book, to judge by that abbreviation "Hard.," which is almost invariably to be found at the side of his pages when they treat of German affairs." Indeed it is a remarkable fact that for years past while the Germans have been waiting for the appearance of these memoirs, and conjecturing what they would be found to contain, English and French students have been in happy and contented enjoyment of them. Perhaps this is the reason why, as we hear, there is no market here for Von Ranke's book. Any how it is certain that for years past if you asked the librarian at the Athenæum Club for "Hardenberg's

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Memoirs," he would place before you without hesitation a book in thirteen volumes written in French, and entitled "*Mémoires tirées des Papiers d'un Homme d Etat*," of which the catalogue declared Hardenberg to be the author. It is certain that not Alison only but most other writers on that period both in England and France have used this work freely, nay for German affairs, more freely than any other book, and generally as the work of Hardenberg. Especially the first two volumes, which profess to explain the causes of the first coalition against revolutionary France, have mainly contributed to form the current opinion on the subject; and the book is a forgery!

The fact is that this book has the great advantage of being in French, and that some of these writers would have been compelled to remain in ignorance of German affairs altogether if the knowledge had had to be sought in German books. And yet there was a certain difficulty in writing the history of the Napoleonic age without any of this knowledge. In these circumstances the belief that one of the most conspicuous and necessarily best-informed German statesmen of the period had written his memoirs in French, and that these memoirs had been published, was too consoling and precious to be parted with. Yet it is somewhat difficult to understand how they can have entertained the belief in good faith. On a closer inspection we find that at least one of them actually did not. Alison, who, as we have said, is so lavish of his "Hard.," actually has the following note, which perhaps few of those who consult his voluminous work remark. After declaring himself happy to agree with "the able and candid Prussian statesman who concluded the treaty of Basle," and introducing a quotation from the "*Mémoires*," etc., with the words "says Prince Hardenberg," he remarks on the next page, "These able memoirs, *though written by the Count d'Allonville*, were compiled from Prince Hardenberg's papers" (vol. ii. p. 926). Now even if it were true, as Alison supposes, that there was reason for regarding the memoirs as founded upon the papers of Hardenberg, it is surely unjustifiable, and betrays a very lax historical conscience, to refer to them habitually, without qualification of any kind, as Hardenberg's memoirs. But there was no such reason. It is indeed not improbable that the compiler had access to documents of some kind, and his statements, sifted with proper caution, may in some cases have their value. But even before the book appeared, and when the advertisements of it which spoke of a *Prussian* statesman seemed to point at Hardenberg, it was shown by Schöll that there was imposture at work, and that the papers, if there were any, were certainly not Hardenberg's. Accordingly D'Allonville and his accomplices did not venture in any positive way to declare that they were. It was not necessary to do so. The world, that is, in England and France, jumped at the bait, which was scarcely even held out to it, and the forgery has been "Hardenberg's Memoirs" to our historians ever since. Yet they have not even had the excuse that the exposure of it was only to be found in a language which they did not read, for a most complete examination and detection of the forgery is to be found in Barbier's French "*Dictionnaire des Œuvres Pseudonymes*."

Meanwhile the Germans have submitted to this injury with most magnanimous meekness. They have probably felt that they had no remedy, for though they have the ear of Europe on questions of learning or science, and certainly of history also, when the history is remote enough to have become the property of *savants*, on recent history it matters not what they say or what they prove, since no one either in France or England reads it. Accordingly Von Sybel merely remarks, without a word of complaint or indignation, that the current notion of German affairs in that age has been taken chiefly from the spurious memoirs of Hardenberg; and Von Ranke now, in introducing the genuine memoirs to the world, merely remarks in the same placid tone that the "*Mémoires tirées*," etc. have no connection with them whatever.

This explanation may convey to the reader a new impression of the importance of the publication before us. It finally dissipates a cloud of illusion which has hung over the period for about half a century — for the first two volumes of the "*Mémoires tirées*," etc., appeared in 1828, and at the same time it opens a new source of knowledge, the importance of which we may measure by the authority which the mere name of Hardenberg gave to the forgery now exploded. It is to be added, that in addition to the memoirs of Hardenberg, this work gives us the conclusions drawn by Von Ranke from a collection also made by Hardenberg, and now first applied to historical purposes, of original documents bearing on Prussian history.

Our inquirer will in fact find that he has

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

taken up the study of recent German history at a moment when it is fast changing its aspect. The period to which Stein, Hardenberg, and Scharnhorst belong is now in the act of passing out of twilight into day, and this, it will be remembered, means far more when it is said of a country such as Prussia then was — a country without a Parliament, where government is a secret — than when it is said of our own country. These memoirs are only the most important of several publications of the kind which have lately appeared. Duncker, the late archivarius of Berlin, gave us not long since a paper full of new information on the state of Prussia during the French occupation; Treitschke published a full account of the Constitution dispute which occupied the politicians of Prussia in the early years of the peace, and of which former historians, such as Gervinus, had been able to learn little. More curious and amusing, though less satisfactory, than these publications, have been the selections from the papers of Schön, which have appeared in successive volumes to the number of four during the last two years. Schön was a politician who stood to Stein in the same relation as Shelburne to our own Chatham, but he outlived both Stein and Hardenberg by many years, and was in his old age a patriarch of Prussian liberalism, of whom men said that he was the real author of most of the great legislative acts upon which Stein's fame rested; and indeed for saying so they had the warrant of one who certainly must know, viz., of Schön himself. Diaries, fragments of autobiography, biographical and historical letters from his hand are now before us, and seldom has there been such an exhibition of self-conceit, envy, and reckless malice as they afford. Fortunately most of Schön's calumnies refute themselves by their inconsistency and unskilfulness. But the examination of them has given the Prussian literary world much to do lately. And when the student has digested all this mass of new material he becomes aware, on looking again at what used to be the best histories of the period, *e.g.* Häusser, that they have become insufficient, and that they paint a landscape in twilight upon which the day has now risen.

But if this period is all-important in the history of modern Germany, is it also interesting in itself? What! the battle of Jena — the downfall in a single week of the monarchy of the great Frederick — and then its resurrection seven years afterwards — the War of Liberation — the fall of Napoleon — can a period which offers occurrences like these be other than interesting? And of course all admit the interest of it, but then most come to it with a curious preoccupation, as if all these occurrences belonged to French and not to German history, or at least as if it were only the French aspect of them that was interesting. It is with this chapter of history as with "Paradise Lost"; the character of Satan stands out so strikingly that it kills all the rest of the piece. Just as in the poem we forget to think of what the poet undertook to unfold to us — the destiny of mankind and the grand redemptive schemes of Providence — because all this is dim and remote, and think only of Satan because he is passionate, intense, and dramatic; so does Napoleon, the great deceiver and destroyer, absorb the interest that ought to be given to the progressive movement of Europe in his age. But what is excusable when we are dealing with a poem is less so when we are studying history. Poetically, perhaps, evil is more interesting than good, but it is not so important historically. The work of Napoleon looks smaller and smaller as time goes on, but the work which was done in Germany at the same time looks greater and greater. At the time Napoleon's lawless violence was taken for creative genius; but now we see how small a part of his creation stands the test of time, but that all attempts to revive it only prove its worthlessness more decisively; and how even after being restored it falls again. We can now only praise him negatively, as one who swept away what was bad, and even if we try to represent him as a great impulsive force which roused mankind out of lethargy, we discover that he only produced this effect because he failed, and that had his empire endured, with its centralization and brutal military repression, it would have produced a far more fatal lethargy than any that it disturbed. We see that his place is not among the gods, but among the Titans of history, not with the Cæsars and Charlemagnes, who founded the enduring fabric of civilization, but with Louis XIV., Philip II., and others, who have merely established ephemeral and mischievous ascendencies. Meanwhile the work of those who resisted Napoleon — even if no one of them should ever be placed in the highest class of the benefactors of mankind — has in some cases proved enduring, and nowhere so much as in Germany. They began two great works — the reorganization of Prus-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

sia and the revival of the German nationality, and time has deliberately ratified their views. Without retrogression, without mistake, except the mistake which in such matters is the most venial that can be committed, that, namely, of over-caution, of excessive hesitation, the edifice which was then founded has been raised higher and higher till it is near completion. The French empire revived again only to fall again with disgrace; France annexed Savoy and Nice, but she lost Alsace and Lorraine; and she did not avenge Waterloo. But Jena has been avenged; the manes of Queen Louise are propitiated; Barbarossa is awake at last.

This being so, we might read over again the history of that age with new feelings. We might cease to think of the German princes of that time as of nine-pins whom it amuses us to see bowled over by Napoleon; still more might we cease to think only of Napoleon when we read the history of his fall, as if the heroism and the skill were even then on his side, and his opponents had nothing but luck and superior numbers. Nay, even if we sympathize with France, and with Napoleon himself, we may still recognize that, putting them out of the question altogether, the fall and resurrection of Germany is far more interesting than most passages of history, and that the interest centres on the whole in Prussia. We in England enjoy something of that happiness which proverbially makes the annals of a people dull. Since the seventeenth century nothing has been witnessed here either so painfully interesting as what Prussia witnessed in the unhappy years 1806 and 1807, or so elevating and poetical as her *levée en masse* and victories in 1813 and 1814. And to the student it is far more interesting than to the seeker of amusement. To the student indeed it is an interest quite independent of its exciting incidents, for it is one of those periods of radical and successful reconstruction of a State which are rare in history, and which abound beyond others in political lessons.

Let us now look more closely at the book before us. At his death, in November 1822, Hardenberg left a considerable collection of papers sealed up, with the direction that they were to lie unopened in the archives for fifty years. This fact is of itself sufficient to destroy the pretensions of the "*Mémoires tirées*," etc., which our editor describes as "a compilation of heterogeneous materials in which a few genuine documents are lost in a mass of statements partly well-known before, partly unauthenticated," and as "in itself more calculated to bewilder than to instruct." When the fifty years had expired the director of the archives brought the whole collection to Prince Bismarck, who with his own hand broke the seal. The commission was then given to Von Ranke to examine and report upon them. He found them to consist, first of a memoir in Hardenberg's own hand, covering the years 1804–1806 and part of 1807; secondly of a voluminous history — in French, and comprising a large number of official documents — by Friedrich Schöll, well known as one of the authors of the useful "*Histoire Abrégée des Traités*." The history deals with the years 1794–1812, while Hardenberg's own memoir, which was intended to be translated into French and incorporated into it, is occupied solely with the years 1804–1807.

Our editor had to consider whether it would be advisable to publish Schöll's work as he found it. There were weighty objections to this course. It was in French, and Hardenberg's memoir was in German, so that they could not be joined together, as had been originally intended, to make one work. Moreover, there was something artificial in the style of Schöll, who had made Hardenberg speak throughout in the first person, and an attempt was discernible to efface the pretty strong tinge of Liberalism which belongs to Hardenberg's administration in order to suit the taste of the restoration period in which Schöli wrote. An alternative course was to publish Hardenberg's memoir with an introduction founded on the materials furnished by Schöll. This also seemed unsatisfactory, because these materials were copious enough to furnish a complete history. The end has been that the public are presented with four volumes, each consisting of from five to six hundred full German pages, of which the second and third contain Hardenberg's memoir, and the first and fourth a history of the whole period from 1793 to the War of Liberation by Ranke. In other words, historical literature is enriched at the same moment by two books, each of the utmost value in its own way, a history of a most memorable period, written by a great master of historical investigation from new documents, and an account of the foreign relations of Prussia in the years which ended with the great catastrophe of Tilsit, by one who was for the greater part of that time himself Prussia's foreign minister.

Hardenberg can hardly be regarded as

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

a great man. Our editor himself says: "There is nothing very great in Hardenberg himself. His only title to a historic delineation is that he did more than any one towards the securing and restoring of Prussian independence." In his personality there was not the same strongly marked character, force, and grandeur that is to be observed in that of Stein, of whom we may observe that our editor speaks in a very different tone, *e.g.* "We have to introduce here again the Titanic Stein, who then took a world-historical position worthy of himself by Alexander's side;" and again, "Stein is the first and grandest representative of the German idea; he had Germany as a commonwealth ever before his eyes, and its unity ever as a thing in one way or another to be restored."

Nevertheless Hardenberg had force enough to carry him through the tasks, heavy as they were, which his lot imposed upon him; and as he was at the head of affairs far longer than Stein, the sum total of the services he rendered to Prussia is very great; his performance, though less unique in quality, is scarcely inferior in quantity to that of Stein; and his name is inseparably connected with that reorganization of Prussia which has led to her present greatness. Moreover his importance is materially increased now that he appears as a historian of some of the events in which he had a share.

It is to be observed, however, that he cannot be called the historian of his own achievements. Those achievements began with his assumption of office in 1810, two years after the fall of Stein. From that time to his death in 1822 he remained first minister. His important legislation belongs mainly to the years 1810 and 1811, and the memorable resurrection of Prussia belongs to 1813. But his original memoir deals exclusively with the time preceding the Peace of Tilsit, which was concluded in July 1807, a time in which he achieved nothing memorable. It is in fact mainly apologetic in its tone, explaining the reasons why its author was not able, in spite of all his efforts, to prevent, or even in any degree to mitigate, the calamity which fell upon Prussia at the close of that time. Instead of describing the restoration of Prussia, in which he had so large a share, he has described only its fall, which he witnessed and foresaw, but was unable in any degree to prevent. The fall of Prussia, however, is not less interesting, if it is less agreeable to read of, than its restoration, and just at present it may be even more instructive to English people. For in our extreme scarcity of English books on the history of Prussia, in the fragmentary state of our knowledge about it, we are in danger of arriving at erroneous conclusions by piecing arbitrarily together the fragments of knowledge that we have. Thus we are apt to jump from the one book on the subject which we have read, Carlyle's "Frederick," to those modern Prussian triumphs which we know so well, and to argue — then Carlyle was right after all, and the heroic form of government turns out to be, in the long run, the best! I by no means wish the reader to run hastily into the exactly contrary conclusion, yet it is the exactly contrary conclusion which is really suggested by the facts. Frederick's government did not lead to those modern triumphs, but to the unparalleled catastrophe of Jena, and after that catastrophe the necessity was forced upon the country of radically destroying his system. By a series of changes, scarcely inferior in magnitude to those which France underwent in her first Revolution, both government and society in Prussia were reconstructed. A generation later a Parliament was added, and the triumphs which have impressed us so much began nearly twenty years later still. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc* is of course a very weak argument; but the slight presumption that it may afford is really a presumption against and not in favor of, the *régime* of Frederick, for it was not Sedan, but Jena, that was *after* it.

This account then of the downfall of the old system we have from Hardenberg himself, and Von Ranke's first volume furnishes an excellent introduction to it. His second volume, the fourth of the work, gives some account of the reconstruction. But we should by no means describe it as a complete account. The historical manner of Von Ranke is well known; his element is diplomacy and international affairs. In his view of the period between Tilsit and the War of Liberation, he has traced with much care the fluctuations of the long negotiation that went on between Prussia and Napoleon, but the internal reform that went on at the same time does not suit his pen so well, and is therefore not so fully treated. Altogether, though the work before us, if we consider only what it gives, seems to us the most important historical work of recent years, yet it has deficiencies, whether it is considered as a biography of Hardenberg or as an account of the fall and reconstruction of Prussia. As a biography of Hardenberg, besides closing at 1814, instead of 1822, which was the end

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

of Hardenberg's career, it gives no sufficient account of his legislation of 1810, 1811. The same omission, joined to the slightness of the view given of Stein's legislation, makes it incomplete as a history of the transformation of Prussia.

Nevertheless the appearance of such a book affords a good opportunity of pointing out the vast historical importance of that transformation. We are most of us so ignorant of Prussian history that the very outline of it in our minds wants one of the principal features. Our view of it is such as our view of French history would be if we had never heard of the Revolution of 1789. This may seem a startling statement, but it is possible to imagine that but for one or two very glaring occurrences — such as the execution of the king and queen, and the positive destruction of monarchy and Church — we might have looked at the events that began in 1789 purely from a military and foreign point of view. We might have overlooked all internal changes, and seen nothing but that France at that time undertook a war against Europe, a war in which she was successful for many years, but afterwards lost again all the advantages she had gained. This is something like what we do with the history of Prussia. We see her neutrality between 1795 and 1806, then her ruin at Jena and Tilsit, then her period of humiliation, then her War of Liberation, and so on; but because Frederick William III. remains quietly seated on the throne through the whole period, we remain totally unaware that a Prussian revolution took place then — a revolution so comprehensive that the old reign and glories of Frederick may fairly be said to belong to another world — to an *ancien régime* that has utterly passed away. It was a revolution which, though it did not touch the actual framework of government in such a way as to substitute one of Aristotle's forms of government for another, yet went so far beyond government, and made such transformation both in industry and culture, that it deserves the name of revolution far more, for instance, than our English Revolution of the seventeenth century.

Thus the first step which our imaginary student of German politics must take, is to move the battle of Jena out of the life of Napoleon into the history of Prussia. Instead of thinking of it as a military feat, he is to think of it as the beginning of a political revolution. And next remembering that in Prussia two movements go on together, viz., the internal development of the state and its movement towards the headship of Germany outside, he must treat the battle of Austerlitz in the same manner and begin to think of that as the beginning of the revolution which brought down the old empire. Thus we get — 1805, fall of old Germany; 1806, fall of old Prussia. And so in Germany as in France we have an *ancien régime* and a revolution, and, as in the case of France, we ask first, what was the corruption, or weakness of the old *régime* which caused it to fall? and what was the nature of the new system which took its place?

The downfall of the old system in Prussia was much less appalling and amazing than in France; but, on the other hand, it was much more unforeseen. Many prophets had prophesied of strange things to happen in France, — *nos enfants verront un beau tapage* — for all the most unmistakable signs of decay met in the Bourbon monarchy. The Hohenzollerns too had been guilty of crimes, but they were the crimes of youthful energy, not of decrepitude; and the ambition of Frederick, if unscrupulous, was patriotic. Considered as an internal administrator, he was a pattern of self-sacrificing industry to all the sovereigns of his time. He and Louis XV. were at the opposite poles of kingship. Was it not strange, then, that a similar catastrophe should await the work of both? that the one system should perish in the rout of Jena, as the other in the Tenth of August? Napoleon is often described as having a sort of indefinite commission to remove out of the world whatever was rotten or decaying. Was it not strange then, that that which went down most instantaneously before his shock should be precisely that system which was youngest, and whose glories were most recent? and that even the old clumsy fabric of the Habsburgs should make a better fight than the new construction of the Hohenzollerns, the pride of the eighteenth century?

The explanation is that the Prussian State was as weak from immaturity as the French from old age; that the gigantic labors of Frederick William I. and Frederick the Great, though they had raised Prussia from insignificance to greatness, had not been sufficient to make her greatness stable and secure. But in this instance the image of a building is more convenient than that of a living body. If a State be regarded as an edifice reared on a foundation, we may say that in France the fault lay in the building itself, while in Prussia the building, the work of

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the Hohenzollerns, was good, but the foundation insufficient. The building is the visible part of a State — its government, administration, revenue, army. All this was rotten in France under Louis XV. and sound in Prussia under Frederick the Great. But the foundation on which all such buildings must stand is, as foundations are generally, out of sight, and may easily be left out of consideration. It is the unity of the country and of the nation; and this is marked in various ways — by continuity of territory and strength of frontier, by homogeneousness of the population and separateness of it from neighboring populations, and this again is marked by the distinctness of language, form of civilization and literature. In France this foundation was immensely strong, — no nation had so intense a self-consciousness — and therefore, when the structure of the State crumbled, the nation, after a very short interval of embarrassment, showed itself stronger than ever. But in Prussia this foundation was exceptionally weak. It could scarcely be said that either a Prussian nation or even a Prussian country existed. No one spoke of a Prussian language, or of a Prussian literature; no one supposed that Kant and Herder, because they were Prussians, belonged to a different literature from Goethe and Schiller. The ministers who conducted the government of Prussia were not necessarily Prussians either by birth or education. Who ever hears in England of a statesman being borrowed for a high official post from the French or Austrian service? Or when a public man among us is driven from office, or loses his seat in Parliament, who expects to hear that he has applied for employment to the czar? But in Prussia few of the most distinguished statesmen, few even of those who took the lead in her liberation from Napoleon, were Prussians. Blücher himself began life in the service of Sweden, Scharnhorst was a Hanoverian, so was Hardenberg, and Stein came from Nassau. Niebuhr was enticed to Berlin from the Bank of Copenhagen. Hardenberg served George III. and afterwards the duke of Brunswick before he entered the service of Frederick William II.; and when Stein was dismissed by Frederick William III. in the midst of the war of 1806, though he was a man of property and rank, he took measures to ascertain whether they were in want of a finance minister at St. Petersburg. And how weak was the frontier — how discontinuous the territory! How much of it too had in 1806 been quite recently acquired, and was inhabited by a discontented population which did not even profess to be Prussian! The partitions of Poland were quite recent; Warsaw was then a Prussian town; other large acquisitions had been made within Germany itself in 1803; and Hanover had just been taken from George III. In these circumstances, from the very nature of the case, and not from any exceptional coldness of disposition, there could not be in Prussia any of that burning spirit of nationality which showed itself in France in 1792, or in Spain in 1808; and where such a spirit is wanting the best-disciplined army and the most diligent administration and the best-intentioned government have no firm foundation under them.

Next to the baselessness of the whole fabric we are to consider the essential precariousness of an absolute form of government, and then some special abuses in government which had sprung up at that particular time. But in estimating all these influences, we are to bear in mind the immensity of the power which assailed Prussia in 1806. If the system of Frederick succumbed, it succumbed not like the French, to the sheer weight of its own corruption, but to an external force to which other systems thought good, our own for instance, might have yielded had they been equally exposed to its attack. It was this evident superiority of force which gave Napoleon himself an absolute confidence of success. On October 12th, 1806, he wrote to the king of Prussia, "Your Majesty will be defeated. Europe knows that France has thrice the population of your Majesty's states, and is not less developed than they are in a military point of view." It was in itself no great disgrace to be worsted by Napoleon at the head of such a force; the condemnation of the system lies in the fact that it did not offer a stout resistance, but collapsed at once. It was the curious fate of Prussia twice in little more than half a century to be attacked by a greatly superior force, and to wage on the first occasion the most glorious and on the second the most inglorious defensive war known to modern history. To explain this we are certainly obliged to point out the personal insufficiency of the king for the ponderous task which had devolved on him.

An administration both civil and military, if it cannot draw inspiration both from above and from below, must at least do so from one quarter or the other. If

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

there is no patriotic nation below, there must be an energetic will above. But the great race of Prussian kings seemed to have come to an end when Frederick the Great died in 1786. His successor, the hero of Valmy and of the Treaty of Basle, had had something *grandiose* and generous about him, and got through his reign of eleven years without any conspicuous disaster. But he had dissolved the strictness of discipline and broken the spell of success, when he delivered over the government to the young Frederick William III. in 1797. The reign which now began lasted forty-three years, and resembles that of George III. in English history. In the course of it there were great disasters and glorious successes, and the king had good qualities of a homely kind enough to justify those who chose to attribute the successes not less than the disasters to him. Moreover the successes, coming later, effaced the disasters, and thus King Frederick William III. has preserved a fair reputation in history. We cannot but be glad of it, considering how respectable and well-intentioned a king he was; and indeed he had this merit, that as George III., after bringing himself near to ruin in his first twenty years, saved his reign by committing himself to William Pitt and remaining faithful to him, so did the Prussian king repair most of his mishaps by confiding, after 1806, in two meritorious statesmen, Stein and Hardenberg. But the mishaps themselves were due very much to his own mistakes, and this all the more because of the immense prestige which in Prussia had gathered round the crown.

Though the sudden collapse of the renowned Prussian army in 1806 took the world by surprise, yet the decline of the Prussian government had been recognized by all the world long before. In the long neutrality between 1795 and 1806 its reputation had suffered so much that it had come to be regarded with contempt, and in some sort may be said to have begun to despise itself. Hardenberg in these memoirs makes no defence of its foreign policy in the years 1804, 1805; and he defends himself by saying that his advice was not taken. The mistrust of Prussia by other powers, and her own self-mistrust, were among the leading causes of her overthrow, and for this the king himself was responsible. At least Hardenberg here throws it in pretty plain language on the king. That ruinous neutrality when all the world was in arms — what was the cause of it? People said at the time that the king was a coward, and though this was not true, yet Hardenberg himself traces it to fear. In speaking of one of Napoleon's encroachments, he says, after remarking that the king *would* not see it in its proper light: "I say he *would* not, for there was no doubt that he understood it all perfectly, but he could be inexhaustible in plausible arguments when the object was to maintain an unsound principle once adopted, and in such cases repugnance to a decisive measure outweighed his better reason. Mistrust of his own power to encounter the formidable Napoleon, a foreboding of the misfortune which afterward came so heavily upon him, were the grounds of this repugnance. Often perhaps did Frederick William curse his own high position, and wish for the unobserved life of a subject!" In other words, it was not a cowardly fear of the battle-field, but it was the fear of a war in which he felt himself certain to be worsted — yet in which, as a near successor of Frederick the Great, he would be regarded by the people as responsible for the campaign — which was the secret motive of his neutral policy. This weakness in the king concurred with a disturbance in the administrative system which had been caused by the restless personal government of Frederick the Great to throw the foreign department into the strangest confusion. In the first place the king found it necessary always to have a foreign minister who would advise unlimited concession when his favorite neutrality was endangered. He had such a minister in Count Haugwitz, whose conduct during the Austerlitz campaign has not been forgotten by history. In the summer of 1804 the count desired to retire in order to look after his estates in Silesia, which required the master's eye, and Hardenberg was to take his place. But the king did not feel sure of Hardenberg because he was a man of spirit, and accordingly it was arranged that Haugwitz should still receive a part of his salary, should be always ready to resume the duties of his department, and "particularly in the winter when he would wish to reside in Berlin, should receive information of all affairs, and be present at all conferences." Here was a pretty confusion of responsibility! And Hardenberg complains that he could never with all his exertions get his relations to Haugwitz properly defined. But how this arrangement served the king's purpose he makes perfectly clear by an example. In the matter of Sir George Rumbold, who had been seized by French soldiers near Ham-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

burg, Hardenberg had recommended that his extradition should be demanded, and that the demand should be backed, if necessary, by war with France. The king was in a flutter, though for a wonder he took the first part of the advice. An express is at once sent to Haugwitz in Silesia, with a letter proposing the question in the following form: "I have demanded satisfaction of Bonaparte for the violation of neutrality, and because Rumbold was accredited to my person. His extradition has been demanded. If this is not granted, but recourse is had to subterfuges, what should Prussia do to maintain her dignity and to fulfil her engagements both towards Russia, in accordance with the existing understanding, and towards her co-estates in North Germany? Many persons vote for war; *I do not* (*moi pas*). Reflect on the matter, and give me the benefit of your views. *You know that I reserved to myself the right of having recourse to you in critical circumstances — and these are critical indeed!*" Hardenberg remarks, "How significant was that *moi pas*, which the king underlined!"

It may in fact be said that there were times when Haugwitz and Hardenberg might be considered indifferently as foreign ministers, though they represented opposite policies. But the confusion in the foreign department went really much further than this. Hardenberg gives us a clearer view than we could get before of an abuse which caused much outcry at the time — the secret influence of the cabinet secretaries. Of course the ministers in Prussia, where the king governed personally, had not the same undivided responsibility as they have in constitutional countries. The king took their advice or not, as it pleased him. But in 1806 the condition of things was this, that the control of affairs was in the hands neither of the ministers nor of the king, but of two or three men called cabinet secretaries who went and came between them. This abuse had risen out of a habit which Frederick the Great had formed of transacting business without any personal communication with his ministers. The reports of the ministers were laid before him and upon these his decision was formed. It was the business of the cabinet secretaries in his time simply to draft the orders of cabinet from his rough notes and to take charge of them. This form of transacting business continued after Frederick was gone, but began then to have a very different meaning and effect. These secretaries, originally merely clerks, began now to rival the ministers in influence. From drafting orders of cabinet they passed to practically originating them; and as they had the advantage, which the ministers had not, of personal communication with the king, they gradually reduced the ministers to mere tools. Meanwhile they had no real responsibility, and at the same time, compared with the ministers, they had no accurate knowledge of the affairs they conducted. The particular cabinet secretary who controlled foreign affairs, making Haugwitz, and as far as he could, Hardenberg also his agent, was one Lombard, a Frenchman by birth, and very naturally suspected, though Hardenberg pronounces him not guilty, of being in Napoleon's pay. Just before the catastrophe came, Stein complained in a letter to the king that "the guidance of the diplomatic affairs of the state, at a period unparelleled in modern history, is in the impure and feeble hands of a French poetaster of mean extraction, a *roué*, in whom is combined with moral corruption a complete physical prostration and decrepitude!"

If we put aside the considerable part which accident played in the fall of Prussia — for Alexander's sudden change of policy at Tilsit was an accident as far as Prussia is concerned — the causes of the catastrophe seem such as we have described: on the one hand, the want of any nation, in the proper sense of the word, underlying the State, on the other hand, a deplorable confusion in the administration arising from a failure of that powerful royal initiative by which the administration had been originally created. And now let us pass from the fall of Prussia to its reconstruction.

We misapprehend the nature of what took place when we say, as we usually do, that some important and useful reforms were introduced by Stein, Hardenberg, and Scharnhorst. In the first place, such a word as reform is not properly applied to changes so vast, and in the second place, the changes then made or at least commenced, went far beyond legislation. We want some word stronger than reform which shall convey that one of the greatest events of modern history now took place in Prussia. Revolution would convey this, but unfortunately we appropriate that word to changes in the form of government, or even mere changes of dynasty, provided they are violent, though such changes are commonly quite insignificant compared to what now took place in Prussia. And the effect of our want of a word is not less

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

than this — that one of the very greatest events is never heard of among great events, and therefore by the mass of mankind is never heard of at all.

The form of government indeed was not changed. Not merely did the king continue to reign, but no Parliament was created even with powers ever so restricted. Another generation had to pass away before this innovation, which to us seems the beginning of political life, took place. But a nation must be made before it can be made free, and, as we have said, in Prussia there was an administration (in great disorder and an army, but no nation. When Stein was placed at the head of affairs in the autumn of 1807, he seems, at first, hardly to have been aware that anything was called for beyond the reform of the administration, and the removal of some abuses in the army. Accordingly he did reform the administration from the top to the bottom, remodelling the whole machinery both of central and local government which had come down from the father of Frederick the Great. But the other work also was forced upon him, and he began to create the nation by emancipating the peasantry, while Scharnhorst and Gneisenau were brooding over the ideas which, five years later, took shape in the *Landwehr* of East Prussia. Besides emancipating the peasant he emancipated industry, — everywhere abolishing that strange caste system which divided the population rigidly into nobles, citizens, and peasants, and even stamped every acre of land in the country with its own unalterable rank as noble, or citizen, or peasant land.

Emancipation, so to speak, had to be given before enfranchisement. The peasant must have something to live for; freewill must be awakened in the citizen; and he must be taught to fight for something before he could receive political liberty. Of such liberty Stein only provided one modest germ. By his *Städteordnung* he introduced popular election into the towns. Thus Prussia and France set out towards political liberty by different roads. Prussia began modestly with local liberties, but did not for a long time attempt a Parliament. France with her *charte*, and in imitation of France many of the small German States, had grand popular Parliaments, but no local liberties. And so for a long time Prussia was regarded as a backward State. F. von Raumer complains in 1828: "In Paris we are often obliged to hear it said, 'We live in a constitutional country, while you, you know . . .' In spite of the polite suppression of the sentence this simply means, 'We are free, but you are still slaves and subject to an unchecked tyranny.'" He protests that this representation is quite unjust so long as the Prussians have Stein's *Städteordnung*. It is to be added, however, that it was only by accident that Stein stopped short at municipal liberties and created no parliament. He would have gone further, and in the last years of the wartime Hardenberg did summon deliberative assemblies, which, however, fell into disuse again after the peace. For as the legislation of those years may be called a revolution, so the reaction which set in afterwards might be regarded as a counter-revolution. The reformers were driven from office, calumniated, and persecuted; the *Städteordnung* was revised in 1831; instead of the promised Parliament only Provincial Estates, carefully controlled by government, were instituted; and the reformed administration, working with more unity and efficiency than before, became that imperious bureaucracy which Schön compared to the Catholic priesthood, and of which a leading member rebuked some Prussian citizens for supposing that with their "narrow private understanding" they could possibly form a judgment of the views of the government!

In spite however of all reaction, the change irrevocably made by the legislation of that time was similar to that made in France by the Revolution, and caused the age before Jena to be regarded as an *ancien régime*. But in addition to this, a change had been made in men's minds and thoughts by the shocks of the time, which prepared the way for legislative changes which have taken place since. How unprecedented in Prussia, for instance, was the dictatorial authority wielded by Hardenberg early in 1807, by Stein in the latter part of that year and in 1808, and by Hardenberg again from 1810 onwards! Before that time in the history of Prussia we find no subject eclipsing or even approaching the king in importance. Prussia had been made what she was almost entirely by her electors and kings. In war and organization alike all had been done by the Great Elector or Frederick William I., or Frederick the Great. But now this is suddenly changed. Everything now turns on the minister. Weak ministers are expelled by pressure put upon the king, strong ones are forced upon him. He is compelled to create a new ministerial power much greater than that of an English prime minister, and more

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

like that of a grand vizier, and by these dictators the most comprehensive innovations are made. The loyalty of the people was not impaired by this; on the contrary, Stein and Hardenberg saved the monarchy; but it evidently transferred the monarchy, though safely, to a lower pedestal; it evidently prepared the way for such constitutionalism as we now see.

Another powerful impulse moved the State in the same direction. If we consider the transformation of Prussia as covering the whole period between 1807 and 1813, we may consider that it was accomplished in two movements. The first was the legislative movement guided by dictatorial ministers — Stein in 1807 and 1808, Hardenberg in 1810 and 1811. The second is the great popular movement which ended in the War of Liberation. Now, while in the former the king for the first time in Prussian history is eclipsed by his ministers, in the latter the initiative is taken out of the hands of the government altogether, and the most important step of all is taken by a parliamentary assembly. The great transition of Prussia from the French to the Russian alliance at the beginning of the year 1813 was begun and wellnigh completed without the intervention, and ostensibly against the wish, of the Prussian government. It began with Yorck's Convention of Tauroggen, which was concluded on his own responsibility, and was afterwards disavowed by the government. Then came the meeting of the Estates of East Prussia at Königsberg. In this assembly Yorck appeared and spoke openly of "beating the French wherever he should find them;" and yet the French were at this time the king's allies! The assembly then proceeded to make one of the greatest institutions of modern Prussia — they created the *Landwehr*. But of course they were summoned by the king, and acted under his directions? Not at all; they were summoned by Stein, and his commission did not run in the name of the king of Prussia, but in that of the emperor and autocrat of all the Russias!

No doubt the king resumed a little later the guidance of his people. The *Landwehrordnung* was sanctioned by him and extended to the other provinces. Nevertheless, such a fact as the creation of the *Landwehr* by a Parliament, and a Parliament not summoned by the king, could not be forgotten. It tolled the knell of the absolute monarchy in Prussia. No wonder that when, a month after, Stein lay at death's door in the Hotel Zum Zepter at Breslau, the king, though the court was in the same town, would know nothing about him, and caused no inquiries to be made after his health.

Parallel with this fall and reconstruction of Prussia we see the fall and reconstruction of Germany. Here too the first step is to create, so to speak, the nation. A great space had to be traversed from the time when Lessing and Herder wrote of the very virtue of patriotism with disapprobation, wondering at the same time what the feeling might be like, to the days of Arndt and Körner. And when the feeling had been awakened the difficulty of expressing it in institutions seemed to have grown greater than ever. The Confederation of the Rhine had thrown half Germany into the foreign camp. New kings had been created, all whose interests were involved in the division of Germany. At the moment of the fall of Napoleon, perhaps, with decision and good fortune, something might have been done. Stein, who is even greater in the history of Germany than he is in the history of Prussia, formed a daring plan of dethroning the princes of the Confederation of the Rhine along with their master, and in this way constituting the unity of Germany, or at least its duality under Austria and Prussia, at the same time that its independence was secured. But Metternich disappointed him. And we have witnessed since the slow and wonderful attainment of the same goal by another path.

This chapter of history has commonly been thought uninviting, partly I suppose because of the intricate appearance which German history always presents from the multitude of small States, partly, perhaps, because the Germans do not write history in a dramatic or epigrammatic style. The first difficulty lies altogether on the surface; as to the second, it must be confessed that the Germans as a nation have not the art of posing like their neighbors. The French contrive to make the long ignominy and decay of Louis XV.'s reign interesting, while the Germans cannot make even the age of Stein and Hardenberg seem so. Nor, I fear, will the two thousand judicious pages in German type, which have suggested this paper, mend the matter. German history will never be read by the novel-reading public. But that it should be read by *nobody* seems a pity. It is quite as instructive and important as other history. And if it does not make a good novel of plot, it makes, at least in the age we are thinking of, a very fair novel of character. It is unfortunate that the only biography of an eminent

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

German politician of that age which is known to the English public is confessedly unsatisfactory from the political point of view. Miss Winkworth, when she translated Niebuhr's life, regretted in her preface that "the account given in it of his public career was very incomplete, and by no means one that enabled the reader to perceive the relation in which Niebuhr stood to his times." Yet Niebuhr's character is so interesting, even when a good part of it is left in the shade, that two or three editions of the book have been called for. Let some one put by the side of it a portrait executed on the same scale of the other great scholar-statesman of Prussia, W. von Humboldt, the great educational reformer and founder of the University of Berlin. The life of Arndt, with its wanderings and adventures, might be made even popular. Blücher, Gneisenau, and Yorck, are striking military figures. Scharnhorst is perhaps more important than any of these, but his reserved and unimpassioned character is not much adapted for biography, at least if we may judge from the admitted failure of Klippel's attempt; but perhaps the rising historian, Max Lehmann, who promises a new life of Scharnhorst, will teach us better. The age too is rich in interesting specimens of more or less perverted character. Such are Dalberg, prince primate of the Confederation of the Rhine, Johannes Müller, Gentz, the first king of Würtemberg.

Who, in all this assemblage of characters, holds the regal position? I think it is the proud *Reichsfreiherr*, Karl von Stein, greater than any by the breadth of his views and the commanding force of his character, even if we should grant that Hardenberg might claim to rival him in the sum of his achievements. Our author closes his work with an elaborate comparison between the two statesmen, in which, as was natural, and perhaps proper, in a life of Hardenberg, somewhat more than justice is done to him, and somewhat less to Stein. The great superiority of Stein lies in the influence he exerted outside Prussia upon Germany as a whole. In 1813 it was the custom to speak of him as emperor of Germany; and the phrase was a happy way of marking that, as our author says, he was "the first and grandest representative of the German idea." Who else could write as early as 1812 what Stein wrote to Count Münster? — "I am sorry your Excellency suspects a Prussian in me and betrays a Hanoverian in yourself. I have but one fatherland, and that is Germany; and as under the old Constitution I belonged to Germany alone, and not to any part of Germany, so to Germany alone, and not to any part of it, I am devoted with my whole heart." It is the strangest ignorance which pictures this great-hearted man — who had his life in large and simple ideas, and who has been called Germany's political Luther — merely as a successful legislator on land questions.

If we made a commencement by becoming familiar with the lives of a few of these men, we should find the fog which now hides German politics from our view insensibly dissipated, and I believe, also, we should be astonished at the richness, variety, and interest of the scene which would be disclosed.

J. R. SEELEY.

This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), *being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in* THE LIVING AGE *from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

CHAPTER XLI.

CHICAGO.

WE knew nothing of this dire announcement, though it was in every one of the newspapers published in Chicago that day. We were full of curiosity about this wonderful city that had sprung up like Jonah's gourd; and as we drove through its busy thoroughfares — the huge blocks of buildings looking like the best parts of Glasgow indefinitely extended — and as we saw the smoky sky over our head streaked in every direction with a black, rectangular spider's web of telegraph wires — and as we caught glimpses at the end of the long thoroughfares of the tall masts of ships — we knew that we had indeed reached the great commercial capital of the far West. And, indeed, we very speedily found that the genius of this big, eager, ostentatious place was too strong for us. We began to revel in the sumptuousness of the vast and garishly furnished hotels; we wanted more gilding, more marble, more gaudy

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

coloring of acanthus leaves. A wild desire possessed us to purchase on speculation all the empty lots available; we would cover every frontage foot with gold, and laugh at all the assessments that were ever levied. Look at this spacious park on the south side of the town; shall we not have a mansion here more gorgeous than the mind of man can conceive, with horses to shoot along these wide drives like a flash of lightning? We began to entertain a sort of contempt for people living on the north side of the town. It was hinted to us that they gave themselves airs. They read books and talked criticism. They held aloof from ordinary society, looked on a prominent civic official as a mere shyster, and would have nothing to do with a system of local government controlled by thirty thousand bummers, loafers, and dead-beats. Now we condemned this false pride. We gloried in our commercial enterprise. We wanted to astound the world. Culture? This was what we thought about culture: "It is with a still more sincere regret that the friends of a manly, vigorous, self-supporting, and self-dependent people, fitted for the exercise of political liberty, see that the branches of culture called blacksmithing, corn-growing, carpentering, millinery, bread-making, etc., are not included in the course of studies prescribed for the Chicago public schools. Society is vastly more concerned in the induction of its youthful members into these branches of culture than it is in teaching them to bawl harmoniously and beat the hewgag melodiously." Yes, indeed. Confound their hewgags, and all other relics of an effete civilization! And again: "This city, and every other American city, is crowded with young persons of both sexes that have been 'cultured' by a vicious and false public-school system in music, drawing, and other fanciful and fashionable but practically useless arts, but that are actually incapable, by reason of their gross ignorance, of earning an honest living. They have acquired, under some well-paid 'professor' (who has bamboozled himself into the erroneous belief that he and his profession are necessary to the existence of society), some smattering of 'musical culture,' pencil-sketching, etc., but of the practical arts and sciences of living and getting a living they are more profoundly ignorant than south-African Hottentots." What would our friends on the north side say to that?

"Bell," said the lieutenant, as we were driving through this spacious southern park, in the clear light of the afternoon, "I suppose that we shall be allowed to come up here occasionally from the ranch — what do you say? — for a frolic, and for to spend a little money? I would like to have one of these little traps — it is like the ghost of a trap — *hé!* look at that fellow now!"

We looked at him as well as we could; but he had flashed by before we could quite make out what he was sitting on. In fact, there was nothing visible of the vehicle but two large and phantom wheels, and a shaft like a prolonged spider's leg; while the driver, with his hands stretched forward and his feet shot out before him, and therefore almost bent double, was, according to all appearance, clinging on as if for dear life to the horse's tail.

"It would be very fine to go whizzing through the air like that, and very good exercise for the arms too ——"

"But where should I be?" asked his wife, with some indignation. Certainly a vehicle that seemed to have no inside at all — that appeared to be the mere simulacrum of a vehicle — could not very well contain two.

"Where would you be?" said the lieutenant, innocently. "It is Chicago. You would be divorced."

It was this recalling of the divorce business that led us to see the announcement of the failure of Messrs. Balfour & Co. To tell the truth, we were not much interested in American politics; and while there were plenty of new things to be seen everywhere around us, we did not spend much time over the papers. But on this evening Queen T. had got hold of one of the daily journals to look at the advertisements about divorce. She read one or two aloud to us.

"There, you see," she remarked, addressing Bell more particularly, "you can run up here from the ranch any time you like, and become a free woman. 'Residence not material.' 'Affidavits sufficient proof.' 'No charge unless successful.' And the only ground that needs to be stated is the safe one of incompatibility. So that whenever husband and wife have a quarrel, here is the remedy. It is far more swift than trying to make up the quarrel again."

"And a good deal more pleasant too," remarks a humble voice.

Whither this idle talk might have led us need not now be guessed. The little woman's face suddenly grew ghastly pale. Her eye had been carelessly wandering away from that advertising column, and

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

had lit on the telegram announcing the suspension of Balfour's firm. But she uttered no word and made no sign.

Indeed, there is a great courage and firmness in this gentle creature when the occasion demands. In the coolest possible manner she folded up the newspaper. Then she rose with a look of weariness.

"Oh, dear me," said she, "I suppose I must go and get all these things out. I wish you would come and open my big box for me," she adds, addressing her humble slave and attendant.

But all that affectation of calmness had gone by the time she had reached her own room.

"See!" she said, opening the paper with her trembling small white fingers. "See! Balfour is ruined — he has lost all his money — half a million of debts — oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? Must I tell her? Shall I tell her at once?"

Certainly the news was startling, but there was no need to cry over it.

"Oh, I know," she said, with the tears starting to her eyes; "if I were to tell her now, she will start for England to-morrow morning. And I will go back with her," she adds, wildly — "I will go back with her. You can go on to Colorado by yourself. Oh, the poor child! she will fly to him at once ——" And still she stares through her wet eyes at this brief announcement, as if it were some talisman to change the whole course of our lives.

"Come, come, come," is the patient remonstrance. "You have got to consider this thing quietly, or you may blunder into an awkward position, and drag her with you."

"How, then?" she says. "It must be true, surely."

"You are taking heaps of things for granted. If you consider that absence and distance and a good deal of covert lecturing have told on the girl's mind — if you think that she would now really be glad to go back to him, with the knowledge that people have got to put up with a good deal in married life, and with the intention of making the best of it — that is all very well; that is first-rate. You have effected a better cure than I expected ——"

"Don't you see it yourself?" she says, eagerly. "Don't you see how proudly she talks of 'my husband' now? Don't you see that every moment she is thinking of England? *I know.*"

"Very well; very good. But then, something depends on Balfour. You can't tell what his wishes or intentions may be. If he had wanted her to know he would have telegraphed to her, or caused her father to telegraph to her. On the other hand, if you take this piece of news to her, she will appeal to you. If she should wish to go back to England at once, you will have to consent. Then you can not let her go back alone ——"

"And I will not!" says this brave little woman, in a fury of unselfishness.

"Well, the fact is, as it appears to an unemotional person, there might be, you see, some little awkwardness, supposing Balfour was not quite prepared ——"

"A man in trouble, and not prepared to receive the sympathy of his wife!" she exclaims.

"Oh, but you must not suppose that Balfour is living in a garret on dry crusts — the second act of an Adelphi drama, and that kind of thing! People who fail for half a million are generally pretty well off afterward ——"

"I believe Mr. Balfour will give up every penny he possesses to his creditors!" she says, vehemently; for her belief in the virtue of the men of whom she makes friends is of the most uncompromising sort.

"No doubt it is a serious blow to an ambitious man like him; and then he has no profession to which he can turn to retrieve himself. But all that is beside the question. What you have got to consider is your guardianship of Lady Sylvia. Now if you were to sit down and write a fully explanatory letter to Mr. Balfour, telling him you had seen this announcement, giving your reasons for believing that Lady Sylvia would at once go to him if she knew, and asking him to telegraph a 'yes' or 'no;' by that time, don't you see, we should be getting toward the end of our journey, and could ourselves take Lady Sylvia back. A week or two is not of much consequence. On the other hand, if you precipitate matters, and allow the girl to go rushing back at once, you may prevent the very reconciliation you desire. That is only a suggestion. It is none of my business. Do as you think best; but you should remember that the chances are a hundred to one that Lady Sylvia sees or hears something of this telegram within the next day or two."

A curious happy light had stolen over this woman's face, and the soft dark eyes were as proud as if she were thinking of a fortune suddenly inherited instead of one irretrievably lost.

"I think," said she, slowly — "I think I could write a letter that would make Mr. Balfour a happy man, supposing he

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

has lost every penny he has in the world."

Any one could see that the small head was full of busy ideas as she mechanically got out her writing-materials and placed them on the table. Then she sat down. It was a long letter, and the contents of it were never known to any human being except the writer of it and the person to whom it was sent. When she had finished it, she rose with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Perhaps," said she, with a reflective air — "perhaps I should have expressed some regret over this misfortune."

"No doubt you spoke of it as a very lucky thing."

"I can't say," she admitted, frankly, "that I am profoundly sorry."

Indeed, she was not at all sorry; and from that moment she began to take quite a new view of Chicago. There could be no doubt that this person of High-Church proclivities, who liked to surrender her mind to all manner of mysteriously exalted moods, had from the very first regarded this huge dollar-getting hive with a certain gentle and unexpressed scorn. What was that she had been hinting about a person being able to carry about with him a sort of moral atmosphere to keep him free from outside influence, and that the mere recollection of the verse of a song would sometimes suffice? Lady Sylvia and she had been talking of some of Gounod's music. Were we to conclude, then, that as she wandered through this mighty city, with its tramways and harbors and telegraphs and elevators, that she exorcised the demon of money-getting by humming to herself, "Ring on, sweet angelus!" As she passed through the Babel of price-quoters in the central hall of the hotel, it was no echo of their talk that got into her brain, but quite a different echo: —

Hark! 'tis the angelus, sweetly ringing
O'er hill and vale;
Hark! how the melody maidens are singing
Floats on the gale!

. . . .

Ring on, sweet angelus, though thou art shaking
My soul to tears!
Voices long silent now with thee are waking
From out the years —
From out the years!

That may have been so; but anyhow, on the morning after she had despatched her letter to Balfour, she entered into the business of sight-seeing with quite a new spirit. She declared that Chicago, for a great city, must be a delightful place to live in. Away from the neighborhood of the manufactories the air was singularly pure and clear. Then there were continual cool winds coming in from the lake to temper the summer heat. Had anybody ever seen grass more green than that in the vast projected park on the southern side, which would in time become one of the most noble parks in the world? She considered that the park on the northern side was beautifully laid out, and that the glimpses of Lake Michigan which one got through the trees were delightful. She greatly admired the combination of red sandstone and slightly yellowed marble which formed the fronts of the charming villas in those pretty gardens; and as for drives — well, she thought the chief part of the population of Chicago must live on wheels. It was so rare to find this august lady in so generous and enthusiastic a mood that we all began to admire Chicago; and quite envied our relative the ranch-woman in that she would be able to forsake her savage wilderness from time to time for this centre of the arts and civilization. We revelled in all the luxuries of a great city, while as yet these were possible to us. We went to theatres, concerts, picture-exhibitions. We drove out to the park in the afternoon to hear the band play. We purchased knickknacks for friends at home — just as if we had been a party of tourists.

"Come," said our German ex-lieutenant on the final day of our stay there, "this is our last great town, is it not? before we go away to the swamps, and the prairies, and to the bowie-knives. Shall we not dress for dinner? And I propose that the dinner is at eight. And we will drink a glass of wine to the prosperity of this fine town."

The women would not hear of this proposal in its entirety; for as we had to start by train about eleven at night, they did not relish the notion of pulling out all their finery and putting it back again in a hurry. But we dined at eight all the same; and we did not fail to drink a glass of wine to the prosperity of that fine town. Long before midnight we were all fast asleep in snug berths, the train whirling us on through the darkness toward the country of the Mississippi.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From Good Words.

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH, R.N.

Two years ago all the newspapers contained some account, more or less, of Goodenough's death, and many will remember how they suddenly came upon words there such as are seldom read anywhere — words that went straight to the heart and filled the eyes with unbidden tears, not of sorrow. His memoirs have now been published by his wife, and the book — one of some bulk — has doubtless carried the lesson of a noble life into many a home and many a ship; still it is probable that a considerable portion of our readers are not yet acquainted with a story which gives us a heartening glimpse of the purest Christian heroism in the midst of our most advanced civilization.

It was the manner of his death that fixed the eyes of the world on Commodore Goodenough; but men die as they live: no circumstances could have suddenly produced that display of heroism in its highest form; we must look for the secret of it in the faithful discipline to which he had subjected his spirit during more than thirty years of labor and success. When the poisoned arrows struck him on the beach of Santa Cruz, in August 1875, Goodenough had scarcely lived forty-four years and eight months. He was nearing by rapid strides the highest place in his profession, and might very lawfully anticipate many years of usefulness and honor. Yet he left all, not only without a sigh, but with a smile. Now that we have read the record in which a worthy love has embalmed his life, we understand how this came about.

One lesson which Dean Goodenough, his father, taught him at the early age of seven years may have done something towards moulding the man who compelled many difficulties to give way before him. The boy's pony had a trick of bolting in at the stable gate, and his father "insisted on the little boy riding up and down the road till long after dark one winter evening, and till he had mastered his pony."

Nothing is said of the origin of his religious impressions; indeed, the memoir is more reticent about such matters than some would wish, though we are disposed to regard such reticence as, under the circumstances, anything but a fault.

It was a rare occurrence [says Mrs. Goodenough] for him to speak of his inner life and thoughts, and of his faith; and therefore to many, who thought they knew him well, the last few days of his life were a revelation, and they then first learnt what was the secret spring of the life they had admired and revered.

It may be assumed that the son of the Dean of Wells and grandson of a bishop imbibed Christian influences during the seven years of childhood, the only years spent at home. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and there can be no doubt as to the root from which there grew such blossoms and fruits as clothed Goodenough's life from first to last. He is spoken of by an intimate companion at Westminster (we presume Captain Clements Markham, who has lately told us the story of life in the Arctic regions) as having been when under ten years of age what he continued to be in manhood — "honorable, true, tender-hearted, modest, brave, and a hater of all evil things. There was something in his society which roused others unconsciously. . . . Everybody liked him and rejoiced at his successes in school and on the water, which were extraordinary for so young a boy." At the same time he had some fighting to do with his fists, as boys at public schools unfortunately have, and he did it thoroughly well, beating boys older than himself.

On the 7th of September, 1844, when he wanted still two months of fourteen years, he sailed for the Pacific as midshipman in the "Collingwood," and that old two-decker was his home till the 12th of August, 1848. In the course of these four years he saw much of the world and developed the good character he had begun to show at Westminster. He gave himself heartily to the study of his profession; he acquired a knowledge of the French and Spanish languages, which proved of great service in after-life; he became the favorite equally of his fellow youngsters, in whose rambles ashore he was leader, and of the naval instructor, whose cabin he frequented for quiet study. "Always modest and unassuming, he naturally took the lead in everything; the best as a linguist, in navigation, in seamanship, in gunnery, and in all exercises, and among the foremost in all expeditions." At Juan Fernandez, when he cannot have been over sixteen years of age, an incident occurred which remarkably brought out the unselfishness and courage of his nature. He was rambling with a companion among dense foliage, and, being a few steps in advance, suddenly fell over a precipice, spraining his ankle and getting very severely cut. His companion, on coming up, heard Goodenough's voice from below eagerly warning him not to follow, though

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

he himself was lying in extreme pain in a spot from which he could not be got out for twenty-four hours. His companion never forgot that warning cry, which probably saved his life, and which added a feeling of reverence to his love for such a messmate.

No wonder that when the "Collingwood" was paid off the captain named Goodenough to the port-admiral as one of the juniors with whom he was specially satisfied, and wrote across his certificate, "An officer of promise." The promise was nobly redeemed.

The only prize of scientific merit open to him in these days was the lieutenant's commission given to the mate who passed the best examination after a year at the Royal Naval College. For this he went in, and won it in July 1851. His competitor was also his most intimate friend, and now looks back to that year of close companionship as one in which the good and great qualities which endeared Goodenough to him ripened and intensified. "We taught in the Sunday school together; we read and prayed together every night." His refreshment from hard work was found in attending the Bible reading which Sir Edward Parry held with the seamen in Hasler Hospital. Having won his commission he sailed in H.M.S. "Centaur" for the South American station, and spent there two years and a half; but the only new thing told us about this period is that he interested himself in the ship's boys, teaching them on Sunday afternoons. His next ship was the "Hastings," in which he served under fire at the bombardment of Sweaborg, and the chaplain tells us he found the young lieutenant his friend and counsellor in every scheme for the good of the junior officers and crew. "He was genial, kind, and sympathetic, and would help me at all times to gain the end I had in view, without violating ship's rules and naval discipline. He supported me in introducing the celebration of the Lord's Supper, then almost an unknown thing on board ship." When a youth full of spirit, talent, and professional ardor spends the critical years of life from the eighteenth to the twenty-fifth after such a fashion, not ashamed of his religion either in private or public, yet allowing none to excel him in diligence and all manliness, we know what the end will be under whatever circumstances the end may come.

The way in which the following story comes to us is as significant of Goodenough's character as the story itself. In 1857 he was at the taking of Canton and was put in command of five guns and a party of fifty men. In 1874 one of these men, who had left the navy and settled in Adelaide, met Goodenough by chance in the streets of that city when he was commodore of the Australian station, the best-known and best-liked man in that portion of her Majesty's dominions. With very excusable pride the old seaman writes to Mrs. Goodenough, telling how, "although seventeen years had passed since I last saw him, I recognized my old commander. We had a short conversation, and I begged for a visit, which he did me the honor to pay next day, and had a quiet cup of tea with me and my wife; and we had an hour's delightful conversation." He then goes on to relate how just before they went into action at Canton, he saw his leader standing with his face to a wall, a naked sword in his hand, and in the act of slowly opening his eyes, after silent prayer; how this made him think of the Bible story of Gideon and his three hundred; how, when the rush on the foe was made, Goodenough singled out and engaged a big Tartar mandarin, breaking the strap of his field-glass and flinging it away because it hindered him in the struggle; and how, when they were looking for the glass after the enemy had been scared away, they came on a Tartar lying wounded in the thigh, and he saw Goodenough empty his water-bottle into the dying man's mouth. "That man's look was a reward for the self-denial; if a painter could have painted such a look it would have created a sensation." By all means let it be painted; and a companion picture too of the young hero standing in prayer with his face to the wall, the gleaming sabre gripped in his right hand. Nothing could better illustrate the simple genuineness of his nature in its piety, its courage, its humanity.

In May of 1864 he found leisure to marry, although it was not until ten years later, and then away in Sydney, that he was able to "form his first and only established and settled home," so constantly was he kept moving from one remote place to another. He was in America during the Civil War to gather information on behalf of our government, as to matters touching his branch of the service. After that he served as flag-captain of the Channel squadron for three or four years. He was no sooner relieved from that post on the 25th of October, 1870, than, seeing an appeal for volunteers to assist in distributing food in connection with the French

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Peasant Relief Fund, he offered himself, and by the 8th of November he had started with his wife for the neighborhood of Sedan, to spend the remainder of the year in hard work of a kind for which his head and heart and habits made him eminently fit. The director of the undertaking thus expressed the delight with which he and his companions hailed Captain Goodenough as a helper: —

In the dreariest period of the gloomiest of November, when autumnal rains were giving place to snow and sleet and frozen winter fogs, and we, whose business it was to convey food and clothing over the slippery and almost impassable roads to the destitute in the villages about Sedan, were almost in despair at the task we had undertaken and were in sore need of encouragement, there came in answer to our appeal for volunteers a man, the very sight of whom at once communicated new life to us. Here was a man, the very model of an Englishman, with unbounded energy, and combining extreme gentleness with an iron sense of duty; born to command, and with a genius for communicating the love of order and regularity which characterized him; a man before whom one could only feel inclined to bow down; here was this man come to place himself meekly under orders, and to go plodding day after day through snow and slush.

In August 1871 Goodenough was appointed "naval attaché to the maritime courts of Europe, with orders to visit the different arsenals of the Continent, and to report to the Foreign Office upon the navies of the European powers." At St. Petersburg he picked up one of the best of the good stories which he used to tell. He visited a factory which was shown with much ostentation as having a management exclusively Russian, and went over the whole of it without being undeceived; but at the lunch which followed an unassuming individual came in. "Oh! I beg your pardon," said the director, "this is our Scotchman, taken over with the establishment." "Yes," said the Scotchman in unmistakable accents, "lot ninety-nine!"

In April of 1873 Goodenough was made commodore of the Australian station, in command of H.M.S. "Pearl;" and much useful and honorable work filled up the brief remainder of his life. Those who are interested in the annexation of Fiji, in the missionary work going on in Polynesia, or in the kidnapping known as the labor traffic, will find much information, capitally given, in the commodore's journal, which forms the larger half of this volume. One is tempted to quote racy accounts of adventures on shore, such as that of an excursion in which he took one hundred and thirty men and officers from his ship to the top of a volcano on Tanna, getting the missionary for guide, and finding him "a famous walker and a good companion;" but we must rather, before describing his death, give the reader an idea of two things in which there was a significant revelation of character. One is the position he took up in connection with the temperance question, which it will be best to present in the words of his wife: —

In the spring of 1870 Captain Goodenough was asked to take the chair at a large tea-meeting given to the seamen by some English residents at Lisbon, who were promoters of the temperance cause; and speaking on this occasion, he told his hearers how much he appreciated their efforts and wished them success — that though he considered total abstinence a less high standard than temperance, yet, looking upon it as an extraordinary remedy for an extraordinary evil, he felt that in many cases it was a man's only safeguard, and the only means of saving him from ruin: adding, that he thought it right to tell them that, though he approved and applauded what they were doing, he did not do it himself. In June, on the return of the squadron to Portsmouth, he was asked to a similar meeting at the Sailors' Home in Portsea, and spoke in similar terms; but on his return from this second meeting, he came to the conclusion that he could not, consistently with his own ideas of right and wrong, continue to advise people to do what he did not do himself. Having already become much more firmly impressed with the advantages of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors — an opinion which gained strength with him every year that he lived — he from that day, though he took no pledge, gave up the use of all wine, beer, or spirits; and, except in case of illness, continued to do so all his life.

He had at first, as he once expressed it in a letter, taken the step out of sympathy with those who were doing what they could to raise his men, and to make their path easier; but as he continued he found it of increasing value, not only furnishing him with an answer to those who said — excusing themselves, or others, for any excess — that it was impossible to do without stimulants in hot climates, or after much hard work, but he also found his own health improve, and when again in the tropics he observed that he suffered less from the climate than he had ever done, and that he was, as he said at a meeting at Sydney only a few weeks before his death, "as much up to hard work, as ready for any enjoyment, any exertion, or exposure (even to passing a night under a tree), as I have ever been in my life, or even more so." (Pp. 78, 79.)

The other thing which has arrested our attention specially is the way in which, so

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

early as his thirty-third year, he looked forward to death. Just before sailing for the United States he had become engaged. The following words occur in a letter sent from that country to the lady soon to be his wife: —

December 20th, 1863.

It is a happy thing to begin a day with such vivid poetry, so rich and full of meaning, as that fifth chapter of Isaiah, especially in the dreamy life of a passage, when one's thoughts are not violently disturbed. How immensely humbling and still how soothing they are! How one always feels the beauty of them afresh, and in a new way from the last. . . . I have thought of death sometimes with a weary expectant wonder, and now it is all so different. It seems more like the happy crown of life. I was reading yesterday of Johnson's intense dread of death, — as death, the end — and of his saying that every one feared death whose thoughts were not occupied by some stronger feeling which displaced, but did not conquer that one. I think that saying quite true, and that the fear of death can only be blotted out by looking beyond and upwards to the Hands which help us over. You don't mind my talking of death; for you would have me brave, and *the only real bravery is that which can look quite calmly and in cold blood upon it.*

December 23rd, 1863.

How beautiful those words are, "Beloved, if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things," and it is understood, "knows all things to forgive, and to love us still." *How true it is that love is strongest of all!*

The end came thus. The commodore had come to the place where John Coleridge Patteson, first bishop of Melanesia, had fallen on the 20th of September, 1871, at the age which he himself had now reached, forty-four. It is worth while to take note of the dates of the following extracts from Goodenough's last letter: —

Off Santa Cruz,
Thursday, Aug. 12th, 1875.

I am going on shore to the spot where the "Sandfly" was last year, to see if I can't make friends with the unfortunates, who seem most friendly and anxious to be civil.

Tuesday, August 17th. — But I was disappointed. I take it they are an intractable people, without much respect for authority or for each other. I wrote the above on Thursday, *thinking that in the very remote possibility of anything occurring you should have my last word.* [After a minute and vivid account of his interview with the natives, he proceeds]: I saw Harrison up a little passage between a stone wall and the side of a hut, and went up to him to see what he was about and to be with him. He was bargaining for some arrows with a tall man who held his bow in his left hand, and was twiddling his arrows in a rather hectoring way, as I thought. Casting my eye to the left I saw a man with a gleaming pair of black eyes fitting an arrow to the string, and in an instant, just as I was thinking it must be a sham menace and stared him in the face, *thud* came the arrow into my left side. I felt astounded. I shouted, "To the boats!" pulled the arrow out and threw it away (for which I am sorry) and leapt down to the beach, hearing a flight of arrows pass. At my first sight of them all were getting in and shoving off, and I leapt into the whaler; then feeling she was not clear of the ground, jumped out, and helped to push her out into deep water; and while doing so another arrow hit my head a good sharp rap, leaving an inch and a half of its bone head sticking in my hat. . . . Messer came at once and dressed my wound, burning it well out with caustic, and putting on a poultice. The arrow seemed to have struck the rib, and being pulled out at once, no poison (supposing there to have been poison on them) could have been dissolved in the time. To-day is Tuesday, just five days; it seems but a day. In five days more we shall be able to say that all danger of poisoning is over; *but from the first moment I have kept the possibility steadily before me*, so as to be prepared; it is very good to be brought to look upon a near death as more than usually probable. The weather is lovely, and entirely favorable to the little wounds, which are absurdly small. My only trouble is a pain in the small of my back, which is a little against my sleeping. I am exceedingly well. I have asked Perry to put out a statement for the papers so that we may have no outrageously foolish stories. I can only imagine the motive to have been plunder or a sort of running-a-muck. I don't feel . . .

Here some one coming into the cabin interrupted him, and a few hours later that pain in the small of the back proved the first symptom of tetanus. Even the frightful agony produced by that disease, convulsions bending the head to the heels and rapidly making total wreck of the nervous system, was in part overcome "by his immense force of will." In the course of Thursday, during a pause of the torment, he took leave of all his officers, assuring them how he had loved them, saying a fit word to each, telling them of his happiness in the love of God, and bidding each one kiss him as a token that no hastiness on his part was unforgiven by them. He had feared that pain might overcome his better part, and had given directions that "if bad words were heard from him, those with him were to leave him, as it would not be his spirit speaking." He had also feared that some dark picture of his past life might rise before him; but he gratefully made known that,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"instead of that, God would only let him dwell on the words 'with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'" "These words," he said, "were a little window which God had opened to him in heaven;" and he said to the chaplain, "If in pain I cannot smile, let me see you smile, and do you repeat these words."

The same day he insisted on taking leave of the ship's crew, saying, "If I can only turn one soul to the love of God, if it be but the youngest boy in the ship, I must do it. Perhaps when they hear it from the lips of a dying man they will believe it."

He was carried out in his chair, wrapped in blankets, and laid on a bed on the quarter-deck, the ship's company being all around him. He begged the men to smile at him, and not to look sad. He told them that he was dying, and therefore he wished to say good-bye to them. He told them that he had had a very happy life, and now God was taking him away before he had any sorrow. He told them how happy he was in the sense of God's love and in the conviction that whatever happened was according to God's will; and he exhorted them most earnestly to the love of God, saying, "The love which God himself will give you if you trust him is very great; it will guide all your goings and doings." He begged them to try and resist when on shore the temptations to sin, which led them to break their leave and desert. "When you are tempted," he said, "think of the love of God."

He begged the older men, who had influence over the younger ones, to use it for good; adding, "Will you do this for my sake?" He begged the forgiveness, or rather he took for granted the forgiveness, of any who might feel he had been mistaken in his dealing with them, assuring them that he had always loved his ship's companies, even those among them whom he had punished, for he had always seen some good even in the greatest offender. "As to those poor natives," he added, "don't think about them and what they have done. It is not worth while; they couldn't know right from wrong. Perhaps some twenty or thirty years hence, when some good Christian man has settled among them and taught them, something may be learned about it." After again speaking of the vastness of God's love, he said, "Before I go back to die, I should like you all to say 'God bless you,'" which they did; and he then said, "May God Almighty bless you with his exceeding great love, and give you happiness such as he has given me."

He then shook hands with all the petty officers, having a special word for each; and then, again saying "Good-bye" to all, he was carried back to his cabin. He had spoken for twenty minutes or more; his voice, which was very weak at first, became quite strong and clear as he went on. On getting back to his bed he said, "Well, I suppose there is nothing more to be done now, but to lie down and die quietly!"

And so on the next day, the Friday, he died quietly and peacefully. On the Monday morning the "Pearl," which had turned back for Sydney as soon as the commodore was wounded, steamed into the harbor with yards scandalized and his ensign and broad-pendant flying half-mast. When his remains were carried to the cemetery they were followed by weeping thousands, his wife and two little boys (God bless them!) walking behind the coffin. When the tidings reached England, the dean of Westminster made his cathedral ring with these words: "Englishmen! when you are tempted to think goodness a dream, or the love of the Almighty a fable, when you are tempted to think lightly of sin, or to waste your time and health in frivolous idleness or foolish vices, or to despair of leading an upright, pure, and Christian life, remember Commodore Goodenough; and remember how in him self was absorbed in duty, and duty was transfigured into happiness, and death was swallowed up in victory."

ALEX. MACLEOD SYMINGTON.

From The Spectator.

AFRICA "TRANSLATED."

THAT familiar and expressive illustration of incongruity, "a trout on gravel-walk," comes forcibly into one's mind, on beholding the spectacle presented by the enclosure at the Alexandra Palace, where, behind a strong and high barrier of iron wire, a crowd of strange animals and stranger men are exhibited to the spectators collected on a hillside to look at them. The scene is like the woodcut in the old Bibles which represents the Garden of Eden on the naming-day of all the animals, with the candidates waiting about, in attitudes more or less desultory, for the turn of each. The long necks and fine heads of black dromedaries are pushed through the lower spaces in the wire-work, as the animals nibble the edges of the grass; camel-leopards rear their soft noses on high, and feel with their spongy tongues for imaginary leaves of the trees

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

they have left behind them in Africa; camels moon about, grunting and discontented, as if they wished to know why, as they are not just then being packed or unpacked, or racing, or pursuing the lumbering ostriches — whose forte seems to be the getting in the way of every other animal in the company — they are not allowed to remain in their stables. A large female camel, with a small and fluffy foal, the softest, gentlest little creature imaginable, with a confidence in human beings quite touching, and of course due to its extreme youth, is not an amiable mother, apparently. She administers its lawful nourishment to her offspring reluctantly, and sends it off among the others with promptitude. A very handsome white donkey, with reddish-brown patches, a strong, intelligent, self-willed beast, sniffs the air of Muswell Hill as if it might be a little breezier and a little sandier with advantage; an elephant, who looks surprisingly small among the crowd, considering his vast bulk in his stable, lifts up his trunk and trumpets; while several smaller elephants, yet in their infancy, shamble about in the uncouth fashion of their kind, wagging their mean little tails, and actively canvassing the spectators through the wires for cakes and fruit. The little elephants are very pleasant, friendly fellows, and one of them is a person of resource and enterprise. It was charming to watch him, as he insinuated himself between one of the Nubian tents and a tree-stem, whereon some tempting leaves and shoots were sprouting greenly, quickly slid his trunk along the bark, which it resembled in color and texture, and devoured the twigs, packing them away in his soft, cushiony mouth with haste and furtiveness, remarkably like the demeanor of a child surreptitiously engaged with a jam-pot. It was painful to learn, on the authority of this young person's trainer, who is much attached to his charge, that "green-meat" is very bad for the elephant in this climate. "Gripes!" said the trainer, who had watched this proceeding, shaking his head with prophetic sadness; "gripes! It always does it. And apples are awful, — they *will* give 'em apples in the gardens. As for oranges, they're death to' em." Cayenne pepper is successfully administered occasionally as a corrective of the results of this cruel kindness. Mild-eyed, silver-gray, horned and humped bovine animals march soberly up and down the length of the enclosure; and by far the strangest sight there, three juvenile "rhinos," all under two years old, trot about after their keeper, hustling each other close at his heels, and uttering queer little cries, very human-sounding indeed. These massive creatures, enormous in their littleness, with their huge, unwieldy heads, their clumsy limbs, and their great pot-bellied bodies, are exceedingly docile and intelligent. Their keeper, a handsome Nubian lad, talks to them, and they answer him in their odd, squeaky voices, which will become gruff as they grow older; roll and tumble about him, mumble his fingers, and are on the best of terms with him. They are very affable towards strangers also, and come up to be played with, — which is rather embarrassing, for what can one do, except pat their preposterous heads, and think of Sidney Smith's joke about tickling the dome of St. Paul's to amuse the dean and chapter. The effect of this crowd of strange animals, all perfectly tame and harmless, turned loose in the great space of the inclosure, is very striking — quite unlike what one feels at the separate sight of them in the Zoological Gardens — and by degrees, as the business of the "camp" proceeds, the illusion takes hold of one's mind; the books of sport and travel one has read come back to one's memory; these are the creatures who come down to drink, in crowds, at the brink of African lakes, by night, and travel in long, patient procession across the deserts. On the hillside the Nubian huts are constructed; they are made of strips of matting, about a yard and a half high, and in front of each is the "trophy" of its owner. A very unpleasant object is a trophy, consisting of hippopotamus-skulls, all black and ghastly, and the crossed horns and antlers of other animals slain in the chase. The hunters never move without these trophies, are very particular about their mats, never suffering any one but themselves to touch them, and have also brought to this country a huge box full of miscellaneous bones, which is regarded with considerable dislike by their white comrades. Camel-saddles, head-stalls, ropes, leathern water-bottles, shields of rhinoceros-hide, long spears, and sundry clumsy packages lie scattered on the grass and under a wide white canvas tent, until the hour arrives at which the camels are to be laden, and the caravan is to start for the desert journey with respect to which it must be acknowledged the spectators have to make believe very much indeed; and for which the Nubians, under the presidence of the head man, a Turk, in a fez, but who is otherwise inappropriately arrayed in rough English costume, make

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ready with unrestrained shouts of laughter. They probably do not see the humor of the proceeding from our point of view of it, but they undoubtedly have a point of view of their own, and insist upon it to each other pretty strongly. It is a good deal assisted, no doubt, by the gravity of the spectators, which is remarkable. A suspicion of the genuineness of the Nubians lurks in the bosoms of many of the visitors, whose notions of "blacks" in the histrionic sense are mostly derived from the "minstrels" of the music-halls; and it is pleasant to observe the ingenuous satisfaction afforded by the growing conviction among the multitude that the color is "fast," and does not "run," when the Nubians do. They believe implicitly in the Turk, and hugely enjoy the legend which circulates among them that he has a wife who has never been out of doors for twenty-one years! but as for blacks,— well, have we not read how "the African Swallower," among the talented company of Mr. Vincent Crummles, was very like an Irishman, and how Corney Delany deceived even Mrs. Paul Rooney, until his ire was aroused to the point of self-betrayal by "the haythens, the Turks." The Nubians are, however, undeniable, and very fine-looking men, for the most part; not in the least ferocious, but with beaming faces, eyes like jewels set in mother-of-pearl, tall, slight, elastic figures, slender hands, the white nails showing strangely at the slim dark finger-ends; and skins of fine smooth close grain, the color a deep brown-black, like the darkest tint of antique bronze, and with the roundness and polish of bronze upon it. Only one or two have the thick lips of the negro, as we think of him, the others have thin, rather wide mouths, with white, perfect teeth, just a little protruding, arched noses, and a peculiarly fine, free carriage of the head. All their hair is wool, close, thick, jet black, elaborately combed, and in some instances curled, raised high over the smooth, polished forehead, and evidently an object of much pride and solicitude. One handsome, saucy lad, who stepped, and jumped, and flung himself off and on his camel, and clung round the neck of an ostrich as if he had not a joint that could be put out or a bone that could be broken about him, having run his lissome fingers with an air of triumph through the six inches or so of upright wool on his own head, smacked his open palm suddenly on the bald pate of one of the European assistants, and then snapped his fingers derisively, with a gleeful shout of laughter which could not have been surpassed by any white schoolboy. A little man in a white skull-cap is the chief and priest of the party, and it was very curious to observe him summoning them to some mysterious religious ceremony. They all attended promptly, wholly indifferent to the spectators — indeed, their cheerful absence of all restraint is one of the striking features of the spectacle — squatted around him, and made queer gestures with their heads and hands, then broke up the meeting, and began to jump, dance, and lunge playfully at each other's shields with their long spears. Their movements are soft and graceful, they jump strangely and noiselessly with both feet, they fling their long, slender arms out, as they talk and laugh together, and they shout in a musical tone. In the hunting scene, when the camels gallop in their lopsided way, and the ostriches blunder and lollop about, more fussy than frightened, and presenting an appearance of being half-plucked preliminary to being cooked, which was supremely ridiculous, the hunters show to great advantage. They sit, or lie, or dangle about the tall, clumsy animals anyhow, and as they come down to the end of the enclosure, waving their shining black arms, with their white muslin garments fluttering about them, their eyes and teeth glittering, and their wild chattering and laughter ringing in the air, the scene is as strange a one as the most ardent lover of novelty could desire. The lading and starting of the caravan is a curious sight, too, absurd as some of the "properties" are, and the conduct of the camels justifies one's expectations. "Good and mild" they certainly are not; they kick, squeal, bite, and protest, as we have every reason to believe they do in their native lands, and this gives a pleasant realism to the scene. But when the caravan is really started, and is wending its way through the trackless desert of the smooth enclosure — which the ostriches have cleared of pebbles — under escort of the whole troop of Nubians; when the pair of monkeys sit melancholy on a big box slung on the side of a black dromedary, and the camels follow in pairs — like Eliezer's, to the well where he met Rebecca and gave her the earrings — when the little elephants trot demurely, with their flapping ears laid back like saddle-cloths upon their shoulders; and the little "rhinos" plod heavily and whine like children taken out for a walk against their will; when the giraffes come loafing along, with their forelegs all right, but their hind legs conducting themselves independently,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and as if they belonged to somebody else; when the mild bulls plod solemnly, the ropes swaying loosely in the escort's hands; when the ostriches form a flying squadron, with thrust-out necks and thick-lashed eyes, peering into the illimitable wastes of Hornsey Rise, and sniffing the simoom from the quarter of Wood Green, — then the strangeness vanishes! We have seen all this before. Our fondest memories are associated with it, we return to the epoch of tin toys, and the soldiers whom we were forbidden to swallow. This is none other than our own old Noah's ark come to life, and formed in procession; there they are, bless them! all the beasts by twos-and-twos, even the sheep-dogs barking around; only the raven is not there, nor yet the dove; but then, for compensation, we have Shem, Ham, and Japhet, multiplied many times, and in white muslin and bare legs, instead of the "ulsters" of the period.

From Good Words.

A HIDDEN LIFE.

We all know how in the world of natural science the lines that are laid down to mark off the various divisions from each other, and are at first felt to be useful and true aids to knowledge, have often before long to be revised in view of phenomena that reveal new affinities between orders that had been hitherto regarded as absolutely distinct. So it is, in some measure, in the religious and spiritual world. The lines of separation created by rigid dogmatic constructions are now and again benignantly dimmed or effaced through the presence of some reconciling spirit, who almost unconsciously, and simply by the exhibition of the higher graces, by patience, unselfishness, and the brave bearing of burdens amidst weakness, causes those even who could find no intellectual point of unity with him to say, "After all, he was one of us," and to feel that his unobtrusive ministry of faithful self-denials carries a rich practical lesson to all who may be influenced. We believe that such a service was unobtrusively rendered by him whose memory is preserved in the little volume which recently issued from the press, titled "A Layman's Legacy." Mr. Samuel Greg lived, in the strictest sense, "a hidden life;" he was borne down by losses in his business at an early stage, and was latterly weakened by disease; he made no claims to high intellectual distinction, and underwent all the trials inseparable from a character sensitively fine rather than strong; but his memoir exhibits such devoutness, liberality, largeness of heart, and fine discernment, that we are persuaded his influence will be very deep where it is felt at all, and are certain that it must increase through the publication of his remains by his wife. To aid in this result as far as we can is the purpose of this brief sketch.

Samuel Greg was the fourth son and the eleventh child of Samuel and Hannah Greg, and was born in Manchester on September 6, 1804. His childhood, however, was spent at Quarry Bank, near Wilmslow, where his father owned a factory. As a boy, he delighted both in the rustic rides taken in the neighborhood and in the ongoings of the factory life, affording thus an early forecast of his love of nature and his interest in industrial work and workers. At seven he was sent to the school of the Rev. J. J. Tayler, a well-known Unitarian, at Nottingham. Here, timid and sensitive as he was, he suffered much misery from homesickness and other causes. We are told, however, that "he made friends for himself among the teachers as well as among the boys, with some of whom he remained on terms of warm affection as long as they lived." Thus early the love of poetry sprang up in him, and proved a solace. The delights of meditation, too, were revealed to him while at Nottingham. "He used to tell how he would go up to his bedroom in the dark, and sit down between the two little beds and give himself some question to answer, or some subject of meditation, upon which he taught himself to fix his attention."

From Nottingham, at the age of fifteen, he went to the school of the well-known Dr. Lant Carpenter at Bristol. Here he had for schoolfellows the Rev. James Martineau, Miss Mary Carpenter, the Rev. S. Bache, and the late Lord Suffolk. His literary tastes were now encouraged, and he was made to feel less of a child and more of a friend and companion to his elders.

After leaving Bristol he spent a year or two in learning mill-work at home; but his love of science was encouraged by attendance at a course of lectures in Edinburgh in 1823. When he returned to Quarry Bank, we find him deep in Adam Smith, and projecting a course of lectures in geography, earnestly intent, also, in making clear to himself the various theories of the atonement; for, though educated as

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

a Unitarian, he honestly endeavored to examine all points for himself, and would throughout his life have found as little sympathy from rationalizing Unitarians as from dogged Evangelicals. He and his younger brother, Mr. W. Rathbone Greg, found in each other's company the best society. They were never tired talking together of poetry, philosophy, science, politics, and social questions. "They would pace up and down all evening under the stars, and sometimes late into the night, discussing things in heaven and earth with a zest that seemed inexhaustible."

In 1832 Mr. Greg took the Lower House Mill, near to the large manufacturing village of Bollington, on the eastern borders of Cheshire. "He found the place when he took it nearly empty and desolate-looking enough — few people in the village, no machinery in the mill. He had, as it were, to form the place from the beginning, and to import hands from the neighboring districts." In spite of bodily weakness, due to attacks of illness which he had experienced some time before, and which had caused much anxiety to his friends, he went into this work with great energy, feeling that no work could be more interesting than such a creation of a little kingdom of his own, beginning afresh, as it were, in a retired valley, shut out from the rest of the busy world, where he could organize things as he liked. The welfare of his work-people, indeed, soon became an obsorbing interest. He incessantly thought and planned for them, and when he married it is clear that he found in Mrs. Greg a willing and sympathizing helpmate. In two letters addressed to Leonard Horner, Esq., he tells how the work proceeded. First, he started a Sunday-school. The superintendent and teachers were drawn entirely from among the workers, to whom he left the management; he himself, however, being present an hour every Sunday. Games and gymnastic exercises were the next thing to look to, in his idea, and accordingly he set apart for this purpose "a field near the mill, that had originally been designed for gardens; and taking advantage of a holiday," he says, "I called some of the boys together and commenced operations." Quoits, trap, cricket, and leap-frog were started; other games were added, as evening by evening the attendance increased; a section was separated for the girls, who had a swing, bowls, etc. Very soon he felt that there was no need for his presence to restrain, though he naïvely confesses, "I am generally present at the games, because I enjoy them as much as any of the party." Then he established drawing and singing classes, and started winter-evening parties. These were held in the schoolroom, which was handsomely decorated on such occasions. Warm baths were instituted, as well as library, day-school band, and flower-shows. Very careful he was on one point — not to raise individuals above their condition, but to elevate the condition itself; all his efforts had this end in view. His care descended to the minutest details; but he always proceeded on broad principles drawn from patient study of human nature.

"If I wished to make an honest man, or to keep one," he says, "I would treat him with confidence, openness, and respect, and make him feel that I trusted him, and that if he forfeited my good opinion, he would add treachery to dishonor. If I wished to make a man a villain I would treat him with harshness, suspicion, and contempt; and could hardly blame him if I succeeded in the experiment. And so if I wish to make a woman modest, kind, gentle, and mindful of the proper bearing and best graces of her sex, I would treat her with respect, gentleness, and attention, and make her feel that I think her worthy of it all. This plan I have always followed with the fair maidens of our colony, and I have never yet had cause to think that my notion was a false one."

It is not very surprising that in after-days his work-people would wistfully recall these times. "We used to want the morning to come," said one, on reading the account of his death, "that we might get back to our work. But it was not like going to work; we felt more as if we were going to school, or something like that, we were all so happy and comfortable together."

But this season of fair weather did not continue: it is hardly in the nature of things that such seasons should; and if ever man drew wise discipline from the disappointments that succeeded, Mr. Greg did. Mrs. Greg must herself tell of the failures that crushed him: —

In September, 1845, soon after the birth of his eldest son, the family removed to their larger and more commodious quarters at the Mount. But Mr. Greg was not destined long to enjoy his new surroundings. Some time before this he had been trying some new machinery for stretching the cloth, which proved very unpopular in the mill; and the work-people, instead of coming to talk the matter

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

over, as between friends, trusting to his meeting them in the same spirit, surprised and grieved him by a turn-out. He always regarded such a measure as an extreme step, only to be taken as a last resource, when all other means had failed, and one that need never come if a proper relation existed between master and men; and he was deeply hurt by the want of confidence in him, shown by his people having recourse to it. One of the old inhabitants of the village, speaking of this lately, said, "That was the beginning of our troubles; he never seemed to feel the same after that, and it seemed to break his spirit."

Other cares and grave anxieties supervened. "Bad times," as they are called, came and lasted; profits, never perhaps studied as vigilantly or pursued as keenly as they should have been, were replaced by losses; the means of carrying out his benevolent schemes were greatly crippled, at the very time when his over-sanguine confidence in their efficiency had been rudely shaken; and mingled disappointment and distress helped to bring on a terrible attack of illness, affecting the spine and nervous system, from which he never entirely recovered. He was obliged to retire altogether from business, and found himself, notwithstanding the kindness and generosity of relations, a comparatively poor man. He felt that he had been struck down in mind, body, and estate, at one blow. The hopes and plans that had made his life worth living, seemed suddenly swept away into darkness; and what added bitterness to the grief, was the feeling that others would point to his model village as a failure, instead of drawing example and encouragement from his success. Perhaps he felt the blow too keenly, and succumbed to it too absolutely. Perhaps a sturdier frame and a less sensitive nature might have taken up the plough again, with matured experience, renewed energy, and chastened hopes. But no one knows what tasks are possible to shattered nerves and broken health, or what is absolutely beyond the reach of the sufferer. There are some maladies which impair every capacity, except the capacity of endurance.

After this, Mr. Greg's chief interests lay in the education of his family, in theological study, in public affairs. He never lost his keen interest in social questions; but for many years he was practically an invalid and unable to take any part in practical life. One sphere of activity he never ceased to find delight in. Whilst at Bollington he had begun to conduct divine service for the people there — a duty for which he was singularly well fitted; and in nothing perhaps does his character more fully express itself than in portions of the sermons which occupy the greater part of the volume. He has the direct simplicity of sincerity and experience: he presents the results of much thought in the most lucid way, and illustrates it by admirably chosen examples. Passing by very remarkable sermons on the "The Mariner's Compass," "The Voices of the Dead," and "Almost and Altogether," in which he proves that it is easier to be a Christian altogether than to be half a Christian, we take the following from the sermon headed "The One Talent:" —

Those who have but a small trust committed to them are apt to think that, because they have not ten talents, they have not one; that because they are not among the giants of their race, they are nobody; that because they cannot do everything, they can do nothing; and therefore they make no attempt to do anything. This may be mere idleness, or it may be rebellious discontent. Because we cannot be what we should like to be, rich, great, powerful, therefore we will not be what we might be, what God invites us to be, commands us to be. Moreover, because such talents as we have are common to all, or to many, we refuse to recognize that they are talents. And yet some of the very greatest talents given to man are given to all. . . .

Have you the power of speech? Think what that power is. It is the telegraph between mind and mind. By making certain sounds I can communicate the thought that is in my mind to your mind. This, then, is to be used in God's service. It is a talent we seldom wrap up in a napkin, but we often do worse with it. It were better for many men that they were dumb, for they would thus escape much sin. For many, instead of using it for the purpose for which God gave it, use it for the very opposite. The tongue was given that it might praise God and bless men. Often it does neither: it takes the name of God in vain, it blasphemes, it curses, it breathes poison into other's ears, it speaks evil of the good and good of the evil, it sneers at what is innocent and holy, it soils itself with slander, it repeats the evil story which stabs a fellow-creature in the dark, it becomes, in short, a talent of the devil. This is worse than wrapping it in a napkin: we had better have been dumb. And yet what a talent that tongue might have been! What words of truth, and love, and purity, and sublimity, and prayer might have been spoken by it, if only the heart of which it is the utterer were thus noble, pure and loving! How it might have helped along the feeble steps of some friend or neighbor on the right path; how it might have put good thoughts into some darkened mind! how it might have spoken gentle words of comfort to some half-broken, drooping, wounded, or trembling heart! how it might have spoken the word in season for the right and good, or have helped to withstand falsehood and wrong! how it might have gone to some poor trembling spirit, cast down with fear and doubt as to the hereafter, thinking that God's wrath was pursuing it and that weeping and gnashing of teeth were awaiting

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

it beyond the veil! and how it might have pointed to the heaven above and reminded that spirit of God's love, of his fatherhood to his children, of his mercy, tenderness, and long-suffering, and asked that poor trembler if a God of mercy could so treat a weak child of mortality, the work of his own hand, the child of his own love! and how it might have repeated the words of Christ and the promises of God, till these sounds of heaven should have silenced men's ravings about hell, and perfect trust and love should at length have cast out fear! Might it not have done all this? And if it had done so, would it not have been a talent worth having and worth using? And might not the man who held it have lifted up his face even before his all-perfect Master, and brought his talent, not wrapped in a napkin, but laid down openly, humbly, trustingly, at his feet?

He never loses sight of the practical lesson, though he does not deal in "applications." He occasionally chooses every-day topics, but without being sensational; the following is from the sermon on "Sunshine:"—

There are some who have not the excuse of ill-health, who yet needlessly bring clouds and gloom over what might otherwise be a sunny lot. They allow a fretful and complaining temper to be as a dark shadow, blotting out the brightness from their own lives and the lives of all around them. Look at the man of evil temper. How he darkens the sunshine of heaven! How gloomy is the scene when *he* stands in the midst of it! See the anxious, fearful, unloving, sad, or scowling faces that gather round that man. The sunshine fades away in that evil presence, and a dark, cold chill falls upon the air around. Look at another — the man of kindly temper and loving heart, the smile in the eye, the word of cheery kindness on the lip, the helping hand, the strong or ready arm, the upward-looking eye. He stands the centre of a smiling circle looking on him with a love like his own. Life, light, and warmth are round him, shadows fly, bad spirits come not near, all evil things shrink away, and "tears forget to flow." How charming to come within this sweet influence! How our hearts warm in the glow! The very air seems filled with sounds of music, and sweet voices seem to sing, "Rejoice ever more!"

If we would protect ourselves against the visits of dark and evil spirits, we must have an active, well-stored mind. The mind of man is like a hall opened within his animal nature, to be the gathering-ground of ideas, thoughts, memories, hopes, fears — things not visible to the outward eye nor to be touched by mortal hands, yet which have the power to act upon our outward bodily selves, and to mould our character as clay is moulded in the hands of the potter. It is here, in this invisible chamber, that we seem to meet again the spirits of the departed. It is here that religion, its hopes, prospects and revelations, becomes a present thing, felt and understood. Now, what if this hall be empty?

Occasionally he rises to an unaffected eloquence, and, like some of the Puritan orators, uses figures very efficiently: —

Prayer is the gate of the spiritual world; it is the door of the sanctuary. It is by prayer that we rise above mortality, and sense, and sin, and draw near to the very throne of God. What a power is this! what a privilege! what a refuge! what a link between the mortal and the immortal, the creature and the Creator, the child and the eternal Father!

What man ever rose to a knowledge of either Christ or God, or to the depths of his own nature, who has not lifted up his soul in prayer? Who that *has* prayed, not once, but day by day, in every crisis and danger of his life, in every deep emotion — whether of love, or joy, or sorrow — has not felt how wonderful a provision is here made for the deepest want of our nature? What power there is in prayer to purify, to strengthen, to enlighten, to lift us into the nearer presence of that Great Being whom our spirits seek. The scoffer may scoff, and the prayerless may doubt, and philosophers may deny, and worldlings may forget, but the spirit that has been accustomed to go to God in prayer is above the sound of such voices, is not troubled by them, hardly hears them.

The mode in which Mr. Greg bore his sorrows and sufferings — shedding over the lives of others a benignant light, amply proves that such utterances came from the depths of a true experience, enriched and brightened by faith the most sincere. In the light of such utterances and facts as we have given, these words of Dean Stanley do not seem to be overcharged: "The frequence of infirmity and pain hardly ever seemed to quench his ardor, in listening, on our return from foreign countries, or in connection with our pursuits in London or elsewhere, to the accounts of the movements of the great world of science or politics. He is gone; but the glimpses which he gave to me, and doubtless to others, of the combination of a sincere trust in the divine goodness, with a sincere attachment to truth, and freedom, and progress, furnished a proof such as we can in these latter days ill afford to lose, that such a combination is not so impossible as the narrow notions of contending parties would fain represent."

H. A. PAGE.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From The Academy.

M. THIERS AS AN HISTORIAN.

HE was before everything a journalist, a publicist: a rapid, brilliant and sensible *improvisateur*, for whom alike speech and writing are pre-eminently means of action, having for their aim a practical result — viz., the persuasion of those to whom they are addressed. It was some time before he discovered the form of utterance most fitted for his talent. Endowed with the Marseillaise volubility, he began by writing and speaking with a certain oratorical amplitude, a certain florid emphasis; but after he had acquired more sureness and experience, he soon changed his manner, and developed a style of writing and speaking at once simple, abundant, and facile; more facile than accurate, more lucid than powerful, in which all is sacrificed to the purpose in view — viz., clearness and demonstration. A sincere passion, often mixed with somewhat of personal vanity, but generally inspired less by violence of temperament than by definiteness of conviction, and the ardent desire of communicating what he believed to be true, animated and colored the somewhat invertebrate and diffuse matter of his discourse. This passion at times raised him to the level of real eloquence, just as his lucidity of mind pointed by his ardent patriotism gave him at times an historic sense of singular depth. The famous evidence which he gave respecting the events of September 4 before the commission of inquiry of the National Assembly is in this respect a *chef d'œuvre;* and will remain the finest speech and the finest piece of history which we owe to M. Thiers.

Lamartine admirably defined M. Thiers' eloquence when he wrote in 1830 as follows: —

Il ne frappait pas les grands coups, mais il en frappait une multitude de petits avec lesquels il brisait les ministères, les majorités, et les trônes. Il n'avait pas les gestes d'âme de Mirabeau, mais il avait sa force en détail; il avait pris la massue de Mirabeau sur la tribune, et il en avait fait des flèches. Il en perçait à droite et à gauche les assemblées; sur l'une était écrit "raisonnement"; sur l'autre "sarcasme"; sur celle-ci "grâce," sur celle-la "passion." C'était une nuée, on n'y échappait pas.

M. Thiers was neither a scholar nor a thinker; but he had acquired by practice in affairs a solid acquaintance with administration, with policy, and with finance. His marvellous memory, his vast reading, and his practical energy, gave him the largest and most varied information; his practical sense and his experience supplied the lack of meditation and profundity of thought. A wonderful *ensemble* of mediocre qualities in perfect equilibrium and brought into play by an indefatigable energy gave him a superiority which might in certain moments pass for genius.

That which M. Thiers was as a journalist and a speaker, he was also as an historian. Here, also, he remained a publicist and a man of action: we must not ask of him either completeness or depth; he only says what he knows, and he says it with a particular audience in view. The characteristic of the publicist is to write always with his public in his eye; he thinks and he writes not so much the mere results of his reflections or his studies, but is influenced, modified, transformed by those whom he addresses. It was thus with M. Thiers. His "History of the Revolution," written during the restoration, was an apology for the Revolutionary period adapted to the Liberals of that time. All these had been successful against Louis XVIII. and Charles X. M. Thiers satisfied by turns all the sections of the opposition. With a fatalism which has often been the subject of censure, he praised the men of the Constituent Assembly as against the defenders of the *ancien régime*, the Girondists as against the Assembly, the Jacobins as against the Girondists, the men of Thermidor as against the men of the Terror. He knew how to make an admirable use of all the printed documents he had before him at Paris; but he never dreamed of carrying his researches further, of turning over original records, examining the reports of each important day of the Revolution, of each personage in the drama. His fatalism provided him with a philosophy at once convenient and short; and his only care was to narrate with liveliness and vigor. His "History of the Consulate and the Empire" is a more mature work, more studied, more meditated than the "History of the Revolution," but it has the same faults. In this case M. Thiers had access to many manuscript documents, but he only used them as a political speaker makes use of facts and figures — for the needs of his cause. Intentionally or unintentionally, he has neglected entire aspects of his subject, and keeps in view only those about which he has theses to support. Administration, finance, war, seemed at that time the only things worthy of the attention of a statesman: they were accordingly the only objects of his attention as an historian. The

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

movements of the public mind, manners, public education, the development of literature, religion, had only a secondary value for him, and play no part in his "History of Napoleon." Having begun it under Louis Philippe at a time when the Liberals were still united with the Bonapartists, profoundly imbued as he was with the administrative ideas of the empire and with some pretension to being a strategist himself, he shows in his first volumes an exaggerated admiration for the great captain who organized the Revolution. Later, under the second empire, and writing for a generation which threw back on Napoleon I. the odium inspired by Napoleon III., and also with the historic fatalism which made him admire success and condemn failure, he became severe towards the hero whom he had before unreservedly praised.

This slightly superficial point of view, conforming as it does to the illiberal passions of the great public, doubtless contributed to the success of the book, but deprives it of a permanent value, as much as the incompleteness in the manner of treatment and in the documents used. M. Thiers, again, has ignored foreign documents; and accordingly his work gives no idea of the state of Europe at the time of Napoleon — either of its political or social condition, or of the sentiments animating foreign nations. It is as a narrative that the "History of the Consulate and the Empire" is admirable. Never were military and diplomatic affairs endowed with such life. There are portions, like the first Italian campaign, which are veritable masterpieces. As an historian, though his point of view is less large, his originality of treatment inferior, while his practical sense and the justness of his judgment are greater, M. Thiers recalls the manner of Macaulay.

But, I repeat, it is wronging M. Thiers to judge him from a single point of view. He was above all, and always, a man of action. He acted all his life and in every sort of way — as journalist, deputy, minister, man of the world, historian, academician, ambassador, first magistrate. No man has been more persevering, more *routinier* even, in his ideas; none has shown more adroitness in giving effect to them. A man of sense before everything; a patriot, endowed with wit, judgment, penetration, always keeping himself in a middle region which rendered him accessible to all; he remains the noblest and most complete representative of the liberal French *bourgeoisie* of the nineteenth century with all its qualities and all its defects.

In the last twenty years of his life he began two new works, a "History of Florence" and a "System of Natural Philosophy." We must not regret that he did not live to finish them. He had neither the erudition nor the speculative qualities necessary for such efforts. M. Thiers has accomplished his work; he has died in his full glory, after having bestowed upon his country all that he was capable of bestowing upon her. Up to his last hours he was a happy man. G. MONOD.

From The Academy.

M. THIERS' WILL.

M. THIERS has left a considerable legacy to his country. By an article in his will of which up to the present moment only his intimate friends have been aware, he leaves to the State not only all his collections, but also the immense historical materials which he had gathered for his works, as well as the house which he had partly rebuilt with the funds voted by the National Assembly after the defeat of the Commune. We understand that this house will be converted into a museum. The packets of MSS., comprising documents of the highest political and diplomatic interest, which he used for his "History of the Revolution" and his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," and which had been given him or transcribed for him by the surviving members of the families of the historical personages concerned, or by the chancelleries of the various countries, will be deposited in the national archives, after the friends of the deceased have selected from them all matter of a purely personal nature. This explains why the government abstained from sealing them up, as is customary with the papers of late ministers the day after their death. The copies of Italian paintings which M. Thiers had had executed for him, mostly in water-color, by the pupils of the Ecole de Rome, will be presented to the museum at Marseilles, his native town. We hear, too, that a committee is being organized by the editors of the republican newspapers for the purpose of opening a subscription for the erection of a statue of the deceased statesman in front of his house in the Place Saint-Georges.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From Macmillan's Magazine.

LOVE'S ARROWS.

AT a league's distance from the town of Ponteille in Provence, and hard by the shrine of our Lady of Marten, there is in the midst of verdant meadows a little pool, overshadowed on all sides by branching oak-trees, and surrounded at the water's edge by a green sward so fruitful that in spring it seemeth, for the abundance of white lilies, as covered with half-melted snow. Unto this fair place a damsel from out a near village once came to gather white flowers for the decking of our Lady's chapel; and while so doing saw lying in the grass a naked boy: in his hair were tangled blue water-flowers, and at his side lay a bow and marvellously wrought quiver of two arrows, one tipped at the point with gold, the other with lead. These the damsel, taking up the quiver, drew out; but as she did so the gold arrow did prick her finger, and so sorely that, starting at the pain, she let fall the leaden one upon the sleeping boy. He at the touch of that arrow sprang up, and crying against her with much loathing, fled over the meadows. She followed him to overtake him, but could not, albeit she strove greatly; and soon, wearied with her running, fell upon the grass in a swoon. Here had she lain, had not a goatherd of those parts found her and brought her to the village. Thus was much woe wrought unto the damsel, for after this she never again knew any joy, nor delighted in aught, save only it were to sit waiting and watching among the lilies by the pool. By these things it seemeth that the boy was not mortal as she supposed, but rather the Demon or Spirit of Love, whom John of Dreux for his two arrows holdeth to be that same Eros of Greece. — MSS. Mus. Aix., B. 754.

THE story that I write of shows how Love
Once wandering in the woodlands, to a grove
Of oak-trees came, within which was a pool,
Fed by a stream of water, clear and cool.
Such a lovely pool as this
Love had hardly seen, I wis:
All about its edges grew
Blue forget-me-nots, as blue
As the hue of summer skies,
Or the light of Love's own eyes.
From this belt of flowers the sward
Upward sloped, and did afford
Footing soft as is most meet
For the soles of bathers' feet:
And upon this sward oak-trees
Stretched their branches to the breeze,
And with pleasant sound and shade
Covert from the sun's heat made.
'Neath the trees were violets seen
Mixing with the grass's green,
And white lilies, at whose sight
Life seemed merged in one delight.
When Love saw the oak-tree's shade,
And how soft the sward was laid,
He at once did throw aside
Bow and arrows — nought beside
Was he cumbered with — and then
Plunged into the pool. Again
Will not be a sight so fair
As the love-god bathing there.
How can I, poor modern, write
Of his beauty, or how white
Were his limbs, how gold his hair,
Or how passing fine and fair
Was his form: I should but spoil
Beauty's bloom, and waste my toil.
If great Marlowe could not sing
All Leander's praise, nor bring
All his beauties in his line,
Shall it be allowed to mine?
When Love tired of swimming grew,
From the pool his limbs he drew,
And on the sward himself down threw.
Love upon the green sward lay,
Flowers about him every way.
The soft turf that formed his bed
Was with lilies overspread;
And from out his hair there gleamed
Blue forget-me-nots (that seemed
Like to turquoise stones when gold
Their blue beauty doth enfold);
They had caught and tangled there
As he swam with streaming hair.
Thus Love lay and laughing played
With a grass's spiky blade,
Watching with half-closing eyes
The green-crested dragon-flies,
That about the pool did skim,
Or the bird that on its rim
Came, with outstretched thirsty bill,
From the pool to drink its fill.
But not long did Eros keep
His blue eyes from coming sleep:
For the humming of the bees,
And the murmurs from the trees
That his bed of wild flowers shaded,
All to drowsiness persuaded;
Soon he did begin to feel
Sleep o'er all his limbs to steal;
Soon the pool and meadow grew
Less distinct upon his view;
Soon his sleep-o'erweighted head
On his arm dropped down; then fled
From the eyes of conquered Love
Flowers and meadow, pool and grove.
Now, as chance had it, to the pool-side came
This very day a maiden, one by name
Margaret, a comely damsel, full of grace
Both in her form and in her fair young face.
Tall and upright she was, with black hair crowned;
Her eyes were black, and seemed to look around
With gentleness on all things, and did show
Her love for all things lovely; and here now
White flowers she sought wherewith to deck the shrine
Of Christ his Mother, and to intertwine
Their stems upon her altar. When, she drew
Near to the pool a something met her view
That glittered in the grass: she nears to see,
And, lo! a naked boy! At first thinks she
To fly and hide her blushes, but some power
Holdeth her spell-bound, and she doth devour
The sleeper with her eyes till all her soul
Grows drunken with his beauty, and the whole
Of her fair heart is moved. She presently
Among the grass his quiver doth espy,
And takes it up. Two arrows doth it hold,
One with lead barbed, the other barbed with gold.
Ah! little does she know the evils dread
Roused by these arrows: that which bears the lead
In those it touches a fierce loathing wakes;
But that which has the gold for loving makes.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Not witting this, poor maid, she draws them
out.
The gold one pricks her finger — then about
Her body runs a trembling, and a joy
Unspeakable doth hold her. On the boy
She looks, and straight doth love him. But,
ah woe!
As she stands gazing thus on him below,
The leaden arrow from her fingers falls,
And strikes the boy. He, springing upright,
calls
With hate upon her; she with love replies,
Feasting the while upon him with her eyes;
In haste he turns to fly; around his neck
She casts white clinging arms. But little
reck
Immortal limbs such binding; forth he flies,
Crying, "Thou burn'st me;" after him she
hies;
But all in vain. Soon spent she falls, and
would
Have died had not a goatherd in the wood
Found her, and led her home. From this sad
day
Margaret ne'er joined in any youthful play,
But lived disconsolately. In the grove
She would sit oft, waiting her scarce-known
love,
Who never came. Thus was much woe to
thee
Fair Margaret — and the Love-god, how fares
he? St. Loe Strachey.

Influence of Light on the Electric Resistance of Metals. — Some two or three years ago we were startled by the announcement that the electric conductivity of selenium is capable of being affected by light. It has, however, been since determined that not only selenium but also the allied element tellurium has its electric resistance diminished after exposure to luminous rays. Desirous of determining whether other bodies are similarly affected, Dr. Börnstein has carried out some interesting researches in the Physical Institute at Heidelberg. His results are published in a paper which has been translated by Mr. R. E. Day, in the *Philosophical Magazine* (June, 1877, p. 481). Gold, silver, and platinum are the only metals which Dr. Börnstein has yet examined, but as he finds that all these are sensitive to light, he is inclined to infer that the property, so far from being exceptional, is one enjoyed in greater or less measure by all metals. In the case of selenium and tellurium, it has been suggested that the alteration of resistance is due to the action of calorific rather than of luminous rays. But no such objection can be urged against the experiments with the noble metals. In fact, the resistance of these metals *increases* with the *temperature*, so that when it is found that on exposure to direct light the resistance is diminished, it is clear that heat can have nothing to do with causing such a change. Heat, indeed, tends to mask the effects of light, and the diminution of resistance is therefore a differential effect; an effect representing the difference between the increase of resistance consequent on rise of temperature, and the decrease of resistance due to the action of light. Dr. Börnstein's experiments, therefore, show beyond question that the electric conductivity of the noble metals is exalted, or their resistance diminished, by the direct effect of luminous rays.

Popular Science Review.

The Electric Candle. — Experiments have been recently conducted at the West India Docks with the view of testing the illuminating power of the so-called electric candle devised by M. Paul Jablochkoff. This simple means of producing a steady electric light consists in placing two carbon pencils side by side, but separated by a bar of a composition called "kaolin." On the passage of the current the carbons slowly burn down, and the kaolin is consumed by the heat at exactly the same rate. The carbons are thus kept always at the same distance apart, and the light playing between them is thus rendered constant without the aid of complex regulators. In the experiments at the West India Docks the current was produced by a magneto-electric machine, worked by a small steam-engine, and the results are described as having been eminently satisfactory. For lights of small and medium size, an apparatus of even greater simplicity may be employed, the carbon points being dispensed with and nothing used beyond a piece of the so-called kaolin held between the electrodes. But M. Jablochkoff's prime improvement, which promises to greatly extend the use of the electric light, consists in his ability to divide the current, so as to supply several candles placed in the same circuit, each with its own coil. These candles may be of various degrees of illuminating power, and may be lighted or extinguished separately. In short, the electricity appears to be under such control, that it might be generated in some central establishment and laid on through wires to the several centres of illumination, just as freely as gas is at present distributed through pipes to any number of burners. MM. Denayrouze and Jablochkoff, who have employed the light in Paris, have described their process before the French Academy of Sciences.

Comtes Rendus, No. 16, April 17, 1877.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XX. | No. 1741.—October 27, 1877. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXV.

CONTENTS.

I. THE SCIENCE OF ELECTRICITY AS APPLIED IN PEACE AND WAR, ... *Quarterly Review*, ... 195
II. DORIS BARUGH. A Yorkshire Story. By the author of "Patty." Part III., . . . *Good Words*, ... 217
III. ON THE DISCOVERY OF OXYGEN IN THE SUN. By Richard A. Proctor, ... *Contemporary Review*, ... 240
IV. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXXIV., . . *Harper's Bazar*, ... 251
V. GLAMOR, ... *Queen*, ... 255

POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE. By Theodore Martin.
"Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder, ... 194
"Und wüssten's die Blumen, die Kleinen," 194
"Sie haben heut' Abend Gesellschaft," 194
"Die Jahre kommen und gehen," 194
LINES TO A TEACUP, ... 194

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

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

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

"MEIN KIND, WIR WAREN KINDER."

MY bairn, we aince were bairnies,
Wee gamesome bairnies twa;
We creepit into the hen-house,
An' jookit under the straw.

We craw'd like the cock-a-doodles —
An' to hear us the passing folk
At ilk "kickericoo" wad fancy,
It just was the bantam cock.

The kists in the yaird we papered,
And made them bonnie and crouse,
An' we dwalt there, we twa thegither —
The laird had nae brawer house!

An' aften the neebor's auld baudrons
Look'd in for a mornin' ca',
We made her our bobs and curtsies,
And snoovelin' speeches an' a'.

"An' how hae ye been? an' how are ye?"
Was aye the o'erword when she came;
To mony a queer auld tabby
Sin' syne hae we said the same.

Whiles, like auld carles we sat, too,
And oh! what gran' sense we talk'd then,
An' bemoan'd us, how things were a' better
In times when oursels were young men.

How love, an' leal hearts, an' devout anes
Had flown frae the warld clean awa';
How the price coffee stood at was awfu',
An' gowd no to come by ava'.

They are gane, thae ploys o' my childhood,
An' a' things are ganging, guid sooth!
The gowd, time itsel', and the warld,
Love, faith, and leal-hearted truth.

"UND WUSSTEN'S DIE BLUMEN, DIE KLEINEN."

IF the little flowers knew how deep
Is the wound that is in my heart,
Their tears with mine they'd weep,
For a balm to ease its smart.

If the nightingales knew how ill
And worn with woe I be,
They would cheerily carol and trill,
And all to bring joy to me.

If they knew, every golden star,
The anguish that racks me here,
They would come from their heights afar
To speak to me words of cheer.

But none of them all can know;
One only can tell my pain,
And she has herself — oh woe! —
She has rent my heart in twain.

"SIE HABEN HEUT' ABEND GESELLSCHAFT."

THEY have company coming this evening,
And the house is ablaze with light;
Up yonder a figure in shadow
Sweeps past by the windows bright.

Thou seest me not, — in the darkness
I stand here, under thy room, —
Still less canst thou see the darkness
Is shrouding my heart in gloom.

My dark heart loves thee, adores thee,
It loves, and it breaks for thee, —
Breaks, quivers, wells out its dear life-blood, —
But all this thou dost not see!

"DIE JAHRE KOMMEN UND GEHEN."

YEARS come and go; generations
Are perishing day by day,
But the love that my heart aches with,
It never will pass away.

If once, but once, I might see thee,
And sink on my knees at thy feet,
And, dying there, dying might tell thee,
"I love thee, I love thee, sweet!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

LINES TO A TEACUP.

DEAR little teacup,
Oh! my rare wee cup,
Work of Celestials! you must be divine;
Tea no one drank in
Porcelain of Nankin
So fit to rank in
Richer ceramic collections than mine.

Those curious blue marks,
Not sham, but true marks,
Prove you are nearly five centuries old;
In your young beauty
Perhaps you did brew tea
For the King Chuty,
Robed, like the sun, in a mantle of gold.

. . . .

Where is his charmer?
Who would dare harm her,
She who ruled over the ruler of men?
But in the places
Which knew her graces
She left no traces,
They have forgotten their fair denizen.

She was not brittle,
Frail perhaps a little,
Why is she missing, and you here to-day?
Say by what token
You are unbroken?
Patent to no ken
Is the distinction, for both are of clay.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Quarterly Review.

THE SCIENCE OF ELECTRICITY AS APPLIED IN PEACE AND WAR.*

NOT many years ago, a distinguished member of Parliament was asked to deliver a lecture to his constituents on the subject of electricity. It was necessary to obtain the sanction of the mayor for the use of the town hall. His worship's ideas of electricity were very limited; indeed, his knowledge of science generally resolved itself into a belief that scientific theories attacked revealed religion. It was impossible to disoblige the borough member, but the permission to use the town hall was accompanied by an intimation that although his worship, personally, did not entertain any objection to electricity, he earnestly hoped that the thing would not be carried too far.

Although we by no means consider electricity antagonistic to religion, we have a solid reason for not carrying the thing too far, which is, that we know too little about it. We know that it is present in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath, but in what the subtle element consists we know not. In most branches of physical science we can refer observed phenomena to some ultimate and universal elementary principle. But such is by no means the case with electricity; indeed, Sir William Snow Harris goes so far as to say, that almost every speculation relative to the phenomena of magnetism — and in this we must include electricity — partakes more or less of the nature of a mere hypothetical assumption. We have a large collection of observed facts, but with respect to the hidden or efficient cause of the facts, we really have no knowledge whatever. The problem that baffled Benjamin Franklin still defies Sir William Thomson; and the motive force still remains to be determined, of which Faraday said that he "once thought he knew something about it, but that the more he investigated it the less he found he understood it."

The telegraph has taken such a large place in the practical business of life, that the world in general is apt rather to look upon electricity only in light of an agent for rapid communication, than to regard it in its true position as one of the most extensively pervading elements of nature. It is true that the requirements of practical telegraphy have done, and may be expected to do, more than anything else, for the science of electricity and magnetism: accurate measurement of electrical quantities was a condition precedent of any solid improvement, and we owe it mainly to the demands of the telegraph operator that the requirement has been fulfilled. Men of abstract science were satisfied to know that the measurement and definition of electric resistance, electro-motive force, and so on, were within the range of scientific possibility; but the demand for such measurements and definitions was not sufficiently general to make it worth while to invent a compendious method of determining the one and stating the other. We owe to Gauss and Weber the first practical realization of a system of absolute measurement; but the principles laid down by them did not extend rapidly, even among the few by whom their theory was well understood, because there was no urgent need for its practical application.

The use of a definite electrical unit of measurement only became prevalent when it was imperatively required by the daily working of the telegraph. For many years measurements of electrical quantities were habitually performed in the telegraph factory and in the telegraph station-house, at a time when the means of performing them were still generally unknown in the scientific laboratories of Europe. The professors of science who threw out the general principle have gained a rich harvest from the seed they sowed: they gave the principle; they got back from the

* 1. *Papers on Electrostatics and Magnetism.* By Sir William Thomson, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R S., F.R.S.E.

2. *Journal of the Society of Telegraph Engineers.* 5 vols.

3. *Handbook of Practical Telegraphy.* By R. S. Culley.

4. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Post-Office Telegraph Department.* 1876.

5. *Magnetism.* By Sir W. Snow Harris, F.R.S. 1872.

6. *Der Elektromagnetische Telegraph.* Von Dr. H. Schellen, Director der Realschule Erster Ordnung in Cöln. 1870.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

practical telegrapher accurate standards of measurement, and the ready means of transmitting those standards, and of preserving them for years without change; improvements of extreme value to the work of scientific research.

In a science so new and so progressive, the dogma of to-day will often prove to be the exploded fallacy of to-morrow; knowledge is so rapidly accumulated, and so many opposing views have at different times obtained assent, that those who have no special call to follow the progress of discovery hardly know, to use a homely phrase, where they are.

The philosophers of the sixteenth century, not having any definite notion of the phenomena of the compass needle, conceived it to be influenced by some mysterious point of force existing in the regions of space. Descartes and others supposed it to be under the dominion of vast magnetic rocks. Gilbert, taking a bolder view, conceived the terrestrial sphere to be in itself a vast magnet, endowed with permanent polarity, and hence approaching the general condition of an ordinary loadstone. The hypothesis of Halley on the subject will be gathered from the mention made of it in the speech of Sir William Thomson quoted below; and the theory remained pretty much where Halley left it till 1811, when the Royal Danish Academy proposed the variation of the needle as the subject for a prize essay, and so induced Professor Hanstein to undertake a re-examination of the whole subject; the result was, in his opinion, to establish the existence of four instead of two magnetic poles. These four poles Hanstein imagined to be of unequal force, and continually shifting their places. Each, he said, has a separate movement and period, and each has a regular oblique-circular motion round the poles of the earth. The stronger north pole he calculated to perform its cycle in 1740 years, the weaker in 1860 years: the stronger south pole in 4609 years, and the weaker in 1304 years. We mention this theory principally for the occasion it affords of transcribing, for the benefit of those who are curious in such matters, a note of Sir William Snow Harris on the remarkable coincidences involved in the numbers deduced by Halley from his researches.*

We pass over the learned investigations of the Rev. Mr. Grover, Professor Barlow, and M. Biot, all of whom are spoken of with respect by Sir William Snow Harris to come to the theory of Gauss. This accomplished philosopher, whose magnetic researches have become the admiration of Europe, starting from the general principle that magnetism is distributed throughout the mass of the earth in an unknown manner, succeeded in obtaining, partly by theory and partly by adaptation, a sort of empirical formula, which represents in a wonderful way the many complicated phenomena of the magnetic lines, and has thus embodied our knowledge of them in a law mathematically expressed: —

Gauss's investigation [we quote from Sir William Snow Harris] depends on the development of a peculiar function much employed in physical astronomy. . . . By this process it is demonstrated that, whatever be the law of magnetic distribution, the dip, horizontal direction, and intensity at any place on the earth may be computed. Having exhibited his resulting formula in converging series, Gauss determines the declination, inclination, and intensity of ninety-one places on the earth's surface, and which are found to coincide with observation: one great feature, therefore, in this theory of terrestrial magnetism is, that the earth does not contain a single definite magnet, but irregularly diffused

* "By a curious coincidence, these periods involve a number, 432, sacred with the Indians, Babylonians, Greeks, and Egyptians, as being dependent on great combinations of natural events: thus the periods 860, 1304, 1740, and 4609, become, by a slight modification, 864, 1296, 1728, 4320, which are not inadmissible, considering the complicated nature of the observations from which the first numbers are derived. Now these numbers are each equal to 432 multiplied by 2, 3, 4, and 10 successively. According to the Brahmin mythology, the world is divided into four periods: the first being 432,000 years; the second, 2 x 432,000; the third, 3 x 432,000 years; the fourth, 10 x 432,000 years. It is also, according to Hanstein, not unworthy of remark, that the sun's mean distance from the earth is 432 half-radii of the sun; the moon's mean distance 432 half-radii of the moon: but what is more especially striking is the circumstance, that the number 25,920 (= 432 x 60) is the smallest number divisible at once by all the four periods, and hence the shortest time in which the four poles can accomplish a cycle. Now this time coincides exactly with the period in which the precession of the equinoxes completes its cycle. Certainly curious and remarkable series of coincidences." — Sir Wm. Snow Harris's "Magnetism," p. 17.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

magnetic elements, having collectively a distant resemblance to the condition of a common magnet.

It will be acknowledged that among all these authorities we want a sure guide to lead us by the hand; fortunately we are able to obtain such assistance. Sir William Thomson, the acknowledged chief of living followers of applied science, a short time ago, in delivering the annual president's address to the Society of Telegraph Engineers, took occasion to define the present state of our knowledge on the subject of what he called atmospheric electricity: * —

As to terrestrial magnetism, of what its relation may be to perceptible electric manifestations, we at present know nothing. You all know that the earth acts as a great magnet: Dr. Gilbert, of Colchester, made that clear nearly three hundred years ago; but how the earth acts as a great magnet, how it is a magnet, whether it is an electric magnet in virtue of currents revolving round under the upper surface, or whether it is a magnet like a mass of steel or loadstone, we do not know. This we do know, that it is a veritable magnet, and that there is a motion of the magnetic poles round the axis of figure, in a period of from nine hundred to a thousand years.

When the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism were first somewhat accurately observed, about three hundred years ago, the needle pointed here in England a little to the east of north. A few years later it pointed due north; then, until about the year 1820, it went to the west of north, and now it is coming back towards the north. . . . Everything goes on as if the earth had a magnetic pole revolving at a distance of about twenty degrees round the true north pole. . . . About two hundred years from now we may expect the magnetic pole to be between England and the north pole, and in England at that time the needle will point due north, and the dip will be greater than it has been for a thousand years, or will be again for another. That motion of the magnetic pole in a circle round the true north pole has already, within the period during which accurate measurements have been made, extended to somewhat more than a quarter of the whole revolution. It is one of the greatest mysteries of science, a mystery which I might almost say is to myself a subject of daily contemplation, what can be the cause of the magnetism of the interior of the earth. Rigid magnetization, like that of the steel or the loadstone, has no quality in itself, in virtue of which we can conceive it to migrate round the magnetized bar. Electric currents afford the more favored hypothesis; they are more mobile. If we can conceive electric currents at all, we may conceive them flitting about. But what sustains electric currents? People sometimes say, heedlessly or ignorantly, that thermo-electricity does it. But we have none of the elements of the problem of thermo-electricity in the state of underground temperature which could possibly explain, in accordance with any knowledge we have of thermo-electricity, how currents round the earth could by its means be sustained. And if there were currents round the earth, regulated by some cause so as to give them a definite direction at one time, we are as far as ever from explaining how the channel of these currents could experience that great revolutionary variation which we know it does experience. Thus we have merely a mystery. It is rash even to suggest an explanation. One explanation has been suggested by the great astronomer Halley; that there is nucleus in the interior of the earth, a magnet, not rigidly connected with the upper surface of the earth, but revolving round an axis differing from the axis of rotation of the outer crust, and exhibiting a gradual precessional motion, independent of the precessional motion or the outer rigid crust. I merely say that has been suggested. I do not ask you to judge of its probability: I would not ask myself to judge of its probability. I only say that no other explanation has been suggested.

This is the latest word on the state of electric science. The ultimate cause is unknown, but two or three things, as appears from this extract, we may allow ourselves confidently to accept. The earth is a great magnet; but how magnetized we do not know. The magnetic poles revolve round the axis of the earth's rotation; but why, we do not know. The probability, as Sir William Thomson thinks, is that the magnetism of the earth is induced, a term we shall have to discuss further on, by atmospheric currents of electricity revolving round it; but why and how they so revolve Sir William evidently considers entirely unproved. He dismisses as untenable the theory of thermo-electricity, first, we be-

* Journal of the Society of Telegraphic Engineers, No. vii. p. 5.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 / Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

lieve, started by Sir David Brewster, who imagined* that the magnetism of our globe depended on thermo-electric currents, produced by the heated belt of the equatorial regions and the mass of the polar ices on either side of it. It is, however, plain that although Sir William Thomson dismisses the thermo-electrical theory as untenable, he considers the magnetism of the earth to be produced by electric currents, circulating around it in virtue of some cause to us as yet unknown.

It may be interesting to describe, in confirmation of this view, the ingenious experiments made by Professor Barlow. He wound a copper wire spirally around a hollow globe of wood in such a manner as to make the coils coincide with the parallels of latitude; he then covered the sphere and its spiral wire with the pictured gores of a common globe in such a way as to bring the poles of the electro-magnetical spiral into the same position as the observed terrestrial magnetic poles. The globe, thus arranged, was then placed under a delicately suspended needle, and electro-magnetic currents were caused to circulate through the spiral wire beneath the paper surface. It is a very remarkable fact that the needle so suspended represented on a small scale, under the influence of the spiral currents, all the phenomena of dip and variation exhibited by the compass-needle on the actual globe. Professor Barlow thinks "that he has proved the existence of a force competent to produce all the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism without the aid of any body commonly called magnetic." But we will not further weary our readers; they will probably be inclined, in the face of all these varying theories and ingenious experiments, to agree with Sir William Thomson and Sir William Snow Harris, that although we may reason of observed phenomena, the inducing causes of those phenomena remain a mystery of which we know nothing.

If anything can contradict the saying of Solomon that there is nothing new under the sun, it is the recent development of the powers of this mysterious agency. Neither the toying of Greek philosophers with amber, nor the description of the magnet by Lucretius, nor even the alleged knowledge of the mariner's compass by the ancient Chinese, detract from its novelty. The application of electric force to the practical affairs of life belongs to the last forty years. Our old men remember when it took many months to get a letter to India; but the rising generation would think themselves ill-treated if they did not read in the *Times* each morning the report of any important event which had occurred in India the day before. Electricity rings our bells, lights our shores, runs our errands, and, as we hope, will blow up our enemies if they approach our coasts. It has become indispensable in peace, and doubly indispensable in war. Last, not least, it has young and vigorous literature, and a special language of its own. It is perhaps owing to the latter circumstance that it is not more generally studied. Its text-books bristle with technical terms completely strange to the uninitiated, and even those terms have not in all cases arrived at their final and definite meaning. Besides this, mathematics have stepped in and claimed it for their own.

> The hard-grained Muses of the cube and square,

as Tennyson calls them, have more and more taken possession of it.

The reasoning of writers on magnetic subjects is now so uniformly conveyed by means of algebraic symbols, that only a skilled mathematician can follow them with comfort. This is doubtless unavoidable in the case of masters dealing with the higher branches of a science that depends on highly abstract reasoning; we do not complain, we only assign the fact, as one cause of the purely esoteric position that electricity is rapidly assuming. We are quite ready to admit the truth of Miss Moucher's remark, that there is a rule of secrets in all trades; the physician's prescription is still written in Latin, and Miss Cornelia Blimber gives her analysis of Little Dombey's character in numbers. We all know how that delightful lady, taking eight as her standard or highest number, found the poor child's natural capacity stated at six and three-fourths: violence, two; and inclination to low company, as evinced in the case of a person named Glubb, originally seven, but since reduced: but notwithstanding these precedents, outsiders like ourselves may be permitted to speculate whether a good deal of information might not be made public property which is now hidden under a heap of symbols.

Whatever we may think of the propriety of always affecting mathematical notation, we have no intention of laughing at the very ingenious nomenclature which

* Sir William Snow Harris quotes as his authority for Sir D. Brewster's views, "Edin. Phil. Trans.," vol. ix.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

has been adopted by the framers of electrical language. It must be confessed that it sounds strange to unaccustomed ears; but we must remember that it was invented to express ideas absolutely new, and that the mind soon becomes used to any word to which definite signification is attached. When electricity passed from the position of a phenomenon to be studied only by philosophers, into that of an agent subservient to the daily wants of man, it was found necessary to invent words and technical terms to express its new conditions. No doubt it is possible, as we propose to show, to express the main facts and even the scientific methods of electricity without employing symbols, or unduly parading its scientific terminology; just as a traveller, returning from a distant country, can gossip pleasantly about the wonders he has seen, describe the manners and customs of the people, and even give a very fair idea of their cultivation and modes of thought, without conveying his information in a foreign language.

Still, as we cannot quite keep clear of technicalities, we propose to do the next best thing; namely, to collect them in a couple of preliminary pages, which well-informed people, and very idle people, are hereby solemnly warned to skip.

It is not of course to be supposed that the "Journal of the Society of Telegraphic Engineers," and the writings of Sir William Thomson on "Electrostatics and Magnetism," the titles of which are at the head of this article, will afford the inquirer much information of an elementary character. Written by professed masters of the science and addressed to a professional audience, these works presuppose a kind of information which the generality of people are not likely to possess. But if we succeed, as we hope to do, in giving such a general outline as will supply this defect, our readers will find in the "Journal" a mine of interesting information. The society from which it emanates is only in the seventh year of its existence; but it has already assumed a leading position among learned societies, and it numbers among its members most of those who, either in this country or on the Continent, have devoted themselves to electrical science. The papers it contains, written and read from time to time by busy men on subjects arising in the daily exercise of their calling, are of course desultory, but it will be found that few improvements worthy of remark have escaped notice; and the progress of telegraph work all over the world has provided a body of skilled and able observers, whose collective watchfulness will no doubt soon raise the new science from the somewhat empirical position it has hitherto occupied, and enable it to rank with the more exact branches of physical research. The daily experience of telegraphic operators, constantly noting new electrical phenomena, and with busy brains puzzling out their cause, ranges of course far beyond the comparatively narrow domain of mere telegraphy, and the labors of the leading telegraphists have gone far to build up a tenable theory of electricity; but, as we have seen, their acknowledged leader, Sir William Thomson, is fain to confess that the desired object is not yet by any means attained. Sir William's own papers on "Electrostatics and Magnetism" are marvels of industry and patient research. But it must be confessed that they are "caviare to the general." The titles of them alone would be enough for most people. For instance, one that we transcribe almost at random from his table of contents, on "Hydrokinetic Analogy for the Magnetic Influence of an Ideal Extreme Diamagnetic," sounds anything but light reading. Fortunately we are not obliged to invade this part of the learned professor's domain; we consult him principally for his opinions on the general magnetic condition of the earth, and for occasional dicta on subjects which he is acknowledged to have made especially his own.

It is hardly necessary to remark that to voltaic or current electricity, and to its congener electro-magnetism, all modern improvements are due. Frictional electricity, such as was known to Franklin, and to observers before the time of Galvani, though it is a manifestation of the same force which now works our telegraphs and explodes our torpedoes, so far differs from it in kind that it could never have been utilized in the every-day business of life. In modern electrical parlance, frictional electricity was high in tension and deficient in quantity; it could break with ease through the opposition of a non-conductor which would stop the feebler current of an ordinary galvanic battery, but its energy was exhausted by the effort of a single discharge. There was a spark; a crack; a shock if any sentient being was in the circuit — and then all was at rest. There was no means of obtaining a continuous current such as that we now command at will. A modern battery combines both requirements, it will keep up a continuous stream of electricity through a long circuit, for days and even

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

for months together. It can, on the other hand, be so arranged as to deliver a flash, of power so tremendous that it would penetrate thick glass, or leap from pole to pole of conductors held a yard apart. It is this manageable nature of the agent which gives it all its value.

The discovery of current electricity was the result of pure accident. The wife of the professor of anatomy at Bologna being indisposed, her physician prescribed a broth of frogs. It would seem that the professor's domestic and professorial arrangements were carried on in the same apartment, for the frogs destined for the lady's refreshment were laid out, properly prepared for cooking, on the table where the professor was engaged with his electrical machine. With true scientific curiosity, Galvani tried a few experiments with the animals before they were consigned to the pot. A spark from the conductor caused their limbs to contract: struck by a phenomenon new to his experience, he determined to follow it up, and devoted himself to experiments on the electricity of animals with such zeal, that he became the terror of every pond near Bologna. He one day hung a dead frog by a copper hook to the iron balcony of his window. The limbs of the animal became convulsed, and the professor, unable to account for the phenomenon, took refuge in the hypothesis of what he called animal electricity, supposing opposite kinds of electricity to exist in the muscles and nerves.

This theory Galvani supported till his death with great ingenuity and determination; but a rival philosopher, Volta, professor of physics at Pavia, started a new view. He contended that the two metals, copper and iron, in the experiment of Galvani, were the real electromotors, and that the muscles of the dead frog only played the part of moist conductors in completing the circuit.

This was vigorously opposed by the partisans of Galvani, and a scientific war of opinion waged for many years between the schools of Bologna and Pavia, out of which Volta ultimately came victorious. Volta, in the course of a series of experiments, in which he tried to produce effects similar to those witnessed by Galvani, substituted other substances for the animal tissues, which Galvani regarded as essential, and discovered the means of producing a continuous current, which is called after him, voltaic electricity. Although Volta was right in his main contention, he had only advanced one step beyond Galvani, when he, too, fell into error. It was his opinion that the simple contact of two dissimilar metals was sufficient to produce an electric current; but the theory now generally adopted is that first suggested by Fabroni, which regards chemical decomposition as necessary to the development of the voltaic current. The contact theory of Volta assumes that the origin of the action is due to the simple contact of two dissimilar metals, and that the mere juxtaposition of these begets and sustains a force which is the sole cause of all the energy displayed. But Volta, and all those who afterwards supported him in his view, were ignorant of dynamics. They did not know that the quantity of energy in the universe is constant, that to create *de novo* the smallest fraction of it is as far beyond the power of man as it would be to add one grain of matter to that which is already in existence. All that man can do is to alter the direction of existing energy, but in whatever form it is made to appear it is but the equivalent of some pre-existent form, which, Proteus-like, is driven to assume an altered shape. It is now thoroughly understood that in a zinc-copper battery the decomposition of the zinc is a condition necessarily precedent to the production of a current.

It has been customary to speak of electricity as if it had a distinct existence, and were an extremely subtle fluid capable of flowing as a current. The theory of Symner, as this hypothesis is called, however convenient for the purpose of simplifying explanation, must not be looked upon as scientifically tenable. Symner assumes that every substance in nature contains an indefinite quantity of an imponderable matter formed by the union of the two fluids, to which the names of positive and negative electricity have been given. These two fluids when in combination neutralize each other, and the body containing them is then said to be in the neutral or natural state. By friction, and by several other means, the two fluids may be separated; but one of them cannot be produced without the simultaneous production of the other. Such is the theory; but, however convenient it may be for the purpose of reasoning about a purely abstract idea in the common language of life, it contains fundamental errors. There is no fluid, properly so called; the agency exists only as a force. Its subdivision, then, into mutually opposing fluids also falls to the ground. Sir William Thomson says that, although according to pre-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

vious writers, "a hypothesis of two magnetic fluids has been adopted, no physical evidence can be adduced in favor of such a hypothesis, but, on the contrary, recent discoveries, especially in electro-magnetism, render it extremely improbable." *

The term "electric fluid" must be looked on as purely conventional; electricity must be conceived of as a force, pervading all nature, latent in every substance, and liable at any moment to be excited by mechanical or chemical means. This force obeys certain laws, and acts in a particular manner; but the terms "fluid" and "current" do not accurately represent its action, inasmuch as it does not flow bodily from place to place, as a current would do, but follows rather the analogy of the undulations of light or the waves of sound. This, however, is of little practical importance; it is enough for our present purpose that the earth is an inexhaustible reservoir of electricity, and that it is possible to separate a portion of that electricity from the main body. The portion so separated will struggle to escape and recombine, and the energy it thus exerts can be utilized for the purposes of work. In forcing its way through or over obstacles, electricity exerts force which may be directed, utilized, and measured.

Force may be exerted either to produce motion in bodies at rest, or to oppose resistance to the motion of moving bodies. In either case it will do a definite amount of work, and that amount of work can be compared with a standard. The first step, then, was to contrive a standard, by which electrical energy might be measured, and in terms of which it could be expressed. In mechanics, a force sufficient to raise one pound to the height of one foot, affords such a standard, for it is practically invariable. This would be too rough for the measurement of electrical force, which is minute in quantity; but one analogous in conception has been adopted: namely, a force which will lift one gramme to the height of one metre, in one second of time; this standard force has been named an "absolute unit." In measuring a force it is not necessary to inquire whether it is employed in promoting motion or in resisting it; so that the strength of a current, the resistance offered by a wire to the passage of a current, the quantity of electricity passing through a given circuit, and the capacity for electrification of a given condenser, can all be expressed in the terms of the absolute unit.

* Electrostatics and Magnetism, p. 340.

The next step was to invent and give a name to some measure which should be an accurate multiple of the absolute unit. A man calling for a pint of wine does not calculate the cubic contents of his bottle; he compares the quantity he buys with a standard pint: and if he buys a cask, he ascertains that it contains a certain number of standard quarts. In the same way electricians have given to their standard measure, and to its derivatives, names which sound very strange to unaccustomed ears, though they fulfil very well the objects for which they were designed, being short, striking in sound, easy to remember, and significant.

The whole of this useful labor was performed by a committee of the British Association, which was appointed some years ago, and comprised most of the principal electricians of the country; their report has been adopted both in England and abroad. They found that a prism of pure mercury, one square millimetre in section, and 1·0486 metre in length, at a temperature of 0° centigrade, offered a resistance to the passage of a current equal to ten millions of absolute electric magnetic units. This measure they called a "British Association unit," or shortly a "B. A." unit. This designation has now been practically superseded by an arbitrary name; it is called, after a great electrician, an "Ohm." Certified copies of this standard, consisting of coils of platinum silver-wire, each of which oppose to an electric current a resistance equal to a given number of ohms, are now everywhere obtainable. They are known by the name of resistance-coils, and are marked with the number of ohms' resistance which they offer. They are conveniently arranged in boxes, and so connected that a current can be easily passed through any required resistance; and at the present time all electrical resistances are as habitually measured in ohms, as liquids are by the pint, or ribbons by the yard.

Force being imponderable, we can measure and weigh only the work which it performs; the names of weights and measures employed in electrical science are coined out of the patronymics of those who have been distinguished in electrical science. Faraday gives his name to the unit of capacity, under the name of a "Farad;" Volta impresses his name on the unit of tension, under the name of a "Volt." The unit of current is called of the professor of that name, a "Veber." The unit of resistance, as we have said, is an ohm. These designations are

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

further compounded with Greek adjectives, a "macrofarad" is a million times, and a "microfarad" the thousandth part of, a farad. A "megohm" is a million ohms, a "megaveber" a million vebers, and so on.

We need, however, trouble ourselves very little with the greater part of these names; the reader who will take the trouble to remember that the ohm is the standard measure of electricity, and who will glance at the explanation of some half-dozen electrical terms which we now proceed to describe, may consider himself free of the guild as far as the purposes of this paper are concerned.

The first, and perhaps the most important of these terms is the word "potential:" to say the truth, the text-books are curiously puzzling in their attempts to explain it. The matter is, however, very simple. If two electric batteries, or other sources of electricity, A and B, are of different electrical strength, there will be a tendency in the electricity at the point most highly electrified, to combine with that at the point of lowest electrification.

If A were electrified twenty times as strongly as B, the potential of A would be said to bear to the potential of B the proportion of twenty to one, and the greater the difference of potential the more strenuous becomes the effort of the electricity to recombine. It would force its way at once from one point to the other, were it not that air is a non-conductor, and electricity requires a prepared path or conductor to travel over. If the two points be brought close together, before they actually touch, a spark will overcome the resistance of the intervening air, and spring from one to the other; but if, instead of approaching the two points to each other, the distance between them is bridged over by a conductor, the same thing will occur; the only difference will be that, supposing the electromotive force to be constant, in the first case there will be a succession of sparks, and in the second a continuous current. It matters not whether the distance to be overcome be traversed by the leap of a spark across half an inch of air, or by the passage of a current along a thousand miles of telegraph; the cause is in each instance the same, namely, difference of potential between the two poles. This is an axiom of fundamental importance. The anxiety of electricity to recombine is called its "tension," and the degree of tension existing on any substance is spoken of as the potential of that substance.

Very often by atmospheric agency, or by some other of the many means which nature employs in such cases, a difference occurs in the electrical potential of the earth at two places on its surface, say at New York and in London, and the result is an earth-current passing from one to the other, very much, as we shall presently see, to the embarrassment of telegraph-working between those two localities.

Our next definition must be the meaning of electrical *resistance*. Every substance can be electrified; some very easily, and some with great difficulty. For instance, the metals, with German silver and copper at their head, can be electrified almost instantaneously. Other substances, such as glass, carbon, shellac, or gutta-percha, take a very long time, and very strong and persistent electric excitation to become so. Those substances which are quickly electrified are roughly, but not very accurately known as conductors; and those over which electricity moves slowly, are with equal inaccuracy, called insulators. It is all a question of degree; the best conductor offers a certain amount of retardation, or, in electrical language, resistance, to the march of the fluid; and the worst conductor known is permeable in time, and does not afford perfect insulation. To be sure, electricity moves along a copper wire at the rate of two hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles a second,* and it would take a very long time to creep over a few inches of gutta-percha; but as a mathematical fact, neither insulators nor conductors are perfect. If we take one hundred as the standard of conductivity, or absolute non-resistance, pure copper wire would show, perhaps, ·95 or ·96 of conductivity, and consequently ·05 or ·04 (the reciprocals of those numbers) of resistance. Gutta-percha, at the other end of the scale, would perhaps show ·01, or perhaps not nearly so much, of conductivity, and ·99 of resistance. A mathematical formula, discovered by Ohm, states electrical resistance to be inversely proportional to the strength of the current.† We see the result of this in the case of a lightning conductor. A small copper wire would carry away a moderate current without disturbance; the current and the resistance of the wire would have some man-

* See page 204.

† $I = \frac{E}{R}$ where I is the intensity of the current, E the electromotive force, and R the resistance.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ageable relation to each other; but a flash of lightning discharged along the same wire would be so intense that it would fuse the wire. The resistance would be the same, but the proportion would be destroyed by enormously multiplying the strength of the current.

On the same principle, a piece of carbon introduced into a circuit would stop the passage of a feeble current, being a bad conductor; it would, however, let a stronger current pass, but before doing so it would offer such a vigorous resistance, that the energy necessary to overcome it would develop caloric sufficient to heat the carbon white hot. This is the principle of the electric light. The reader will now, we hope, follow us when we speak of the resistance of a wire, a battery, or an electric circuit of any kind.

We now come to electrical *induction.* This curious property of electricity exercises a most important and sometimes a very unmanageable influence, in practical work. Indeed, it would hardly be too much to say that it thrusts itself into every problem which arises for solution. Sometimes it is utilized to the greatest advantage, as when it is applied to the purpose of storing up electricity ready for future service in condensers or accumulators; sometimes, as in the case of the well-known Ruhmkorff coil, it is invaluable in producing secondary currents even more useful than the direct products of the battery. Sometimes it presents itself in a less manageable form, as an influence retarding, and nearly destroying, the transmitted currents in submarine cables; but in whatever form it appears, whether as ally or as opponent, it plays a most important part.

Electrical induction may be defined as the mutual effect of electrified conductors in presence of each other, but separated by a non-conductor. The phenomenon may be produced in its simplest form by fixing two pieces of tinfoil, facing each other, one on each side of a sheet of glass. If the tinfoil on one side of the glass be connected with the earth by a wire, and the tinfoil of the other side be connected with a battery or electrical machine, electricity will be simultaneously produced on both sides of the glass, and the two electricities so produced will hold each other prisoners by their mutual attraction through the glass, till one or other of them is discharged, or till they are allowed to unite by means of a conductor. This "holding" power is utilized in the shape of instruments known as "condensers," for the purpose of storing electricity. A large number of sheets of conducting material, such as tinfoil, each separated from its neighbor by a non-conductor, for instance, paraffined paper or sheets of mica, are bound up together; when in use one of each pair of conductors is connected with earth, and the other with a battery; a number of such pairs, packed in convenient form, and connected together in series, may store up any required amount of electricity for the purposes of experiment or work.* Condensers are now sold with their capacity in farads marked upon them.

Like most of the discoveries which have made the progressive development of electrical science possible, the invention of the Leyden jar, as the earliest and best known form of condenser is called, was the result of a lucky accident. It dates from the last century. Most amusing accounts are given of the dismay with which the discoverer looked upon its effects. Professor Muschenbroek, it seems, had been thwarted in some of his experiments by the escape of electricity into the air. This he attributed to the vapors and effluvia suspended therein. It occurred to him that if he could electrify water in a glass bottle, the dissipation of the mysterious fluid might possibly be prevented. He accordingly half-filled a bottle with water, and proceeded to electrify it from a battery. When he considered the water sufficiently charged for his purpose, he attempted to remove the connecting wire with his left hand, holding the bottle in his right. He received a shock which terrified him beyond measure. He wrote to his friend Réaumur that he had received a blow on his arms, shoulders, and breast; that he lost his breath, and was two days before he recovered from the shock and the terror. In Muschenbroek's experiment the water acted as the inner coating, the glass, as usual, was the dielectric, the professor's right hand, as he held the bottle, was the outside coating, and the left, when he innocently touched the wire, completed the circuit, and discharged the stored-up fluid through his body. Modern Leyden jars are glass vessels coated inside and out with tinfoil. Muschenbroek wrote to his friend Réaumur that for all the kingdom of France he would not receive another shock; but he was sufficiently public-spirited to try the experiment on his friends; they were almost as alarmed as

* The electricities will be of opposite name, that is, if the battery current be positive the induced current will be negative, and *vice versa.*

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

himself. M. Lallamand, on taking a shock, declared that he lost the use of his breath for some ten minutes, and then felt so intense a pain along his right arm that he feared permanent injury to it. Herr Winkler stated that the first time he underwent the experiment he suffered great convulsions through his body; that it put his blood into agitation; that he feared an ardent fever, and was obliged to have recourse to cooling medicine. This professor was a very bold man. He administered a shock to his wife, and it made her nose bleed. From all which we learn that either the electrical machine, or the imagination, of Professor Muschenbroek, possessed a strength unattainable in these degenerate days.

A curious, and to practical telegraphers a very convenient, development of the phenomenon of induction is offered in the case of submarine cables, by the retardation of signals. A telegraph cable is, as one may easily see, only an elongated condenser; the copper wire of which, representing the inner coating, is separated from the outer coating of water and earth in which it is laid by its gutta-percha insulator. It is obvious that two or three thousand miles of wire present collectively an enormous inductive surface; indeed, Sir W. Thomson tells us that, if it were possible from some extraneous source to give a charge of electricity to the whole earth, no greater amount would be necessary for that purpose than is held prisoner by a few miles of cable.* The holding power of the wire when fully charged is very great; so great that a current, instead of flowing through the cable with the rapidity of light, follows one may almost say, the analogy of a viscous fluid, and dribbles through with comparative slowness.

On submarine telegraph cables messages are transmitted at the rate of fifteen or twenty words a minute, whereas, if the effect of induction could be removed, three or four hundred words per minute might be sent. The current has been experimentally found to move through the Atlantic cables at the rate of 6,125 miles per second — an enormous velocity, of course, but nothing like the pace of the fluid in overhead insulated wires. The speed of electricity under the latter circumstances was found by Sir Charles Wheatstone to equal two hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles per second. This enormous speed, forty-five or forty-six times as great as the velocity of the current through a submarine cable, was ascertained in a manner which has since become the standard method of measuring enormous velocities and infinitesimal fractions of time. Wheatstone suspended around the walls of his lecture-room at King's College about four miles of wire. On his table he placed a little instrument which he called a spark-board, and before the spark-board he made a circular mirror rotate at the rate of eight hundred turns per second. The wire was so arranged, that its two ends were connected one with the outer and one with the inner covering of a charged Leyden jar. When the jar was discharged, the spark traversed the whole length of the wire. But in the wire were three beaks. The first occurred at the spark-board, soon after the wire left the jar, the second at the end of two miles of wire, and a third just before the wire returned to the jar. All these openings were so arranged as to occur at the spark-board. The current of the jar at the moment of discharge was thus made to show itself in the form of a spark three times, as it overleapt the three intervals; these were reflected in the mirror. When the mirror was at rest, the sparks showed only as three dots; but when the mirror was made to revolve very rapidly, the dots changed into lines of light, the length of which varied with the rapidity of the revolution of the mirror. By measuring the length of these lines and the rate of rotation of the mirror, and noting how much the central line lagged behind the others, Wheatstone was able to calculate how long the spark took to traverse the intervening wires. This experiment gave, as we said above, two hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles per second for the velocity of the spark.

One of the exemplifications of induction most familiar to our senses, is a thunderstorm. Here, again, the analogy of the Leyden jar comes into play; the earth, highly charged with electricity, is separated by a non-conducting stratum of air from the thunder-cloud, also charged to a high potential. The two electricities, that in the earth and that in the cloud, hold each other prisoners by their mutual attraction, and, as the charge on each continues to accumulate, the particles of intervening air are raised to such a high degree of polarization that they fall into a state which is described as of "tottering equi-

* Journ. Soc. Tel. Eng., No. vii. p. 12. "Such amounts as we deal with in our great submarine cables would, if given to the earth as a whole, produce a very considerable electrification of its whole surface. The earth's radius is about six hundred and thirty million centimetres, and its electrostatic capacity is therefore six hundred and thirty million microfarads, or about that of sixteen hundred miles of cable."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

librium;" the slightest change destroys this condition, and electric discharge follows with all the effect of light, heat, and mechanical energy.

An electrified cloud decomposes the combined electricity of every object over which it passes, repels the electricity of the same kind as that contained in itself, and attracts the opposite kind. The earth and objects beneath an electrified cloud are in this manner charged by induction. When the attraction between the opposite kinds of electricity becomes greater than the resistance of the intervening air, a discharge takes place. It is the accumulation of induced electricity on buildings, which offers the attraction for the opposite electricity contained in the electrified cloud, and causes them to be struck by lightning. The flash will pass along the line of least resistance at the moment when earth and air can bear the mutual tension no longer. Any accidental object may turn the scale. As Mr. Preece puts it, a ship sailing calmly over the ocean, a moving railway train, a horseman galloping home for shelter from the approaching storm, may be the last straw that breaks the camel's back.

Everybody knows the celebrated experiment of Franklin, by which he demonstrated the identity of electricity with lightning.

Franklin, when he sent up his kite, fastened a key to the string, and to the key a silk ribbon, intended (silk being a non-conductor) to isolate him from danger. For some time he was unable to perceive any appearance which would justify his theory; but a shower came on, the kite-string was wetted, and therefore became a good conductor. Franklin, in his impatience, presented his knuckle to the key, and was gratified by receiving a smart shock. It was lucky for him that his success was not more complete than it proved to be, for he would have paid dearly for the honor of his discovery.

He thought that his kite had withdrawn electricity from the thunder-cloud, whereas the discharge he witnessed depended on the inductive action of the thunder-cloud on the kite and string; he escaped destruction, because the electricity with which his kite and its string were charged was the small amount induced on them by the thunder-cloud.

Philosophers who followed in his footsteps did not escape so easily. Professor Richmann, of St. Petersburg, was killed by lightning in the following year. He had erected an apparatus in the air, making a metallic communication between it and his study, where he had provided means for repeating Franklin's experiments. He was describing to his friend, Sokoloff, the nature of the apparatus, and was stooping towards the electrometer to observe the force of the electricity, when a great white and bluish fire appeared between the rod of the electrometer and his head; at the same time a sort of steam or vapor arose, which entirely benumbed Sokoloff and made him fall to the ground. Several parts of the apparatus were broken and scattered about, the doors of the room were torn from their hinges, and the house shaken in every part. The wife of the professor, alarmed by the shock, ran into the room, and found her husband sitting on a chest, which happened to be behind him when he was struck, and leaning against the wall. He appeared to have been instantly struck dead; a red spot was found on his forehead, his shoe was burst open, and a part of his waistcoat singed.*

This dreadful accident was caused by the neglect on the part of Richmann to provide an arrangement by which the apparatus, when too strongly electrified, might discharge itself into the earth. If in Franklin's experiment lightning had really passed from the clouds to the earth, he would infallibly in like manner have been killed. People are very little wiser than they were in Franklin's time. At a recent meeting of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, Mr. Preece, one of our most distinguished electricians, spoke as follows: —

> When I go into country towns or places, and have a few minutes to spare, I invariably go to the church, not only to admire the architecture, but especially to see what sort of lightning-protection it is furnished with; and I am bound to say this: I have never been to one church yet where the lightning-conductor comes up to my notion of what a lightning-protector should be. . . . Sometimes it has no point and even no earth. Generally it is made of the most expensive copper rod; sometimes of the most inefficient iron tubes, broken in the middle; but in my experience of hundreds of churches, I have never seen one single lightning-conductor that I would pass as a lightning-conductor.†

Now considering the professional eminence of the speaker, and the fact that his remarks refer to no remote date, but were spoken on the 12th of May, 1875, it behoves us all to look to our defences. It

* Shaffner's "Telegraph Manual," p. 61.

† Journal of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, xi., p. 273.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

seems almost incredible, yet we believe it to be the fact, that St. Paul's Cathedral, situated as it is in the heart of the city of London, was, until very lately, in an electrical sense, totally unprotected. During all the years since first it raised its golden crown over the murky atmosphere of Cheapside, until the year 1872, it was in such a condition that a single one of the thousand storms that must have played around it might have crumbled it to the dust. At its summit, on the exterior, there is a mass of metal weighing many tons, all of which was electrically insulated. The reverse, of course, should have been the case. The whole of these — cross, scrolls, and ball — should have been connected by some good conductor with the earth. Beneath the cross, and immediately below the great leaden dome, is a gallery of massive iron-work ; still lower are the immense lead-covered surfaces of the aisle-roofs. All these were found to be so completely insulated, that if insulation had been an object to be attained by the utmost possible exercise of scientific ingenuity, it could hardly have been more effectually accomplished.* The lightning should by rights have found no resistance in its passage to the earth, whereas the resistance opposed to its course was nearly infinitely great.

> Inside the building [said the same writer] we had, to tempt the lightning, the iron stanchions of the scrolls and ball ; and around the whispering gallery were the immense iron gas-mains which supply the ring of jets immediately beneath the gallery. The sections of these mains are insulated from each other by the packing of the joints, and so are the successive sections descending the main shafts to the bottom of the building.

The writer goes on to show how the conductors originally put up to protect the building had been in the course of years eaten entirely away by rust, so as to afford great gaps which would have to be overleaped by the lightning, and so far no doubt the appointed means of safety entirely failed; but the sentence quoted above appears to us rather to indicate a source of safety than of danger. We cannot help thinking that the immunity enjoyed by the building for so many years was probably due in a great measure to the accidental circumstance of the iron-work of the whispering-gallery being connected, by means of the gas-pipes, with the enormous area of iron sewer-pipes of subterranean London. The writer of the account seems, however, from other parts of his article, to be so much the master of his subject, that we hardly think the sentence we quote was meant to imply exactly what the words appear to convey, for he could not have intended to say that the connection of the gas-mains with the whispering gallery was otherwise than a means of safety. Another expression in the sentence appears to point to adhesion on the part of the writer to a popular fallacy. The idea that metal "tempts the lightning" is unsupported by any fact, and is at variance with the whole course of experience. Lightning-rods do not attract lightning. Lightning is atmospheric electricity moving through bad conducting matter in an explosive form ; metals are good conductors, and therefore the course of the flash will, in nine cases out of ten, pass along metals, because from their conducting properties they form part of the line of least resistance. But it cannot be supposed that an agency, which moves with such terrible velocity and irresistible force as lightning, could be arrested in its onward course and drawn aside by an insignificant piece of metal in the form of a lightning-rod. If metal did really possess the power of attracting lightning, the use of metallic eave-troughs, gas-pipes, water-pipes, speaking-tubes, bell-wires, and the thousand and one adaptations of metal in use in buildings, ought at once to be discontinued.

But this is not the case. So far from lightning-rods attracting lightning, an ideally perfect series of lightning-conductors would prevent the possibility of any disruptive charge within the limits of the action. The effect of lightning-rods is due to the fact that large quantities of electricity pressing upon small surfaces become quite unruly ; and when the surface is reduced, as in the case of a lightning-rod, to a mere point, it gives rise to an escaping current and causes the electricity with which it is charged to diffuse itself in the air, much as a stream of water would do through the nozzle of a garden-hose. Points do not receive electricity from bodies with which they are not in contact ; except in case of disruptive discharge, the silent flow is always from points, never towards them.

A good lightning-conductor offers a peaceful means of communication between the earth and the clouds ; it leads the terrestrial electricity gently up into the sky and allows it to combine with its opposite without disturbance ; but if the tension is too great to be thus quietly disposed of, the flash strikes downwards, and is led

* See an article in the *Telegraphic Journal*, August 1st, 1873, on the subject.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

harmlessly to the earth by the conductor. A well-constructed conductor is uninjured by the flash, because if offers but small resistance. But if in any part of the circuit between the electrified cloud and the earth there is an interval of badly conducting material, or if there is any break in the continuity of the conductor, the lightning will leap over, rend, and shiver to atoms anything that opposes its passage.

Owing to the affinity of electricity for points, when an electrified cloud passes over a building electricity will accumulate with most intensity upon ridges, gables, and finials; for this reason all such objects should be connected with the lightning-rod, and the rod itself should be fastened to the walls, instead of being, as is too often the case, insulated from them by glass. In short, the great object is to present such a number of points to the electrified cloud as to neutralize it, and prevent the necessity of disruptive discharge; if, after all, an explosion should ensue, the lightning-rod will form the line of least resistance, and afford the means of harmless escape to the earth. A good lightning-conductor should have a sharp point, be continuous without fracture throughout, and have its end buried deeply in moist earth. In fixing a conductor, a hole should be dug deep enough to reach earth permanently moist, or, failing the possibility of this, it should be fixed to a considerable quantity of old iron, or an iron drain-pipe. But this is a much less desirable plan. It is very commonly the custom to lead the end of the conductor into a tank. For purposes of safety it might as well be attached to the ironwork of the proprietor's bed. If the tank is full of water, the cement, preventing percolation through its sides and bottom, would to a great extent, insulate the earth-connection; if the tank is dry, the conditions are still worse, for there is then no "earth," in an electrical sense, at all. We are told of one instance in which a gentleman coiled up the end of his lightning-rod, and put it into a bucket in his cellar, apparently under the impression that the water would extinguish the lightning. Another point to be noted is, that galvanized-iron rope forms as efficient a conductor as the expensive bar of copper which tradesmen usually recommend. "Remain indoors during thunderstorms," says a writer on this subject, "keep out of cellars, and avoid being near trees during the passage of electrified clouds. In case the gas or water pipes of the buildings are not connected with the lightning-rods, it is not safe for a person to remain in a position in which his body would become part of the line of least resistance between them. Beds should be removed from the walls. Persons in chairs should be in the centre of the room and keep their feet off the floor." We imagine, however, that only very nervous persons will think it necessary to obey all these instructions to the letter.

If a discharge from an electrified cloud takes place from any cause whatever, at any point, the cloud is left in a neutral condition. Induction ceases, and all the bodies charged by induction instantly return to a neutral state. The suddenness of this return constitutes the dreaded "return stroke," which often destroys buildings and animal life at a great distance from the place where the direct charge takes place, and is often more fatal than the direct discharge. A curious circumstance, which was the subject of discussion at one of the meetings of the telegraph engineers, affords an apt illustration of this. A gentleman named Pidgeon, with his wife and son, were on the grass-plat of their house at Torbay close to the seashore, when a violent and sudden thunderstorm destroyed the flagstaff near which they were standing, and inflicted injuries more or less severe on all three of them. As many of the principal English electricians took part in the discussion which followed the reading of the account, and it seemed to be pretty generally the opinion of the authorities that the effects on Mr. and Mrs. Pidgeon were due to the return stroke, we will tell the story.

Mr. Pidgeon and his family were looking out to sea, and watching an approaching thunder-cloud. Suddenly, with a crash that was compared by bystanders to the explosion of a three-hundred-pounder gun, the lightning broke over the mast, which was shivered to atoms. Fragments of it were forced one hundred and fifty yards to windward, showing that great mechanical force must have been developed at the time of the discharge. Of the effects on themselves, we must allow Mr. Pidgeon to speak. We extract from a letter written by him to *Nature*, and reprinted in the "Journal;" *—

Of the three, my wife only was "struck," and fell to the ground, my son and myself remaining erect, and all three lost consciousness. For more than half an hour my wife lost the use of her lower limbs and left hand, both of

* Journal of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, May 12th, 1875.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

which became rigid. From the feet to the knees she was splashed with rose-colored tree-like marks, branching upwards, while a large tree-like mark, with six principal branches diverging from a common centre, thirteen inches in its largest diameter, and bright rose-red, covered the body. I had almost forgotten to mention that my wife had just closed the lower door leading from the garden to the shore, and was looking over it out to sea. The iron bolt which fastens this door is *exactly* the same height from the ground-line as the mark on my wife's body . . . As I turned to help my wife, who was on the ground, I shouted, as I thought, that I was unhurt; but it seems I only uttered inarticulate sounds, and my son in his first attempt to answer did the same.

It was very truly remarked on the account, of which the above is a brief extract, that if the Pidgeon family had been struck by lightning they would not have been there to tell the tale. The probability was that they, as well as the flagstaff, were strongly charged with induced electricity by the advancing cloud. When it reached the flagstaff — and, coming from the sea, the flagstaff is the first object it would encounter — a discharge took place, and Mr. Pidgeon and companions returned to the neutral state so rapidly as to cause severe inconvenience. In the *Telegraphic Journal* is published a drawing which is described as a "facsimile of chief marks made by the discharge on Mrs. Pidgeon," but on the subject of its exact resemblance we have no certain information. We should have thought that printers' ink could hardly produce a facsimile of a rose-red object. But we must not allow imagination to carry us too far. We content ourselves with the remark that the design is remarkably elegant.

Of all the recent developments of electricity, the submarine cable has, perhaps, exercised the greatest effect on modern life. Its history and mode of manufacture have been in recent years so much before the public, that most people have accurate general ideas on both these subjects. But there are a few points connected with the working and maintenance of sub-oceanic cables, on which information is not so readily attainable. For instance, it is curious how little is known of gutta-percha. This substance, which is the dielectric in most ordinary use for separating the conducting wire of submarine cables from the ocean bed on which it is destined to repose, is the concrete juice of the *Isonandra gutta*, or taban-tree. It grows to a height of sixty or seventy feet, in alluvial soils, at the foot of hills in the Malayan Archipelago, in southern Asia, and in Dutch Guiana. The chief supply has hitherto been obtained from Singapore. We are told by Mr. Douglas, that the words *gutta percha* are Malayan; the former signifies gum or concrete juice of a plant, the latter the special tree.

When first this substance was introduced into England, and before the manufacture of telegraph cables made it an article of such primary necessity as to require economy in its use, it was the practice to fell the tree, and cut rings through the bark a foot or eighteen inches apart; the milky juice was received in suitable vessels, and inspissated by boiling. Eventually the matter was taken up by an English company, and the juice is now obtained in the same way as caoutchouc or india-rubber. It arrives in Europe in blocks several pounds in weight, and is generally found to be adulterated with sawdust, earth, and other impurities, introduced by the native producers to add to its weight. This adulteration offers one of the most serious difficulties encountered by the cable-manufacturers. Elaborate and expensive machinery has to be employed, in order to reduce it to the absolute purity required to permit its use as an insulator.

The blocks of gutta-percha are often rudely fashioned by the native workmen into grotesque imitations of animals, men, or deities. We have sometimes seen these so well executed as to make it almost a pity not to keep them as curiosities, rather than cut them up into shreds and plunge them into boiling water, preparatory to passing them through the ruthless masticating machines. Even now the processes in use in the best cable-manufactories are rude and inefficient; and a method of manufacture has been patented by a well-known London dentist, which would no doubt at some future time revolutionize the working of gutta-percha, were it not that the saving and improvement effected has not hitherto been found to counterbalance the expense of discarding the present expensive machinery. Circumstances, easy to be understood, have reduced the manufacture of insulated telegraph wires to a virtual monopoly, in the hands of a few firms who can supply the limited demand without altering their existing plant. We have already seen to what extent the inductive action of gutta-percha retards the transmission of messages through the wire it covers. It is

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

supposed, with a great show of probability, that increased purity of material, consequent on improved methods of manufacture, would diminish the inductive capacity, and consequently promote greatly increased speed of transmission.

Other objects of curiosity are the instruments employed at the seashore termini of submarine cables for transmitting signals under the ocean. Our readers are probably acquainted with the principle on which the signalling apparatus in use on land lines is constructed; it will be sufficient to remind them in general terms that most of these depend mainly on the discovery, by the German philosopher Oërsted, of electro-magnetism.

About the year 1820, there occurred to Oërsted one of those brilliant accidents which, happening to a mind prepared to seize their significance, ripen into great discoveries. He was engaged in some electrical experiments with a voltaic battery, and held a small mariner's compass in his hand. He observed that the compass was deflected as the current passed. He repeated the experiment, and found that the effect of the current varied, according as the current passed above, below, or around the magnetic needle. It was soon ascertained that the magnetic needle had a tendency to place itself at right angles to the direction of the current. By a brilliant effort of inductive reasoning, Oërsted sprang to the conclusion that the magnet obeys a constant directive action of the earth, caused by electric currents constantly passing the magnetic equator from east to west, and that the magnetic needle, subjected to the action of a current could, as his experiment showed to be the case, be moved at will; because the motive force, being nearer, and consequently more powerful than the ordinary terrestrial magnetism, overpowered the directive action of the earth. The identity of electricity with magnetism was thenceforth established.

Oërsted's experiment was soon followed to new and startling conclusions. The needle, it was observed, always placed itself in the same position relatively to the direction of the current. That direction may be best understood by an illustration.

If the wire were a canal, and the reader were swimming along it in the direction of the current, the north pole of a needle would always be deflected, to his left hand if placed before his breast, and to his right hand if placed behind his back.

It will be perceived from this, that if the wire is bent round the needle, its two halves act in the same direction, and the effect is doubled. If the wire be bent a second time round the needle, the effect will be again doubled, and a still further increase in the number of turns will produce a corresponding increase of force. If, then, a wire, covered with silk or gutta-percha, or other insulating material, is wound several times round a needle, and the current is thus compelled to pass along its whole course, at such a distance from the needle as to direct its action without touching it, the force of the current is multiplied in proportion to the number of turns.* A comparatively feeble current is thus able to effect great results. This, it will be seen, is, in fact, the modern telegraph. Currents of negative and positive electricity are sent along the line-wire, and passed at the receiving end round a magnetized needle. The result is the alternate right and left deflections with which every frequenter of railway stations is now so familiar.

On this principle, too, instruments for measuring currents are constructed. The simplest kind of galvanometer consists in a magnetized needle placed in the centre of a hollow frame filled with covered wire; the degree to which the needle is deflected (as shown on a graduated scale which is centred on the needle pivot), indicating the quantity of electricity passing through the coils. The differential galvanometer differs from this instrument, in that it measures not the absolute strength of a current, but the difference of strength of two currents. Its wires are wound in two coils side by side; they are so arranged as to be exactly equal in their effects upon the needle. When two equal currents are made to pass in opposite directions through the coils, they will exactly balance one another, and the needle will not move. but if one current be stronger than the other, the balance will be destroyed, and the needle will obey the stronger, to an extent determined by the difference of strength of the two currents. The use of the differential principle will be very apparent when we come to the subject of duplex telegraphy. A wire through which a current is flowing, possesses for the time properties similar in many respects to those of a magnet. It attracts iron filings, attracts or repels the poles of a magnet,

* The action of the current cannot be multiplied indefinitely, because the intensity of the current diminishes as the length of the circuit increases. So if the wire is too long the current becomes very feeble, and at last there would be no current left to multiply.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and acts upon other wires through which currents are moving. If, instead of passing round a magnetized needle, the wire is twisted round a bar of soft iron, the iron core becomes magnetic, and acquires for the time much greater power than it is possible to give to a permanent magnet. A current after traversing a line-wire can be made to electro-magnetize a bar at a receiving end, in such a manner that, in virtue of its temporary magnetism, it attracts a lever attached to its armature, and puts a fresh battery into circulation. By this means a current too feeble to record intelligible signals may be made to renew its strength over and over again, and transmit itself, strong and clear, through a circuit of length otherwise unmanageable.

Perhaps it would be as well to say here that a "circuit," telegraphically speaking, comprises first the earth, then batteries and other apparatus at the terminal station, then the line, and so through the other terminal apparatus and batteries to the earth again. Intermediate stations are introduced by cutting the wire, and placing the instruments between the divided ends. In the same manner a box of resistance-coils, shunts, or any kind of conductor may be interposed at any point of the circuit.

Steinheil was the first to employ the earth as a substitute in a telegraphic circuit for a return wire. He buried two copper plates, one at each station, and connecting the extremities of his telegraphic lines to these plates, he found that signals could be transmitted with as much facility as when a return wire was used. In fact, a circuit will work to a much greater distance when it is composed of half wire and half earth, than when it is composed only of wire.

It may readily be seen that as each mile of cable offers a certain resistance to the passage of the current, and each mile is subject to its own inductive retardation, the cumulative action of these causes through two or three thousand miles of cable so weakens the current that it retains but a small fraction of the strength with which it left the battery. So feeble is it, that it is unequal to the task of electro-magnetizing an ordinary relay — an operation which, as performed on land lines, we have already described — nor is it strong enough to work even the lightest needle which could be suspended at the receiving end.

It is to the genius of Sir William Thomson that we owe the solution of this apparent impossibility. He attached a magnetized needle to a tiny mirror (mirror and needle together weighing scarcely more than a grain), and suspended it by a single fibre of unspun silk within the coils of a galvanometer. A cardboard screen was placed in front of the mirror, in which was perforated a narrow slit, and behind this he placed a lamp. The light from the lamp was reflected through the slit, on to the mirror and thence back in the shape of a pencil of light to the screen. When the mirror galvanometer was connected with the line-wire, and a current, however feeble, passed through its coils, the needle and mirror were deflected, and the reflected beam of light moved along the scale. By this arrangement, even though the movement of the needle should be so minute as to be quite imperceptible to the eye, the reflected beam moves through a very sensible arc on the screen, and the ordinary right and left signals of telegraphy can thus be easily given and clearly read.

We have, of course, only given in mere outline the principle of this delicate instrument, which is adapted to practical work by many beautifully simple arrangements. But the main idea of making an imponderable beam of light do the duty of a heavy lever has alone made ocean telegraphy a possible feat. Another point of general interest is the manner in which electrical tests are performed. It does not at first appear easy to imagine how the position of a break or fault in a cable, hundreds of miles away under the sea, can be discovered with such precision that a repairing ship can be sent to the very spot. Here again we can only indicate a principle, the practical working is far too complicated to be understood without minute and careful examination, and the use of diagrams. But the principle may be made clear, and will give a good general idea of the *modus operandi.* It is all effected by a careful comparison of resistances. Those who have done us the favor to read the earlier part of this paper will understand what is meant by the resistance of a given circuit, and will also be acquainted with the construction and use of the instruments principally employed, namely, galvanometers, boxes of resistance-coils, and condensers of known capacity.

If a needle be suspended between the coils of a differential galvanometer, and a current be sent through one of them, the needle will be deflected, say, to the left. A current of exactly the same strength as the first, sent simultaneously through the other coil, will cause the opposing cur-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

rents to neutralize each other, and the needle will remain at rest; the box of resistance-coils accords to the operator the power of placing in the path of the current any required resistance, from the tenth of an ohm up to forty thousand ohms, or more, by simply inserting or removing metal plugs in holes made for the purpose in the lid of the box. If, then, to the right-hand galvanometer-coil be attached the box of resistances, and to the left-hand coil the line-wire requiring to be tested, all the operator has to do is to shift the resistance-plugs till the line and the resistance-box balance each other on the galvanometer. He then reads off the resistance which has brought the galvanometer to a standstill, and as he has made the two equal, it follows that he thus knows the resistance of the line-wire. Constant tests, made during manufacture and afterwards, have made him familiar with the exact resistance *per mile* offered by the line-wire; so that dividing the total resistance by the resistance per mile, he obtains the length of wire under examination. Suppose the resistance per mile to be four ohms, and the resistance which has produced a balance at the galvanometer is forty ohms, it follows the length of wire under examination is ten miles. Now, assume that the matter to be ascertained in the above test was the unknown position of a "fault," you discover that the circuit was completed by the escape of the current to earth at a distance of ten miles; you have thus determined that the naked end of the cable touches the earth at that distance, and that the fault is an absolute break in the cable ten miles away.

It need not be said that this is testing in its simplest form; we have omitted all collateral circumstances which in practice would obscure the result, and make an apparently simple into a difficult operation. It is a very different matter when the fault is a mere flaw in an otherwise perfect cable, but this is the principle. Tests are taken hourly during the manufacture of a cable, to determine that it is electrically sound throughout, and that the insulation is complete. To ascertain the latter point, that is to say, that there is no leakage of electricity through the gutta-percha covering, the wire is first suddenly charged from a battery, and as suddenly discharged through a galvanometer. A certain deflection of the galvanometer needle is thereby produced, and noted as deflection No. 1. It is then charged a second time, and left for a few minutes, at the end of which it is again discharged through the galvanometer, and deflection No. 2 is noted; the difference between deflection No. 1 and deflection No. 2 corresponds to the amount lost by leakage during the time the wire remained charged.

It may easily be imagined that the tests are never more anxiously performed than when the cable, duly completed, and coiled in great tanks on board the telegraph ship, is being slowly paid out into the deep. Every minute signals are passed from the shore to the ship, through the gradually increasing length of submerged line, through all the thousands of coils which lie piled, tier above tier, in the cable tanks, down to the testing cabin. There the electrician on duty sits with his mirror galvanometer, watching the reading-screen, where the movements of a small spot of light give him tidings of the shore he is leaving. The whole interest of a great and costly expedition is thus centred in the little quiet testing-room.

The operations, both of the ordinary working of submarine telegraphs and the testing operations, are much complicated by earth-currents. Very often, especially at the time when the phenomena of the Aurora Borealis are prevalent, strong currents pass over the lines, entering by one of the earth-connections, and leaving it by the other. They are never constant for long together, and they change direction so rapidly as seriously to affect the delicate instruments in use on submarine lines. They are most violent during magnetic storms, which seem in some mysterious manner to be dependent upon the aurora, which, in its turn, is a manifestation of some ultimate cause of which nothing positive is known. Observation shows that earth-currents are frequent at the time of earthquakes; the "Journal of the Society of Telegraph Engineers" contains constant notes of these coincidences, observed by the ever-watchful members of the society. Many of the most distinguished electricians think that the sun is the ultimate cause of this, as of all other forms of terrestrial magnetism, and it certainly seems probable that such is the case. It is well known that the period of maximum and minimum of spots on the sun extends over a cycle of eleven years, and during that time the aurora becomes proportionately more or less intense. "In 1850," says Mr. Latmer Clarke, "two simultaneous observations of the sun were made by observers many miles apart, when both saw a body flash into

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the sun and cause a disturbance of the sun's chromosphere; and it was subsequently found that at that moment almost all the magnets of the world were disturbed by this sudden movement." * The fact that the cause and effect were apparently simultaneous incidentally confirms the inference that the velocity of the transmission of magnetism is the same as the velocity of the transmission of light.

Sometimes the earth-currents are of enormous power. In 1871, a break having occurred in the Atlantic cable, Mr. Graves was able to devote a great deal of time to the investigation and tabulation of the earth-currents which appeared on the broken line. At one time during a great magnetic storm, which was felt all over the world, Mr. Graves, who was observing at Valentia, saw currents of such strength, that "a distinct arc of flame burned between the key and the earth-connection." The power necessary to produce this he estimated at not less than two thousand cells of Daniell's battery. The late Admiral FitzRoy found the indication of coming storms predicted with singular fidelity by magnetic disturbances of the earth. He could sometimes see the approach of a storm days before the barometer and thermometer indicated anything of the kind. The ordinary observations of the telegraph-operators confirm this. They can actually feel a storm coming across the Atlantic for days beforehand, by the increasing vagaries of their troublesome visitor, the earth-currents. It is not improbable that observations may eventually be found susceptible of such generalization as to afford really reliable weather forcasts.

One of the latest telegraphic marvels is the arrangement by which it is made possible to send two separate messages along the same wire in opposite directions at the same time. This is known as duplex telegraphy; and perhaps nothing connected with the practical working of telegraphs has excited more wonder, and been found more difficult to understand. The first question which is naturally asked is, How can the currents pass one another in the line-wire? and, if they do pass, how is it that they do not interfere one with another? If, however, we have been fortunate enough to make clear the principle of the differential galvanometer, the difficulty will vanish. In sending an ordinary message, the current passes from the battery at the sending end through the instrument at that end, along the line, through the instrument at the receiving end, and so through the earth back to the battery from which it started. In doing so it of course moves the instrument at the sending end, as well as the distant one; for it passes through them both. Now suppose that the operators at both ends were to dispute for the possession of the circuit, and send opposite currents simultaneously through the wire, the result would be hopelessly to confuse the signals, and make reading impossible; but if the operators were to set to work to unravel the apparent confusion, they would soon find that when station A and station B, in the course of their confused struggle for the possession of the line, happened to send a current in the same direction, the needle acted upon would strike the stops with double force, while, if they sent in opposite directions, the needle would hardly move at all. Thus each operator would be able to perceive that the signals of the other station were *visible* on his instrument, and were only prevented from being *legible* by the confusion introduced by the current he himself was sending along the wire. It would doubtless occur to them that if by any means each could so arrange that neither station's own or outgoing currents should affect his own needle, leaving the dial free to show only the effect produced by the incoming current, the difficulty of reading would vanish. The question then arises, How can each instrument be so connected that neither sender shall move his own needle, and yet so that the coils shall always remain in circuit?

Now, in a differential galvanometer, if two equal currents are simultaneously sent through the two coils in opposite directions, the result is that the needle stands still. Apply that principle to the line in such a way that the current, when either end makes a signal, shall at that end divide itself into two, and the two halves pass round the sending instrument in opposite directions. This will only happen when the two half-currents are exactly equal, which will only be the case if the two circuits they have to travel are equal. To effect this, one half-current must pass along the line-wire to earth, and the other half be sent to earth through a resistance exactly equal to the line-wire.

When the balance is established, neither sender, when he signals, will move his own instrument, which will be left free to record signals from the opposite side; but the operator at the other end will be able

* Journal of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, v. 121.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

to read them, for each station will see the current sent by the other, though neither can see his own.

It will be seen that the two currents do not pass one another, as has been imagined, but that, when both stations signal at the same time, the current sent by either station acts upon the distant instrument by determining whether the currents sent by that station shall pass through the line or the resistance-coils.

On land lines suspended in the air the resistance of the signalling-wire to the current is easily ascertained, and is easily imitated on the second or artificial circuit; but in submarine lines there is not only the resistance to be taken into account, but the retarding capacity of the cable. In any given cable each mile presents a certain resistance, and also a certain retarding capacity. The second circuit on land lines need only imitate the resistance, but in cables the retarding capacity must also be imitated. It is not enough that the whole of the second circuit should be equal to the whole of the cable, but that each separate part of it should be equal to each corresponding part of the cable. The latest plan, which seems at length to have made duplex working in submarine wires practicably possible, is that adopted by Mr. Muirhead. He forms his second circuit by sheets of paper, prepared with paraffin, as an insulator, having on one side a strip of tinfoil wound to and fro to represent the resistance, and on the other a sheet of tinfoil to represent its retarding capacity. Each strip of paper may thus be made to represent precisely a given length of cable; and a given number of such sheets would exactly imitate the cable in every part of its length; so that the non-signalling half of the current sent through the artificial resistance escapes to earth under precisely similar conditions to that which passes over the line.

The result of this is that a single wire will convey signals simultaneously in two opposite directions, and that one wire will do the work of the two which have hitherto been required. On all marine lines this invention is of the greatest possible importance, because while theoretically it only doubles the carrying capacity of each cable, in practice it does a great deal more; as it does away with the loss of time consequent on arranging about the precedence of outward and homeward messages.

The method was first tried on the line between Marseilles and Bona, and it has since been brought into operation between Marseilles and Malta, between Suez and Aden, and, lastly, between Aden and Bombay. It is stated that on a recent occasion, when there was a breakdown of the Indo-European line, the duplex system became of the greatest possible use; and although there are still practical difficulties to be encountered before it can be adopted in lines where very long distances have to be accomplished without a break, there is no doubt that the theory is so well established that its universal adoption is only a question of time.

"The telegraph," says Sir Lintorn Simmons, "is an essential in war; war can scarcely be carried on without it." Mr. George Von Chauvin, who was secretary to the German director-general of telegraphs during the Franco-German war, appeared as a witness before a committee of the House of Commons on postal telegraphs last year, and gave a very animated account of the way in which that service was performed by the German army during his period of service. He tells us that the telegraph was in constant use for the arrangement of the transport of ammunition; of the whole service of the commisariat; the transport of wounded soldiers and prisoners; for the regulation of traffic in the field railways, which was very heavy, and which frequently necessitated the shunting of ammunition trains to let a train of wounded soldiers go by, or stopping a train of soldiers to bring up ammunition. It was also used for the investiture of fortresses like Paris and Metz, where it would have been impossible to have an army large enough to girdle round the whole enceinte. The lines of attack round Paris extended some twenty German (above ninety English) miles; the field telegraph was used along this extended line to bring together troops whenever they were wanted, either to repel a sortie, or to make an attack. It was also used to keep the various corps of the army, operating in the centre, north, and south, in permanent connection with the headquarters' staff at Versailles. Telegraphs also accompanied and kept up the communication of all detachments of independent corps, brigades or divisions, which operated independently against the smaller forces of the enemy. Thus immediate information was conveyed to headquarters whenever an engagement took place within any of the ramifications of the gigantic spider's web, of the number of troops engaged, the result of the contest, and its probable effects; and new orders

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

were given as to fresh steps to be taken. It may easily be believed that it was perfectly recognized by the German officers that the war could not have been conducted on this scale at all without the assistance of the telegraph.*

The Germans had acquired telegraphic experience in two former wars. They consequently entered on the Franco-German campaign with a very complete organization. They used three kinds of telegraph: the first, which was taken into the immediate proximity of the enemy; the second, the duty of which was to keep up communication between the advanced army corps and their basis of operation; and the third, the ordinary telegraph of the State. The whole system was under the command of a colonel of the royal engineers, attached for service to the telegraph department of the State; the officers under him were officers of the royal engineers, the men mostly soldiers, but not necessarily engineers. They were taken from all arms, and a good many of them were employed as civilians in the ordinary time of peace. The duty of the advanced part of the field telegraph was to push on into the close proximity of the enemy. They did the service in the trenches before Paris, and carried on the work of communication whenever an action was going on. The telegraphists employed in the Prussian army during the war were trained in the State telegraphs: the soldiers taken from the ranks during the time of peace were put for a certain time into the offices of the State telegraph department, and did the usual work of telegraph operators, linesmen, battery-men, and the other ordinary duties of telegraph departments. In peace-time they were placed under the command of civil-service officers, and there was practically no distinction between them and the ordinary civilian who was employed by the government. But this was the smallest class of trained military telegraphists employed by the Germans; a very large class were at once soldiers and telegraph-men.

In Germany, as formerly in Prussia, a soldier who has served his time as non-commissioned officer, and bears a good character, is entitled to employment in the civil service. By that means not only does the army obtain a better supply of men for its non-commissioned officers, but it furnishes to the telegraph department a large class of men who, although not very smart operators, are yet very trustworthy, and, for the purposes of war, are perfectly indispensable. "I do not know," says Mr. Von Chauvin, "what proportion of our ordinary telegraph-operators in Germany have formerly served for a lengthened period in the army, but I should think it is a very large one, and the difficulty which we found whenever war broke out was not how to offer an inducement to our telegraph-men to join the troops, but how to console those who were ordered to remain at home. They all wanted to go."

The material used in the advanced telegraph services was exceedingly portable. Very light copper wire, light poles, which could be stuck into the ground by not too great an effort of a man ramming it down, and a large quantity of wire insulated with india-rubber, which was rolled out as necessity arose. The department was furnished with wagons, such as are in use now in England, containing instruments, a small battery, a certain amount of wire, and accommodation for an operator to sit and to write in. The wagons could be taken about by a couple of strong horses at a pretty rapid pace; and the wire could be rolled out as it went along, and thus keep up communication with the troops behind. The second class of field telegraphs were what is called in Germany *Etappen* telegraphs; their duty was chiefly to maintain telegraphic communication between the advanced heads of the army corps, and these places which, having been made depots for ammunition, or hospitals, formed the basis of operation for the more peaceful part of the warfare; there they linked on to the ordinary telegraphs of the State, which extended its ordinary strong and well-built lines over the frontier as the army advanced into France. As the Germans gradually introduced their postal sytem, sanitary arrangements, judges, and all the necessary machinery of civil government, they also introduced the State telegraph system, which was thus kept in communication with the outposts. These three corps might be compared to light skirmishers, to a more solid advancing line, and then a solid mass of reserves. The materials which they used were very light in the first instance, were of intermediate size and quality for the second class, and were the ordinary heavy materials for third class.

When Mr. Von Chauvin was asked whether in his opinion soldiers must be specially trained for telegraphic services in the field, and whether civilians could not

* Evidence before the House of Commons (Postal Telegraphs), page 100.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

supply their place, his answer was, that he believed a soldier would require a good training to be of any use as a telegraphist, and that a civilian would, as a rule, be of very little use. It would be very difficult and very irksome to place him under martial law, and operations cannot well be conducted in an enemy's country without having everybody under your command under martial law. It was also found by the Germans, as well as by ourselves, that, again, you cannot expect a civilian who has made up his mind to be a telegraph-man for the rest of his life, and to work in a peaceful occcupation, to sit in front of an enemy who is firing at him, and risk his life for the purpose of sending a message; whereas a soldier, who makes up his mind when he joins the army to run the risk of being knocked on the head, will sit down to his work under fire without remonstrance, and in the ordinary course of duty.

The opinion expressed by Mr. Von Chauvin as to the competency of civilians to work the telegraph in the vicinity of a hostile force was strongly confirmed by Sir Lintorn Simmons. He referred to the case of a civilian force in the Crimea, namely, the Army Works Corps, in which great difficulties occurred in carrying on the necessary works.

The organization of the military telegraph department in this country does not differ very greatly from that adopted by the Germans. The nucleus of the force is a small body of Royal Engineers under their own officers, who in time of peace have charge of what is called "the eastern engineering division" of the postal telegraphs. They have under their charge nearly ten thousand miles of wire, and their *personnel* consists of four officers and forty-three non-commissioned officers and sappers, besides a few occasional additions to assist in the ordinary construction and maintenance work. These employés correspond to the ordinary division of the civil force. The senior officer takes the duty of divisional engineer; the next officers, captains and lieutenants, take the duty of superintendents; sergeants-major and sergeants take the duty of inspector and chief clerk; the corporals take the duty, as a rule, as clerks. The sappers become linesmen, storemen, and mechanics.

In the "Journal" is found a very amusing account of the construction of the telegraph used during the Ashantee war, from the pen of its constructor, Lieut. Jekyll, of the Royal Engineers. At first, as will be remembered, it was intended to carry on the war by the aid of native levies alone, without the intervention of any Europeans. But a few days were sufficient to show that the idea of a railroad which was first contemplated was impracticable from the nature of the country, and that the idea of native levies was impracticable from the nature of the people. On landing at Cape Coast Castle, Sir Garnet Wolseley found it necessary to resolve on a total change of plan. He sent for English troops, countermanded the railroad material, and ordered a telegraph instead. So short was the notice, that the supply of stores could not be got ready in time to accompany the troops. The detachment, therefore, of twenty-five non-commissioned officers and sappers, started with such stores as they were able to collect on the instant, leaving the main bulk of their preparations to follow. Lieut. Jekyll, on his arrival at Cape Coast Castle, at once proceeded up country, and, armed with a bag of silver coins, bought a supply of bamboos from the chiefs to form posts for his telegraph wires. Starting from a shackle on the roof of Government House, the line proceeded in the direction of Coomassie at the rate of about two miles a day.

Lieut. Jekyll says of his native workmen, "We were now furnished with a gang of fifty natives, whom we were to retain permanently, that is if we could. They were not promising in appearance, and I was compelled to dispense with the services of those who were less than four feet high. But they had with them an intelligent headman, and by dint of supervision, supplemented by a little flogging now and then, they soon turned out a tolerably useful body for light work, as niggers go." The line ultimately extended to Accrofumu, about one hundred miles from the coast.

The telegraph was regarded as the white man's fetish, and was looked upon as a most powerful charm. Shortly after crossing the Prah, the advanced parties discovered a white cotton-thread suspended from the trees, obviously in imitation of the line, for a distance of several miles. Part of this respect was, no doubt, owing to the fact that the workmen in making the line received several smart shocks of lightning while handling the wire. Lieut. Jekyll was at one time afraid that he would suffer serious inconvenience from that cause. One of the greatest difficulties to be encountered was naturally the climate. Many of the Europeans, including Lieut. Jekyll himself, were at one time down with fever. At one office the sapper operator

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

was so ill with fever that he lay in bed in his office, with a black fellow to rouse him up whenever a message came which claimed his attention. Recording, that is, printing instruments, were principally used. But in the discussion which followed the reading of Lieut. Jekyll's paper, a great preference was expressed by the officers present for the sounder, which addresses itself to the ear. A quaint practical difficulty which was urged in favor of the recorder, was that in fever districts the operators got deaf from the effects of quinine, and were unable to hear the sounder. In reply to which, a distinguished member of the society triumphantly told a story, which, we are bound to admit, was received according to the report with "laughter," of a blind girl who was able to read by smell: —

"She placed her nose," said the speaker, "above the instrument, which was Bain's chemical recorder, and thus cyphered the despatch."

The task of organizing the field electric-telegraph equipment was undertaken at Chatham, and we now possess specimens of carriages and apparatus which seem well adapted for the purposes required to be fulfilled in a light-equipment. The instruments employed are Morse recorders and sounders, arranged in a very portable form. The batteries are modifications of Daniell's, and the conductor is Hooper's core. A few light iron telegraph-poles are also carried for special purposes. The instruments, batteries, etc., are fitted in travelling offices, which are simply telegraph offices on wheels, and the conducting-wire poles, etc., are carried in wagons adapted for the rapid construction of a line telegraph. The conducting wire is arranged to be laid on the ground at a minimum rate of two miles per hour; with well-practised men a line has been constructed at a rate of four miles in an hour and a quarter. This insulated cable is not like the Prussian, susceptible of injury by the passage of heavy wagons over it, and it has stood some very severe tests in that and other respects without injury. The light iron poles are for use at road-crossings, where continuous heavy traffic would in time produce injury. Spikes of a peculiar form are also carried to enable the conducting wire to be suspended to trees, or walls, in order to meet the contingency of passing through a town or village.

We have left ourselves no space to make more than a passing allusion to the use of the torpedo in warfare. Indeed, the whole subject is still so much a matter of experiment, and is so far from having arrived at the point when it can be treated with any completeness, that it would not be easy to do more than detail experiments, even if we had space at our disposal. In the report of the secretary of the United States navy, published as far back as December 1865, when the torpedo system was only in its infancy, and manipulated by the Confederate engineers under every possible disadvantage, it is stated that when the United States fleet attacked Mobile and Wilmington, the sea defences of which mounted more than six hundred guns, although the shore batteries of the Confederates were splendidly served, the only vessels lost by the United States government in both these attacks, were destroyed by electric torpedoes.

The important defence of the water approach to Richmond was entrusted to a single electric torpedo, sunk in the channel-way of the James River. The mine was under the control of an officer, who, stationed on one of the river banks, watched from the sand-pit where he lay concealed the approach of the enemy. A single stake planted on the opposite bank served to indicate the exact moment when an approaching vessel would be within the area of destruction. With the patience of a spider watching its victims, for thirteen months did this officer watch the opportunity to explode the mine with effect. At length the Federal fleet, under the command of Commodore Lee, entered the James River, the commodore's vessel being third in the advancing rank.

The foremost vessel, carrying seven guns, and manned by a picked crew of one hundred and twenty-seven men, was allowed to pass over the mine in safety, it being by arrangement held in reserve for the commodore's ship: but an order having been passed from the deck of the next ship, audible from the shore, to return and drag for torpedo-wires, the officer determined to explode his mine as she descended the stream. The explosion took place on a clear afternoon, and was witnessed by many persons. The hull of the vessel was visibly lifted out of the water, her boilers exploded, the smoke-stacks were carried away, and the crew projected into the air with extreme velocity. Out of the crew of one hundred and twenty-seven men, only three remained alive, the vessel itself being blown to atoms. The awfully sudden destruction of this ship saved Richmond for the time. Commodore Lee retired, sinking several of his ships to block up the channel.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Torpedoes are now so improved, that after they are submerged the operators on shore retain the power of the submarine and land circuits without fear of explosion, and are even able to speak and telegraph information through the charge without risk.

Every torpedo consists in its complete form of three parts; the ignitor, the charge, and the torpedo case or tank, together with the necessary arrangements for electric connections and conductors for giving the operator the entire control of the mine. The importance of accuracy and precision of ignition at sea will be easily understood, by calculating the length of time the enemy remains in the line of vision. A vessel steaming at the rate of nine miles an hour will move through the water at the rate of eighteen feet per second; and supposing her to be three hundred feet in length, she will remain in a position to receive the effects of a blow only sixteen seconds. One thing may be considered entirely proved, that for shore defences the old form of mechanical torpedo may be considered as quite superseded by the application of electricity to the purpose.

We had hoped to be able to give some account of the underground and overhead system of the postal telegraph in London and our great towns; but the subject would require a paper to itself, and our space is exhausted. We have not even room to discuss the system by which daily meteorological observations are transmitted from a hundred stations to the Royal Observatory to be tabulated and arranged. For a similar reason we must leave unnoticed the application of the electric light to the lighthouses on our shores, the use of electricity as applied to clocks, and the system of time-signals daily transmitted from the Royal Observatory to our naval arsenals and ports. We only enumerate them here to give point to the observation how completely this, the newest of the sciences, has entwined itself with the every-day business of life.

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER VII.

A MEETING IN THE DALE.

MRS. BARUGH lingered at her gate, looking after Doris, perfectly unconscious of all that was happening down street, as she would have called it; for the High Street, after leaving the market-place, sloped downwards, and passing the cottage, which stood sideways from it, descended somewhat rapidly to the river, out of which came the little beck which flowed through the town. Up street there was coming at a quick pace, which did not seem to suit with his worn face and bent figure, a clergyman. He was scarcely an old man, and yet he was past middle age; he had a thin, red face, which had no pretension to beauty, and his hair was very grey, but there was a look of much sweetness in his faded blue eyes, of refinement in his timid mouth. As he drew near the gate Mrs. Barugh's quick ears heard footsteps, and turning round she faced the clergyman. He raised his hat, and she curtsied, but she made no effort to open the gate.

The clergyman's face flushed, and his lips quivered nervously.

"I — I came to call on your son, madam, and have a chat with him, if you will permit," he said, in so deferential a tone that Dorothy curtsied again, and a pretty little tinge of color made her look almost young. "I noticed on Sunday that he is rather lame, and I hear he is fond of reading. I shall be very glad to offer him the use of my small store of books."

"You're very good, sir, I'm sure."

Dorothy forgot all about her gentility in the outburst of her touched feelings. "Will you walk in, sir, if you please? George 'll be right pleased to see ye. Tho' I'm his mother, and have perhaps no right to praise him, yet, sir, there's few lads like him."

The clergyman stopped and looked earnestly at her.

"I'm sure of it," he said, "he has goodness in his face;" then with a little nervous twitch of his mouth, "I had forgotten — I must introduce myself as the rector of Steersley; my name is Hawnby."

Again Dorothy curtsied, and then she opened the door and announced the rector to George.

The boy's eyes brightened with pleasure as the clergyman shook hands with him and renewed his offer of books.

"It's the greatest kindness you can do him, sir," said Mrs. Barugh, and then she hurried out of the room to fetch the ginger wine and seed-cake, which in her opinion, were the necessary accompaniments of a visit, whether it was paid at eleven o'clock in the morning or at four in the afternoon.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

George looked at Mr. Hawnby's sweet, gentle face, and a thrill, the electric consciousness of a long-wanted sympathy, made the boy's heart beat quickly.

"It's great kindness, sir," he said shyly, "but not the greatest. I think coming to see a poor crippled lad's wonderful kind, an' I don't know what to say for 't."

A clatter outside made him look out of window.

"It's t' squire," he said.

The rector left his chair and went to the window; a strange gentlemen on horseback was an event in Steersley.

Mr. Burneston at the gate was looking for some one to hold his horse.

"Mebbe you'll excuse me, sir," said George, and he limped out of the room in search of his mother. "Mother," he called out, "here's Mr. Burneston."

Mrs. Barugh nearly let fall the tray she had just arranged to bring into the sitting-room. She forgot the rector in her surprise.

"Lor', what will John say?" and then came this consoling reflection. John had said she was not to invite Mr. Burneston to call; he had not said she might not see him if he came. Oh, what a misfortune that Doris was out! She straightened her cap and hurried to the gate.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Barugh?" The squire spoke so frankly and cheerfully, that Dorothy felt she could not deny him anything, let John say what he would. "So you have your daughter back again; is she at home?"

"No, she's not, Mr. Burneston, and I'm rare and vexed; she's gone out for a walk."

"She'll not be long, I suppose," he said carelessly. "I have some business in Steersley, and I'll come back again in ten minutes or so."

Mrs Barugh had been thinking while he spoke, and she answered eagerly,—

"Doris hasn't been gone above a quarter of an hour, Mr. Burneston; she was going to find out Steersdale; she's a famous walker is our Doris."

"Steersdale! why it's ever so far: you shouldn't let her go so far by herself," he said, pettishly. "I'm afraid I can't wait; good day," and raising his hat he rode off.

He was very angry. He had met John Barugh the day before he started for London to fetch Doris, and ever since his craving to see her had gone on increasing at a rate which showed him how strong a hold she had got on his imagination.

"Nothing but idle curiosity," he said to himself; but the curiosity would not be quieted, and this morning he had ridden over to Steersley to satisfy himself by the sight of Doris.

On his way he had tried to prepare himself for disappointment. Miss Phillimore had written him a letter full of praise of her "elegant pupil," as she styled Doris; but she had laid so much stress on the girl's "acquirements, which would do credit to any one," that Mr. Burneston feared he should find her spoiled.

"That schoolmistress has overdone it. If there's anything I hate, it's a clever woman," he said. "Half the charm of a girl lies in her little ignorances, and in the way she has of looking up to a man for information. I sent Doris to school to get polished, not to be turned into a blue-stocking. Learning takes all charm from a woman. I believe, after all, I had better have seen her now and then."

But as he reached the cottage, his eagerness to see the girl had returned, and he could not restrain his anger when he learned her absence.

"What a fool that woman is! Fancy a girl like Doris wandering alone in such a place as Steersdale!"

He only knew the way thither by the highroad, which crossed a bridge over the river, and ended the dale, and he rode off at once in that direction. He had no fear about recognizing Doris.

"If Miss Phillimore is to be trusted, whatever else she is, Doris is a lady," he said to himself, as he left the highroad and entered the dale.

The river was broader here, but still it was evidently much narrower than usual. Gradually the ground rose on each side; on the right the lofty bank was clothed with trees fenced off from the dale by a low grey wooden paling, while beside the river on his left, as Mr. Burneston advanced up the green valley, was a hedge, behind which sloping meadows climbed to the top of a hill, on which a fence of dried furze and twigs stood out in strong relief against the pale green sky.

All at once there came into the picture this vision of a girl springing from bank to bank. He was too far off to see her face, but the grace and freedom of her movements impressed him at once, and he reined up his horse till she had jumped over the last bend of the brook. Then, as her bonnet fell off, something in the slight, erect figure, in the queenly poise of the head, set Mr. Burneston's heart beating quickly, and without pausing an instant, he galloped forward, and sprang

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to the ground to greet Doris with all the impetuous eagerness of a boy.

"How do you do, Miss Barugh? I must introduce myself, if you have forgotten me. I called on your mother this afternoon, and she told me where you had gone."

All this time Doris had stood blushing, partly from vexation at her own heedlessness, and now under the squire's admiring gaze. But she made a great effort at composure, and probably her anger at having appeared childish helped her more than she knew.

"I have not forgotten you," she smiled and raised her eyes to his face; "you are Mr. Burneston."

He thought he had never heard words more sweetly spoken, and for the moment he forgot that he had resolved to consider Doris in a calm, dispassionate manner; he forgot everything but the delight of gazing at her exquisite face, and he turned to walk beside her, leading his horse along the dale.

"You have a good memory," he said; then feeling that he must have those eyes once more raised to his own, "Do you find your brother much altered?" he said earnestly.

The long lashes lifted again, and the wonderful blue-grey eyes fixed on his, the pupils dilated with sudden emotion, so that the eyes looked very dark.

"Yes, I find George quite altered, more altered than — than anybody;" then more timidly, as her eyes drooped again, "It was easy to recognize you — you have not changed at all, I think."

He laughed. "Well, I suppose I may consider that satisfactory; you have changed in many ways in these five years."

The bright color flew over her face.

"Yes, I hope so," and there was a stiffness of tone which took him back to the child Doris. They walked on a little while in silence, and then the girl said, —

"Is your son quite well?" As she spoke a flash of angry feeling passed out of her face, and was seen by his ever-watchful eyes. It startled him. Why should she be angry when he spoke of Ralph? She had scarcely seen him, she could not dislike him, and the squire's thoughts went on to a possible future. The solution of her frown was simply self-centred; Doris could hardly keep from calling him "sir" when she spoke, and her anger against herself was vehement.

"Yes, Ralph is quite well, thank you; he is still at Eton, but he will be home at Christmas — at least I am not sure." Mr. Burneston spoke dreamily; it had just occurred to him that Ralph might as well spend Christmas with his aunt and cousins in Scotland. "It is rather dull for him, poor fellow, at Burneston all alone; though he and your brother saw a good deal of one another last holidays."

"I should think he finds George too quiet," said Doris. She spoke easily, seemingly without interest, but also without shyness.

"Well, but" — even as he spoke, it seemed strange to the squire, he almost smiled to find himself treating Doris as an equal, and eager that she should think well of him — "do you think that people should be alike to suit one another? Your brother's silence is just the thing to suit a lively fellow like Ralph, and then your brother is more indulgent than quiet fellows often are, and my boy is a young scapegrace."

"What a pity!" she said simply.

Mr. Burneston felt jarred and yet fascinated. He did not care to hear Ralph blamed, and yet he admired the freshness of nature which could make Doris independent of the fear of giving offence. He walked on in silence.

Doris was glad of the silence; notwithstanding her calm manner, she was inwardly flurried. She had been taken so completely by surprise that she had been obliged to answer hurriedly, and her thoughts never moved very rapidly. She wished Mr. Burneston would leave her, and then she should regain composure. She felt in a nervous and most unusual state under his eyes. "I like to hear him talk," she said, "I always did; but he used to make me feel shy, and it is the same thing now, and it is hateful to feel shy at nineteen."

"Have you been here before?" he said abruptly.

"No. I wish I had come sooner; the country is charming. I should like to stay here for hours."

He looked grave.

"It is too far for your brother, is it? I suppose he is glad to have you as a companion in his walks, when you do not go so far."

"Yes, but he is so lame, he can only go as far as the old castle, or maybe the terrace in the park."

"And you care for longer walks? Well, then, do you know I think Mr. Barugh or your mother should come with you? This is a lonely place without a companion — too lonely, I think, for a young girl to walk in."

Doris looked quickly at her companion,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and her spirit rose against what seemed to her quite unjust interference.

"Father is gone back to the farm, and mother does not like walking," she said stiffly, "and I have always gone where I like in the country."

Mr. Burneston laughed, and Doris felt completely at fault. She had been so accustomed to rule those around her by a quiet stiffness, or rather coldness, of speech and manner — not natural to her, but used knowingly as a means of government — that this want of heed, or rather submission, surprised her.

She felt a sudden interest in Mr. Burneston; he reminded her of Rica. She had not thought he could do anything so un-matter-of-fact as to laugh at any one openly; but she was not courageous enough to ask him why he laughed.

"I must talk to Mrs. Barugh about it," he said; then, feeling that he was not sure of the mother's authority after such a long separation, "I think you had better not come here again alone," he said; "next time your father comes over he will bring you here, no doubt, if you wish."

Doris had recovered herself. She felt so entirely free of Mr. Burneston's authority, that his assumption of this fatherly part amused her.

"I don't think father minds my going so far alone," she smiled. "I loitered to-day, looking about me, or I might have been home now." Then feeling a sudden resolve to take her own position with Mr. Burneston, "You see," she said, blushing at the words, "I am only a farmer's daughter, and girls like me must go about alone, or they must stay at home."

He felt as if some one had struck him a sudden blow, and he answered impetuously, —

"You make a great mistake. If your father had wished you to adopt the ways and habits of — of an ordinary farmer's daughter, he would not have sent you to Pelican House: that has changed everything. Tell me honestly, Miss Barugh" — his color rose, and his eyes grew very earnest — "what you wish — to return to the companions you had before you went to school, or to associate with educated people?"

"I had no companions before, except Rose Duncombe."

She spoke proudly. It was insupportable to walk beside this man and submit to be questioned and advised on her secret trouble, hitherto unshared with any one. She looked very angry, her cheeks burning with mortification and resentment.

"Ah, no," he smiled, "I forgot you were new-comers; but I am sure Rose Duncombe will not suit you now, and yet you must have friends. Will you let me consider myself one of your friends?" he said gently. "Will you let me advise you?"

"Thank you — you are very kind." She was in such a tumult of feeling that she answered mechanically.

"It is something gained that she did not refuse," he said to himself. "She looks like a tempest. What could make her so angry? With all her simplicity, she is very difficult to get on with. However, shyness alters people, and she is shy with me, of course."

They walked on again in silence to the end of the dale by which Mr. Burneston had entered it. As they reached the high-road he stopped.

"I will say good-bye here. I am not going back through Steersley. Then we are to be friends?" he smiled so genially as he held her hand, that Doris smiled back again with a radiance that glowed in the squire's mental vision all the way back to Burneston, even after he had reached the old manor-house beside the river.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE ALERT.

It is a truth which every one may not have realized, although of course, as Truth lives at the bottom of a well, only those whose faith is earnest enough can ever brave the risk of seeing her face to face; but thousands who just peep over the well's edge think they have gone to the bottom, from the persuasion they hold that a glimpse is as good as a full view.

The special view of truth I am now meaning is, that time has not the same apparent duration to all of us, though it acts on all. Days which in crowded cities and among busy workers will seem to fly as they pass, and yet to fly carrying with them work achieved or preconceived purposes accomplished — indeed fulfilled progress of all kinds, empty of nothing but of that wonderful old-world charm of leisure which, like the lichen on ancient stone-work, gives to country life its special idyllic beauty — such days, sweeping by with seeming swiftness, carrying with them rest and health, and so much of life's best energies, how full they seem now they are gone! how long we are in reviewing them! And yet, in the sweet peace of country existence, free from the manifold interruptions of town life, when day after

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

day only the actual routine of life has to be lived, when there is full time for the minutest duty, and abundant leisure for recreation besides, how slowly such days go by, with a delicious long-drawn-out sweetness that seems a foretaste of heaven! How short they are as we look back, because seemingly we have done nothing in them! We cannot see, without a much closer, more earnest investigation, all they have done for us. Link by link, hour by hour, habits have been forming, affections have been developing into love, dislikes have been strengthening into hatreds, and all has gone on secretly and strongly, because uninterruptedly. There have been few external distractions to weaken or stunt the growth of a passion or a purpose.

So days had gone on to weeks, and Mr. Burneston found that his visits to the Steersley cottage had become a necessity of his existence. He did not think or argue how these visits were to end, but he knew secretly that if he were to follow the bent of his inclination he should ride over to Steersley every day. He had surprised himself by the freedom with which he had first spoken to Doris, and he thought he had been premature. When he saw her again she was far more distant.

Ostensibly his visits were paid to George, but Doris was always present; and poor Mrs. Barugh found herself so left out of the lively conversations that the squire kept up with the young people, that after a time she usually took her work into the other room. Dorothy began to find life dull at Steersley. She had few of her wonted occupations, and she wanted John to tease and scold. There was fresh sickness among the cows at the farm, and he only came over for Sunday, and then he was a visitor, and had to be made much of. It was tantalizing to live so shut up alone. George was always with Doris, and the talk of these two did not amuse Dorothy. Steersley was different to Burneston. There were neighbors here whose acquaintance she would have been proud to make, but the squire's visits held these neighbors aloof.

One day she hinted to Mr. Burneston that Mrs. Selby, the wife of the Steersley attorney, and Mrs. Cotswold, the wife of Lord Moorside's agent, were pleasant people, and well inclined to be sociable.

"Please don't make any new acquaintances without consulting me, Mrs. Barugh," he said hastily, "I shall be jealous if you do. I shall think my friendship is not enough for you; and you really know nothing about these people; they may be mere gossips."

His word was law to Dorothy. She smiled and bridled in a glow of satisfaction, but in her heart she felt isolated, or, as she said, "moped." Her longing for gentility had been gratified by the squire's notice, but she knew that this very notice had alienated the people of Burneston from her; they were jealous of the favoritism shown to strangers. Poor Dorothy! her "society" was something like the guinea given by Mrs. Primrose to her daughters; and although she had suggested Mrs. Selby and Mrs. Cotswold to the squire, she felt that she should be quite content with Mrs. Gilling at the Black Eagle, or Mrs. Byland, the wife of the carpenter of Steersley, just to be able to open her mouth on what was happening.

Mrs. Byland lived just opposite; and when Dorothy retired from the trio in the drawing-room, as she persisted in calling it, she spent much of her time at the window, looking for a glimpse of her neighbor over the way.

It was delightful to have an elegant-looking and ladylike daughter, who could sing and play and talk as Doris did, but the luxury was robbed of half its importance when it had to be kept solely for home use, and when there was no one to talk it over with.

To-day, while she watched, she became so much absorbed by this thought, and by her own speculations as to the result of the squire's visits, that she did not hear the street door open and shut. She only roused herself to see Mr. Burneston wave his hand as he rode away, and George standing at the gate looking after him.

"My mercy! to think of my so behaving to a visitor, and such a visitor, of all people! Whatever would John say? It 'ud give him a fine peg over me — that it would. I wish that cow 'd just live or die outright, so as I could get a word with John. There's no speakin' to George; he turns up his eyes an' calls me worldly, before he knows what I rightly mean. And, after all, men's wits is not of much account, unless it's all plain sailin'. It's been one o' the mischiefs o' my life, that I've seldom met with a 'cute woman I could talk over things safely with; though I'm not sure of that; sharp women is apt to be like razors — sharper than safe. Why, what on earth! Oh, my mercy! Yes; it's her, and no mistake."

Mrs. Barugh's delicate mouth opens to its widest, and her faded eyes have brightened, and are staring, as if they mean to

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

spring from their sockets, over the way, to follow the spare active woman who is entering Mrs. Byland's house. If Doris had not been in the next room, Mrs. Barugh must have called out to George, and have asked for his sympathy in her curiosity; but she was not at her ease before Doris. The girl's quiet simplicity seemed to be always rebuking her mother's strain after "genteel ways," and Dorothy had the constant fear that her child thought her vulgar.

"It was Faith Emmett; I'd swear to her; there's not such another looking woman in these parts. What can she want, prowling here, I'd like to know? I wouldn't have Doris know for anything. Sly old toad!"

Mrs. Barugh altered her position, and placed herself behind the white lace curtain, so that she could see without being seen. Her quick wits at once jumped to the right explanation of the housekeeper's presence at Steersley. "She's come to spy after her master; she wants to see where the squire goes, and she'll make some mischief, as sure as a gun," said the anxious mother. "Well, perhaps, after all, it's a mercy that I didn't get neighborly with Mrs. Byland, for" — Dorothy smoothed out the faded lilac gauze cap-strings which hung on each side of her delicate face (in those days, though only old ladies tied their cap-strings under the chin, cap-strings were a necessary part of the head-gear) — "I should have told her everything — just filled her mouth ready for this old spy. I believe John's right; he's always kep me from makin' friends, because he says I tell too much to every one. Well, Mrs. Byland can only tell what she's seen; but she's a rare Paul Pry, always watching at the window, just like a woman without children; they're a rare lazy lot."

She longed intensely to be in the opposite house listening to the talk between Mrs. Byland and her visitor, and yet she felt helpless; she could do nothing. Mrs. Emmett had a right to visit any friend she might have in Steersley, so Dorothy stood watching and fuming behind her muslin screen, with two fingers pressed against her quivering lips.

On the previous day Faith Emmett's nerves had received a severe shock. Ten years ago her cousin Hezekiah Byland, having grown tired of waiting for his elderly cousin, had married a handsome, dark-eyed York girl, though he had been engaged to Faith for eight years; but as she was much older than he was, and had moreover often refused to leave the Hall to become his wife, her fellow-servants held Byland acquitted, and told Faith she ought to let bygones be bygones, and make friends with the young wife.

Faith bore the desertion silently, and as long as her cousin lived in York it was easier to bear it; but when, previous to settling in Steersley, he wrote asking leave to present his Peggy to his much-loved and respected cousin, the smouldering fire blazed up in Faith Emmett's soul.

"The coward!" she said; "the mean lad, to suppose I waste a thought on him or his!"

But this was only an outburst. Faith summoned her dignity, and wrote a courteous invitation to the recreant Hezekiah; and then, dressed in an old velvet gown given by her mistress, she awaited her visitors.

The grandeur of everything and the stately courtesy of Mrs. Emmett's manners, the way in which she seemed to be a part of the old house itself, her sway over the household, and her lofty patronage, quite overpowered Peggy. She blushed and giggled, answered in the wrong place, and finally threw her glass of port wine over Benjamin Hazelgrave's best trousers, which he put on to do honor to the housekeeper's guests.

Hezekiah Byland had never seen his wife behave so awkwardly, and, being proud and slow-witted, he was vexed, and told her to "mind herself," at which the luckless Peggy, being overwrought and frightened, burst into tears, which under the cold, surprised glances of Faith, and her lofty pity, ended in hysterics and a sudden leave-taking.

"A gude riddance, too," Mr. Hazelgrave had said. "Yer cousin sud hev stuck te his fost Missus Emmett. This missus he's getten is nobbut a haveril."

Since this visit Faith had heard nothing of her cousin, but this morning had come a letter from Peggy.

It began by an affectionate invitation to Steersley, and an assurance of cousinly regard. Peggy said that her dear cousin, Mrs. Emmett, had been brought to her remembrance by the sight of Squire Burneston, who was now a constant visitor at Steersley, courting a bonny young lass from London.

The Burneston people had heard from Joseph Sunley, who managed to know everything that happened to his neighbors, that John Barugh had committed the extravagance of sending Doris to a London boarding-school, and that to save expense

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

— this was Joseph's version — Doris was not to come home for holidays. "Penny wahse an' pund feealish," Joseph said, and went on to argue that the lass would have been better and happier had she been sent to school with Rose Duncombe.

Faith Emmett had taken little heed of this gossip till one day the sexton said in her hearing that the squire made fools of the Barughs by the notice he bestowed on them. The housekeeper despised Dorothy, who had always scrupulously avoided her, and her contempt deepened when she learned her master's favoritism.

The sudden departure of the Barughs had made, of course, food for fresh gossip, but Faith did not trouble about this, except to rejoice at their absence.

Peggy's letter struck her to the heart; for a moment she was capable of murdering the "bonny young lass" who had dared to attract the squire, and then she laughed at herself.

"'Tis a trick o' Peggy to fright me, bud I'se nut sik a feeal as she thinks. I'se bund t' Steersley the day, an' I'll see wiv me e'en what she me-ans."

She had not heard of Doris's return. Even if she had heard of it, so wild an idea as the truth would not have presented itself; but she went into the village and asked Ephraim Crewe to drive her over next day to Steersley.

Peggy Byland had expected this result. For some time past, she had been burning to show the arrangements of her smart house to some of her husband's people, by whom she considered herself snubbed. She had lost her shyness, and had gained much in self-importance, since she had lived in Steersley, where her handsome face and showy dress attracted far more notice than they had done at York, where she had lived in an out-of-the-way corner, "quite wasted," as she said. Therefore when she wrote to her husband's cousin, the wish to teaze her was mingled with the hope of provoking her to visit Steersley. When the knock came at the door Peggy was sitting in her smart parlor in her best black silk gown and the gold chain she had made Hezekiah buy for her, so that she might look, as she said, like a lady.

The maid showed in the visitor, and then Peggy rose, her great black eyes sparkling under their thick straight brows, and her color brighter than ever, as she went forward with outstretched hands to greet Mrs. Emmett.

"Now this is real kind on ye, ah's zeear is it. Ah hopes ye'se not tired by coomin' oot so far fra home, Missus Emmett?"

But even while she tried to speak as boisterously as possible to show her perfect independence, Peggy's heart sank under the cold scrutinizing glances of Faith's yellow eyes — glances all the more stabbing from the covert way in which they shot from under their long dark lashes.

Faith took the chair set for her with cold self-possession. She did not even ask for Hezekiah; she was resolved that Mrs. Byland should understand that her visit was due only to the importance which she, the housekeeper of Burneston, attached to reports affecting the credit of the Hall.

"What did ye me-an by sending sikan a feeal's tale to me, Peggy Byland?" she said sternly; "writing a post letter, an' mebbe it hev been opened? I'se sham'd on ye."

Peggy's carmine cheeks grew purple.

"Don't ye mak no mistaks, Missus Emmett; there's mair mistaks than haystaks i' t' warld. Ah spose t' squire, as ye calls him, has a right to pleese hissel, and t' lass has a bonny face o' her ain. Ah believe she's leeakin' out in t' windy noo."

Peggy rose, rustling her skirts, and pointed to the cottage.

"Div ye me-an t' say" — Faith's face had grown rigid — "'at Maister Burneston visits at sik a poor owlish place as yon? Mebbe he's gude to 'em — he's rare an' gude, is t' squire. Ye sud mind yer tongue when ye speak agin t' quality, Peggy. Coortin', ye said! coortin', in sik a place as yon! T' ways o' t' quality ain't t' same as fooaks like yersen."

Peggy tossed her head. Faith's provocation had given her the courage she wanted. As she said to her husband afterwards, "Ah wur fair raageous. Ah wern't to be sed by any awd lass."

"Weel, mebbe he kens 'em; but they'se not poor. An' when ah sent t' letter ah didn't spose ye kenned 'em; but Hezekiah said t' mornin' they'se Burneston fooak, an' t' name's Barugh."

She kept her eyes on the window, in the hope that Doris and her brother would come out, as they often did, for a walk. She did not see the change in her visitor's face. Faith turned suddenly pale, her yellow eyes dilated till she looked like a cat ready to spring; but even then she was watchful over her words. The strange part of this woman was, that her outbursts were deliberate, and calculated to produce a certain effect, while her real impulses were as strongly controlled as they were violent.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"They'se not awd Burneston folk," she said coolly; "new-comers — t' farmer, an' t' missus, an' a lame lad?"

She gave a quick, interrogative look at Peggy, who nodded, and then spoke eagerly, —

"Eh, there's more nor t' fayther, an' t' muther, an' t' lad. They come first, an' mebbe two weeks after comes a lass, an' ah sposes she's their lass by the ways on 'em; but she's a lady for a' that."

The withering rage and scorn that possessed Faith are indescribable. She looked at tall, broad-chested Peggy, and felt that she could shake her into fits; but she still kept a seeming calm. Peggy was looking curiously at her. Faith forced herself to smile.

"Mebbe it's Doris, the lass fra scheeal — an' ye ca's her a lady! Fahne feathers maks fahne bods, Peggy. She's nobbut a farmer's lass." She gave a scornful glance at Mrs. Byland's gold chain. "Nae doubt it's t' Lunnon gown; but Doris's nooan a lady, Peggy. They 'at's allays wi' t' quality kens t' differ, where sikan as yersen wadna finnd t'." She ended so loftily that Mrs. Byland's courage forsook her.

"Weel" — she spoke doubtfully — "ah cann't say but yes reeght; but Mr. Burneston hev come tweea tahms sin' Sunday, an we'se at Friday noo."

Faith grew paler, but her face remained still. "How's yer man, Peggy?" she said. "I can't bide wiv ye longer; ye mun just say to Hezekiah I'd bizness in Steersley an' I gied ye a visit."

She refused hospitable Peggy's offers of a meal, and even cake and wine had no power to stay her; she departed professedly to transact her business at Steersley, really to seek Ephraim Crewe and his cart at a farm about half a mile out of the little town.

She did not try to verify Peggy's story; she felt it was true. There had always been something in Mr. Burneston which had eluded her vigilance, and now she felt sure he was disgracing himself. The removal of the Barughs, the long absence of Doris, all sorts of tokens and foreshadowings, dimly seen before, came upon her with sudden vividness. Did Mr. Burneston mean to marry this girl, and set her over the heads of her betters? She felt dizzy as the thought came.

"Gin he'd meant waur he'd not ha' waited while she coomed fra Lunnon," and she trembled with suppressed fury.

But as she sat silently beside Ephraim Crewe, Faith forced her anger into the background, and set herself to see what could be done. Master Ralph had a will of his own, if he could be brought to sustain it; and he was as proud as need be; if he knew the truth, he would not tolerate Doris Barugh in his mother's place.

"There's his cousin," she said doubtfully; but she had not much faith in Gilbert Raine's conventional notions. Mr. Burneston had no other near relative, and Faith knew little about his friends, except the hunting and shooting companions, who came once a year to the old Hall.

No, she must trust to Ralph, and she resolved to write to him; she knew he would not betray her. She should simply tell the boy there was a report that the squire was going to marry a young girl, the daughter of one of his own tenants, and that it might be too late to stop the marriage if he waited to interfere till the Christmas holidays.

Book II. — Courtship.

CHAPTER IX.

GILBERT RAINE IN HIS DEN.

Gilbert Raine was an early riser, and often hard at work in his study before the post came in. In levelling ground on which he meant to build cottages he had come upon some Roman brickwork, and by unremitted digging during the last few days, he and his two gardeners had succeeded in exposing the foundations of part of a Roman house. He was busy writing an account of this discovery for one of the learned societies of which he was a member — so busy, that when the post came in he suffered his letters to lie unopened beside him.

He looked thinner, and, if possible, more eccentric than when he was last at Burneston. His hair hung in dark elf locks over his bright, restless eyes, and the wrinkles on his forehead had deepened, so that when he raised his eyebrows, as he did now, he looked much older than he really was. He wore very little hair on his face; and while he held a letter close to his near-sighted eyes, he pulled at his scanty whiskers with his left hand till his cheeks grew red with pain.

"What on earth ——" Then he turned to the first page and read the letter again.

"My dear Gilbert, — You always said I was to write to you when I was in trouble, and I don't know what can be done about my father. I hear he is going to make a low marriage. Now, you know

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

I don't want a stepmother at all; they're always a mean, mischief-making lot; even if it was a lady, it would be bad enough. What can my father be thinking of? It seems to me he may be off his head, or some one's taking him in; so will you go down to Burneston and look after him? If you won't, please tell me, and I shall go off post-haste, and get expelled in consequence. But you're such a dear old chap, I know you'll go. We ought, between us, to prevent my father from disgracing the family.

"Your affectionate cousin,
"RALPH AYLMER BURNESTON."

Gilbert Raine left off pulling his whiskers, and grasped his chin tightly, while he once more read Ralph's letter.

"Then I was right, after all," he thought; "and those allusions in Phil's letter pointed to this intention; that's to say" — he crumpled the letter vigorously in his brown, sinewy hand — "if there is a word of truth in this letter of Master Ralph's. I'll bet anything that old housekeeper is at the bottom of it all, and she has set on the boy to get me to interfere. Well, then, shall I interfere? Why should I make myself Faith's tool?"

He stood thinking, screwing up his brown face till it was seamed with wrinkles, while he frowned and closed his eyes. He was so dark, and gaunt, and keen-looking, that, but for the manly, candid expression of the bright eyes, seeing him in this den, with its queer counter-like tables, high stools with black leather seats studded round with brass nails, and walls formed of shelves and pigeon-holes, you might have taken him for an old alchemist or magician.

The tables were laden with books, pamphlets, papers, bits of tiles, etc.; and the mantelshelf was a chaos of ancient fragments — the toe-bone of a mummy, relics from an Indian temple, a stone from one of the lost cities of Central America, a bit of granite from the Menhirs at Erdeven, a Roman statuette from the south of France, coins from the pyramids, with sundry other things — all heaped one on another in a state of dusty confusion, that called loudly for the housemaid and a pair of bellows.

All at once Raine roused from his reverie and walked hastily out of his den, across the black-and-white chess-board floor of the entrance to the dining-hall, a long, bare room, with a dark, polished, uncarpeted floor, six tall windows with small panes set in white window-frames, on the left, and on the right a huge wide chimney with an open hearth, guarded by enormous brass dogs. All round the upper part of the oak-panelled walls were portraits of Gilbert Raine's ancestors, dating as far back as Queen Elizabeth.

It looked very cheerless to see the meagre breakfast — a small coffee-pot, a roll, butter, and an egg — set at the end of a long, narrow table, capable of dining a score of persons, and Raine ate his breakfast in a cheerless, ungenial fashion, walking up and down from end to end of the long room with his mouth full.

Austin's End was a fine old mansion, with a great square oak staircase, up which the wind came rushing on this cheerless September morning to the many galleries and passages up-stairs, and into the large old-fashioned guest-rooms, making the tapestry wave on the walls, till the nymphs and trees thereon depicted seemed to be courtesying in concert to the wounded knight lying outstretched above the scroll-work border. But the bare aspect of the rooms, and galleries, and halls made one shiver even in July. Except the aforesaid tapestry up-stairs, the family portraits in the dining-hall, and a few large blue and white china jars on the staircase, suggestive of rose-leaves strewn therein long ago by fair fingers, there was nothing in the house to relieve the universal dark oak and whitewash. There were treasures in the shape of antiques and curios, locked up in old oak cabinets and chests about the house, but Raine had never yet found time to arrange these stores, he was always seeking fresh discoveries, without an idea of digesting those in his possession.

Before he had been a quarter of an hour in the dining-hall he rang the bell.

"Tell Buxton I'm going to Burneston," he said. Then he went up to his gaunt, comfortless bedroom, with its bare, uneven floor, and packed his own bag.

"Whether it is Faith's mischief or not," he thought, "I must stand by Phil. He's the best friend I've ever had, and I am the only creature in the world he'll take advice from."

But more than once, as he journeyed northward, he remembered that his cousin had taken no notice of the remonstrances he had written from Bornholm, and he sighed as he remembered how very obstinate Philip Burneston could be.

So many years ago it was a two days' journey from Austin's End to Burneston, and Raine did not reach the hall till the next afternoon. "I must be very careful

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

in what I say." This was his final resolution, as he drove slowly over from the railway station at Wolden, some fifteen miles distant from Burneston.

What a time it was since he had seen the old place! He began to reproach himself for his long neglect, and the seemingly important matters which had kept him at home dwindled into trivialities in memory before the idea that if he had not left his cousin so much to himself, Burneston might not have got into this entanglement.

Faith was in the hall as he arrived. She made a deep courtesy, while Mr. Raine asked Benjamin for his cousin.

"T' maister's gaan ridin' alane, sir. Mebbe he's nut far off."

"Ah! I'll go and look for him presently. How d'ye do, Mrs. Emmett? Have you heard from Master Ralph lately? You'll be having him back at Christmas."

He glanced sharply at the yellow eyes, but they looked perfectly unconscious of mystery.

"Yes, sir, we hope so," and then she added a few words about his room, and Benjamin conducted him to the dining-room.

Raine thought he was glad his cousin was out. The strong dislike to interference which had come upon him as he read Ralph's letter returned with yet more power, and he asked himself what right he had to speak to Philip Burneston on such a special matter unless he consulted him. Benjamin stood behind his chair wondering at Mr. Raine's silence, for Gilbert always had a joke or a kind word for the old servants, some of whom had known him all his life.

"Do you know which room I'm to have?" he said at last, and Benjamin summoned Mrs. Emmett.

"Yey'll like yur aohn room, sir, beturist," she said quietly; "it's awlus fettled, an' it's bin waitin' longer than usual."

She turned to lead the way up the old dark staircase, and, pausing on the first landing, went up three shallow steps into a gallery on the left, and threw open the door of a small room with an oriel window, in which were two easy-chairs and a writing-table strewn with papers.

"It's fair as ye left it, sir, we'se remmoned nought. Master Ralph hev said 'at t' papers waaz nut to be stirred."

Gilbert Raine sighed as he looked round. There was something very comfortable and pleasant-looking in the square Indian carpet and the pale blue and drab hangings; the books and pictures, too, seemed like old companions, and the newly-lighted logs were sputtering and sparkling noisily in the wide grate.

A moment's vision of Austin's End with all these beautifying comforts, and with some one to direct and order all, and take domestic cares from his mind, and then he shrugged his shoulders and screwed up his eyes.

"No, no, let well alone. At least, I have freedom, especially from heartache; and women have a knack of causing that."

He whistled and stooped over his bag, which he never allowed any one to unpack. No one seeing the boyish glee with which Gilbert Raine enjoyed trifles, and his careless way of looking at life, would have guessed how deeply a woman had once made his heart ache. It had happened in his youth; he was twenty-two and the girl was twenty-five. She was engaged to a man in India, but she thought herself free to listen to the clever talk of the young Oxford man, and receive his admiration. He was only a boy, she said, and he was the only congenial companion she could find among the guests in a large country house. So she rode with him and let him repeat poetry to her on long delicious summer evenings beside the river that ran through the grounds; and one evening she was quite taken by surprise when the poor unconscious fellow asked her, with passion in his eyes and voice, if she could ever love him.

"Oh! why did he do this?" she asked. "She was so happy in his friendship, and she had meant to keep him for a friend always." But Gilbert was desperately in earnest. He would not be put off so; and she had to humble herself and avow her engagement, and then endure the lad's scornful reproaches.

Poor fellow! he could leave her in anger, but the effort nearly broke his heart — it made a man of him, and also a woman-hater; for since he had come into his uncle's property many a mother and daughter had tried in vain to make Gilbert Raine take a wife. But that first impression, so sweet and then so bitter, could not be obliterated; he had never seen any one so charming as that girl; and if she could be false, who could be true?

He soon went out in search of his cousin, and meeting Jock, Mr. Burneston's collie, in the hall, he took him with him; but, though they made a long circuit, they could not find the master. All at once, as they paused on the hilltop beside the church, the dog pricked up his ears and went forward, barking joyously. In a

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

few minutes Mr. Burneston had ridden up to his cousin.

"Why, Gilbert, old fellow, this is capital. I thought it was you, and yet I couldn't believe it."

But after the greeting was over, Mr. Raine thought Philip was unusually silent. He began to hope that after all he might not have to begin this difficult subject. Burneston had always come to him spontaneously with his troubles, and he looked troubled now.

As they passed the two cottages, Joseph came to the door and gave Raine a hearty welcome, but the squire went on scarcely turning his head.

"Well," Gilbert said as the silence continued, "what has been happening in Burneston, Phil? Have you burned Dame Wrigley yet, or has she given up riding on a broomstick?"

"It's curious you should ask that to-day. The poor old wretch has been left in peace since young George Barugh took her under his protection." An inquisitive look came into Raine's keen eyes as the squire flinched at the name. "But now there is fresh sickness among the cows, and old Sunley is more violent than ever; I am afraid he would like to see Patience worried to death."

"Bloodthirsty old wretch; and he'll see it done, too, Phil. He looked as tough as an ash stick when we passed him just now. Why don't you get the woman away?"

"She won't go."

"Can't you get the young fellow you spoke of, George Barugh, to influence her?"

"I never thought of it, and he's not in Burneston now; he's away with his people." He rode on, getting out of the range of those observant eyes.

"Gone, are they? They were the people on the hill, I think. Have you a new tenant then at Church Farm?"

Gilbert Raine's long legs had soon brought him beside his cousin again, and the downward road through the village was so steep that the horse went slowly.

"I didn't say they had left the farm." Burneston spoke irritably. "I wish they had." This was muttered to himself. "Mrs. Barugh has taken George to Steersley for a time for — for change of air."

"I forget — is he the only child? I don't seem to know anything about these Barughs."

Mr. Burneston twitched his bridle, and then spoke angrily to his horse. He had a vexed consciousness that his cousin, instead of playing with the collie or speaking to the children crowding to the cottage doors, was observing him closely.

"There are two children, a boy and a girl." And then without any intention, except that of changing the subject, "Have you heard lately from Ralph?" he said.

Raine was, as he said, a blunderer. He had no idea of introducing a subject adroitly. In his anxiety to have done with restraint, he forgot his cautious resolutions; it seemed to him that he had better speak, and here was the opening he needed.

They had reached the bottom of the village, and turned to the right beside the river, over which lay a brooding mist.

"Yes, I heard from him this morning." He stopped, but Mr. Burneston did not help him with a question. His cousin's uneasy manner had warned him that something had to be told. "The truth is," Raine went on hurriedly, "his letter brought me here."

"Really! Anything very important the matter?" very drily spoken.

How strange it is that when we are vexed with those we understand best, we often take the worst possible method of making them do what we wish! Philip Burneston wished to silence his cousin, and he showed his displeasure to that end, while he knew, or might have known by experience, that opposition was sure to rouse Gilbert Raine's determination.

A bright flush rose on the dark wrinkled face, and a slight frown deepened the creases round the eyes and mouth.

"Yes, Phil; the boy is anxious about you. It's no use beating about the bush; the truth is, some one has told him you are going to be married."

Mr. Burneston laughed, but he spoke fretfully.

"People are very clever. I certainly have not promised to marry any one."

Raine gave a sigh of relief. "Thank God!" he said, gravely. "I thought it was possibly gossip. The story was, that you were going to marry some girl — well, out of your own position."

Burneston rode on in silence till they reached the great gates which shut in the stable yard and the entrance.

"Wait till we get in, Gilbert," he said. "I should have told you sooner or later, so I may as well get it over."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

CHAPTER X.

LOVE IS LORD OF ALL.

MRS. BARUGH felt ill-used and irritable. She had, as she expressed it, been "led a life" by her husband and her son.

When John Barugh returned to Steersley and heard of the squire's visits, he broke out in stubborn anger. It required Dorothy's utmost care and tact to prevent him from showing his displeasure before Doris.

At last the storm quieted; and when he understood that the meeting in Steersdale had been accidental, and that Mr. Burneston always came over to Steersley, as Dorothy asserted, on business, he softened, and was obliged to confess that it was but natural the squire should call in when he was there to see George, as he had done at the Church Farm.

"Dhu mun keep t' lass fra seein' him ivvery tahme he cooms," said simple John.

As he was starting to go back to Burneston he said that Rose Duncombe was anxious to see Doris, and that he had given her leave to come.

"Oh no, John, don't say so. Doris can't abide Rose, they never suited; it'll be a sad mistake for her to come."

But John was in a hurry.

"Bon it," he said, "waat harm can t' lass deea? Bud settle it amang yersels," and he went.

Dorothy gave a sigh of relief. She respected her husband and loved him after her fashion, but just now she did not want him; she was free for a week, perhaps for a fortnight, from his supervision; and she went back into the little sitting-room with a smile on her face.

But at the sight of George standing in the middle of the room, looking taller than usual, and pale with anger, she stopped in dismay, and gave a little cry of fear.

"Why, lad, why, what is it? Are ye ill? What's got ye to look so at your mother?"

"Whist, mother! don't be a silly, an' steek till t' door." Then, recollecting himself, he pointed to a seat, and tried to control his passionate anger. "Mother!" the tears springing in poor Dorothy's eyes softened his rebuke more than she knew. "Yur talk fair caps me; is there no such a thing as t' right an' t' wrang, or are we to make what Doris likes an' dislikes our rule i' life?"

But Dorothy had begun to cry. George had never before rebuked her so sternly.

"I can't bear it, I can't," she sobbed. I do all I can to please the lot of you, and it's one twitting here, and t'other scolding there, and now you lecturing, George, about nothing; it's too hard; so there."

George's mouth twitched. He shrank from giving his mother pain, but he could not shrink from what seemed to him positive duty.

"I'm sorry to grieve ye, mother." He stood before her as if he were the offender; but he went on firmly. "But it's for Rose I speak. Rose was good an' kind to me when I was nobbut a poor helpless sufferer, an' are we to gi' her t' cold shouther now? More than that, Doris an' Rose waazn't friens when they was little lasses; but mebbe tane's as much changed as t' ither now."

Dorothy tossed her head.

"Never, lad, never; can't ye feel a difference as well as see it? Rose is——"

"Stop, mother; deenut say what I cannut listen to. Rose is my friend, and I waenut hearken to a word o' blame about her from you or any other. If she an' Doris deenut fancy yananidur, let 'em keep apart. But it's hard on Rose an' me, an' I say, gi' 'em the chance. An', mother," he said earnestly, "for my sake ye'll be kind to t' lass whenivver she cooms."

And Mrs. Barugh felt how much harder it was to resist the sway of her quiet invalid son than of her more irascible husband. John was patient; but when his anger was roused it was tremendous, and defeated its object.

"'Tis the worst of being so good, lad," Dorothy said as her son kissed her. "You're so often right that you can never think ye're wrong. Well, I s'pose I must take the long wi' the short, and let ye have your will; but don't say a word to Doris."

Her earnest hope was that, as she knew Rose had other friends in Steersley, the girl's visit would be short, and would happen during Doris's frequent walks.

For Doris, who had become very lively and companionable, had lately gone back to the silent abstracted moods of her childhood. Mrs. Barugh noted this, and drew her own conclusions; but George was puzzled and disappointed.

He had been growing stronger every day, and he often walked with Doris; but she was more dreamy and listless alone with him than in her mother's presence.

To-day, as they sauntered on the velvet turf within the grey ruins of Steersley Castle, he said suddenly, "What ails ye, lass; is it love?"

"George!" She blushed and looked annoyed, and then, recovering herself, she laughed. "Oh, George, what nonsense! Don't you remember I was often like this?

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

My friend Rica Masham said she had cured me; but I don't know. I wish you could see Rica, George; it would be nice for you to have a friend like her."

George flushed, but Doris's eyes were on the grass at her feet. "I has you an' Rose," he said with an effort — for he rarely spoke of Rose to his sister. "I think a lad has enough wiv two of ye."

Doris raised her head, and her lips curved in a slight smile.

"But I can't help thinking if you knew Rica you would like her best of all; she's so bright, so joyous, so full of mischief, she makes one feel so young."

George forgot his vexation. His brown eyes twinkled merrily.

"Young — that gude for ye, lass. Mebbe ye'll be wanting a cap soon like mother's. Make hay while t' sun shines; ye'll never be younger than ye are now."

"I'm getting old; I really am getting old, George," she said; "I'm nearly twenty."

But after this she roused, and talked of Rica and her school-life till they reached the cottage.

"Please, miss, there's a visitor."

Doris's heart beat with she scarcely knew what anticipation; but George went on eagerly, opened the parlor door, and saw, as he expected, Rose Duncombe seated beside his mother.

Rose jumped up eagerly, shaking out her skirt with excitement, and rustling in the consciousness of a new, stiffly-lined gown and a showy scarlet shawl.

George's smile of glad welcome was slightly subdued as he watched the two girls shake hands. Rose was much prettier than Doris, he thought; her eyes were so sweet, her hair so bright and golden, and her color as fresh as a rose. But, although he thought his sister's dress too staid and quiet for a girl, it seemed as if Rose was a parroquet beside her. The village girl flamed with blue and pink and scarlet, and her hearty laugh and boisterous greeting jarred on him as it had never done before. But this feeling was only transient; he saw that Rose grew shy, and that Doris was stiff, almost haughty, and in a moment his allegiance came back.

"My word, you hev grown tall!" Rose tried to cover the awe she felt of Doris by a familiar manner which sounded pert. Doris was even more disgusted than she had expected to be, for she had not counted on Rose's assumption of equality. She thought school would have made the girl affected and silly; but this off-hand freedom took her by surprise, and made her own manner constrained.

"I suppose my nose is out o' joint wi' you, lad," Rose laughed at George, "now 'at ye've set up a real sister. D'ye find him changed, Doris? My word, yey've changed yurself; I wouldn't hev known yey!"

"You are not much altered," said Doris in a polite, cold voice. She was angry with herself for being so irritated; but every word the smart, rosy-cheeked damsel said took her back years — to the farm kitchen and to herself, in her lilac pinafore and sun-bonnet. She felt that she hated Rose Duncombe.

"Not much altered!" Rose was violently mortified. "That's what *you* think, is it?" she turned to Dorothy with flushing cheeks. "She's not changed in some ways, Mrs. Barugh. She's just as short-spoken as ivver, I see, an' she cocks up her chin as like——" Doris gave a slight shiver of disapprobation, and George looked troubled. "But nivver fash yourself, Doris; I'll take myself off. I don't need to force my company where it's not wanted; there's plenty only too glad on it." She turned her back on Doris, her eyes sparkling and her face hectic with passion. "Never you mind, lad; I'll come an' see yey when yey gits back to t' farm; she'll" — jerking her head towards Doris — "hev settled down by then. Good-bye, lad; I've a heap of friends to go an' see in Steersley, though I began wi' you. Good-day."

All this was spoken in breathless haste, while the listeners were dumb with surprise; and, squeezing George's hand, and nodding to Mrs. Barugh, Rose ran away without taking any leave of Doris.

"Oh, Doris! What have you done?" George spoke at once and angrily, for he had seen tears in Rose's bright eyes.

"Done!" — Doris drew herself up with dignity — "I really do not understand. I do not wish to 'vex you, George, but Rose Duncombe seems to me a very ill-behaved young woman. She certainly has not changed for the better."

"It's easy for those 'at haven't got strong feelins to keep cool and quiet. You know nothing about feeling, Doris; all you think of is manner. How would you like to be snubbed by one of your equals? and Rose Duncombe" — he looked at her sternly — "is much more your equal than Mr. Burneston."

"Ah, my lad, don't" — Mrs. Barugh placed herself between the brother and sister, for George's vehemence frightened

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

her, she could not understand it — "why should you bring the squire's name up at all? What can he have to do with Rose?"

Doris walked away to the other end of the room. She did not give a thought to George's wounded feelings; she only felt that this kind of rude quarrel was wholly ruffling and unsettling; during all the five years she had spent at Pelican House she had never been so much moved out of her habitual self-control.

"It all comes from their want of breeding," the poor girl thought; "and what will become of me? Shall I sink to this, to quarrel and be rude, like Rose, and grow altogether coarsened?"

But George was speaking in a steady, determined voice, that compelled her to listen. "Mother," he said, "mebbe you didnut take notice; but it was varra hard. The girl have comed over here with a heart full of affection to welcome an old friend, an' t' old friend treats her like a stranger. I'm sorry I spoke so sharp, Doris. Mebbe you didnut mean no harm; mebbe them's London manners. If they is, I says I likes t' old ways best. But I'se grieved for Rose; she's vexed with hersel', poor lass. She wur fair set on Doris."

Doris looked very grave.

"I'm sorry too, George, but you know I never was Rose's friend, and I do not think I should get on with such a hasty person. Pray do not let us talk about her."

"No, my dear," Mrs. Barugh spoke soothingly, "it is not to be supposed you would get on with poor Rose. She's a kind, good-hearted girl as ever lived, and she's been an amusement to George when I couldn't be with him; but she's had none of your advantages, of course, and George won't think so much of her now he has you."

"Mother," George blushed like a girl, "dinnut find fault with Rose, I cannut bid'un. Mebbe she's wanting in many ways. She's old-fashioned an' countrified. Well, so's I, but she hev got a heart, and she hev nivver said an unkind word since I knawed her, an' I'm not going to gi' her up to please Doris."

"You are unjust, George, I do not ask you to give up Rose." Doris spoke calmly, but she looked pained. In her heart she was shocked at her brother's persistence.

"Why should I?" he said sternly. "She braids o' us; she's o' t' class we waaz born in, Doris. Eh, deeant yey go for to cheat yoursel', lass, yur friend Rica, as yey calls her, 'll cock up her neb at yey when she sees what sort yey are, an' as for t' squire, he just cooms t' see us as his tenants."

"You're out there, my dear." Mrs. Barugh bridled and looked as nearly angry as she could be with her beloved son. "We're not Mr. Burneston's tenants here: it's one thing for him to come and see us at Church Farm, lad, quite another for him to come here: it's plain he looks on us as friends."

"I nivver meant he didnut think us friends, mother, what I means is equals. D'ye think, mother, t' squire wad bring a friend to see ye or ask ye to t' Hall nobbut to see Mrs. Emmett, an' I fancys Doris wad be as ill pleased wi' Missus Emmett as wi' Rose Duncombe."

"George" — Doris came back and stood beside him — "don't let us talk about this. We can't see things from the same point of view; only I think you ought to remember that I never did like Rose."

"An' ah says," George spoke earnestly, "yur wrang. Yey've changed by yur learnin', an' so hev t' ither lass, an' yey just sits in judgment on her wivout gi'in' her a chance o' pleasin' yey. But nivver fear, ah deeant want to force Rose on yey, Doris; she an' ah's coompany for ane anither; bud maand off! Ah wonnut hear a word agin t' lass fra yan o' yey."

He limped out of the room. He was himself troubled by his own agitation, which he found quite beyond control (in speaking he had returned to the words of his childhood), and he wanted to prevent further strife.

Directly the door closed, Mrs. Barugh broke out in lamentation.

"Oh dear, oh dear, this world's a trial, and George and me have never had a word in our lives before. I wish you could have seemed more friendly to the lass, Doris, just for George's sake. You see he looks on her as his friend, and so he takes it to himself."

Doris made no answer. She was walking up and down the room, her fair forehead puckered by a frown and her delicate lips firmly pressed together.

"Don't you see what it is, mother?" — she stopped short in her walk and looked reprovingly at Dorothy.

"No, my dear. What d'ye mean? I ——"

"Well, then, mother, I think you ought to have seen, for this cannot have come all at once. At least" — her cheeks flushed a little — "I fancy not. George loves Rose Duncombe." Mrs. Barugh turned so pale that Doris spoke more gently.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"I'm sure of it. He would not excite himself in that way if he did not feel very strongly, and, besides, he has said other things." She was thinking of what he had said in the park that morning.

"Oh, Doris, I can't think it. How could a poor lame lad like George take a wife? He'd have nothing to live on, and we'd be forced to have her to live with us. Oh, George, lad, no wife'll ever love ye as your mother does."

She sat down crying, and smothered her face in her handkerchief. It was the most miserable moment she had ever known. George, her own George, to whom at least she thought she was all in all, had given his love to Rose, and here was Doris, her own child too, and yet so much a stranger to her family that she was not grieving at the loss of her brother's love, but only angry that he had given it so unworthily.

"Mother" — Doris spoke in the proud, resolute tone that had so awed some of her schoolfellows at Pelican House — "you must leave off crying, and you must think. George is so young that it's nonsense to take such a thing to heart. It could never have happened if he had lived anywhere else and seen other companions as well as Rose, and I think it is all on his side. I am not sure that she cares for him. She seems too much at her ease."

"Not care for him!" Mrs. Barugh wiped her eyes hastily and sat upright in her wonder. "D'ye mean to tell me, Doris, that such a lass as Rose wouldn't be proud of your brother George's love? Not care for him! Why, who is there in all Burneston, or for that matter in Steersley neither, fit to hold a candle to my lad?"

Doris smiled. "It's not that, mother, but George is too quiet for such a girl as Rose. She's not one who'll care to sit still in-doors. She is vain and silly, I am sure she is, and she has the common sort of nature that would seek to be admired. I can't bear to think George loves her."

"He's seen no one else, that's it," Mrs. Barugh sighed; "but it's too late now, Doris; if it's as you say, it won't do to be finding fault with her; it will only make him worse. You've made me sadder than I ever was before. O George, lad, how can ye take up with a girl like that instead of your mother! She'll never love ye half so dearly. O my lad, my lad!"

She covered her eyes with her hands. Doris stood thinking with a very anxious face.

"Mother," she said at last, "it will be better never to go back to Burneston. Such a girl as that will soon forget George, supposing that you are right; and if she does not love him, will it not be much kinder and wiser to keep George out of her way?"

Mrs. Barugh shook her head miserably. "You don't know yer father, child. He can't abide changes — the trouble I had to get him to leave Pickerton! And though he's never, as one may say, taken to the Church Farm, still he's begun to lay out money there, and I doubt if he'd be willing to leave before he's got it's value returned."

"But you don't cling to Burneston, mother." She did not wait to be answered. A sudden hope, the outcome of her long reveries — reveries which, beginning in fear, always ended with the certainty of future mortification in life at the Church Farm — made Doris strangely earnest. "I own to you that I shrink from going back there. Yesterday you told me that George's health was so much better away from Burneston. Surely my father will not sacrifice us all for the sake of a few pounds."

Mrs. Barugh looked utterly miserable. "I'm sure I don't know, Doris. Your father has been at great expense for you, and then there's this cottage and the giving notice. Why, child, a man can't step out of one farm and get into another as easy as he changes his boots."

"I suppose not." Then, while a rush of color flew over her face, making her frown with vexation, "but with Mr. Burneston it might be different, mother." She threw her head back and spoke very coldly. "I don't think Mr. Burneston wants us back at the Church Farm."

CHAPTER XI.

A THANKLESS OFFICE.

Mr. Burneston was silent until he and his cousin were seated in the library; even then he seemed unwilling to return to the interrupted conversation.

He sat whistling and playing with a paper-cutter, which he had taken off the table.

"Yes," he said at last, "I wish that old Wrigley would go away, it might save mischief."

Gilbert Raine had been feeling more shy and ill at ease than he had ever felt in his life; it was a relief to be able to speak of something else than the subject in his mind.

"Why don't you see about it? But it's new to see you worried, Phil; except now

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and then when Ralph was troublesome, or one of the hunters came to grief, you took life so easily."

"And so I shall again, old fellow; just now I can't."

There was silence after this. Raine fidgeted and made a most hideous scraping by moving his chair on the uneven oak floor. At last he told himself he was a coward.

"Phil," he cleared his throat, and there was a comical twinkle in his bright eyes, "when we were little chaps, we used to tell our troubles to one another. I suppose this story I've heard is true then?"

Mr. Burneston rested his elbow on the back of his chair, and shaded his face with his hand.

"True in some ways, but not in saying the — the person in question is my inferior."

"Thank God!" said Raine with energy, and he settled himself for a comfortable talk. "Let's hear all about it, old fellow," he said; the relief was so great that he felt cheerful. "I hoped you would have kept your freedom, but I suppose you can't get on alone."

Mr. Burneston looked uneasy. "I speak as I feel," he said pettishly; "the world, of course, will not agree with me; it remains to be seen, Gilbert, whether you can venture to have an opinion of your own, or whether you are influenced by Mrs. Grundy."

"I think I have shown the contrary." But Raine was troubled by this beginning.

"Well, it's soon said. We were speaking of the Barughs just now. The daughter, Miss Barugh, is very refined, highly educated, and — in short, if she will have me, I mean to marry her."

Raine sat stupefied for an instant; then forgetting all restraint, he said eagerly, —

"Then you've not asked her yet? for God's sake, don't, Phil."

Mr. Burneston got up from his lounging position, and went and stood against the mantelshelf, with his hands behind his back.

"Gilbert," he said quietly, "did you ever know me to give up anything when once I had made up my mind?"

"Perhaps not; but hitherto the question has been about something which did not touch the welfare of your whole future life, and Ralph's also."

"Am I to give up my whole happiness, then, to avoid a possible annoyance to Ralph? Nonsense. Don't you see that in three or four years Ralph will have his own friends and live his own life, without the slightest reference to me? We have scarcely a sympathy in common ——"

Raine sighed.

"Pardon me, Phil; but I must think a good deal of that is your own fault."

A flush was rising in Mr. Burneston's face. "You mean," he spoke quickly, "because I left him. Well, then, I think you are wrong. I was unhinged and restless, and I always have disliked boys. If I had stayed at home, probably the boy would have hated me; now, at least, he cannot feel that I am harsh or stern — in fact, we are very good friends when we meet."

"But do you think he wi. submit patiently to a step-mother out of the village? Now stop, Phil, I am only speaking from Ralph's point of view. How will constant domestic strife and petty squabbles suit with your fastidious notions of refinement, culture, etc."

"To begin with, if you knew Miss Barugh, you would see that one of her great charms is the absence of all pettiness or feminine frivolity. She has not been brought up in her own home; she is ——" He broke off with an irritable laugh. "I really don't know why I enter into the question; almost every man left as I am marries again, and if I am satisfied, what does it matter? And certainly Miss Barugh wants no defence. She is just the wife I want. I intend to live quietly at Burneston; you know I always disliked London and society; after a bit Ralph will be quite satisfied."

Raine sat musing. It was so impossible to him to believe that Philip Burneston of all men could be hopelessly in love with a farmer's daughter, that he could not bear to give up the matter as settled.

"Don't do it, old fellow," he broke out impetuously; "you'll be so sorry if you do. That sort of polish is like varnish or veneer — it only hides, it cannot eradicate. Now could you bear to have sons and daugters of a different breed to Ralph? Fancy how he'd look down on such brothers and sisters — a row of little farmers."

Mr. Burneston had looked very angry, but he laughed as his cousin ended.

"We have argued this subject once before, when, as you may remember, you put this idea in my head, Gilbert," he said ironically. "I do not mean this as reproach; on the contrary, I am thankful to you, it has given me something to live for. I believe I shall be very happy, though I am prepared for an outcry at starting."

"You think nothing of example then. Suppose a woman in your position married

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Joseph Sunley, or a young man of his class, do you think the precedent would be a good one?"

Mr. Burneston looked grave. "No, of course not; nor are the cases parallel; it is absurd to put it in that way. I don't say my own affair is good for others; but I don't set myself up as a pattern. Besides, I am not doing this in a hurry. I have thought it well out. If I see any reason to suppose I am mistaken, I shall not ask Miss Barugh to marry me."

"Then is it quite fair to go on raising expectations which perhaps, after all, won't come to anything?"

"What are you driving at?" Burneston turned round and faced his cousin, and he saw the keen anxiety in Raine's face. "What do you want me to do?" he said more gently.

"Well, as you ask me, I'll tell you. Don't see Miss Barugh for three months or so. Come down with me to Austin's End, or we'll go away abroad somewhere together; and then when you come back you will see with clearer eyes, and will, besides, have had time to think it over calmly and dispassionately."

"And find that some one else with more courage has won her. No, Gilbert." He looked as hard as the mantelpiece behind him.

"I should say there is no fear of that: there are very few men such as you who would dream of marrying Miss Barugh, and with her notions and the education you speak of she would not accept a young farmer. No no, she'll wait for you. My dear Phil, do open your eyes; do you suppose the girl will give up the chance of being mistress of Burneston Hall?"

"She does not dream of such a thing," said Philip angrily; "you don't understand her a bit; how should you? You know nothing about women. Certainly, you never met such a woman as"—he was going to say "Doris," but he checked himself—"Miss Barugh."

Perhaps his voice had taken an angrier tone because he remembered so vividly the child swinging on the gate and her song.

"If she does look forward to it," he thought, "it's only natural; and it is my own fault;" but this excuse did not take away the sting of Raine's accusation.

Gilbert was growing tired of his position.

"Well," he said, "I have done my duty. I came for your sake and Ralph's, and I seem to have done no good. I had better have left it alone." He got up and walked to the window whistling.

Burneston always found it difficult to be long angry with any one. He loved peace so much that he was always willing to make the first advance; and his wife had understood this, and had profited by the knowledge.

"Look here, Gilbert," he said, "of course I get vexed easily about this affair. I don't want to deceive you, it's true I love this girl more than I ever loved any one, but I am not besotted; come over with me to-morrow to Steersley, and judge for yourself. If after seeing her you say she is not fit to be my wife, then—I don't say I'll give the thing up, but I promise to think it over again, to be prudent, and not to pledge myself to any hasty engagement."

"Very well," but Raine spoke unwillingly. He could not see how, by looking at this girl, he was to ascertain her merits.

"I'm too late," he thought, "the mischief's done; what unutterable folly this love is!"

They separated after this; and though they met soon after at dinner, and seemed as friendly as ever, each was conscious that they had grown farther apart than they had ever been before in their lives.

CHAPTER XII.

"OH, HELL, TO CHOOSE LOVE BY ANOTHER'S EYE!"

GILBERT RAINE woke next morning with the consciousness of an unpleasant weight on his spirits, which, like a bad taste in the mouth, took away the flavor of the day before him. But as he threw his window wide open, a keen crisp touch in the air was exhilarating, and the silvered grass and tree-twigs showed there had been a white frost. One of the mercies most carelessly and thanklessly received is that of change of temperature to a worried mind, and as the keen air found its way in freely, an elastic freshness pervaded Gilbert's mind, and went downstairs with him to greet his cousin.

It seemed as if Mr. Burneston had forgotten his annoyance. He was smiling and cheerful as usual, and had a half-conciliatory manner, which puzzled his cousin. He really cared for Gilbert Raine's good opinion, and, more than for that, as has been said, he cared for living in peace. He was resolved not to increase his cousin's prejudice against Doris by showing any vexation, he felt so sure all prejudice must vanish in her presence.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Shall you be ready to ride this morning?" he said. "I have ordered Punch for you. He used to be a favorite of yours."

"Thank you, old fellow." Raine began to see that his cousin was really anxious to propitiate him; and he felt hopeful for the result of his advice. He was fond of riding Punch, nearly the best horse in the Burneston stables; but he was such a careless rider that he had seldom been offered the chance of mounting him.

He was rather put out by the hurry Mr. Burneston was in. He had discovered one or two old books in the library relating to some work he had in hand, and would have liked an hour's look at them before starting; but he was hurried and bustled, and not left in peace till he found himself riding beside his cousin on the highroad to Steersley.

Mr. Burneston had determined not to take his cousin to the cottage, nor to introduce him to Mrs. Barugh. By this time he had grown acquainted with Doris's habits, and he knew that at the time he counted on reaching Steersley, he should find her taking a walk with George in Lord Moorside's park, or seated reading among the ruins of the old castle of Walter l'Espec. He had more than once found the brother and sister thus occupied, and he thought he should like Raine to see them too, where her surroundings would be in keeping with Doris's perfect beauty. One thing he had not counted on — the absence of George.

Ever since Rose's visit, there had been an unspoken but decided coldness between the brother and sister. George told himself that he was in the right to hold fast by old friends and keep in his own station; beyond this he thought he was teaching Doris a salutary lesson, for he disliked and disapproved the pleasure she seemed to find in Mr. Burneston's visits.

"I likes t' squire," he said to his mother, "he's very kind, an' I'se reet glad to hear him talk and see his kind, cheerful face; but when he's gone, I'se t' same as ivver I was, while Doris sits glum, an' when I speak she gives a start as if I'd stuck a pin in her."

Mrs. Barugh smiled with an apparent mystery that irritated George. "Perhaps Mr. Burneston's talk makes her think," she said. "It's an uncommon advantage for you and her too to get such talks about things with such a gentleman."

"I'se none sure o't," said George. "Mebbe it's pleasant, but it's safer not to get to like things out o' reach, mother. Mebbe Doris 'll end by thinking hersel' t' same as t' squire."

He looked so stern that Dorothy suppressed the first answer that came to her lips.

"My word! ye've taken to lecturing, lad, and it don't suit ye," she said; "go out in the sunshine, 'twill do you good. Go after Doris; she's at the castle, I fancy, for she took a book with her."

George muttered an answer, but he stayed in-doors. Something, he could scarcely tell what, seemed to be creeping into his life. As he sat thinking, he roused to a consciousness first that he was being mastered by Doris, and when he had quenched the stubborn resistance which this thought brought there came another revelation. George had thought himself a sufferer denied the amusements and enjoyments of his fellows, he had pitied himself, but as he looked back grudging his former liberty, it flashed upon him that he had been spoiled into self-will. "I'se selfish, that's what it is, I'se got to cling to mah ways an' mah likings till I'se stubborn at being crossed. What for sud I feel vexed when Doris talks about her friend Rica? The lass means nae harm, an' she's free to love her friend as I love Rose. Nay, I'se wrang, Doris taks likin' cooler than I diz."

George was right. Doris felt that there was a coldness between herself and her brother, but she did not suffer from it. Her thoughts were now always so filled with Mr. Burneston's visits, and the memory of the talks that went on in them, that she had no time to waste on George.

"After all," she thought, as she sat down beneath the castle-wall and looked through the yellow leaves at the village at her feet, "life at Burneston will be pleasant enough if he comes to see us there." Here she stopped with a sigh. Only yesterday Mr. Burneston had again said he hoped they would not be in a hurry to go back, and before that he had told George that it might entirely restore his health if he left Burneston and went to live near the sea. Did he want to get rid of them? It was a puzzle.

"I am growing idle," she went on. "I must remember to ask Mr. Burneston for the books Miss Phillimore recommended me to read. I shall go back if I don't keep up my studies, if I get interested in books I shall feel more settled. I think too much about Mr. Burneston's visits;" but she went on thinking of them.

She liked him very much. By talking chiefly to George he had managed to set

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

her completely at her ease, and he so carefully restrained any expression of admiration that she had no excuse for suspecting it, and although she often found him looking earnestly at her, she did not suspect it. She delighted in his visits because his refined speech and cultivated ideas were at once a link to the past she prized so highly, and a help against the future she dreaded; but the tumult of excited feeling and gratified vanity aroused by the meeting beside the brook had soon subsided. She thought of Mr. Burneston now as a valued, middle-aged friend; it would not have occurred to her to think of him as a lover, he was so much older than she was; and, besides, Doris had taught herself long ago that she could never marry, now that education had taught her to shrink from her equals. It would be the price she had to pay for the advantages she had had, but she knew nothing of love, and she did not look on it as a sacrifice.

She had not heard any footsteps, but the click of the gate of the little green plot in which she sat made her look up, and she saw Mr. Burneston and his friend.

"Good morning, Miss Barugh." And then Mr. Burneston presented as his cousin the tall, dark gentleman, whose keen, searching glance made the color rise on Doris's cheeks. "Is your brother ill?" the squire asked, for he saw an amused smile on Gilbert's lips.

"No; but he does not always come with me — at least, not lately." Doris spoke stiffly; she had a consciousness of being silently observed.

"I thought he did; perhaps the hill tries him." And then Mr. Burneston stopped; he could not think of anything more to say.

"Do you sketch?" Raine said. "There is plenty of subject here, I fancy; and this is a very good point."

"No; I don't draw at all." Doris raised her eyes and looked gravely at Mr. Raine, and then she looked away. It was intolerable that he should keep those bright, keen, black eyes fixed on her face. She wondered that Mr. Burneston's friend should be so rude.

"That's a pity; it's a great resource in the country. Ah!" he went on, "perhaps you're fond of reading?"

"Very." But Doris looked still graver.

"Novels and tales, I suppose, with plenty of romance, and so on."

"I have read very few novels. I like history."

Gilbert was provoked. "Ah, you have solid taste, I see. Do you like the country?" he said flippantly.

Doris smiled, and the radiance in her face thrilled through her questioner. "She's beautiful!" he said to himself. "I can't deny that."

"Yes," she answered. "At least I like Steersley, and I don't like Burneston; those are the only country places I know."

"You don't like Burneston, don't you? Why, what's amiss with it?"

His familiar tone amused Doris. It reminded her of Rica, but it wounded Mr. Burneston. It seemed to him that Gilbert had been catechizing Doris like a child, and that he talked to her as if she were an ordinary farmer's daughter.

"Miss Barugh is right; there is not much to see in Burneston."

"I did not like it when I was a child," said Doris.

"Why not?" Raine asked eagerly.

Doris was puzzled by his questioning; she did not care to give her reasons to this inquisitive man.

"I think because I had no playfellows, and because there was no sea there. We came to Burneston from near the sea."

"Perhaps you would like it now."

Raine spoke mischievously; he really wanted to provoke Doris out of what he thought an assumption of sedateness. Mr. Burneston could hardly keep in his impatience.

"No, I don't think I should," said Doris, calmly. She looked at the squire, wondering at his silence; and it seemed to him that she appealed against Gilbert's impertinence.

"Well," he said, "we are keeping you from your book. Good morning, Miss Barugh; perhaps we shall find your brother as we go through the market-place."

Raine made a profound bow, and was taken aback by the grace and self-possession with which Doris returned it; he had not succeeded in making her feel shy; she was a little annoyed by his rudeness, but his originality amused her; he felt foiled and vexed with himself, and was not in a patient humor.

Mr. Burneston did not speak till they found their horses again at the lodge gates.

"Well?" he said, as they rode out of Steersley.

"She's a very fair creature," said Gilbert Raine heartily. "I must own that much."

"Her beauty is the least of her attractions, but of course you gave yourself no opportunity of judging."

"You're wrong there; I proved her

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

temper and her temperament; she's as cold as a bit of granite, and as proud as Lucifer."

"Any girl would have been irritated by your manner."

"Not if she were thoroughbred. This one has all her horns out, and suspects mischief where none is meant. It won't do, Phil; she's too raw and untrained for you, my boy, if you want to keep a quiet house."

"What do you mean? I consider her manner quite charming." Burneston spoke in a huff.

"Well, then, shall I tell you something else, usually a consideration in matters of this kind? She doesn't care two straws for you. If you ask her, and she says 'Yes,' it's because she means to be mistress of Burneston."

Mr. Burneston turned half round on his saddle, with a very set look on his face.

"Look here, Gilbert; you know how I hate quarrels; don't say anything more, or I may say more than you like; Miss Barugh behaved as well as possible; my mind's made up, and you only waste words." Presently he said cheerfully, "Come, come, old fellow, you had better make up your mind to be my best man at the wedding."

Raine felt very angry. He considered all women inferior beings, not fit to be trusted; and it seemed to him that this one, a mere farmer's daughter too, had placed herself on an equality with him. She would be hateful as mistress of Burneston. It was a selfish way of looking at the matter, but he could not help it.

"No; I can't be that, Phil," he said earnestly, "and I must be consistent. I can't bear to think of that girl as your boy's stepmother. Don't let us quarrel." Mr. Burneston was frowning in a most unusual manner. "I must just say this, for the sake of old times, don't do anything in a hurry. No good can come of an unequal match — only divisions and heart-burnings; and I fear, in this case, sorrow and disappointment to you."

CHAPTER XIII.

A PROPOSAL.

It seemed as if the return of Doris had been trying to the temper of all her friends. Rose came home with a face swelled with crying; and when at last she succeeded in making Mrs. Duncombe hear her grievances, the deaf grandmother gathered that Doris was a "set-up dowdy, wi' not so much as a flower to her bonnet," and "as sour as a apple in May," with other disparaging comments, all of which were duly enjoyed by Mr. Sunley as he sat smoking at his cottage door. The evening was chilly, and he had "happed" an old worsted comforter round his neck. He would have preferred the enjoyment of a pipe beside his own snug little fireplace, but so rare an event as Rose's return from a day's pleasuring was not to be disregarded; and there he sat listening with all his might, nodding and making comments on the passionate sentences which the girl jerked out in the intervals of taking off her bonnet and shawl, rolling up the strings of the one, and flattening out the creases of the other with her plump pink hand. His face grew more and more content as he listened.

"Eh, eh. It's t' way wiv yaal t' lasses: ane cannt abide t' idur gin sheea's bonnier," he said. "John Barugh's lass war a bonny lahtle lass, an' mebbe shee's mitch bonnier noo. Sheea mun be, else Rose wadna sharpen her tongue agin her. Poor Rose! sheea's as sharp as a briar, bud sheea's a feealish lass! Skeal ain't takken that oot o' her."

John Barugh had been extra reserved when his old neighbor had asked after Doris. He had indeed been thoroughly unsociable, spending much of his time with his sick cows, and brooding so over the question of their bewitchment, that he had little time or thought to spend on Doris, except when he went to the Steersley cottage. A vague feeling of uneasiness crept over him when he remembered Mr. Burneston's visit, but he did not care to revive his disagreement with Dorothy, and had not recurred to the subject. He was therefore entirely ignorant of the frequency of the squire's visits, or of the notice they were attracting.

"T' squire hev'nt been tuh t' farm sin t' missus an' t' sick lad gaanged tu Steersley," Joseph said, quite unconscious that if there had been any one near his words were audible. "Ah cud nivver tell 'at he cud finnd i' t' tawk o' t' missus. It fair capt mah. Ah thowt John wad hev been mair neeghberly wivout her, bud isted he's as glum as a dour-neel. Eh, maister, how's a' wi' ye?" he shouted as the tall red-bearded man came in sight within the white gate of the pig-yard.

"T' coo's deein'." John spoke sullenly, and there was a lowering, gloomy look in his eyes, as he opened the gate and came across the road.

"Eh, neeghber, yey deean't say sae. Tell yey waat t' is, lad, yey mun draw bluid

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

fra t' witch, an' draw it sune. Ah's staggonated at sikan deeings. Bon it! wheea can stay yey, sin' yey'ne a moind t' reet yursel'. T' coo's yur ain — nut t' parson's ner t' squire's. Dheh'se gude, bud dheh'se reet fond in sikan a case. Gin ah'd been left t' reckon wi' t' awd divvel, yur coo wad hev thraavun reet an' proper."

He clenched both fists, and his shaggy grey brows met in a savage frown.

John stood silent, looking straight before him, his face even sterner in expression than the old man's beside him.

"Ah wad dee 'at," he said at last. "Ah wad hev deean it wivout yer axing mah tweea tahmes, Joseph Sunley; bud it's t' lad George. He wonnot hev t' awd lass harmed, an' he awlus axes arter her."

Joseph stuck his pipe in his pocket, and then clasping each knee with a brown wrinkled hand, he looked up scoffingly in his neighbor's face.

"Wheea spoke o' harmin'? I'se seear 'at t' spillin' a drop o' deevil's bluid wad be a blessin' tiv t' witch isted o' harm. Sheea's reet full o' deeviltry, an' it would be a marcy to set some o' it free — mebbe she'll bost wiv it. Bud it's yur ain coo, neeghber, I'se nowt te deea wiv it — it's yur ain coo"

Mrs. Duncombe's flat round face and stout pillow-shaped figure came into the doorway of the next cottage.

"Good-day, Maister Barugh," she said. "Our Rose hev been t' Steersley t' day."

Barugh was glad of the interruption.

"Hev she that? An' hoo hev sheea foond them? Did sheea see Doris?"

He roared this out loudly, but Mrs. Duncombe only nodded her head, as if she did not quite hear him. She had not understood all the purport of Rose's complaints, but she had gathered that the girl was angry with Doris, and she had no mind to let the farmer know this. She did not want to quarrel with the Barughs, who were kind and neighborly in the way of skim-milk and vegetables, ay, and even to the extent of a bit of pork now and then.

But Rose's ears were sharp; and though she was up-stairs, she heard John's question. She put her head out of the bedroom window above.

"Gud evenin' to ye, Maister Barugh. I hev been to Steersley, an' I hev seen Mrs. Barugh an' Doris, but I didn't stay with 'em. Doris is such a grand lady. She's fair nunty, she is; I was shy like, an' I comed away," she ended with a broad laugh.

John Barugh had smiled as the pretty, rosy-cheeked damsel looked down at him, but he frowned again as she spoke of Doris. It seemed to him a sort of profanation that Rose should so speak.

"Ye deeant ken her, lass," he said reprovingly. "Doris is a lady noo, bud sheea's reet gude fer a' thaat."

Then he nodded to Mrs. Duncombe and Joseph, and moved slowly back to the farmyard.

Silence fell on the little group till he had passed through into the rick-yard and was out of sight.

Then Rose burst into a peal of laughter so loud and harsh that her grandmothe looked up and shook her head reprovingly.

"A lady!" Rose cried out. "My song! Doris a lady! Eh, ye sud hev seen my schoolmistress; she was a lady, I s'pose. Ye could tell it by her clothes. I don't believe Doris hev got so much as a silk gown to her back. She a lady, indeed! She never said so much as 'I'm glad to see you, Rose Duncombe.' She's a poor, pale, dowdy, aud-farrand, set-up thing; an' that's not what I calls a lady. So there!"

She drew in her head, and shut down the window with a bang.

Sunley laughed and slapped his knees with his hands.

"Woonkers! Sheea's a doonreet lass yon. She deean't miss t' neel," he said. "No luov lost atween her an' Doris, eh, neeghber?" But Mrs. Duncombe shook her head feebly and sighed. She knew something or some one was wrong, but she had only a hazy idea of life altogether. She heard a fragment here and a fragment there, but she had no wits to put them together, so that her mind was something like her patchwork counterpane, full of unconnected bits, which it was impossible to fit harmoniously.

John Barugh had taken away a far more definite idea of Rose's meaning. He was angry at first, and called the girl hard names to himself; but next day, and on the days after, he pondered the difference between Doris and Rose, and he grew more and more troubled. Doris seemed happy with him and her mother and George, but was she really happy, or was it only her good manners that kept her from showing disgust to them and their ways; and how would it be when they all settled down at Burneston, and Doris and Rose would be subject to the chance of meeting every day? John dreaded his next visit to Steersley; he dreaded to hear that there had been a quarrel with Rose Duncombe, and though she was pert to speak so of Doris, he was fond of the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

bright pretty girl who had been so kind to George.

He usually went over on Saturday afternoon, but on this Friday the other sick cow was, to his surprise, recovering, and he thought he would surprise Dorothy next day by reaching Steersley for dinner at one o'clock. The place was very lonesome and dreary in the absence of its neat mistress, and Sally, the old woman who minded the house in Mrs. Barugh's absence, cleaned it from morning till night, till the smell of wet wood and soap grew overpowering.

It took John some time to put a thought into action, and while he stood twisting a bit of straw in his blunt red fingers, hesitating about his next day's journey, he saw Mr. Burneston coming from the glebe-field into the rick-yard. The squire did not often come that way since he saw Doris swinging on the gate of the glebe-field, but to-day he took a pleasure in the remembrance; he even lingered at the gate while the collie, who had been following his master, sprang forward, barking joyously when she saw the farmer.

"Weel, then — weel, then, awd lass." John stooped to pat her black head as she sprang up to caress him. "Thee's nut ane 'at forgits awd freends."

Mr. Burneston had come forward, and he heard the last words.

"Do you mean that for me, Mr. Barugh?" he smiled pleasantly as he held out his hand. "But I'm not so neglectful as you think. I hear of you whenever I go to Steersley. I heard of you only yesterday from Mrs. Barugh. How well George looks! It's plain Burneston does not suit him."

This speech jarred John on more than one point; first, by giving him the knowledge that Dorothy had concealed Mr. Burneston's visits from him, and next by the implied interference about George.

"Mebbe it's t' change, nut t' air," he spoke sullenly; "t' lad's awlus better for a change: 'tis so wiv young fooaks."

"I think the change benefits Mrs. Barugh too, she looks wonderfully bright since she's been at Steersley; the air seems to suit her."

One of John's shoulders was visibly nearer his ear than the other. "Yeh'ar wrang there, squire; t' aant t' air. Mah missus faands too mich tu deea i' t' house tu gan gaddin' after air; sheea's awlus weel at t' farm noo!"

"Ah, just so." Mr. Burneston looked about uneasily, and then he clasped both hands on the knob of his stick, and looked earnestly at the farmer. "I want to speak very seriously to you, Mr. Barugh; shall we go in-doors?"

John felt as awkward as he could, and his capacity for awkwardness was large; his hospitality checked the churlish answer he wanted to give, for an undefined shrinking warned him that Mr. Burneston's visit was bringing a shadow to his hearth.

"Coom in-doors then," he tried to speak heartily and went on first, but there was no welcoming smile on his face when he added, "Sit ye doon, squire; we'se noane so carded oop noo t' missus is at Steersley;" he gave an uneasy glance at the empty grate, which shone brightly, but looked cold.

For a moment the two men sat silent in the shining wooden high-backed armchairs on each side of the empty grate.

"I have, as you have doubtless heard," Mr. Burneston began — he took it for granted that his visits to Steersley had prepared the farmer for this interview — "seen a good deal of your daughter since she came home, and ——" He paused; the sound of a smothered execration disturbed him; but John was only frowning a little more heavily, and the sunburnt red of his cheeks was a trifle deeper than usual. Mr. Burneston went on, "I greatly admire her; and I think it right to tell you before I speak to her that I hope she will be my wife."

John swung round in his chair so as nearly to overturn it, but he steadied himself by a vigorous grasp at its wooden arms.

"Yur wife, squire! Din yee mean yee hev bin axing mah lass tu wed yee?" he rose up with stern wrath burning in his face.

Mr. Burneston felt angry too; he cursed the farmer's denseness, for evidently his carefully prepared preface had not been heeded.

"I said just now," in a stiff voice, "that I think it right to tell you my intention before I speak to Miss Barugh."

"An' noo to begin, ah says neea, neea, Maister Burneston. Deean't say nowt tu mah lass." John spoke stubbornly, anger and bitterness throbbing in every vein, till he hated the soft courtly gentleman who sat asking for what he prized most on earth — as if it were a bit of cake.

"But you won't say it," Mr. Burneston's sympathy helped him to guess at John's feelings; "I know you too well to believe that you will interfere with my happiness, and possibly too with your daughter's."

John straightened his tall, broad figure

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

till he and his red beard seemed to glower through the long low room.

"Maister Burneston, yey'ar quality," he said doggedly, "bud ah'd scorn tu deea 'at yey've bin deein'. Yey cooms an' tawks mah ower while ah sends mah lass tu skeeal, mah lass 'at war t' pride o' mah life! an' sehs yee, let her bide at skeeal, no coomin' yam, yey sehs; an' noo yey gans an' stihls her luove away fra mey 'at hev t' best reet tu 't, wivout a word, or sae mich as axing my leave — it's a burnin' shame, by God!" he clenched his fist and struck it heavily on the tall chair-back.

Mr. Burneston flushed to his temples, but he did not look cowed or ashamed. He made an effort to speak coolly. "We'd better sit down again, Mr. Barugh; you're angry, and you don't see things as they really are. I have been over to Steersley as I used to come here, and Mrs. Barugh always seemed glad to see me. Why should I have spoken to you beforehand? I could not be sure that I should become attached to your daughter."

John recovered himself a little; he would not sit down, but he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Duov Doris care fer yee?" he asked abruptly.

"I cannot tell — I hope so."

"Then, in God's name, mon, leave her aleean. Keep awa fra Steersley, an' ah'll taak t' lass whoor sheea'll seea an' hear nowt aboot yee."

"This is folly;" and then Burneston smiled, and told himself he was as foolish as the farmer. "Try and look at the thing calmly, Mr. Barugh. Your daughter is certain to marry some one; she is far too attractive to be left in peace. Well, then, as she must take a husband why do you object to me? You ought to know me fairly well by this time. I love your daughter as a man should love the girl he means to make his wife; and I will spend my life in making her happy. Will you leave the decision to her? Give me leave to ask her, and I promise you to submit to the answer she gives."

There was silence. Mr. Burneston was surprised to find that he could hear his own heart beat in the intense anxiety he felt. This opposition was so utterly unlooked for.

At last John spoke hoarsely.

"Ah's a plain mon," he said; "bud ah deeant seea 'at gude ivver com o' sikan a marriage as yer wantin'. Yeh sud tak t' wife laake yursel', an' Doris wad be happier gin sheea tehk t' husband fra fooaks siken oursels. It's a mistak, Maister Burneston, fra beginnin' to t' end, yey aar gaain agin yur ain welfare, an' gin yey'll be guided yey'll keep awa from Steersley, and lihv Doris aleean."

Mr. Burneston took John's unwilling hand and shook it heartily. He had understood the farmer's nature far too well to say one word about any advantage that would accrue to Doris as mistress of Burneston; but he was greatly impressed by the simplicity and disinterestedness which could set so little value on worldly distinction.

"It's too late for me to do that," he said earnestly. "I never loved any woman as I love her, and no one else could make me so happy. I must try to win her; let me have your good-will in the matter, and remember that I consider your daughter fully my equal, and quite suited to be my wife"

John stood struggling with his pride; he felt that Doris as she was would be happier with such a man as the squire than in her own home; he knew it, and Mr. Burneston's words only stung the knowledge in with keener force, but it was too painful to acknowledge. He could not own that it was for himself that he longed so hungrily and jealously to keep his darling at home, nor could he bring himself to give a hearty consent to his landlord's wooing — he could not get out a word.

"Well, then," Mr. Burneston's smile was winning in its sweetness, "I am going on at once to Steersley. I am not ashamed to tell you, her father, that I cannot rest until I know my fate. Can I take any message from you?"

He stood waiting; he was not vexed with John's boorish silence. It was only natural, he thought. His admiration for the farmer's disinterestedness gave him new and warmer feeling for him. He prized Doris so highly, that he knew it must be very hard for John to give her up, and yet he could never have guessed at the mighty struggle that was wrenching the father's heart. At last Barugh spoke.

"Ye mun gan, ah caanut stay ye, bud ah caanut bid yeh God speed. Ah'd ginner thank yey fer settin' mah ricks o' fire. Deng it, ah caanut stay ye, an' thaat's as mich as ah caan tell yey noo."

John followed his visitor to the door, but he left him to cross the yard alone. He turned back to the parlor with a smothered oath.

"It's mah ain fondness ah sud curse," he said. "Ah wer nobbut a wake feeal; ah knawed it war wrang, an' jist fer tu

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

keep t' house quiet ah let her gan tu skeeal. Ah've arn'd all ah've getten."

He turned to the high mantelshelf, and pressed his hand against his forehead.

There was no outward sound, no groan or sigh, but in the unbroken silence he was reviewing a load of sorrow and bitterness — the five past years of his life, the more sorrowful, the more bitter, because reflection offered no salve for the past, no hope for the future.

John Barugh seldom communed with himself, but just now these five past years stood out in distinct periods to their first beginning — back even to that first day when he had been fool enough to show Doris to the squire, and then he stood suddenly upright.

Like the spell of a witch, or the memory of a curse, there came before him the blushing, shame-stricken face of his child, and, sounding clearly in the stillness, "the feeal's rhyme" of her confession, —

May it so happen, an' may it so fall,
Ah may be lady of Burneston Hall.

"Curse him!" he said fiercely; "he hev planned it fra te'hn end tiv t' id'ur."

From The Contemporary Review.

ON THE DISCOVERY OF OXYGEN IN THE SUN.

THE most promising result of solar research since Kirchhoff in 1859 interpreted the dark lines of the sun's spectrum has recently been announced from America. Interesting in itself, the discovery just made is doubly interesting in what it seems to promise in the future. Just as Kirchhoff's great discovery, that a certain double dark line in the solar spectrum is due to the vapor of sodium in the sun's atmosphere, was but the first of a long series of results which the spectroscopic analysis of the sun was to reveal, so the discovery just announced that a certain important gas — the oxygen present in our air and the chief chemical constituent of water — shows its presence in the sun by bright lines instead of dark, will in all probability turn out to be but the first-fruits of a new method of examining the solar spectrum. As its author, Dr. Henry Draper of New York, remarks, further investigation in the direction he has pursued will lead to the discovery of other elements in the sun, but it was not "proper to conceal the principle on which such researches are to be conducted, for the sake of personal advantage." It may well happen, though I anticipate otherwise, that by thus at once describing his method of observation, Dr. Draper may enable others to add to the list of known solar elements others which yet remain to be detected; but if Dr. Draper should thus have added but one element to that list, he will ever be regarded as the physicist to whose acumen the method was due by which all those elements were detected, and to whom, therefore, the chief credit of their discovery must certainly be attributed.

I propose briefly to consider the circumstances which preceded the great discovery which it is now my pleasing duty to describe, in order that the reader may the more readily follow the remarks by which I shall endeavor to indicate some of the results which seem to follow from the discovery, as well as the line along which in my opinion the new method may most hopefully be followed.

It is generally known that what is called the spectroscopic method of analyzing the sun's substance had its origin in Kirchhoff's interpretation of the dark lines in the solar spectrum. Until 1859 these dark lines had not been supposed to have any special significance, or rather it had not been supposed that their significance, whatever it might be, could be interpreted. A physicist of some eminence spoke of these phenomena in 1858 in a tone which ought by the way seldom to be adopted by the man of science. "The phenomena defy, as we have seen," he said, "all attempts hitherto to reduce them within empirical laws, and no complete explanation or theory of them is possible. All that theory can be expected to do is this — it may explain how dark lines of any sort may arise within the spectrum." Kirchhoff in 1859 showed not only how dark lines of any sort may appear, but how and why they do appear, and precisely what they mean. He found that the dark lines of the solar spectrum are due to the vapors of various elements in the sun's atmosphere, and that the nature of such elements may be determined from the observed position of the dark lines. Thus when iron is raised by the passage of the electric spark to so intense a degree of heat that it is vaporized, the light of the glowing vapor of iron is found to give a multitude of bright lines along the whole length of the spectrum — that is, some red, some orange, some yellow, and so on. In the solar spectrum corresponding dark lines are found along the whole length of the spectrum — that is, some in the red,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

some in the orange, yellow, etc., and precisely in those parts of these various spectral regions which the bright lines of glowing iron would occupy. Multitudes of other dark lines exist of course in the solar spectrum. But those corresponding to the bright lines of glowing iron are unquestionably there. They are by no means lost in the multitude as might be expected, but, owing to the peculiarity of their arrangement, strength, etc., they are perfectly recognizable as the iron lines reversed, that is, dark instead of bright. Kirchhoff's researches showed how this is to be interpreted. It means that the vapor of iron exists in the atmosphere of the sun, glowing necessarily with an intensely bright light; *but*, being cooler (however intensely hot) than the general mass of the sun within, the iron vapor absorbs more light than it emits, and the result is that the iron lines, instead of appearing bright as they would if the iron vapor alone were shining, appear relatively dark on the bright rainbow-tinted background of the solar spectrum.

Thus was it shown that in the atmosphere of the sun there is the glowing vapor of the familiar metal, iron; and in like manner other metals, and one element (hydrogen) which is not ordinarily regarded as a metal, were shown to be present in the sun's atmosphere. In saying that they are present in the sun's atmosphere, I am, in point of fact, saying that they are present in the sun; for the solar atmosphere is, in fact, the outer part of the sun himself, since a very large part, if not by far the greater part, of the sun's mass must be vaporous. But no other elements, except the metals iron, sodium, barium, calcium, magnesium, aluminium, manganese, chromium, cobalt, nickel, zinc, copper, and titanium, and the element hydrogen, were shown to be present in the sun, by this method of observing directly the solar dark lines. In passing, I may note that there are reasons for regarding hydrogen as a metallic element, strange though the idea may seem to those who regard hardness, brightness, malleability, ductility, plasticity, and the like, as the characteristic properties of metals, and necessarily fail to comprehend how a gas far rarer, under the same conditions, than the air we breathe, and which cannot possibly be malleable, ductile, or the like, can conceivably be regarded as a metal. But there is in reality no necessary connection between any one of the above properties and the metallic nature; many of the fifty-five metals are wanting in all of these properties; nor is there any reason why, as we have in mercury a metal which at ordinary temperatures is a liquid, so we might have in hydrogen a metal which, at all obtainable temperatures, and under all obtainable conditions of pressure, is gaseous. It was shown by the late Professor Graham (aided in his researches most effectively by Dr. Chandler Roberts) that hydrogen will enter into such combination with the metal palladium that it may be regarded as forming, for the time, with the palladium, an alloy; and as alloys can only be regarded as compounds of two or more metals, the inference is that hydrogen is in reality a metallic element.

Fourteen only of the elements known to us, or less than a quarter of the total number, were thus found to be present in the sun's constitution; and of these all were metals, if we regard hydrogen as metallic. Neither gold nor silver shows any trace of its presence, nor can any sign be seen of platinum, lead, and mercury. But, most remarkable of all, and most perplexing, was the absence of all trace of oxygen and nitrogen, two gases which could not be supposed wanting in the substance of the great ruling centre of the planetary system. It might well be believed, indeed, that none of the five metals just named are absent from the sun, and indeed that every one of the forty metals not recognized by the spectroscopic method nevertheless exists in the sun. For according to the nebular hypothesis of the origin of our solar system, the sun might be expected to contain all the elements which exist in our earth. Some of these elements might indeed escape discovery, because existing only in small quantities; and others, as platinum, gold, and lead, for example, because but a small portion of their vaporous substance rose above the level of that glowing surface which is called the photosphere. But that oxygen, which constitutes so large a portion of the solid, liquid, and vaporous mass of our earth, should not exist in enormous quantities, and its presence be very readily discernible, seemed amazing indeed. Nitrogen, also, might well be expected to be recognizable in the sun. Carbon, again, is so important a constituent of the earth, that we should expect to discover clear traces of its existence in the sun. In less degree, similar considerations apply to sulphur, boron, silicon, and the other non-metallic elements.

It was not, however, supposed by any one at all competent to form an opinion on the subject, that oxygen, nitrogen, and car-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

bon are absent from the sun. It was perceived that an element might exist in enormous quantities in the substance of the sun, and yet fail to give any evidence of its presence, or only give such evidence as might readily escape recognition. If we remember how the dark lines are really caused, we shall perceive that this is so. A glowing vapor in the atmosphere of the sun absorbs rays of the same color as it emits. If, then, it is cooler than the glowing mass of the sun which it enwraps, and if, notwithstanding the heat received from this mass, it remains cooler, then it suffers none of those rays to pass earthwards.* It emits rays of the same kind (that is, of the same *color*) itself, but, being cooler, the rays thus coming from it are feebler, or, to speak more correctly, the ethereal waves thus originated are feebler than those of the same order which *would* have travelled earthwards from the sun but for the interposed screen of vapor. Hence the corresponding parts of the solar spectrum are less brilliant, and contrasted with the rainbow-tinted streak of light on which they lie as on a background, they appear dark.

In order then that any element may be detected by its dark lines, it is necessary that it should lie as a vaporous screen between the more intensely heated mass of the sun and the eye of the observer on earth. It must then form an enclosing envelope cooler than the sun within it. Or rather, some part of the vapor must be thus situated. For enormous masses of the vapor might be within the photospheric surface of the sun at a much higher temperature, which yet being enclosed in the cooler vaporous shell of the same substance would not be able to send its light-rays earthwards. One may compare the state of things, so far as that particular element is concerned, to what is presented in the case of a metallic globe cooled on the outside but intensely hot within. The cool outside of such a globe is what determines the light and heat received from it, so long as the more heated mass within has not yet (by conduction) warmed the exterior shell. So in the case of a vapor permeating the entire mass, perhaps, of the sun, and at as high a temperature as the sun everywhere except on the outside. It is the temperature of the outermost part of such a vaporous mass which determines the intensity of the rays received from it — or in other words, determines whether the corresponding parts of the spectrum shall be darker or not than the rest of the spectrum. If the vapor does not rise above the photosphere of the sun in sufficient quantity to exercise a recognizable absorptive effect, its presence in the sun will not be indicated by any dark lines.

I dwell here on the question of quantity, which is sometimes overlooked in considering the spectroscopic evidence of the sun's condition, but is in reality a very important factor in determining the nature of the evidence relating to each element in the solar mass. In some cases, the quantity of a material necessary to give unmistakable spectroscopic evidence is singularly small; insomuch that new elements, as thallium, cæsium, rubidium, and gallium, have been actually first recognized by their spectral lines when existing in such minute quantities in the substances examined as to give no other trace whatever of their existence. But it would be altogether a mistake to suppose that some element existing in exceedingly small quantities, or, more correctly, existing in the form of an exceedingly rare vapor in the sun's atmosphere, would be detected by means of its dark lines, or *by any other method depending on the study of the solar spectrum.* When we place a small portion of some substance in the space between the carbon points of an electric lamp, and volatilize that substance in the voltaic arc, we obtain a spectrum including all the bright lines of the various elements contained in the substance; and if some element is contained in it in exceedingly small quantity, we may yet perceive its distinctive bright lines among the others (many of them far brighter) belonging to the elements present in greater quantities. But if we have (for example) a great mass of molten iron, the rainbow-tinted spectrum of whose light we examine from a great distance, and if a small quantity of sodium, or other substance which vaporizes at moderate temperatures, be cast into the molten iron so that the vapor of the added element presently rises above the glowing surface of the iron, no trace of the presence of this vapor would he shown in the spectrum observed from a distance. The part of the spectrum where the dark lines of sodium usually appear would, undoubtedly, be less brilliant than before, in the same sense that the sun may be said

* More strictly, it plays the same part as a glass screen before a glowing fire. When the heat of the fire falls on such a screen (through which light passes readily enough), it is received by the glass, warming the glass up to a certain point, and the warmed glass emits the heat thus received in all directions, thus scattering over a large space the rays which but for the glass would have fallen directly upon the objects which the screen is intended to protect.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

to be less brilliant when the air is in the least degree moist than when it is perfectly dry; but the loss of brilliancy is as utterly imperceptible in the one case as it is in the other. In like manner, a vapor might exist in the atmosphere of the sun (above the photosphere, that is), of whose presence not a trace would be afforded in the spectroscope, for the simple reason that the absorptive action of the vapor, though exerted to reduce the brightness of particular solar rays or tints, would not affect those rays sufficiently for the spectroscopist to recognize any diminution of their lustre.

There is another consideration, which, so far as I know, has not hitherto received much attention, but should certainly be taken into account in the attempt to interpret the real meaning of the solar spectrum. Some of the metals which are vaporized by the sun's heat below the photosphere, may become liquid or even solid at or near the level of the photosphere. Even though the heat at the level of the photosphere may be such that, under ordinary conditions of pressure and so forth, such metals would be vaporous, the enormous pressure which must exist not far below the level of the photosphere may make the heat necessary for complete vaporization far greater than the actual heat at that level. In that case the vapor will in part condense into liquid globules, or, if the heat is considerably less than is necessary to keep the substance in the form of vapor, than it may in part be solidified, the tiny globules of liquid metal becoming tiny crystals of solid metal. We see both conditions fulfilled within the limits of our own air in the case of the vapor of water. Low down the water is present in the air (ordinarily) in the form of pure vapor; at a higher level the vapor is condensed by cold into liquid drops forming visible clouds (cumulus clouds), and yet higher where the cold is still greater, the minute water-drops turn into ice-crystals forming those light fleecy clouds called cirrus clouds by the meteorologist. Now true clouds of either sort may exist in the solar atmosphere even above that photospheric level which forms the boundary of the sun we see. It may be said that the spectroscope, applied to examine matter outside the photosphere, has given evidence only of vaporous cloud masses. The ruddy prominences which towers tens of thousands of miles above the surface of the sun, and the sierra (or as it is sometimes unclassically called the chromosphere) which covers usually the whole of the photosphere to a depth of about eight thousand miles, show only under spectroscopic scrutiny the bright lines indicating gaseity. But though this is perfectly true, it is also true that we have not here a particle of evidence to show that clouds of liquid particles, and of tiny crystals may not float over the sun's surface, or even that the ruddy clouds shown by the spectroscope to shine with light indicative of gaseity may not also contain liquid and crystalline particles. For in point of fact, the very principle on which our recognition of the bright lines depends involves the inference that matter whose light would *not* be resolved into bright lines would not be recognizable at all. The bright lines are seen, because by means of a spectroscope we can throw them far apart, without reducing their lustre, while the background of rainbow-tinted spectrum has its various portions similarly thrown farther apart and correspondingly weakened. One may compare the process (the comparison I believe has not hitherto been employed) to the dilution of a dense liquid in which solid masses have been floating: the more we increase the quantity of the liquid in diluting it with water, the more transparent it becomes, but the solid masses in it are not changed, so that we have only to dilute the liquid sufficiently to see these masses. *But* if there were in the interstices of the solid masses particles of some substance which dissolved in the water, we should not recognize the presence of this substance by any increase in its visibility; for the very same process which thinned the liquid would thin this soluble substance in the same degree. In like manner, by dispersing and correspondingly weakening the sun's light more and more we can recognize the light of the gaseous matter in the prominences, for this is not weakened; but if the prominences also contain matter in the solid or liquid form (that is, drops or crystals), the spectroscopic method will not indicate the presence of such matter, for the spectrum of such matter will be weakened by dispersion in precisely the same degree that the solar spectrum itself is weakened.

It is easy to see how the evidence of the presence of any element which behaved in this way would be weakened, if if we consider what would happen in the case of our own earth, according as the air were simply moist but without clouds, or loaded with cumulus masses but without cirrus clouds, or loaded with cirrus clouds. For although there

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

is not in the case of the earth a central glowing mass like the sun's, on whose rainbow-tinted spectrum the dark lines caused by the absorptive action of our atmosphere could be seen by the inhabitant of some distant planet studying the earth from without, yet the sun's light reflected from the surface of the earth plays in reality a similar part. It does not give a simple rainbow-tinted spectrum, for, being sunlight, it shows all the dark lines of the solar spectrum; but the addition of new dark lines to these, in consequence of the absorptive action of the earth's atmosphere, could very readily be determined. In fact we do thus recognize in the spectra of Mars, Venus, and other planets, the presence of aqueous vapor in their atmosphere, despite the fact that our own air, containing also aqueous vapor, naturally renders so much the more difficult the detection of that vapor in the atmosphere of remote planets necessarily seen through our own air. Now, a distant observer examining the light of our own earth on a day when, though the air was moist, there were no clouds, would have ample evidence of the presence of the vapor of water; for the light which he examined would have gone twice through our earth's atmosphere, from its outermost thinnest parts to the densest layers close to the surface, then back again through the entire thickness of the air. But if the air were heavily laden with cumulus clouds (without any cirrus clouds at a higher layer), although *we* should know that there was abundant moisture in the air, and indeed much more moisture than there had been when there had been no clouds, our imagined observer would either perceive no traces at all of this moisture, or he would perceive traces so much fainter than when the air was clear that he would be apt to infer that the air was either quite dry, or at least very much drier than it had been in that case. For the light which he would receive from the earth would not in this case have passed through the entire depth of moisture-laden air twice, but twice only through that portion of air which lay above the clouds, at whose surface the sun's light would be reflected. The whole of the most moisture-laden layer of the air would be snugly concealed under the cloud-layer, and would exercise no absorptive action whatever on the light which the remote observer would examine. If from the upper surface of the layer of cumulus clouds aqueous vapor rose still higher, and was converted in the cold upper regions of the atmosphere into clouds of ice-crystals, the distant observer would have still less chance of recognizing the presence of moisture in our atmosphere. For the layer of air between the cumulus clouds and the cirrus clouds would be unable to exert any absorptive action on the light which reached the observer. All such light would come to him after reflection from the layer of cirrus clouds. He would be apt to infer that there was no moisture at all in the air of our planet, at the very time when in fact there was so much moisture that not one layer only, but two layers of clouds enveloped the earth, the innermost layer consisting of particles of liquid water, the outermost of particles of frozen water. Using the words ice, water, and steam, to represent the solid, liquid and vaporous states of water, we may fairly say that ice and water, by hiding steam, would persuade the remote observer that there was no water at all on the earth — at least if he trusted solely to the spectroscopic evidence then obtained.*

We might in like manner fail to obtain any spectroscopic evidence of the presence of particular elements in the sun, because they cannot exist in sufficient quantity in the vaporous form in those outer layers which the spectroscope can alone deal with.

In passing I must note a circumstance in which some of those who have dealt with this special part of the spectroscopic evidence have erred. It is true in one sense that some elements may be of such

* The case here imagined is not entirely hypothetical. We examine Mercury and Venus very nearly under the conditions here imagined; for we can obtain only spectroscopic evidence respecting the existence of water on either planet. In the case of Mars we have telescopic evidence, and no one now doubts that the greenish parts of the planet are seas and oceans. But Venus and Mercury are never seen under conditions enabling the observer to determine the color of various parts of their discs.

I may add that a mistake, somewhat analogous to that which I have described in the cases of an imagined observer of our earth, has been made by some spectroscopists in the case of the planets Jupiter and Saturn. In considering the spectroscopic evidence respecting the condition of these planets' atmospheres, they have overlooked the circumstance that we can judge only of the condition of the outermost and coolest layers, for the lower layers are concealed from view by the enormous cloud masses, floating, as the telescope shows, in the atmospheric envelopes of the giant planets. Thus the German spectroscopist Vögel argues that because dark lines are seen in the spectrum of Jupiter which are known to belong to the absorption-spectrum of aqueous vapor, the planet's surface cannot be intensely hot. But Jupiter's absorption-spectrum belongs to layers of his atmosphere lying far above his surface. We can no more infer the actual temperature of Jupiter's surface from the temperature of the layers which produce his absorption-spectrum, than a visitor who should view our earth from outer space, observing the low temperature of the air ten or twelve miles above the sea-level, could infer thence the actual temperature of the earth's surface.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

a nature that their vapors cannot rise so high in the solar atmosphere as those of other elements. But it must not be supposed that the denser vapors seek a lower level, the lighter vapors rising higher. According to the known laws of gaseous diffusion, a gas or vapor diffuses itself throughout a space occupied by another gas or several other gases, in the same way as though the space were not occupied at all. If we introduce into a vessel full of common air a quantity of carbonic-acid gas (I follow the older and more familiar nomenclature), this gas, although of much higher specific gravity than either oxygen or nitrogen, does not take its place at the bottom of the vessel, but so diffuses itself that the air of the upper part of the vessel contains exactly the same quantity of carbonic-acid gas as the air of the lower part. Similarly, if hydrogen is introduced, it does not seek the upper part of the vessel, but diffuses itself uniformly throughout the vessel. If we enclose the carbonic-acid gas in a light silken covering, and the hydrogen in another (at the same pressure as the air in the vessel) one little balloon will sink and the other will rise; but this is simply because diffusion is prevented. It may be asked how this agrees with what I have said above, that some elements may not exist in sufficient quantity or in suitable condition above the sun's photospheric level to give any spectroscopic evidence of their nature. As to quantity, indeed, the answer is obvious: if there is only a small quantity of any given element in the entire mass of the sun, only a very small quantity can under any circumstances exist outside the photosphere. As regards condition, it must be remembered that the vessel of my illustrative case was supposed to contain air at a given temperature and pressure throughout. If the vessel was so large that in different parts of it the temperature and pressure were different, the diffusion would, indeed, still be perfect, because at all ordinary temperatures and pressures hydrogen and carbonic-acid gas remain gaseous. But if the vapor introduced is of such a nature that at moderate temperatures and pressures it condenses, wholly or in part, or liquefies, the diffusion will not take place with the same uniformity. We need not go farther for illustration than to the case of our own atmosphere as it actually exists. The vapor of water spreads uniformly through each layer of the atmosphere which is at such a temperature and pressure as to permit of such diffusion; but where the temperature is too low for complete diffusion (at the actual pressure) the aqueous vapor is condensed into visible cloud, diffusion being checked at this point as at an impassable boundary. In the case of the sun, as in the case of our own earth, it is not the density of an element when in a vaporous form which limits its diffusion, but the value of the temperature at which its vapor at given pressure condenses into liquid particles. It is in this way only that any separation can be effected between the various elements which exist in the sun's substance, and though such separation is unquestionably competent to modify the spectroscopic evidence respecting different elements, it would be a mistake to suppose that any such separation could occur, as had been imagined by some — a separation causing in remote times the planets supposed to have been thrown off by the sun to be rarest on the outskirts of the solar system and densest close to the sun. The small densities of the outer family of planets, as compared with the densities of the so-called terrestrial planets, must certainly be otherwise explained.

But undoubtedly the chief circumstance likely to operate in veiling the existence of important constituents of the solar mass must be that which has so long prevented spectroscopists from detecting the presence of oxygen in the sun. An element may exist in such a condition, either over particular parts of the photosphere, or over the entire surface of the sun, that instead of causing dark lines in the solar spectrum it may produce bright lines. Such lines may be conspicuous, or they may be so little brighter than the background of the spectrum as to be scarcely perceptible or quite imperceptible.

In passing, I would notice that this interpretation of the want of all spectroscopic evidence of the presence of oxygen, carbon, and other elements in the sun, is not an *ex post facto* explanation. As will presently appear, it is now absolutely certain that oxygen, though really existing, and doubtless, in enormous quantities, in the sun, has been concealed from recognition in this way. But that this might be so was perceived long ago. I myself, in the first edition of my treatise on the sun, pointed out, in 1870, with special reference to nitrogen and oxygen, that an element " may be in a condition enabling it to radiate as much light as it absorbs, or else very little more or very little less, so that it either obliterates all signs of its existence, or else gives lines so little brighter or darker than the surrounding parts of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the spectrum that we can detect no trace of its existence." I had still earlier given a similar explanation of the absence of all spectroscopic evidence of hydrogen in the case of the bright star Betelgeux.*

Let us more closely consider the significance of what we learn from the spectral evidence respecting the gas hydrogen. We know that when the total light of the sun is dealt with, the presence of hydrogen is constantly indicated by dark lines. In other words, regarding the sun as a whole, hydrogen constantly reduces the emission of rays of those special tints which correspond to the light of this element. When we examine the light of other suns than ours, we find that in many cases, probably in by far the greater number of cases, hydrogen acts a similar part. But not in every case. In the spectra of some stars, notably in those of Betelgeux and Alpha Herculis, the lines of hydrogen are not visible at all; while in yet others, as Gamma Cassiopeiæ, the middle star of the five which form the straggling W of this constellation, the lines of hydrogen show bright upon the relatively dark background of the spectrum. When we examine closely the sun himself, we find that although his light as a whole gives a spectrum in which the lines of hydrogen appear dark, the light of particular parts of his surface, if separately examined, occasionally shows the hydrogen lines bright as in the spectrum of Gamma Cassiopeiæ, while sometimes the light of particular parts gives, like the light of Betelgeux, no spectroscopic evidence whatever of the presence of hydrogen. Manifestly, if the whole surface of the sun were in the condition of the portions which give bright hydrogen lines, the spectrum of the sun would resemble that of Gamma Cassiopeiæ; while if the whole surface were in the condition of those parts which show no lines of hydrogen, the spectrum of the sun would resemble that of Betelgeux. Now if there were any reason for supposing that the parts of the sun which give no lines of hydrogen are those from which the hydrogen has been temporarily removed in some way, we might reasonably infer that in the stars whose spectra show no hydrogen lines there is no hydrogen. But the fact that the hydrogen lines are sometimes seen bright, renders this supposition untenable. For we cannot suppose that the lines of hydrogen change from dark to bright or from bright to dark (both which changes certainly take place) without passing through a stage in which they are neither bright nor dark; in other words we are compelled to assume that there is an intermediate condition in which the hydrogen lines, though really existent, are invisible because they are of precisely the same lustre as the adjacent parts of the spectrum. Hence the evanescence of the hydrogen lines affords no reason for supposing that hydrogen has become even reduced in quantity where the lines are not seen. And therefore it follows that the invisibility of the hydrogen lines in the spectrum of Betelgeux is no proof that hydrogen does not exist in that star in quantities resembling those in which it is present in the sun. And this being demonstrated in the case of one gas, must be regarded as at least probable in the case of other gases. Wherefore the absence of the lines of oxygen from the spectrum of any star affords no sufficient reason for believing that oxygen is not present in that star, or that it is not as plentifully present as hydrogen, or even far more plentifully present.

There are other considerations which have to be taken into account, as well in dealing with the difficulty arising from the absence of the lines of particular elements from the solar spectrum as in weighing the extremely important discovery which has just been effected by Dr. H. Draper. I would specially call attention now to a point which I thus presented seven years ago: "The great difficulty of interpreting the results of the spectroscopic analysis of the sun arises from the circumstance that we have no means of learning whence that part of the light comes which gives the continuous spectrum. When we recognize certain dark lines, we know certainly that the corresponding element exists in the gaseous form at a lower temperature than the substance which gives the continuous spectrum. But as regards that continuous spectrum itself we can form no such exact opinion." It might, for

* In "Other Worlds than Ours," I wrote as follows: "The lines of hydrogen, which are so well marked in the solar spectrum, are not seen in the spectrum of Betelgeux. We are not to conclude from this that hydrogen does not exist in the composition of the star. We know that certain parts of the solar disc, when examined with the spectroscope, do not at all times exhibit the hydrogen lines, or may even present them as bright instead of dark lines. It may well be that in Betelgeux hydrogen exists under such conditions that the amount of light it sends forth is nearly equivalent to the amount it absorbs, in which case its characteristic lines would not be easily discernible. In fact, it is important to notice generally, that while there can be no mistaking the positive evidence afforded by the spectroscope as to the existence of any element in sun or star, the negative evidence supplied by the absence of particular lines is not to be certainly relied upon."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

instance, have its origin in glowing liquid or solid matter; but it might also be compounded of many spectra, each containing a large number of bands, the bands of one spectrum filling up the spaces which would be left dark between the bands of another spectrum, and so on until the entire range from the extreme visible red to the extreme visible violet were occupied by what appeared as a continuous rainbow-tinted streak. "We have, in fact, in the sun," as I pointed out, "a vast agglomeration of elements, subject to two giant influences, producing in some sort opposing effects — viz., a temperature far surpassing any we can form any conception of, and a pressure (throughout nearly the whole of the sun's globe) which is perhaps even more disproportionate to the phenomena of our experience. Each known element would be vaporized by the solar temperature at known pressures; each (there can be little question) would be solidified by the vast pressures, did these arise at known temperatures. Now whether, under these circumstances, the laws of gaseous diffusion prevail where the elements *are* gaseous in the solar globe; whether, where liquid matter exists it is in general bounded in a definite manner from the neighboring gaseous matter; whether any elements at all are solid, and if so under what conditions their solidity is maintained and the limits of the solid matter defined — all these are questions which *must* be answered before we can form a satisfactory idea of the solar constitution; yet they are questions which we have at present no means of answering." Again, we require to know whether any process resembling combustion can under any circumstances take place in the sun's globe. If we could assume that some general resemblance exists between the processes at work upon the sun and those we are acquainted with, we might imagine that the various elements ordinarily exist in the sun's globe in the gaseous form (chiefly) to certain levels, to others chiefly in the liquid form, and to yet others chiefly in the solid form. But even then that part of each element which is gaseous may exist in two forms having widely different spectra (in reality in five, but I consider only the extreme forms) — that whose light is capable of giving characteristic spectra of lines or bands (which will be different according to pressure and may appear either dark or bright), and that portion whose light is capable of giving a spectrum nearly or quite continuous.

It will be seen that Dr. H. Draper's discovery supplies an answer to one of the questions, or rather to one of the sets of questions, thus indicated. I give his discovery as far as possible in his own words.

Oxygen discloses itself [he says] *by bright lines or bands in the solar spectrum*, and does not give dark absorption-lines like the metals. We must therefore change our theory of the solar spectrum, and no longer regard it merely as a continuous spectrum with certain rays absorbed by a layer of ignited metallic vapors, but as having also bright lines and bands superposed on the background of continuous spectrum. Such a conception not only opens the way to the discovery of others of the non-metals, sulphur, phosphorus, selenium, chlorine, bromine, iodine, fluorine, carbon, etc., but also may account for some of the so-called dark lines, by regarding them as intervals between bright lines. It must be distinctly understood that in speaking of the solar spectrum here, I do not mean the spectrum of any limited area upon the disc or margin of the sun, but the spectrum of light from the whole disc.

In support of the important statement here advanced, Dr. Draper submits a photograph of part of the solar spectrum with a comparison spectrum of air, and also with some of the lines of iron and aluminium. The photograph itself, a copy of which, kindly sent to me by Dr. Draper, lies before me as I write, fully bears out Dr. Draper's statement. It is absolutely free from handwork or retouching, except that reference letters have been added in the negative. It shows the part of the solar spectrum between the well-known Fraunhofer lines G and H, of which G (an iron line) lies in the indigo, and H (a line of hydrogen) in the violet, so that the portion photographed belongs to that region of the spectrum whose chemical or actinic energy is strongest. Adjacent to this lies the photograph of the air lines, showing nine or ten well-defined oxygen lines or groups of lines, and two nitrogen bands. The exact agreement of the two spectra in position is indicated by the coincidence of bright lines of iron and aluminium included in the air spectrum with the dark lines of the same elements in the solar spectrum. "No close observation," as Dr. Draper truly remarks, "is needed to demonstrate to even the most casual observer" (of this photograph) "that the oxygen lines are found in the sun as bright lines." There is in particular one quadruple group of oxygen lines in the air spectrum, the coincidence of which with a group

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of bright lines in the solar spectrum is unmistakable.

> This oxygen group alone is almost sufficient, [says Dr. Draper] to prove the presence of oxygen in the sun, for not only does each of the four components have a representative in the solar group, but the relative strength and the general aspect of the lines in each case is similar.* I shall not attempt at this time [he proceeds] to give a complete list of the oxygen lines, . . . and it will be noticed that some lines in the air spectrum which have bright analogues in the sun are not marked with the symbol of oxygen. This is because there has not yet been an opportunity to make the necessary detailed comparisons. In order to be certain that a line belongs to oxygen, I have compared, under various pressures, the spectra of air, oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, carburetted hydrogen, hydrogen, and cyanogen.
>
> As to the spectrum of nitrogen and the existence of this element in the sun there is not yet certainty. Nevertheless, even by comparing the diffused nitrogen lines of this particular photograph, in which nitrogen has been sacrificed to get the best effect for oxygen, the character of the evidence appears. There is a triple band somewhat diffused in the photograph belonging to nitrogen, which has its appropriate representative in the solar spectrum, and another band of nitrogen is similarly represented. [Dr. Draper states that] in another photograph a heavy nitrogen line which in the present one lies opposite an insufficiently exposed part of the solar spectrum corresponds to a comparison band in the sun.

But one of the most remarkable points in Dr. Draper's paper is what he tells us respecting the visibility of these lines in the spectrum itself. They fall as I have mentioned in a part of the spectrum where the actinic energy is great but the luminosity small; in fact while this part of the spectrum is the very strongest for photography, it is close to the region of the visible spectrum,

> Where the last gleamings of refracted light
> Die in the fainting violet away.

It is therefore to be expected that those, if any, of the bright lines of oxygen, will be least favorably shown to direct vision, and most favorably in what might almost be called photographic vision, where we see what photography records for us. Yet Dr. Draper states that these bright lines of oxygen can be readily seen. "The bright lines of oxygen in the spectrum of the solar disc have not been hitherto perceived, probably from the fact that in eye-observation bright lines on a less bright background do not make the impression on the mind that dark lines do. When attention is called to their presence they are readily enough seen, even without the aid of a reference spectrum. The photograph, however, brings them into greater prominence." As the lines of oxygen are by no means confined to the indigo and violet, we may fairly hope that the bright lines in other parts of the spectrum of oxygen may be detected in the spectrum of the sun, now that spectroscopists know that bright lines and not dark lines are to be looked for.

Dr. Draper remarks that from purely theoretic considerations derived from terrestrial chemistry, and the nebular hypothesis, the presence of oxygen in the sun might have been strongly suspected; for this element is currently stated to form eight-ninths of the water of the globe, one-third of the crust of the earth, and one-fifth of air, and should therefore probably be a large constituent of every member of the solar system. On the other hand, the discovery of oxygen, and probably other non-metals, in the sun gives increased strength to the nebular hypothesis, because to many persons the absence of this important group has presented a considerable difficulty. I have already remarked on the circumstance that we cannot, according to the known laws of gaseous diffusion, accept the reasoning of those who have endeavored to explain the small density of the outer planets by the supposition that the lighter gases were left behind by the great contracting nebulous mass, out of which, on the nebular hypothesis, the solar system is supposed to have been formed. It is important to notice, now, that if on the one hand we find in the community of structure between the sun and our earth, as confirmed by the discovery of oxygen and nitrogen in the sun, evidence favoring the theory according to which all the members of that system were formed out of what was originally a single mass, we do not find evidence against the theory (as those who have advanced the explanation above referred to may be disposed to imagine) in the recognition in the sun's mass of enormous quantities of one of these elements which, according to their view, ought to be found chiefly in the outer members of the solar system. If those who believe in the nebular hypothesis (generally, that is, for many of the details of the hypothesis as advanced by Laplace are entirely untenable in the pres-

* Dr. Draper remarks here in passing, "I do not think that, in comparisons of the spectra of the elements and sun, enough stress has been laid on the general appearance of lines apart from their mere position; in photographic representations this point is very prominent."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ent position of physical science) had accepted the attempted explanation of the supposed absence of the non-metallic elements in the sun, they would now find themselves in a somewhat awkward position. They would, in fact, be almost bound logically to reject the nebular hypothesis, seeing that one of the asserted results of the formation of our system, according to that hypothesis, would have been disproved. But so far as I know, no supporter of the nebular hypothesis possessing sufficient knowledge of astronomical and physical laws of facts to render his opinion of any weight, has ever given in his adhesion to the unsatisfactory explanation referred to.

The view which I have long entertained respecting the growth of the solar system — viz., that it had its origin not in contraction only or chiefly, but in combined processes of contraction and accretion — seems to me to be very strongly confirmed by Dr. Draper's discovery. This would not be the place for a full discussion of the reasons on which this opinion is based, nor does space indeed permit such a discussion. But I may remark that I believe no one who applies the laws of physics, *as at present known*, to the theory of the simple contraction of a great nebulous mass formerly extending far beyond the orbit of Neptune, till, when planet after planet had been thrown off, the sun was left in his present form and condition in the centre, will fail to perceive enormous difficulties in the hypothesis, or to recognize in Dr. Draper's discovery a difficulty added to those affecting the hypothesis *so presented*. Has it ever occurred, I often wonder, to those who glibly quote the nebular theory as originally propounded, to inquire how far some of the processes suggested by Laplace are in accordance with the now known laws of physics? To begin with, the original nebulous mass extending to a distance exceeding the earth's distance from the sun more than thirty times (this being only the distance of Neptune), if we assign to it a degree of compression making its axial diameter half its equatorial diameter, would have had a volume exceeding the sun's (roughly) about one hundred and twenty billion times, and in this degree its mean density would have been less than the sun's. This would correspond to a density equal (roughly) to about one four-hundred-thousandth part of the density of hydrogen gas at atmospheric pressure. To suppose that a great mass of matter having this exceedingly small mean density, and extending to a distance of three or four thousand millions of miles from its centre, could under any circumstances rotate as a whole, or behave in other respects after the fashion attributed to the gaseous embryon of the solar system in ordinary descriptions of the nebular hypothesis, is altogether inconsistent with correct ideas of physical and dynamical laws. It is absolutely a necessity of any nebular hypothesis of the solar system, that from the very beginning a central nucleus and subordinate nuclei should form in it, and grow according to the results of the motions (at first to all intents and purposes independent) of its various parts. Granting this state of things, we arrive, by considering the combined effects of concretion and contraction, at a process of development according fully as well as that ordinarily described with the general relations described by Laplace, and accounting also (in a general way) for certain peculiarities which are in no degree explained by the ordinary theory. Amongst these may specially be noted the arrangement and distribution of the masses within the solar system, and the fact that so far as spectroscopic evidence enables us to judge, a general similarity of structure exists throughout the whole of the system.

Inquiring as to the significance of his discovery, Dr. Draper remarks that it seems rather difficult

> at first sight to believe that an ignited* gas in the solar atmosphere should not be indicated by dark lines in the solar spectrum, and should appear not to act under the law, "A gas when ignited absorbs rays of the same refrangibility as those it emits." But in fact the substances hitherto investigated in the sun are really metallic vapors, hydrogen probably coming under that rule. The non-metals obviously may behave differently. It is easy to speculate on the causes of such behavior; and it may be suggested that the reason of the non-appearance of a dark line may be that the intensity of the light from a great thickness of ignited oxygen overpowers the effect of the photosphere, just as, if a person were to look at a candle-flame through a yard thickness of sodium vapor, he would only see bright sodium lines, and no dark absorption.

The reasoning here is not altogether satis-

* The word "ignited" may mislead, and indeed is not correctly used here. The oxygen in the solar atmosphere, like the hydrogen, is simply glowing with intensity of heat. No process of combustion is taking place. Ignition, strictly speaking, means the initiation of the process of combustion, and a substance can only be said to be ignited when it has been set burning. The word *glowing* is preferable; or if reference is made to heat and light combined, then "glowing with intensity of heat" seems the description most likely to be correctly understood.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

factory (or else is not quite correctly expressed). In the first place, the difficulty dealt with has no real existence. The law that a gas when glowing absorbs rays of the same refrangibility as those it emits, does not imply that a gas between a source of light and the observer will show its presence by spectroscopic dark lines. A gas so placed *does* receive from the source of light rays corresponding to those which it emits itself, if it is cooler than the source of light; and it absorbs them, being in fact heated by means of them, though the gain of temperature may be dissipated as fast as received: but if the gas is hotter, it emits more of those rays than it absorbs, and will make its presence known by its bright lines. This is not a matter of speculation, but of experiment. On the other hand, the experiment suggested by Dr. Draper would not have the effect he supposes, if it were correctly made. Doubtless if the light from a considerable area of dully glowing sodium vapor were received by the spectroscope at the same time as the light of a candle-flame seen through the sodium vapor, the light of the sodium vapor overcoming that of the candle-flame would indicate its presence by bright lines; but if light were received only from that portion of the sodium vapor which lay between the eye and the candle-flame, then I apprehend that the dark lines of sodium would not only be seen, but would be conspicuous by their darkness.

It is in no cavilling spirit that I indicate what appears to me erroneous in a portion of Dr. Draper's reasoning on his great discovery. The entire significance of the discovery depends on the meaning attached to it, and therefore it is most desirable to ascertain what this meaning really is. There can be no doubt, I think, that we are to look for the true interpretation of the brightness of the oxygen lines in the higher temperature of the oxygen, not in the great depth of oxygen above the photospheric level. The oxygen which produces these bright lines need not necessarily be above the photosphere at all. (In fact I may remark here that Dr. Draper, in a communication addressed to myself, mentions that he has found no traces at present of oxygen above the photosphere, though I had not this circumstance in my thoughts in reasoning down to the conclusion that the part of the oxygen effective in showing these bright lines lies probably below the visible photosphere.) Of course, if the photosphere were really composed of glowing solid and liquid matter, or of masses of gas so compressed and so intensely heated as to give a continuous spectrum, no gas existing below the photosphere conld send its light through, nor could its presence, therefore, be indicated in any spectroscopic manner. But the investigations which have been made into the structure of the photosphere as revealed by the telescope, and in particular the observations made by Professor Langley, of the Alleghany Observatory, show that we have not in the photosphere a definite bounding envelope of the sun, but receive light from many different depths below that spherical surface, four hundred and twenty-five thousand miles from the sun's centre, which we call the photospheric level. We receive more light from the centre of the solar disc, I feel satisfied, not solely because the absorptive layer through which we there see the sun is shallower, but partly, and perhaps chiefly, because we there receive light from some of the interior and more intensely heated parts of the sun.* Should this prove to be the case, it may be found possible to do what heretofore astronomers have supposed to be impossible — to ascertain in some degree how far and in what way the constitution of the sun varies below the photosphere, which, so far as ordinary telescopic observation is concerned, seems to present a limit below which researches cannot be pursued.

I hope we shall soon obtain news from Dr. Huggins's observatory that the oxygen lines have been photographed and possibly the bright lines of other elements recognized in the solar spectrum. Mr. Lockyer also, we may hope, will exercise that observing skill which enabled him early to recognize the presence of bright hydrogen lines in the spectrum of portions of the sun's surface, to examine that spectrum for other bright lines.

I do not remember any time within the last twenty years when the prospects of fresh solar discoveries seemed more hopeful than they do at present. The interest which has of late years been drawn to the subject has had the effect of enlisting fresh recruits in the work of observation, and

* It would be an interesting experiment, which I would specially recommend to those who, like Dr. Draper, possess instrumental means specially adapted to the inquiry, to ascertain what variations, if any, occur in the solar spectrum when (i.) the central part of the disc alone, and (ii.) the outer part alone, is allowed to transmit light to the spectroscope. The inquiry seems specially suited to the methods of spectral photography pursued by Dr. Draper, and by Dr. Huggins in this country. Still I believe interesting results can be obtained even without these special appliances; and I hope before long to employ my own telescope in this department of research.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

many of these may before long be heard of as among those who have employed Dr. Draper's method successfully.

But I would specially call attention to the interest which attaches to Dr. Draper's discovery and to the researches likely to follow from it, in connection with a branch of research which is becoming more and more closely connected year by year with solar investigations — I mean stellar spectroscopy. We have seen the stars divided into orders according to their constitution. We recognize evidence tending to show that these various orders depend in part upon age, — not absolute but relative age. There are among the suns which people space some younger by far than our sun, others far older, and some in a late stage of stellar decrepitude. Whether as yet spectroscopists have perfectly succeeded in classifying these stellar orders in such sort that the connection between a star's spectrum and the star's age can be at once determined, may be doubtful. But certainly there are reasons for hoping that before long this will be done. Amongst the stars, and (strange to say) among celestial objects which are not stars, there are suns in every conceivable stage of development, from embryon masses not as yet justly to be regarded as suns, to masses which have ceased to fulfil the duties of suns. Among the more pressing duties of spectroscopic analysis at the present time is the proper classification of these various orders of stars. Whensoever that task shall have been accomplished, strong light, I venture to predict, will be thrown on our sun's present condition, as well as on his past history, and on that future fate upon which depends the future of our earth.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), *being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in* THE LIVING AGE *from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

CHAPTER XLII.

LIFE ON WHEELS.

WE rub our eyes. Have we wandered into a Brazilian swamp, then, during the long dark night? The yellow light of the early morning is shining down on those dusky pools of sluggish water, on the dense forest, on the matted underwood, and rank green grass. How the railway track does not sink into this vast mere passes our comprehension; there seems scarcely sufficient mud on these scattered islands to support the partly submerged trees. But, as we are looking out, a new object suddenly confronts the eyes. Instead of that succession of still creeks we come on a broad expanse of coffee-colored water that broadens out as it rolls southward; and we cry, "The Mississippi!" And over there, on the other side, we see a big and straggling town picturesquely built along the bluffs, and all shining in the early sunlight. But the Mississippi detains us not, nor Burlington either. Our mission is westward, and forever westward — through the perpetual forest, with its recurrent clearances and farms and fields of maize. Surely it is a pleasant enough manner of passing this idle, beautiful day. The recent rains have laid the dust; we sit outside the car and lazily watch the rich colors of the underwood as we pass. Could any thing be deeper in hue than the lake-red of those sumach bushes? Look at that maple — its own foliage is a mass of pale transparent gold; but up the stem and out the branches runs a creeper, and the creeper is of a pure vermilion that burns in the sun. Westward — and forever westward. We lose consciousness of time. We resign ourselves to the slow passing-by of the trees, and the farms, and the maize. It is like a continuous dream.

And was this, we asked ourselves — was this, after all, America? In the bygone days, before we ever thought of putting foot on this vast continent, we had our imaginary pictures of it; and surely these were bigger and nobler things than this trivial recurrence of maize,maize, maize — an occasional house — endless trees and bushes, and bushes and trees? Who does not remember those famous words that thrilled two nations when they were spoken? "I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main — and I see one people, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and, over all that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the op-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

pressed of every race and of every clime." But where were the condor's wings to give us this vision, now that we were about midway between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains? We only saw maize. And then we tried to imagine an American's mental picture of England — something composed of Stratford-on-Avon, and Westminster Abbey, and Rydal Mount, and Milton, and Shakespeare, and Cromwell — and his bitter disappointment on sailing up the Mersey and coming into view of the squalor of Liverpool. This was the nonsense that got into our heads on this sleepy and sunny day.

But by-and-by the horizon widened, for we had been slowly ascending all this time; and you may be sure there was a little excitement throughout our party when we began to get our first glimpses of the prairie land. Not the open prairie just yet; but still such suggestions of it as stirred the mind with a strange and mysterious feeling. And, of course, all our preconceived notions about the prairies were found to be wrong. They were not at all like the sea. They were not at all melancholy and oppressive. On the contrary, they were quite cheerful and bright in the sunshine; though there was still that mysterious feeling about them, and though the unaccustomed eye could not get quite reconciled to the absence from the horizon of some line of hill, and would keep searching for some streak of blue. Surely there was nothing here of the dreary wastes we had imagined? First of all, and near us, was a rich wilderness of flowers, of the most bountiful verdure and variegated colors — masses of yellow sunflowers, and lilac Michaelmas daisies, and what not, with the blood-red of the sumach coming in. Further off the plain rose and fell in gentle undulations covered with variously-tinted grass; and here and there were the palisades of a few ranches. Further away still were wider and barer undulations, marked by one or two clusters of the minutest specks, which we took to be cattle. Then beyond that again the open prairie land — long, level swathes of the very faintest russet, and grey-green, and yellow-gray, going out — out — out until the blue sky of the horizon seemed quite close and near to us compared with that ever and mysteriously receding plain. This vast distance was not awful, like the sea. It was beautiful in its pale colors; it was full of an eager interest — for the eye appealed to the imagination to aid it in its endless search; and if it was an ocean at all it was an ocean that broke at our feet in a brilliant foam of flowers. This similitude was, indeed, so obvious that we unanimously were of opinion that it must have been used by every American poet who has ever written about the prairie lands.

We had for our nearest travelling companions two commercial gentlemen of a facetious turn, who certainly did their best to amuse our women-folk. It was the lieutenant, of course, who had made their acquaintance. One was a Philadelphian, the other a New Yorker; but both were in the sewing-machine business; and it was their account of their various experiences in travelling that had induced Von Rosen to join their conversation. They were merry gentlemen. They ventured to ask what might be his line of business — white goods, or iron, or Western produce?

"And if it is white goods, what then?" said the ex-soldier, with great *sang-froid.*

"Why, sir," said the Philadelphian, gravely taking out a number of cards, "because money is money, and biz is biz; and you want to know where to buy cheap. That's Philadelphia sure — the American metropolis — the largest city in the world — yes, *sir!* — eighteen miles by eight — two rivers — going to have the Centennial — the best shad —— "

He was regarding the New Yorker all this time.

"Yes — shad!" said his companion, with affected contempt; for we could see that they were bent on being amiably funny. "If you want shad, go to Philadelphia — and cat-fish, too — cat-fish suppers at the Falls only seventy-five cents a head. And fresh butter, too — go to Philadelphia for fresh butter, and reed-birds, and country board — best country board outside of Jersey — keep their own cows — fresh milk, and all that. But if you WANT TO TRADE, colonel, come to New York! New York ain't no village — no one-horse place — no pigs around our streets. We've got the finest harbor in the world, the highest steeples, the noblest park, the greatest newspapers, the most magnificent buildings — why, talk about your Coliseums, and Tuileries, and Whitechapel, and them one-horse shows — come and see our Empire City!"

"Yes; and leave your purse in Philadelphia before you go!" sneered his enemy, who quite entered into the spirit of the thing. "And ask your friend here to show you the new Court-house, and tell you how much *that* cost! Then let him drive you up the avenues, and have

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

your life insured before you start, and show you the tar-and-sand, the mush-and-molasses pavements — patent pavements! Then ask him to introduce you to his friend the Boss, and mebbe he'll tell you how much the Boss got away with. And then about the malaria? And the fever and ague? And the small-pox? And people dying off so fast they've got to run special trains for the corpses? And the Harlem Flats?"

"Now hire a hall, won't you?" said the Knickerbocker. "Hasn't our cat got a long tail! Why, you could roll up Philadelphia into a bundle and drop it into a hole in the Harlem Flats. But I wouldn't mislead you — no, sir. If you want water-power, go to Philadelphia — and grass — splendid grass — and mosquitoes. Tell him about the mosquitoes, now! Friend of mine in the sugar-line married and went to Philadelphia for his honeymoon. Liked a quiet country life — no racket, except the roosters in the morning — liked the cows, and beauties of nature — and took his bride to a first-class hotel. Fine girl — bin chief engineer on a double-stitch sewing-machine. Well, sir, the Philadelphia mosquitoes were alive — you bet. In the morning he took her to a hospital — certain she had small-pox — two weeks before the doctors could find it out. The man's life was ruined — yes, sir — never recovered from the shock; business went to the dickens; and he ran away and jined the Mormons."

"Jined the Mormons!" cried the Philadelphian. "Why don't you tell the general the story straight? Don't fool the man. Jined the Mormons! He threw her into a sugar-vat — sweets to the sweet, sez he — and married her mother, and went to New York, and was elected mayor as the friend of Ireland — eleven hundred thousand Irishmen, all yelling for the pope, voted for him. No, general, if you want to trade with Americans, with white men, you come to Philadelphia; we live cheap and we sell cheap; and with our new line of steamers, and our foreign trade —— "

"Tell him about the canal-boats — why don't you tell him about the three canal-boats?" said the other scornfully. "It is a fact, general — when three canal-boats loaded with pop-corn and sauer-kraut got to Philadelphia, the mayor called out the militia for a parade — yes, *sir!* — the town was illuminated; the newspapers had leaders on the revival of commerce, and the people all had two inches sewed on to their coat-tails. And mind, general, when you go to Philadelphia, you tell the conductor where to stop — tell him the wood-and-water station opposite Camden — the train stops by signal —— "

Whither this conflict might have led us can only be conjectured. It was interrupted by our halting at a small station to have a midday dinner. And we did not fail to remark that the shy and handsome girls who waited on the crowd of ravenous people in this humble hostelry had bright complexions and clear eyes that spoke well for the air of this high-lying country. The lieutenant was furious because he could get nothing but water or iced tea to drink. His wife remarked that she hoped he would always be as well off, showing that she had had her speculations about her probable life as a ranch-woman. But another member of the party was anxious to get away as soon as possible from the devouring multitude; and when she was outside again, on the platform, she revealed the cause of that pensiveness that had at times dwelt over her face during the morning.

"Really now, *really*, do you think I was right?" she says in a low voice. "I have been thinking over it. It seems so cruel. The poor thing is just breaking her heart over the mistake she has made — in ever leaving him; and now, when she would have this excuse, this opportunity of appealing to him, of going to him without any appeal, it seems dreadful to keep her in ignorance."

"Tell her, then."

"But the responsibility is terrible," she pleads again.

"Certainly. And you absolve yourself by waiting to know what Balfour's wishes are. What more?"

"If — if I had a daughter — of her age," she says, with the usual quiver of the under lip, "I do not think I should let her go further and further away from her husband just when there was a chance of reconciling them —— "

"Will the chance be less next week, or the week after? However, do as you like. If you tell her, you must appeal to her not to do anything rash. Say you have written. Or you might suggest, if she is so very penitent, that she should write to her husband —— "

"Oh, may I do that?" exclaims this tender-eyed hypocrite, as if she ever demanded permission to do anything she had set her mind on.

You never saw one woman so pet another as she petted Lady Sylvia during the rest of that day. She had never shown so

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

much solicitous attention for the comfort of her own children, as far as any of us had ever noticed. And it was all because, no doubt, she was looking forward to a sentimental scene when we should arrive at Omaha, in which she should play the part of a beneficent fairy, and wise counsellor, and earnest friend. Happily it did not occur to her to have a scene in the railway car before a score of people.

This railway car, as the evening fell, was a sore distress to us. Our wish to have that fleeting glimpse of the Mississippi had led us to come on from Chicago by one of the slow trains, and from Burlington there was no Pullman car. Ordinarily this is about the pleasantest part of the long trans-continental ride from New York to San Francisco; for on it are dining-cars, which have within their narrow compass pretty nearly every luxury which the fancy of man could desire, and which therefore offer a capital way of passing the time. If one must go on travelling day after day without ceasing, it is surely a pleasant thing to occupy the last two or three hours of the evening by entertaining your friends to a banquet — and if you are alone, the conductor will accept an off-hand invitation — of twelve or fourteen dishes, while the foaming grape of eastern France, if Catawba will not content you, is hard by in an iced cellar. With these wild delights we should have been disposed to dispense had we obtained the comparative seclusion of a Pullman car; but as the long and dull evening set in we learned something of the happiness of travelling in an ordinary car in America. During the day we had spent most of the time outside; now we had to bear with what composure we could show the stifling odors of this huge and overcrowded compartment, while the society to which we were introduced was not at all fastidious in its language, or in its dress, or in the food which it plentifully ate. The lieutenant said nothing when a drunken woman sat down on his top-coat and refused to allow it to be removed; but he did remonstrate pitifully against the persistent shower of beetles that kept falling on our heads and necks. We could not understand whence these animals came. Their home could not be the roof of the car, for they were clearly incapable of maintaining a footing there. Or were we driving through an Egyptian plague of them; and did they come in through the ventilators? It was a miserable evening. The only escape from the foul odors and the talk and the shreds of food was sleep; and the close atmosphere gave its friendly help; but sleep is apt to disarrange one's head-covering; and then, that guard removed, the sudden sensation of having a beetle going down the back of one's neck banishes sweet dreams. About half past eight or nine we got to Council Bluffs; and right glad were we to get out for a walk up and down the wet platform — for it had been raining — in the pitch darkness.

Nor shall we forget Council Bluffs soon. We spent three mortal hours there. All that we saw was a series of planks, with puddles of dirty water reflecting the light of one or two gas-lamps. We were now on one bank of the Missouri; and Omaha, our destination, was immediately on the other side, while there intervened an iron bridge. An engine would have taken us across and returned in a very short time. But system must be followed. It was the custom that the passengers by our train should be taken over in company with those arriving by a train due from somewhere else; and as that train had not made its appearance, why should we not continue to pace up and down the muddy platform? It was not the least part of our anxiety that, after an hour or so had passed, ex-Lieutenant Oswald Von Rosen seemed disposed to eat six or seven railway porters, which would have involved us in a serious claim for damages.

He demanded whether we could not be allowed to walk across the bridge and on to Omaha. Certainly not. He wanted to have some clear understanding as to how late this other train was likely to be. Nobody knew.

"*Du lieber Himmel!*" we heard him muttering to himself, somewhere about eleven o'clock, "and in this confounded country the very sky is black with telegraph lines, and they cannot tell you if we shall be here all the night! *Is it the beetles that have stopped the train?*" he suddenly demanded of a guard who was sitting on a handbarrow and playfully swinging a lamp.

"I guess not," was the calm answer.

"We might have been over the river and back half-a-dozen times — eh?"

"That's so," said the guard, swinging the lamp.

It was near midnight when the other train arrived, and then the station resounded with the welcome cry of "All aboard!" But we flatly declined to re-enter one of those hideous compartments full of foul smells and squalor. We crowded together on the little iron balcony

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

between the cars, clinging to the rails; and by-and-by we had a dim impression that we were in mid-air, over the waters of the Missouri, which we could not see. We could only make out the black bars of the iron bridge against the black sky, and that indistinctly. Still, we were glad to be moving; for by this time we were desperately hungry and tired; and the sumptuous hospitality of Omaha was just before us.

Alas! alas! the truth must be told. Omaha received us in the most cruel and hard-hearted fashion. First of all, we imagined we had blindly wandered into a kingdom of the bats. There were some lights in the station, it is true; but as soon as we had got into the hotel omnibus and left these gloomy rays it appeared as though we had plunged into outer darkness. We did not know then that the municipal authorities of the place, recognizing the fact that business had not been brilliant, and that taxes lay heavily on themselves and their neighbors, had resolved to do without gas in order to save expense. All we knew was that this old omnibus went plunging frantically through absolute blackness, and that in the most alarming manner. For what were these strange noises outside? At one moment we would go jerking down into a hollow, and the "swish" of water sounded as if we had plunged into a stream, while we clung to each other to prevent our being flung from one end to the other of the vehicle. And then, two seconds afterwards, it really did appear to us that the horses were trying to climb up the side of a house. There was one small lamp that threw its feeble ray both outward and inward; and we saw through a window a wild vision of a pair of spectral horses apparently in mid-air, while inside the omnibus the lieutenant was down at the door, vainly trying to keep his wife from tumbling on the top of him.

"It is my firm conviction," said Queen T., panting with her struggles, "that we are not going along a road at all. We are going up the bed of the Missouri."

Then there were one or two more violent wrenches, and the vehicle stopped. We scrambled out. We turned an awe-stricken glance in the direction we had come; nothing was visible. It was with a great thankfulness that the shipwrecked mariners made their way into the hotel.

But was it hospitable, was it fair, was it Christian of the Grand Central of Omaha to receive us as it did, after our manifold perils by land and water? Had we been saved from drowning only to perish of starvation? In the gloomy and echoing hall loud sounded the remonstrances of the irate lieutenant.

"What do you say?" he demanded of the highly indifferent clerk, who had just handed us our keys. "Nothing to eat? Nothing to drink? Nothing at all? And is this a hotel? *Hé!* It is nonsense what you say. Why do you let your servants go away, and have everything shut up? It is the business of a hotel to be open. Where is your kitchen — your larder — what do you call it?"

In reply the clerk merely folded up his book of names, and screwed out one of the few remaining lights. Happily there were ladies present, or a deed of blood would have dyed that dismal hall.

At this moment we heard the click of billiards.

"Ha!" said the lieutenant.

He darted off in that direction. We had seen something of billiard-saloons in America. We knew there were generally bars there. We knew that at the bars there were frequently bread and cheese supplied gratis. Behold! the foraging soldier returns! His face is triumphant. In his hands, under his arms, are bottles of stout; his pockets are filled with biscuits; he has a paper packet of cheese. Joyfully the procession moves to the floor above. With laughter and gladness the banquet is spread out before us; let the world wag on as it may, there is still, now and again, some brief moment of happiness. And we forgave the waiting at Council Bluffs, and we forgot the beetles, and we drank to the health of Omaha!

But it was too bad of you, Omaha, to receive us like that, all the same.

From The Queen.

GLAMOR.

WHAT is the spell which binds sweetness to peevishness, feminine delicacy to hybrid coarseness, unselfishness to domination, and self-denying love to rampant egotism? Who knows? There are mysteries in sea and sky which no man has yet fathomed; but greater than them all is the mystery of human love, and why one ungainly soul is prized, and another, beautiful and precious, is discarded!

What friendship is in its degree, so is marriage to a still more striking extent. We sometimes see the sweetest and dearest little woman in the world married to a bluff, burly, crossgained fellow, who goes through life like a perpetual thunder-cloud

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

from which the slightest shock brings angry splutterings, sullen murmurs, and fiery outbursts, destructive of all peace and comfort. Yet Titania worships her rough-skinned treasure; he is her "gentle joy" to her, and she finds her happiness in wreathing garlands for his long-eared head, and in idealizing him — dull ass as he is — till she has made him into a god by whom all men might take a pattern. Her sister, married to Hyperion, as good as he is beautiful, and as clever as he is good, finds her lot in life a hard one, and thinks every wife is to be envied where she is only to be pitied. She talks feelingly of the dreadful punishment which falls on women who make the one great mistake of their lives, and waxes eloquent on the sin of parents in suffering their daughters to marry before they know their own minds or those of the men whom they take for better and worse. Her eyes fill up with tears when she speaks of Titania's happiness, and how good and kind, for all his rough exterior, is that long-eared Bottom of hers who shows his rough side to the world but keeps only his down and velvet for home. And then she sighs, and looks out into the distance as one whose heart is full of sadness, and whose tongue might say bitter things if she would; but she will not. If unhappy, she is loyal; if unappreciated, and not fairly dealt by, she understands the holy reticence of martyrdom; and though her marriage has been a mistake, she will not make the world the confidant of her griefs. Nevertheless, she gives that same world clearly to understand that she is unhappy and has been taken in, and that man for man Hyperion does not come near to Bottom, and Titania is to be congratulated while she is only to be commiserated. This is glamor in an inverted form — glamor dealing with poison not ambrosia, but quite as general as the other, if somewhat more distressing.

It must not be thought that women alone have the fee-simple of this kind of thing; that they and they only love the base and despise the noble by the influence of that strange state of mind which, for want of a better word, we are forced to call glamor. Perhaps we see it even more distinctly in men, for the objects to which the stronger sex sometimes carry their worship, or it may be their displeasure, are certainly of a kind which make other women — behind the scenes — open their eyes and ask, Why? Look at that unsuspecting honest-hearted gentleman who gives his good old family name and personal honor into the keeping of a woman who has not one qualification to make her a worthy custodian of either; and very many which one might have thought would have made any wise man hesitate before he gave himself and his precious treasures into such perilous guardianship. He alone ignores what all other men know; he alone believes where others more than doubt. The woman, to eyes untouched by glamor, has not a charm; she is rude and violent, ill-bred and vulgar; her very beauty, what there is of it, is of a low type; and in all probability she has lost the freshness of her skin as long ago as that of her mind. Yet the man whom she holds in thrall loves her, and marries to his ruin a kind of nineteenth century Circe, who, if she does not transform him into a swine, does lower the tone of his mind, so that she makes him accept dishonor for fame and humiliation for glory. But his brother, who has found Solomon's "crown of glory," thinks no more of his treasure than if it were an old brown paper cap; and lets what might have been the sweetness of his married life run to waste through neglect and indifference — as one who gives up his stately flower-garden and noble orchard to thorns and briars, and lets his cask of Shiraz wine run into the sand for the want of a little care in hoops and nails to keep the wood together.

Love of itself is glamor, and the strongest to be found. No lessons learnt by experience, however sharply taught and sadly conned, can enlighten the numbed senses which love has sent to sleep by its magic fascination; and things as plain as the sun in heaven to others, are dark as night, unfathomable as the sea to those who let themselves love before they prove.

Glamor, the fascination of certain professions; glamor, the passionate absorption of art; glamor, that unreasoning love of place which makes you accept all sorts of personal discomfort and moral disquietude that you may look out on those woods, watch the coming and going of those waves, study the lights and shadows as they fall on those mountains, find the maidenhair in that cleft, and the bee-orchis in yonder bank! But what would life be without this glamor? A dull house of rough wood wherein the soul gloomed through its miserable days, and whereto no beauty came, no love, no poetry, no idealizing brightness of fancy, making the mean things great and the sordid noble. If a bad master, glamor, like much else, is a good servant; and while kept under manageable control is a faculty for which we may thank God for his gift, not bewail the lot of man for his possession.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XX. | No. 1742.—November 3, 1877. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXV.

CONTENTS.

I. THE TRIAL OF JESUS CHRIST. II.—The Roman Trial, ... *Contemporary Review*, ... 259
II. DORIS BARUGH. A Yorkshire Story. By the author of "Patty." Part IV., . . . *Good Words*, ... 272
III. MASSINGER, ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 288
IV. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXXV., . . . *Harper's Bazar*, ... 301
V. THE IRONY OF LIFE, ... *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . . 304
VI. LA GRANDE DAME DE L'ANCIEN REGIME, *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . . 310
VII. GREAT MEN AT PLAY, ... *Globe*, ... 319

POETRY.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS BY HER CHILD, 258
LOCH CARRON, WESTERN HIGHLANDS, 228
THE FRIGID ZONE, ... 258
OCTOBER, ... 258

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

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

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS BY HER CHILD.

O GOD of boundless purity,
How strange that thou should'st give to me
This young and tender heart,
To train to walk in thine own ways,
That he may end his mortal days
In glory where thou art!

Alas! how slow, how helpless too
Am I, this sacred work to do!
My utmost strength must fail.
Yet, Holy Spirit, if thy power
Be given to me from hour to hour
I surely shall prevail.

O Gracious Influence, to his heart
Give will to choose the "better part,"
Which none can take away.
By him, O helping God, be found;
To him in gifts of love abound;
Be with him every day.

And, God of grace, his mother bless
With prayer, and faith, and watchfulness,
Now that she has a child.
Let not her weak indulgence spoil,
Nor yet her stern, harsh manner foil,
This heart, so soft and mild.

Help her in every act and word
To follow close her lowly Lord;
Be this her only pride—
That she may holy influence shed
Around this dear immortal's head,
And keep him on thy side.

Then, when the last great trump shall sound,
And all before their Judge be found
To hear their sentence pass'd,
May he in glory then appear,
Receive thy prize, thy "Well done" hear—
A conqueror at last.

Yes, may this soul, of rarer worth
To me than all the souls of earth,
But wear thy diadem;
Then, through eternity I'll raise
A mother's song of unmixed praise,
To Thee, redeeming Lamb.

Sunday Magazine. M. E. P.

LOCH CARRON, WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

A BLACK and glassy float, opaque and still,
The loch, at farthest ebb supine in sleep,
Reversing, mirrored in its luminous deep,
The quiet skies; the solemn spurs of hill,

Brown heather, yellow corn, gray wisps of haze;
The white low cots, black-windowed, plumed with smoke;
The trees beyond. And when the ripple awoke,
They wavered with the jarred and wavering glaze.

The air was dim and dreamy. Evermore
A sound of hidden waters whispered near.
A straggler crow cawed high and thin. A bird

Chirped from the birch-leaves. Round the shingled shore,
Yellow with weed, came wandering, vague and clear,
Mysterious vowels and gutturals, idly heard.

Cornhill.

THE FRIGID ZONE.

O YE who dwell beneath the temperate sun,
And till the happy fields of every day,
Know ye what lands are lying far away,
Where never birds rejoice, nor waters run,
But all the seasons wear the robes of one,—
Too white, too fair for aught but death's array?
Know ye that human hearts like yours are there,
That human life breathes in that icy air?
Great dawns are there, of stainless pearl and rose,—
There the white splendors of still greater nights
Stream up the sky. But heavenly lights are cold!
And the earth moans under her weight of snows,
Keeping a thousand uses and delights
Hid in her breast, that never may unfold.

Catskill, New York. CARL SPENCER.

Spectator.

OCTOBER.

EDGES of stormy dawn and murky night
Trespassing harshly on his mellow hours,
October plucks the present while it flowers,
And revels as a splendid Sybarite.
What tho' his noontide wear the yellow light
Of sunset, hinting of the doom that lowers,—
He recks not; now astride the west wind scours
Blue steppes of air; now, languid with delight,
Reclines in violet haze; flings silver rime
To the gossamer, bead-coral to the thorns,
And showers on tree and fern his ruddy gold.
But as pards couch until the herded horns
Slant valewards, winter lets him pass his prime,
Then springs, and hales him to the caves of cold.

Spectator. HENRY G. HEWLETT.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY · Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From The Contemporary Review.

THE TRIAL OF JESUS CHRIST.

II.—THE ROMAN TRIAL.

THE trial of their Messiah by the Sanhedrin, had it stood alone, would have no doubt been the most interesting judicial transaction in history. The law of Moses, perpetuated though modified by Christianity, has perhaps been more influential than any other code of the world. Yet that law has had one rival, in the mighty jurisprudence of Rome. "The written reason of the Roman law has been silently or studiously transfused" into all our modern life, and lawyers of every nation look back with filial reverence to the great jurisconsults of the great age of the imperial republic. But between the two influences there is one important point of contrast. In the Hebrew commonwealth, law was the product of religion. It was received, as Christendom has been content to receive it, as a divine rule. There is no evidence whatever that the Jewish race was remarkable for an innate passion for justice, or for any such "tendency to righteousness" as might have originally led it to religion. Their whole history and literature indicate, on the contrary, that it was the intense sense of the divine which moulded the nation originally, and which afterwards led to a widespread though imperfect cultivation of the *ars boni et æqui.* Even that rabbinic cultivation, as we have seen, was marred by continual exaggerations and artifices which reveal the original inaptitude of the race for high judicial excellence. Accordingly, down to the time with which we are dealing, it remained a small, isolated Asiatic tribe, filled through and through with national and religious prejudices. It is not to such that men look for a model of the administration of equal laws. But there have been races in the world who reflected, as there are races who do reflect, in an eminent degree, that deep sense of righteousness which lies at the root of all law. And of all such races, ancient and modern, the greatest was that which at this time ruled over Palestine and over the world. When the sceptre departed from Judah, it passed into the strong, smiting hands of Rome; and already all the nations had begun to exchange their terror of its warlike might for that admiration of its administrative wisdom which has grown upon the world ever since. And already, too, that admiration was mingled with confidence and trust. Those Eastern races felt, what we two thousand years after can historically trace, that the better part of the unequalled authority of the Roman law was due to the stern, hard virtues of the early race and early republic. Its influence was dimly recognized then, and it is clearly traceable now, as having sprung from the instinct of righteousness which guided prætor and proconsul in every subject land, long before Ulpian or Gaius had written out that instinct into immortal law.

Pontius Pilate was at this time the representative of Rome in Judæa; the governor, as he is called in the Gospels. But it will be found instructive to note more carefully what his exact position was. He was the *procurator Cæsaris;* the procurator, deputy, or attorney of Tiberius in that province. And he was no *procurator fiscalis*,* with functions equivalent to those of quæstor. Pilate's was no such subordinate or financial office. He was a procurator *cum potestate;* a governor with civil, criminal, and military jurisdiction; subordinated no doubt in rank to the adjacent governor of Syria, but directly responsible to his great master at Rome. And what was the relation of the emperor himself to the inhabitants of Judæa and to the world? The answer is important. The emperor was neither more nor less than the representative of Rome. In modern times men associate the imperial title with absolutism and a more than royal power. To Romans, even in the days of Tiberius, the name of a king was intolerable, and absolutism, except under republican forms, distasteful. Accordingly when Augustus became the undisputed chief of the republic, and determined so to continue, he remained nominally a mere private nobleman or citizen. The saviour of society did not dare to attack the constitution of the State.

* The name is still used in Scotland, having had there originally its old sense of "the deputy of a provincial judge appointed by him to look after money matters."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

He effected his object in another way. He gathered into his own hands the whole powers and functions, and accumulated upon his own head the whole honors and privileges, which the State had for centuries distributed among its great magistrates and representatives. He became perpetual *princeps senatûs*, or leader of the legislative house. He became perpetual *pontifex maximus*, or chief of the national religion. He became perpetual tribune, or guardian of the people, with his person thereby made sacred and inviolable. He became perpetual consul, or supreme magistrate over the whole Roman world, with the control of its revenues, the disposal of its armies, and the execution of its laws. And lastly, he became perpetual imperator, or military chief, to whom every legionary throughout the world took the *sacramentum*, and whose sword swept the globe from Indus and Gibraltar to the pole. And yet in all he was a simple citizen — a mere magistrate of the republic. Only, in this one man was now visibly accumulated and concentrated all that for centuries had broadened and expanded under the magnificent abstraction of Rome. Tiberius, therefore, the first inheritor of this constitution of Cæsar Augustus, was in the strictest sense the representative of that great city that ruled over the kings of the earth. And the Roman knight who now governed in Judæa was his representative in his public capacity. For Augustus, as is well known, had divided the provinces into two classes. To the more peaceful and central, he allowed the Senate to send proconsuls, while even over these he reserved his own consular and military power. But some provinces, like Judæa, he retained in his own hands as their proconsul or governor. Strictly and constitutionally, the governor of the Jewish nation, at the time of which we write, was not Pilate at Cæsarea or Vitellius at Antioch, but Tiberius at Rome. He was the proconsul or governor of Judæa under the still-existing republic, a republic now almost identified with himself. And Pilate, whom the Jews popularly called their governor, was strictly the procurator of the great proconsul, holding civil and military authority by delegation from him in whom was now concentrated the boundless authority of Rome. Such was the tribunal before which the council of the Sanhedrin is now to lead a prisoner.

Pilate sat in his prætorium on the morning of that "preparation-day," to transact business and administer justice as usual. In what spot in Jerusalem his judgment-seat was on this occasion set up, cannot certainly be known. It may have been within the fortress and under the tower of Antonia, the visible symbol of Roman predominance which frowned beside the temple. Much more probably it was "Herod's prætorium," that magnificent palace to the north of the temple which Josephus describes, and which had been recently built by the Idumean kings. Their former palace was also still in existence, and the visit of the Roman procurator and the tetrarch of Galilee to the same feast, while it raises the question which of them occupied the new and more splendid residence, suggests the inevitable rivalry and possible "enmity" of their relation. If we suppose that Pilate, like Florus, asserted his right to occupy the new palace, we may remember that its white marble semicircle enclosed an open *place* which looked out on the sacred city, and was almost as public as the space between Antonia and the temple. In the open space in front of this or any other prætorium the movable *bema* or tribunal could at once be set up. But on this morning Pilate was still sitting in the judgment hall. Outside was the roar of the Eastern city awakening on a Passover dawn; within, the clash of Roman steel, the altars of the Roman gods, and perhaps the sculptured frown of the distant demigod Tiberius. Into that heathen chamber the priests and doctors of the separated nation would not enter during their sacred week; and the Roman, with his Roman smiles, willingly removed their difficulty by coming with his soldier-lictors to the gate. But his first words there, as his eyes fell upon the prisoner who stood with his hands bound before him, were, "What accusation bring ye against this man?" We recognize instantly the spontaneous voice of Roman justice. It was

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

no doubt meant to suggest his own authority and power of review, and in that respect we must presently consider it. But it was before everything else the instinctive utterance of a judge, and it at once recalls that singularly noble dictum of Pilate's succesor in the same seat, "It is not the manner of the Romans to deliver any man to die, until that he which is accused have the accusers face to face, und have license to answer for himself concerning the crime laid against him." So ever spoke the worst of the Roman governors — and neither Pilate nor Festus was among the best — out of the mere instinct and tradition of justice which clung to their great office among the treacherous tribes around. The chief priests and scribes on this occasion avoided the demand to know the accusation. "If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him to thee." The insolent evasion of his question was not likely to propitiate Pilate, who instantly puts the matter on its true footing by the calm but somewhat contemptuous reply, "Take ye him, and judge him according to your law." Sullenly came the answer, "It is not lawful for us (it is not permissible — οὐκ ἔξεστιν) to put any man to death." The answer revealed (what the word "malefactor" had perhaps already implied, and what may have been involved in their bringing their prisoner to Pilate at all) that it was a capital charge which they had come to make. But it closed this important opening dialogue. The conversation just narrated is only found in the Gospel of John; and it is remarkable that a narrative apparently very much later than the others should record words which not only have the strongest internal evidence of truth, but to which subsequent investigation has given immensely increased historical value.

For at this point of the story comes in the question of conflict of *jurisdiction*. Why did the Jews go to Pilate at all? We have seen that their council condemned Jesus "to be guilty of death." Had they no right to pass such a sentence? or, having the right to pass it, had they merely no power to execute it? How far did the authority of the governor trench upon, or supersede, the authority of the Sanhedrin? Which of them had the *jus vitæ aut necis?* What was the relation of the two powers, the Jewish and the Roman, to each other at this time? This broad historical question lies at the root of the views which may be taken of the legal point — views which have sometimes been extremely contrasted. In the controversy between Salvador and Dupin, the former (true in this to the sad claim of some of his nation of old, "His blood be on us") urged that the Sanhedrin had full authority to try even for capital crimes, and that their sentence of death required only the countersign or endorsement of the Roman governor. His opponent held that the Jewish court had no right to try for grave, or at least capital crimes at all; that their whole procedure was a usurpation; and that the only real or competent trial was that which we are about to consider. I have no intention of going into the great mass of historical investigation which has been undertaken on this confessedly difficult point. There seems no one consideration which is quite conclusive upon it. Thus it would be rash to ascribe to the assertion of the Talmud, that "forty years before the destruction of the temple the judgment of capital causes was taken away from Israel," the praise of exact chronological accuracy. Yet it is very striking as showing the time about which the doctors of the Jewish law were willing to hold that their power of life and death (no doubt already restricted or suspended under the despotism of Herod) had finally passed away. But on the general subject of the relation of the two powers in that age, there are some considerations which reasoners on either side do not seem to have always kept in view: — 1. There was no *concordat* on this subject between the Romans and the Jews. The latter were the conquered nation; their jurisdiction, including the power of life and death, was wrested from them *de facto*, and they were obliged to submit. But *de jure* they never did. To them, at least to the great mass of the nation, the Sanhedrin was still the national authority, especially in accusations relating to religious matters. 2. On the Roman side, the matter was of course precisely otherwise. Their view of the jurisdiction of subject

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

races generally, and of the Jews in particular was (I suspect) that it was just so much as they chose to leave them. In most cases that formed a very large field. The Roman governor sanctioned, or even himself administered, the old law of the region; but the policy of the ruling power was to concede to local self-government as much as possible. The concession was of course all the larger where there was no disposition on the part of the province to provoke a contest. In Roman law as in Roman campaigns, in questions of jurisdiction as in questions of politics, the maxim of the haughty and wise rulers of the world was *parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*.

3. It is evident that a large latitude was allowed on this subject to the great Roman officers — proconsuls or procurators — who administered *la haute justice*. The republic and the emperor permitted, and indeed demanded, that they should stretch or relax their authority as the particular case or exigency required. In ordinary matters brought before their tribunals, the rule on which they acted is perfectly expressed, a few years after this, by Annæus Gallio, the humane proconsul of Achaia and brother of the philosopher Seneca, "If it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you: but if it be a question of words and names, and of your law, look ye to it; I will be no judge of such matters." But while they drove such questions from the judgment-seat, so long as they did not affect the rights of the sovereign power, the least hint that one of these words or names or questions of another law could prejudice the supreme power of Rome was enough to authorize the governor to plunge his axe into the offending part of the body politic with prompt and savage severity. These general considerations should never be forgotten in reading the scattered and often inconsistent historical notices on the subject. They show that the extreme views, which critics in our own time have maintained, were probably held even then by the opposing powers whose jurisdictions were in poise. But the balance of evidence is very strong that, at this time, all questions of life and death in Judæa were by Roman law and practice reserved for the final decision of the Roman governor. In such cases the Jews had, at the most, only the *cognitio causæ*. Nor can there be much doubt that the governor's final power in these cases was not a merely ministerial right of endorsement and *executio;* it was also a power of *cognitio*, or review, in so far at least as he chose to exercise it. Whether this reservation to the governor was such as to deprive the Jewish courts of their rights as tribunals of first instance — whether any previous trial of a capital cause before the Sanhedrin was necessarily a usurpation — is another and a more difficult question. With regard to ordinary civil crimes — robberies or assassinations — the Jewish rulers may have been content not to interfere farther than to bring the perpetrators to the Roman tribunal for judgment. The Roman governor, on the other hand, may have been quite willing to send to the cross without much inquiry any ordinary malefactors against whom the authorities of their country, having already inquired into the case, were willing to appear as accusers. But obviously a more serious question arose when the alleged crime was a religious one — a claim, as prophet or Messiah, to change the ecclesiastical institutions. In such a case the Sanhedrin itself no doubt maintained, as the Jews generally did on its behalf, an exclusive right to judge in the first instance; and its tendency would be very strong to deny any *re-cognitio* by the Roman power, and either not to call in that power at all, or to limit it to a mere right of countersign. What view the Roman governor might take, in the very unusual case of such a charge being brought to his tribunal, was another matter.

But in truth, while the dialogue-narrative of the fourth Gospel admirably illustrates the historical relations of the parties at the time, the narrative, in that Gospel and in the others, supersedes the necessity for referring to these more general relations. Whether it was legitimate or not for the Jews to condemn for a capital crime, on this occasion they did so. Whether it was legitimate or not for Pilate to try over again an accused whom they had condemned, on this occasion he did so. There were certainly two trials. And the dialogue already narrated expresses with the most admirable terseness the struggle which we should have expected between the effort of the Jews to get a mere countersign of their sentence and the determination of Pilate to assume his full judicial responsibility, whether of first instance or of review. The reluctance of the Jews on the present occasion was no doubt prompted not so much by their usual ecclesiastical independence as by their dread lest inquiry by Pilate should prevent his carrying out their scheme. But as matters actually turned out, the collision

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

which the procurator's first words provoked had the effect of binding him publicly, before the men of both nations who surrounded his judgment-seat, to deal with this capital case in his judicial capacity. It was henceforth no mere matter of administration; no incident of summary police jurisdiction or military court-martial; it was a deliberate judgment of life and death by the supreme civil ruler who had interposed his jurisdiction between an accused man and the chief authorities of the subject nation.

The *accusation* demanded by Pilate necessarily followed, now that he had insisted on being judge in the cause. We have this given with considerable formality in the Gospel of Luke; and though it is omitted in the three others, the first question of Pilate to Jesus, which they all record, implies a previous charge. Luke gives it thus: "We found this man perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that he himself is Christ a king." Had the accusation retained the form in which it was brought before the Sanhedrin — had it been a merely religious or ecclesiastical crime which was now named — a different question would have arisen. Had the chief priests, when they "began to accuse" Jesus, said at once what they passionately exclaimed at a later stage of the cause, "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God," it may be doubtful what Pilate would have done. He was authorized as governor to administer their law, or to preside over and control its administration; and while his leaning would be, like that of Gallio, to consider this question a matter of words, he might have been induced to see that these words covered grave consequences to the State. But such questions are superseded by the deliberate change in the form of the accusation — or rather, the reverting to that accusation which had been originally intended, and for which the ecclesiastical procedure of the night before was a pretext or preliminary. If we accept the sentence of Luke as equivalent to the *nominis delatio* of the Roman law, or to the affidavit of the prosecutor-witness of the Hebrew law already considered — and it has resemblances to both — it throws a flood of light before as well as behind. The charge of "perverting" (*διαστρέφοντα*), including perhaps "revolutionizing" as well as "seducing" the nation, was fairly true, and was distinctly included in the Jewish procedure of the night before. No doubt to Roman ears it was ambiguous, but the ambiguity recalls that very real doubt which had governed his mind who said, "If we let him alone, all men will believe on him, and the Romans will come and take away our place and our nation." The culminating charge, that Jesus called himself "Christ a king," was also true, and had just been acknowledged to be true, though scarcely in the sense in which the accusers expected that the ears of the governor would receive it. But if we are to take Luke's narrative, we must believe that the charge was not left in this doubtful and ineffective form. The managers of the impeachment had no doubt not intended to make a deliberately untrue statement before the heathen judgment-seat. They wished, at as small an expense of falsehood as possible, to throw upon the foreign power the odium of a prophet's death. But the prompt utterances of Pilate seem to have forced them into the villany they would rather have avoided, and between the more ambiguous charges of seducing the nation and claiming a royal Messiahship, they add, by way of illustration, "forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar." It was a sheer falsehood, and some of the accusers must have known it to be the converse of the fact as recently ascertained. But it was a suggestion which, as they must also have known, would give the most deadly significance to the other vaguer and truer heads of the indictment, and would make it impossible for the governor to waive the capital charge.

For there is no mistake as to what the crime here imputed is. It is *majestas* — the greatest crime known in Roman law, the greatest crime conceivable by the Roman imagination — an attack upon the sovereignty or supreme majesty of the Roman State.* In the early days of the republic the name *perduellio* was applied to treason and rebellion, and the citizen condemned by the people for that crime was interdicted from fire and water, or hanged upon an *arbor infelix*. As the rule of the city spread over the world, treason came to be known as an attack upon its majesty; and various laws were passed to define this crime and the treatment of it, the chief enactment being the *lex Julia*. According to this law every

* "Crimen adversus populum Romanum vel adversus securitatem ejus." (Ulpian, Dig. xlviii. 4. 1.) The origin of the name is plain. Cicero defines *majestas* as "magnitudo populi Romani," and the full name of the crime is "crimen læsæ aut imminutæ majestatis." It is very adequately expressed by our word treason.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

accusation of treason against a Roman citizen must be made by a written libel. A Jewish provincial had of course no such protection. He stood before the procurator of the Cæsar, with no defence against the summary exercise of absolute power but the plea of justice.

We come now to the *defence*. All the narratives bear that Pilate put the same question to Jesus, in the same words, "Art thou the king of the Jews?" but that on his answering in the affirmative, the Roman came to the paradoxical conclusion that there was "no fault in him." The fourth Gospel contains the explanatory conversation which these facts almost necessarily imply. The statement of Jesus is unusually impressive. It is couched, no doubt, in that involved, allusive, and aphoristic style of utterance which we find in this Gospel from end to end. But we must remember that all the biographies represent this very style as occasionally used by Jesus, and as characteristic of him in critical circumstances. It comes out in all the histories when he touches on the esoteric "mysteries of the kingdom" he preached, or where his own claims are brought in question; and it manifestly grew more and more his manner of utterance towards the close of his career. We hold therefore that a statement which, though only recorded in the latest Gospel, must according to all the others have been substantially made, and which as reported is at once startlingly original and intensely characteristic, has every internal evidence of being historical. This dialogue took place in the prætorium, where Jesus may have possibly been detained while the question of jurisdiction was settled with his accusers. (It rather appears, however, that he must have been present while the accusation was made; the two first Evangelists state that either then or at a later stage his silence extorted the marvel of the governor, who said, "Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee?") He now, however, brings his prisoner within, and puts the sudden question, "Art thou the king of the Jews?" Jesus' answer, "Sayest thou this of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?" does not seem to have been a request to know what had been uttered by the Jews in his absence. The words evidently have a deeper reference. They are equivalent to, "In what sense dost thou use the expression? If thou sayest it of thyself, in the sense in which a Roman would naturally use the word, then I am not the king of the Jews. But if others told thee this of me, if thou art using the words of Hebrew prophecy, or of the world's hope, that may need further explanation." Pilate strives to reply as a Roman should, "Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee to me: what hast thou done?" It was throwing back, and not unfairly, the burden of explanation upon the accused; and he who had kept silence before the midnight Sanhedrin, and who made no answer even now to their dissimulated accusation, at once frankly responded to the heathen magistrate who desired himself to know the truth of the case: "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight: . . . but now is my kingdom not from hence." In considering words so memorable we must avoid as much as possible the theological and ecclesiastical, and look only from the historical, and in particular the forensic and judicial point of view. Whatever else these words import, they are in substance, and almost in form, a defence. If they imply a confession of kingship, they express an avoidance of the particular kind of kingship charged. They do not set up a plea in bar of the jurisdiction. They seem to acknowledge that a kingdom of this world would be a legitimate object of attack by the deputy of Cæsar, but they deny that the kingship of Jesus could be so described. The most important commentary on the words is of course the recent and famous scene of the tribute money, where Jesus being demanded as a Jewish patriot and prophet, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, or no?" answered, "Shew me a penny," and, having asked the significant question as to Cæsar's image and superscription engraved upon it, closed the discussion with the words, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." The two incidents, in common with the whole of the history, make it certain that it was no part of his plan of kingdom, as it was no part of the plan of Christianity historically, to attack the Roman power. But this critical utterance to Pilate (like that former one) seems to go farther. On the face of it, it indicates that there was no necessary collision between the kingdom which Jesus was prepared to assert as his own and that great "kingdom of this world" which his judge represented. An actual collision there too probably might be. But the words are meaningless unless they are taken as asserting separate spheres within which it was possible for each power to confine

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

itself, and by confining themselves within which it was possible for them to escape collision. Only one of these kingdoms is described, and it is defined generally as "of this world," the definition being illustrated by the suggestion that in every such kingdom the monarch may suitably be defended by the armed force of his subjects. The other is as yet only defined by the negation of these characteristics. Pilate, as the result indicates, was already impressed by the statement, and perhaps convinced by it of the innocence of the accused of all conspiracy against Rome. And yet Jesus still spoke of a kingdom — a kingdom too in this world, though not of it * — and his words of renunciation were more royal than all the Roman had ever listened to of greatness. With true judicial tact, the governor lays his finger on the exact point which required to be brought from negative implication into express statement. "Art thou a king then?" he asked the prisoner whose kingdom was not of this world. And as before, to the adjuration of God's high priest, so now, to the representative of all the greatness of earth, the answer came back, making a crisis in the world's history, "Thou sayest it: I am a king." He who spoke so to a Roman governor knew that he was offering himself to the cross, and that the next few hours might close that fateful life. And the thought was in his mind when he deliberately added, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness unto the truth." Whatever else is included in words so great, this "witness to the truth" certainly embraces the testimony which a moment before had been given by the speaker himself — by him "who before Pontius Pilate witnessed the good confession" — to the existence of a kingdom, true and real, though not of this *kosmos*. But this supreme utterance struck a deeper note than even the assertion of a spiritual and separate kingdom. It proclaimed that which is the basis of all human veracity and virtue, but which in those later ages was becoming strange to Roman ears — the existence of an eternal world of truth outside of man — a universal divine system of things, high above all local or national tradition, and indeed above all human beliefs and desires. Over that objective truth men have no power: their highest privilege is to recognize and to confess it. And those do recognize it who have already a certain kinship and relation to that central truth — who are "of the truth." For the last words of him who now claimed to be both the witness and the king of that greater world were, "He that is of the truth heareth my voice."

"Pilate answered, What is truth?" The blank response, half-sarcastic, half-despairing, wholly sceptical, will claim notice at a later stage. In the mean time we follow the course of the judge,* who, thus waiving the personal question presented to him, goes on to deal with the accusation and the accused. The narratives all bear that Pilate reached and expressed the conclusion that the crime charged had not been proved — that indeed he found in the accused "no fault at all." And the last Gospel distinctly refers the first public utterance of this conviction to the exact point in the conversation and defence at which we have now arrived. It was the only defence which the accused is at any time stated to have offered; and Pilate now went straight out from the prætorium, and announced his verdict, perhaps from the judgment-seat. Yet was this utterance, as it turned out, only the first step in that downward course of weakness the world knows so well: a course which, beginning with indecision and complaisance, passed through all the phases of alternate bluster and subserviency; persuasion, evasion, protest, and compromise; superstitious dread, conscientious reluctance, cautious duplicity, and sheer moral cowardice at last; until this Roman remains photographed forever as the perfect feature of the unjust judge, deciding "against his better knowledge, not deceived." Upon some of the points in the Evangelic narrative we need not dwell. The graphic incident of the judge catching at an allusion to Galilee, and, on ascertaining that the man was a Galilean, sending him to Herod, may be just noticed in passing. The word used is ἀνέπεμψεν (*remisit*), which seems the proper technical term for restoring an accused to his proper jurisdiction, as here in sending him from a

* "My kingdom is not of this *world*." The word used is κόσμος, not αἰών.

* The apocryphal "Acts of Pilate," after giving this conversation with much accuracy, adds a few sentences which, while they rather vulgarize the previous utterances, indicate a special application of the words of Jesus which may have occurred to the mind of the governor as he passed from their higher suggestions to announce his judgment in the cause:

"Pilate saith unto him, What is truth? Jesus said, Truth is from heaven. Pilate said, Therefore truth is not on earth. Jesus said to Pilate, Believe that truth is on earth among those who, when they have the power of judgment, are governed by truth and form right judgment."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

forum apprehensionis to a *forum originis*. Herod's declinature was prudent as well as courteous, when we remember the terms of the accusation. A man, even a provincial, accused of *majestas*, "stood at Cæsar's judgment-seat, where he ought to be judged;" and the Idumean "fox" may have dreaded the lion's paw, while very willing to exchange courtesies with the lion's deputy. The second appearance at the tribunal of the governor, shows a distinct accession of weakness on the part of the judge, and of pressure upon him by the accusers. His wife's * morning message troubles his conscience, but does not purify his heart. Pilate is now willing to "chastise him and let him go," *i.e.*, to mangle an innocent man with the savage Roman scourge. The Jewish accusers refuse the compromise; and Pilate, characteristically, seems to have left them under the impression that he had finally sent him to the cross, while he still intended to make a postponed appeal to their compassion. But before taking his first step in actual guilt, the judge washes his hands with the memorably vain words, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it." After the scourging, the three Evangelists record nothing but the insults of the fierce soldiery to one who was given up to them as a Jewish traitor to their emperor. But the later Evangelist interposes a series of incidents which are now as before noted with the finest characterization and the most delicate verisimilitude. He alone records the "Behold the man!" with which the struggling procurator, whose "faith unfiathful" still made him "falsely true," sought to move the multitude. He alone records the response, "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God"—an utterance in exact accordance with that narrative of the Hebrew trial which is given by all the synoptics, but which John has omitted. It is he who notices the unexpected but most natural effect of this claim upon the governor, whom the former utterances of the king "come into the world" had deeply impressed. "Whence art thou?" he almost tremulously demands. But from the first moment of his vacillation Jesus had given him no answer. Pilate, accordingly, at the very time when he is described as inwardly "more afraid," flashes out in that insolent tone which less discriminating secular historians regard as the only one characteristic of him, "Speakest thou not unto me? knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and power to release thee?" Jesus breaks the silence by a final word of answer, which is of high importance for our subject: "Thou couldst have no power at all over me, unless it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivered me unto thee had the greater sin." Some writers who hold that Pilate alone had "jurisdiction" in this case, and that the proceedings of the Sanhedrin were a usurpation, have appealed to this text, as containing in its first clause an acknowledgment of the exclusive right of the Roman tribunal, and in its last a denunciation of the illegality, as well as treachery, of Caiaphas. This is unwarranted, and in the circumstances grotesque. Yet while we notice here first of all the extreme consideration and almost tenderness with which the sufferer judges his judge,* we must confess that the words, "Thy power (ἐξουσία) is given thee from above," do relate themselves to the previous acknowledgment of a "kingdom of this world," a *kosmos* in which men are to give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; while they add to that former acknowledgment the explicit idea (afterwards enforced by the apostles) that this earthly kingdom with its earthly aims is also from above. The powers that be are ordained of God; Pilate, who knew this not, was abusing a great and legitimate office partly through a heathen's ignorance; and in so far he was less guilty than the false accusers who sat in Moses' seat. It was not strange that the words should have prompted one last effort on the judge's part to save himself from his weakness; but it was too late. The Jewish hierarchs had now taken the full measure of the man, and their final argument was one fitted to bear down in him all of conscience that remained. "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend: whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar." Few utterances are more valuable historically than this last general statement. To feel the full force of it we must recall how, as already explained, the Cæsar had gathered up in himself all the public offices of the republic, so that treason against the State and treason against him had become almost the same. The old Roman watchfulness to crush out attempts against Rome was now intensi-

* There is a curious historical question whether the wives of governors were at this time permitted to go down to the province with their husbands, which turns out in favor of Claudia Procula.

* "Judex judicantium."—Goesius.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

fied by being absorbed into the jealous personal suspicion of a despot. It was no anti-climax when the shrewd Jewish politicians, instead of saying, "Whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against the majesty of the State," preferred to say, "Whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar." Long before this period of the reign of Tiberius the latter had become the deadlier form of the crime. Some of the accusers must have remembered the early days of the dynasty, when Julius and Octavius perpetrated their own successful *lèse-majesté*, and the nation of the Jews, adhering to them in the great convulsion, merited the name which came afterwards to be known as a title of honor, of "Cæsar's friends." And all of them must have been aware that while the first emperor had extended the law of treason to punish libels against his own person, Tiberius, still more watchful in his jealousy, used the *leges majestatis* continually against all who failed in respect to the majesty of Cæsar, even if they did not speak against him (ἀντιλέγειν) in the sense of favoring counter-claims by themselves or others. The great historian records how, even before the date when Pilate was sent to Judæa, when the provinces appeared before Tiberius with complaints against their proconsuls, they took care to throw in along with the usual accusations of rapacity the added charge of treason — "*Addito majestatis crimine, quod tum omnium accusationum complementum erat!*" * To Pilate, as a personal dependent on the favor of the emperor (a favor seemingly originally procured through Sejanus, about this time hurled from power), all this must have been continually and urgently present, the more as he had already earned the hatred of his province, and dreaded its revenge. His fears were not groundless. Tiberius was still upon the throne when, a few years after, Pilate was superseded, and ambassadors from Palestine, relying on the hereditary attachment of the nation to the imperial house, were sent to Rome to witness against the recalled and degraded governor. The shadow of that distant day paralyzed Pilate on this morning. What if he were to be accused before Cæsar of spoliation and bloodshed, and, too well knowing himself to be guilty of those wrongs, should read also in the eyes of his gloomy master that other charge, the complement and the crown of every lesser crime? He who had so long persisted against all other arguments now succumbed at once before the well-chosen words, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend: whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar." He ascended the tribunal, from which alone a final sentence could be legally pronounced by a Roman judge — in the present case, apparently, a portable seat carried out from the prætorium and placed in front upon a *lithostróton* or tesselated pavement. Yet even here he relieved his bitter feelings by the words to the accusers, "Shall I crucify your king?" But on the chief priests making the historical answer, "We have no king but Cæsar," the judge turned to him who had claimed another kingdom, and, in such words as "*Ibis ad crucem*," delivered him to be crucified.

* Tacitus, Annales, iii. 39.

"Was Pilate right in crucifying Christ?" The question has recently been asked in a book of extraordinary ability, which opens with the most powerful attack in our language on what has been known in modern times as the right of "liberty of conscience." If you deny that right, argued John Stuart Mill and others, you must approve of Marcus Aurelius and the other persecutors of Christianity — nay, you must go farther, and find "a principle which will justify Pontius Pilate." A keen critic has accepted the challenge; and his argument, while in the first instance it rather departs from the question of principle so raised, ultimately returns to it, and I think justifies the selection of so memorable an illustration. The discussion will be found to lead directly to the only legal question which remains for me to take up — the relation of the Roman State and the Roman law to the sentence of the Roman governor.

1. The suggestion however which is first made,* that Pilate may have "believed in good faith that what he did was necessary for the preservation of the peace of Palestine," is purely gratuitous. Whether that would have justified him in condemning a man he believed to be innocent, we may touch upon hereafter. But in the mean time there is not the slightest ground for the suggestion itself. The

* "Was Pilate right in crucifying Christ? I reply, Pilate's paramount duty was to preserve the peace in Palestine, to form the best judgment he could as to the means required for that purpose, and to act upon it when it was formed. Therefore, if and in so far as he believed in good faith and on reasonable grounds that what he did was necessary for the preservation of the peace of Palestine, he was right." — Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. By James Fitzjames Stephen, Q.C. P. 87.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

narratives are uniform in asserting his expressed conviction of his prisoner's innocence, his knowledge that Jesus had been delivered "for envy," his scoffing incredulity in speaking to the Jews of their king, and his final yielding, as a judge, to those *vanæ voces populi* against which his own law warned him, only when his personal and private interests were menaced. And the Christian narratives which have handed this down are, strange to say, in no respect hostile to Pilate. Jewish and other writers who expressly treat of the character of this governor give us his portrait as rapacious, cruel, and unjust. The Christian historians give no portrait, and have occasion to refer to him incidentally only where his actions are fitted to excite the keenest exasperation. Yet these few historical side-touches represent the man within the governor with a delicacy, and even tenderness, which make the accusing portrait of Philo and Josephus look like a hard, revengeful daub.* Is there, in the Tito or Bulstrode of modern delineation, anything more true to nature, more provocative of sudden sympathy from men who know the pressure of public life, than that morning's mental history of the sixth procurator of Judæa, as given by the friends of the man whom he crucified? The motives for Pilate's vacillation are only too intelligible. But that at any point of it he believed his sentence was called for to preserve the peace of the province is an unhistorical suggestion.

2. Had the history run at all in that direction, there are various situations which might be figured. That a judge, even if he were not a military governor with *merum imperium* delegated from Rome, should slay a man who was overtly and in intent seditious, raises no question. Neither Mr. Mill, nor any other advocate of liberty, questions the duty of government to preserve the peace. That a governor, sitting or not sitting as a judge, should deliver to death a man whom he believed to have no intentions against the peace, because he was in point of fact dangerous to it, might raise a serious question.† In particular, it raises the distinction between the judicial and the administrative. What Pilate as administrator of the province might do in the way of deporting or even killing an innocent man for the sake of its peace, is one question. What he might do sitting as a judge and inquiring whether there was "fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse him," is another matter; and it is the one with which we have to deal. The distinction, kept sacred in all jurisprudences, is beginning to be confused in the minds of English lawyers by the powerful but provincial theory of utility which they are taught, but the spread of which from the professor's chair to the judgment-seat will, I think, be prevented by both the scientific traditions of Europe and the moral sense of mankind. In saying so, I

* My view of his true character scarcely varies from that so tersely given by Dr. Ellicott: "A thorough and complete type of the later-Roman man of the world: stern, but not relentless; shrewd and world-worn, prompt and practical, haughtily just, and yet, as the early writers correctly perceived, self-seeking and cowardly; able to perceive what was right, but without moral strength to follow it out." — Historical Lectures, 6th ed., p. 250. Compare with Philo, in his letter on "Ambassadors."

† "If this should appear harsh [the assertion that Pilate's duty was simply to maintain the Roman power], I would appeal again to Indian experience. Suppose that some great religious reformer — say, for instance, some one claiming to be the Guru of the Sikhs, or the Imam in whose advent many Mahommedans devoutly believe — were to make his appearance in the Punjaub or the North-west Provinces. Suppose that there was good reason to believe — and nothing is more probable — that *whatever might be the preacher's own personal intentions*, his preaching was calculated to disturb the public peace and produce mutiny and rebellion; and suppose, further (though the supposition is one which it is hardly possible to make even in imagination), that a British officer, instead of doing whatever might be necessary, or executing whatever orders he might receive, for the maintenance of British authority, were to consider whether he ought not to become a disciple of the Guru or Imam; what course would be taken towards him? He would be instantly dismissed with ignominy from the service which he would disgrace; and if he acted up to his convictions, and preferred his religion to his queen and country, he would be hanged as a rebel and a traitor." — Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, p. 94.

Of course the true parallel would rather be: suppose that the Guru or Imam were delivered to a British officer by his co-religionists on a charge of erecting a national system against the English raj, and refusing to pay an English tax; that the officer, on personal examination, came to be satisfied that the man was innocent and the charge was false; that to pacify the other priests, he proposed an intermediate punishment of one in whom he found no fault; that under great pressure brought against him to act contrary to his view he vacillated half a day; and that at last, on being threatened with a complaint to his official superiors which might endanger his place or promotion, he ordered his prisoner to torture or to death. Suppose all this, and suppose that the story came out fully on his arrival in London, in how many drawing-rooms would he be received?

But take it even that the case were not so bad. Assume that a British officer thought himself compelled to order for execution a native preacher whose "personal intentions" were not in the least hostile or seditious, because his preaching might in point of fact be, or had in point of fact been, dangerous to the English power, and because the example would have a good effect. This is about the best case made for Pilate. If done judicially, it would be a judicial murder. If done administratively, what ought it to be called? I believe there are few circles which would hold that mere hesitation by a British officer to do such an act would infer ignominy or disgrace to the service. As to the farther step of becoming personally a disciple of a "higher form of morals" than any previously known (the immediate peace of the region being first cared for), there does not seem any other difficulty than what is dealt with in the text, on next page.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

do not forget the story of the English judge who told a prisoner, "I sentence you to die, not at all because you have robbed this house, but in order that other people may not rob other houses in future." That judge, if he existed and pronounced such a sentence, simply committed murder. But it was Caiaphas, not Pilate, who thought it *expedient* that one man should die for the people. And neither the one nor the other grounded the expediency on any immediately apprehended outbreak or on any danger to the peace. There was indeed no such immediate danger. How far there might be ultimate danger to the Roman State from the spread of convictions and the acceptance of claims like those of Jesus, was another matter, and it was the really important one. The true question, as the critic of the liberty, equality, and fraternity watchword soon discerns, is between the universal supremacy of a government whose functions extended to something much higher than keeping the peace on the one hand, and the claims of a kingdom not of this world on the other.

3. Accordingly the final defence made for the Roman governor — the only one which can be of any weight in consistency with the history, and the only one also which bears on the great question of liberty of conscience or repression of opinion — is contained in the following passage of very general theory, illustrated in the quotation in my note on the previous page: —

> Pilate's duty was to maintain peace and order in Judæa, and to maintain the Roman power. It is surely impossible to contend seriously that it was his duty, or that it could be the duty of any one in his position, to recognize in the person brought to his judgment-seat, I do not say God incarnate, but the teacher and preacher of a higher form of morals and a more enduring form of social order than that of which he was himself the representative. To a man in Pilate's position, the morals and the social order which he represents are for all practical purposes absolute standards. — P. 93.

Whether this was the theory of Roman law, we may afterwards see. But it is here presented as the universal and true theory against which it is difficult to contend seriously. It may be so. This at all events is not the place to deal directly with it, farther than by recording a fundamental dissent and implacable opposition.* But it is exactly the place to point out that this was the theory which the defence of the accused seems directed to meet. The doctrine of the powerful book from which we quote is that "sceptical arguments in favor of moderation about religion are the only conclusive ones." To suggest such arguments to the governor, or at least to leave his mind to the sceptical poise of the average educated Roman of the day, might have seemed the prudent part in a prophet accused of treason. His words take very much the opposite course. The assertion of a kingdom — a higher and ruling "form of morals and social order" — set up in the earth, but in a different plane and kosmos from the secular power of Rome, might of itself have implied the assertion of a duty to recognize that kingdom. But when its assertion was backed by an immédiate appeal to the truth, as that which men are born into the world to confess, the defence plainly resolved into a claim that this truth, and not any social order or traditional belief, should be the "final and absolute standard." And the last words addressed to Pilate clinch "the duty of any one in his position to recognize the teacher" of that higher order and extramundane truth; for "every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." Besides, even if we should prefer to disbelieve this conversation, we cannot escape from the fact that this was precisely the attitude taken up historically by Christianity. It did not claim merely to be one higher form of morals or religion among others. It claimed to be the true religion — in the sense of being both universal and obligatory. And the empire, which would have been content to ignore it while it presented itself as simply a higher form of morals or even of social order, could not ignore it when it appeared as the universal and obligatory form. When it is claimed to be the truth, Rome first answered, "What is truth?" and when it insisted on the right of truth to be obeyed, Rome answered again with persecution. And Christianity responded by the constant reiteration of the duty of every member of the State, whether an official or not, to recognize this truth, to bear witness to it, and, if need be, to die for it. Hence the immense interest which has always attached to Pilate's answering inquiry. It was the utterance of one who was neither a

* It is the same theory, *mutatis mutandis*, with Ultramontanism, and that not merely because in both the individual conscience is crushed under authority. "It appears to me," says the author, "that the Ultramontane view of the relation between Church and State is the true one" (p. 109), because, as is explained, Ultramontanes correctly hold that of the two powers one must be supreme and the other must obey, and that there is no real distinction of a spiritual and a secular province in human life.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

philosopher nor a statesman, but simply a typical Roman gentleman, in a position where he represented his State. And precisely because it was so, the question, "What is truth?" lays bare the hinge upon which the mighty Roman world was then smoothly revolving into the abyss. The republic, we must never forget, had already ceased to believe in its own morals and social order. The fact is certain, but the pathos of it has too seldom been acknowledged. Again and again in the past we have mused and mourned over Greece, and its search of truth intellectual — its keen and fruitless search, never ending, ever beginning, across wastes of doubt and seas of speculation, lighted by uncertain stars. But to-day let us for once remember that greater race, the greatest this earth has known; called and trained through long centuries to the work of governing a world, and when at last that mighty inheritance came into its hands, stricken with inward paralysis for want of a motive and a hope. Too well has our own poet drawn the picture: —

> In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
> The Roman noble lay;
> He drove abroad, in furious guise,
> Along the Appian way;
>
> He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
> And crowned his hair with flowers:
> No easier and no quicker passed
> The impracticable hours.

And so there crept upon men that moral languor and satiety of life which underlay the whole time of the empire, hardening often into cruel apathy or reckless despair. But have we always reflected how certainly this cynical moral mood of the dominant race was the result of the new circumstances into which it was thrown? In early days the Roman believed in himself, in his gods, in his institutions, and, above all, in his State. It was for him *theatrum satis magnum* — his standard, his rule, his righteousness. And so he was righteous, in his stern, relentless way. But now the world had grown wider. And what had sufficed for virtue in former times did not suffice for virtue now. A provincial belief, a national religion, was too narrow for a world: it *necessarily* collapsed, and left the lords of earth, with strong hands and empty hearts, sceptical as to truth, and so lapsing from righteousness.

That this had become largely the result even in the reign of Tiberius, is admitted. And it was plainly a position of matters very unfortunate for the application of the general rule suggested. That Pilate, or Pliny, or any Roman official, should have to refuse a higher order of morals which his conscience approved, simply because his State believed in a lower, was hard enough. But that such an official should have to refuse that higher morality or religion, after both he and his State had ceased to believe in the lower, was harder still. And that in such circumstances a judge should have to use systematic persecution against the confessedly higher convictions, simply to prevent their making head against a legal standard of faith which he and all men had begun to disbelieve, was the most unfortunate thing of all. There is probably nothing which so excites the loathing of mankind as when the State persecutes for a faith which it is already beginning to lose. And yet, obviously, that is precisely the time when it is most likely to happen, and on the theory with which we are dealing it is what ought to happen. That theory we are not to discuss, but in answering the question by which its author so courageously illustrates it, "Was Pilate right in crucifying Christ?" we must for a moment shred away all circumstances of aggravation. Suppose that Pilate and the Romans of his time still believed in the old religion of the little Tiber city, that Jesus had been a native subject of that city, and *that the law of the city demanded* persecution of all religious convictions hostile to its old faith. What in such circumstances was the "duty of a man in Pilate's position"? I answer that his duty was (having first cared for the immediate peace of his district) to refuse to obey the law, and to resign his position rather than outrage a principle of conscience, which lies deeper than all social superstructures of either the Church or the State. There are laws which are invalid because they strike against the basis of all law. But this brings us to the final question, What was the law of Rome in the matter of the trial of Jesus Christ?

My space warns me to give a general answer to this question, and to avoid references to sources. It is well known that the policy of Rome as a conquering power towards the religions of subject states was one of toleration. But that meant little more than toleration of existing religions in their local seats. Because the worship of Serapis or Isis was tolerated on the Nile, as a monotheistic worship was in Judæa, it by no means followed that either of them became a *religio licita* on the banks of the Tiber. Even if such a religion was tolerated on the Tiber, exclusive

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

devotion to it was tolerated only in natives of the country from which it came, and was at no time permitted to Roman citizens. For them all over the world the old religion was imperative; and for the world, the religion of the Tiber though not imperative was dominant. The concessions made to the provinces for their religions were strictly concessions, not concordats. Accordingly the concession was generally limited by the idea, *Cujus regio, ejus religio.* Outside the region or province where the local cult ruled, it was denied the rights of publicity and of proselytism, and was restricted to a passive and a private existence. These general considerations explain some of the variations in the Roman treatment of the Jewish and Christian faiths. The old Jewish religion had the paradoxical quality of being national or local on the one hand, while on the other it claimed to be exclusive truth. The union of the two qualities went far to explain that hostility to the human race which the Romans were fond of ascribing to it. A faith which attacked that of all other men, without inviting them to share in it, invited this misconstruction. But its very want of aggressiveness saved it from collisions. When Christianity appeared, a different problem had to be dealt with. Here was a faith which not only claimed to be the absolute truth, but which refused to be confined within local limits. It was essentially proselytizing and therefore essentially public; and it demanded universal individual acceptance — acceptance by the Roman as by the Greek and the Jew. What was the result? "The substance of what the Romans did was to treat Christianity by fits and starts as a crime."* That occasional persecution was not founded upon any specialities in the nature of Christianity, or excited by any great dislike to it as a form of worship or belief. It was persecuted generally as a form of atheism, or of opposition to the established and tolerated institutions. And the opposition to it on this ground was set in motion and regulated by some of the greatest and wisest, and even, in a sense, most tolerant emperors. Trajan and the Antonines were wise and large-hearted monarchs. There was little in Christianity to repel, and there was much in it to attract such men. They were not bigots, and those around them were generally sceptics. They did not believe in absolute or universal truth in matters of religion, and they did believe in the sovereignty and supremacy of the Roman State. The consequence was that while they protected in Egypt and Palestine and Italy all *religiones licitæ* which would live in peace with each other and claim no universal dominion, they bent the whole force of the State against the one religion which said, "For this cause are men born, that they should bear witness unto the truth," and "Every one that is of the truth heareth his voice." There is no way of explaining the history except by acknowledging that the constitutional law of Rome reserved to the State the right on the one hand to approve and license, or on the other to repress and forbid, the expression of new religious convictions, the public existence of a new faith. And this prerogative was held to form part of the *majestas* or supremacy of the State.

It was so in the days of Tiberius as truly as in the *terreur juridique* of Domitian. Pilate, as his deputy, seems to have been convinced that the claim of Jesus to be "Christ a king" was not a claim to temporal sovereignty. He accepted in some sense his own assurance that it was a kingdom not of this world. Yet this meant, at the least, that his kingdom was a religion which he was about to found. It meant more. A religion which takes the form of a kingdom, with a king and his non-combatant servants, however little "of this kosmos" it may be, must be not only religion but a Church. A universal religion, starting with individual faith, but adding immediately an obligation to confess that faith and to proselytize, is already (according to the Protestant definition) a Church. The defence of Jesus gave at least as much prominence to this as his disciples did during the early ages; and it gave additional seriousness to the charge of treason. A great student of history of our time has perhaps gone too far in holding that the Roman laws against unlicensed association or combination were the unhappy root of all the persecutions,* too far even in holding that they were the instrument by which all these persecutions were carried on. These laws were the branches rather than the root, but they were in liv-

* Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, p. 90.

* "La seule chose à laquelle l'empire Romain ait déclaré la guerre, en fait de religion, c'est la théocratie. Son principe était celui de l'état laïque ; il n'admettait pas qu'une religion eût des conséquences civiles ou politiques à aucun degré ; il n'admettait surtout aucune association dans l'état en dehors de l'état. Ce dernier point est essentiel ; il est, à vrai dire, la racine de toutes les persécutions. La loi sur les confréries, bien plus que l'intolérance religieuse, fut la cause fatale des violences qui deshonorèrent les règnes des meilleurs souverains." — Renan's *Les Apôtres*, p. 351.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ing union with it. There can be no doubt that the laws regulating *collegia*, and repressing all unlicensed associations, had from the beginning a close connection with the *majestas* of the State, and especially with its right to institute and enforce religion.* The two things worked together, and they did so in theory and practice. A claim of Jesus merely to found a universal religion might no doubt, in practice, have come into collision with the law of Rome. But his claim to found it as a kingdom, though not of this world — "*une association dans l'état en dehors de l'état*," as it is happily expressed — seems to me to have been essentially inconsistent with the public principle of that law. Christianity, in short, was incompatible with the Roman public law, and that not merely because its contents were different from those of the old religion of Rome, but because its claim to universal individual acceptance and public confession conflicted with the unlimited and unbalanced sovereignty of the Roman State. And on these very points that law came into conflict with the author of Christianity. It does not, perhaps, follow that Pilate, as its administrator — supposing him to have apprehended the existence of this religious conflict, as he apprehended the non-existence of any civil conspiracy — was bound to condemn Jesus. As Trajan explains in his famous letter to the governor of Bithynia, it was the duty of the higher magistrate to use his own discretion in dealing with those who had transgressed the law on religion. Pilate seems, indeed, to have believed Jesus to be both just and harmless; and, so believing, he sinned in swaying from his first judgment, and betrayed the innocent blood. But when he ultimately sent him to the cross it was as claiming to be a king, and on the original charge of acting *adversus majestatem populi Romani*. And in point of fact, whatever his judge may have thought, the claim of Christ was truly inconsistent with the claim of the State which Pilate represented; and the world must judge between the two.

In considering the most famous of all trials from a merely legal and, indeed, formal point of view, we have come to some conclusions. We have found that it was a double trial, and that both parts of it were conducted with a certain regard to the forms of the two most famous jurisprudences of the world. In both the judges were unjust, and the trial was unfair; yet in both the right issue was substantially raised. And in both that issue was the same. Jesus Christ was truly condemned on a double charge of treason. He died because in the ecclesiastical council he claimed to be the Son of God and the Messiah of Israel, and because before the world-wide tribunal he claimed to be Christ a king.

ALEX. TAYLOR INNES.

* "La prétexte de religion ou d'accomplissement de vœux en commun est prévu et formellement indiqué parmi les circonstances qui donnent à une réunion le caractère de délit; et ce délit n'était autre que celui de lèse-majesté, au moins pour l'individu qui avait provoqué la réunion." — P. 362.

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ANSWER.

MR. BURNESTON had left his horse at the vicarage while he went across the field to Church Farm.

He could hardly have told why he did this; he had made up his mind to ask Doris to be his wife, let her father's answer be what it would, and yet he had hesitated to show this determination beforehand; as we have seen, he had not begun by saying he was on his way to Steersley.

The vicar had been out, and Mr. Burneston met him at the gate where the gardener's boy Joshua was holding the squire's horse. Mr. Spencer's rosy face and bright eyes twinkled at the sight of his "young friend," as he generally called Philip Burneston.

"Coming in for a chat, I hope. No worries, eh? Ralph all right? That's well; come along." Without waiting for any answer, he turned into the vicarage garden. Mr. Burneston felt impatient.

"Look here, Spencer," he said, "I can't come in, you must let me off to-day. I — I am rather hurried. I'm going to Steersley on business."

The vicar wheeled round; he was short and square in figure, with a broad, flat, kindly face and humorous mouth; he laid his finger on the lappel of Burneston's coat and screwed up his eyes.

"Business that won't keep, eh, Phil? Well, you know best, but there is a proverb which says, 'Look before you leap.'"

"What *do* you mean?" But the vicar,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

frightened at his own indiscretion, had turned away and retreated into his house.

The squire muttered a strong-sounding word, and that was all; he did not even thank Joshua, but flung him some pennies, and rode away as fast as he could.

The keen east wind had so dried the soil that the dust followed him like a cloud. Perhaps there was a likeness between it and the hazy tumult of his thoughts.

"I don't know what all this means," he said angrily. "What can Spencer have heard unless Raine spoke to him? It's not like Gilbert, though," he rode on thinking; "but it was not like him to come all the way from Austin's End, as he did the other day. No," he said angrily, "they all mean well, but have made a great mistake; they treat me as if they thought I was like Ralph, still a schoolboy." Ralph — that was really the thorn that lay beneath all this irritation.

Mr. Burneston did not care for the opinion of the little world of Burneston, or for the more general disapproval of his friends; but he shrank with the shyness of a girl or a boy from the disapprobation of this lad of fifteen.

"So like his mother, too, in all his notions. I must write to him fully to-night, it's only fair; he will be none the worse for my marriage. I shall probably save money by living quietly at home."

A picture rose, self-created, to his view which made him laugh at these pricking doubts. Ralph, and all possible annoyance connected with him, faded before the image of Doris and the home she would make for him. It was not only her beauty that filled this man's mind; there was a sweetness of subdued manner, a gentle calmness, very restful when contrasted with the frivolous, exacting nature of the woman who to him had been as wives are apt, however wrongly, to be, to their husbands, a representative type of womankind.

"Doris is perfect now," his thoughts ran; "but there is so much in her to develope that there is no saying how grand a character she may become."

He did not want to depend on his wife for guidance or even counsel; he liked, after the fashion of one who had been an only child, to be left alone and neither teased nor thwarted; but he did not care to be burdened with the weaknesses or indecisions of another mind, and it seemed to him that a very happy and free life lay before him.

Just as he rode into Steersley, flushed with joyful anticipation, the old flat face and screwed-up eyes of the vicar came back with his warning.

"'Look before you leap.'" Mr. Burneston's lip curled as he smiled; "Yes, look when there is fear of a pitfall, or any kind of treachery. I may fall utterly because there is just the possibility that — that Doris cares for some one else; but failing that, I am taking no blind leap."

He felt anxious till he reached the cottage gate lest Doris should be absent, but as he dismounted and told the boy who seemed to be waiting for him, so ready was he in his appearance, to take his horse to the Black Eagle, he heard the sound of music coming from the cottage.

He had long ago given up asking for Mrs. Barugh. His visits were ostensibly paid to George, and the little maid had got into the way of throwing open the "drawing-room" door and leaving him to announce himself, or if George was out she told the visitor so without any asking.

Mr. Burneston went in eagerly. Doris was rising from the piano, and without looking round he saw that George was absent.

It was the first time they had been alone since the meeting in Steersdale, and Doris was instantly conscious of a change in Mr. Burneston's manner, he seemed so much younger and more impulsive. She looked at him with a puzzled face, and he saw it and went back to his usual reserve.

"I saw your father at the farm just now, he is quite well," he said, "and the sick cow is better."

Her eyes brightened as she looked at him.

"How sympathetic she is!" he thought, while Doris was merely rejoicing that this change would ensure her father's Sunday visit; for this had become doubly precious since her disagreement with George.

Before she could answer, her brother's halting step came across the passage, and he was in the room shaking hands with Mr. Burneston.

In Mr. Burneston's absence Doris could think of so much to say to him, but to-day his altered manner had made her shy, and she felt a sense of relief when George came in; while her companion experienced a sudden and quite new antipathy to his future brother-in-law. How broadly George still talked, spite of the advantages he had had! and a slight shiver passed through Mr. Burneston. "There is nothing so catching as a bad way of speaking," he thought, and he resolved that Doris should not be exposed to this association longer than could be helped.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

George was less cordial than usual. This was the first time the squire's visits had been paid so near together, and it seemed to him that it was his duty to put them on a different footing. Love had sharpened George's eyes, and he, too, saw a marked change in the visitor. There was a flutter and eagerness in his manner that surprised the lad, accustomed to look up to his friend with a kind of loving reverence.

The talk flagged; the chief speakers, the squire and George, were each thinking how they could best say their say. Mr. Burneston wanted to be rid of George, and George of Doris.

But the older man's impatience mastered all restraint — moreover, he still considered George as only a boy.

"George," he smiled, "I want to say a few words to your sister; go in the next room till I come to you, there's a good fellow."

George flushed scarlet. Doris was stooping down looking out a piece of music for Mr. Burneston, and she did not hear distinctly. When she turned round George stood close by the squire, and was speaking almost in a whisper. She could not hear what he said, but she thought he looked angry.

"I mun speak to yey, sir, before yey speaks to Doris," George was saying. Mr. Burneston hesitated a minute; but the determined manner of the lad impressed him. "I'll come back," he said to Doris, and he led the way into the room opposite.

"Maister Burneston," George began, and then he turned and closed the door.

The squire had been so completely taken by surprise that he had acted on impulse. As recollection came back, anger came too. He looked sternly at the tall, pale youth; but the pleading earnestness of those honest brown eyes kept him silent.

"Maybe it's again all manners, what I'se getten to say, Maister Burneston; but I cannot put manners before duty." He paused to choose the least offensive way of framing his speech, for he shrank from paining his friend. "Donnut yey think 'at yur visits is bad for Doris? I means," he added hurriedly, "'at they spoils the rest o' her life for her?"

As he went on his voice had grown less and less assured, the words sounded to his sensitive notions so ungrateful.

He looked timidly at Mr. Burneston, and to his surprise the stern look had changed to one full of radiant happiness.

"Perhaps they do, and if you are right, my dear boy, I had better take care of her for the rest of her life, I think."

George looked stupefied.

"I donnut see your meanin'," he said.

"Well, my boy," Mr. Burneston was now excited out of his usual reticence. "I have had a talk with your father to-day, and I told him I was going to speak to Doris, and — and," then the certainty of hope that George's words had given him conquered his reluctance, and he added, "I am going to ask her to be my wife."

George turned an ashy whiteness, and then he flushed up all over his face.

"Then yey'll be doin' us all a great wrang, an' yersel and Maister Ralph a greater. Let us keep to oursels, Maister Burneston," the lad raised his head till he looked as tall as his father. "I's seear gude nivvers com' of a weddin' 'at warn't a match."

Mr. Burneston smiled, the lad's sturdiness amused him.

"Well, my boy, you are hardly of an age to judge," he said. "Now if that is what you had to say, I will go back to your sister."

But George stepped forward.

"Nay, sir, nay, do leave t' lass quiet. She's happy enough, an' if she sees you less oft, she'll maybe think more o' her own. I donnut say I can talk tiv her the same as you, bud if she has only me she'll learn to be content."

"This is nonsense, I can't listen to you any longer." Mr. Burneston's impatience rose. "I tell you I have spoken to your father — you really must not interfere in what you cannot judge about, though" — he spoke more gently — "if I did not hope to marry your sister, you would of course be perfectly right in all you say."

George laid one hand on the squire's arm, and the other on the door-handle.

"That donnut change nowt," he was almost panting with excitement; it seemed to him that the squire was going to do wrong, and that he was bound to prevent it. "I mean this. God has made men and women and placed them in different states of life. Ay, and set up landmarks, such as speech, and dress, and looks, too, for that matter, atween them, and if we's to take these things to wersels and break 'em up here and down there, mebbe we's all end in more of a maunge than t' Tower of Babel."

"Well, look here," Mr. Burneston's laughing manner jarred the lad's earnestness; "in theory you are perfectly right; this is a practical question, and I have no time really for theories to-day."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

He motioned for George to open the door, but the lad would not do this; he withdrew his hand from it, and walked proudly and sorrowfully to the window.

"I've been as blind as any mole," he thought. "Diz mother ken what's doin'?"

Mr. Burneston walked quickly into the next room.

Doris had felt puzzled by what had happened; but there was so much reserve between her and George that she could not guess at what he might have to say to Mr. Burneston. She only wondered that he had not come back with the squire.

Mr. Burneston walked up to where she sat with a book, and placed himself on a chair beside her.

"Doris," it was the first time he had called her so, and her color rose in a pink flush that made her lovelier than ever. "Do you recollect the day I met you in Steersdale?"

"Yes," the question was a relief, she looked up as she answered, and saw the strange agitated expression of his face, and the trouble which that talk in Steersdale had created, came back.

"Well, then you promised to look on me as a friend. Now, my child, I want you to have complete trust in me — a friend, you know, is always trusted."

Doris was getting bewildered, it seemed as if she were being accused of deceit.

"I have always trusted you," she said proudly.

"Ah, but I want a still deeper trust, I want you to tell me — even if I seem very bold in asking — whether, Doris, you have" — he hesitated, spite of all, he so dreaded her answer that he lingered as long as he could — "ever had a dearer friend."

She grew lovelier while he spoke, for the pink flush deepened with wounded pride, and also with disappointment. Instinct told her the real meaning of his question, and she had looked on Mr. Burneston as faultless with regard to delicacy: what right had he to try and force a confidence of this kind? "If I had had any love nonsense," she thought, "does he really suppose me weak and silly enough to talk about it?"

She raised her head slightly, but she did not look at him as she answered, —

"I have never had *any* other friend," with emphasis, "but the Miss Masham I have spoken to you of, my school-fellow."

"Well, then" — he was glad to have made her angry; any mood seemed easier than her usual calm, smiling reserve — "I want you to let me be your very dearest friend, much dearer" — his voice grew very tenderly earnest — "than your friend Rica. Tell me, Doris, can you love me better than any one else?"

She had raised her eyes in sudden wonder, but they fell quickly, for his eyes told the story that a woman cannot mistake when it is a true one; her heart fluttered in her bosom like some little startled bird, and her breath came and went quickly.

"Tell me, Doris, can you love me better than your dearest friend?" he said softly; but though he was so near her he did not even take her hand in his; he felt that this was not the confusion of surprised love, and that the answer he waited for was more than doubtful.

Slowly the eyelids rose, and those wonderful far-off gazing eyes gave him a timid, wavering glance.

"I do not know," Doris said gently, "I like you more than I can tell."

Her hands lay in her lap, he lifted one of them to his lips.

"I am satisfied," he said. "Doris, will you say you like me well enough to be with me always, and be my wife?"

He still held her hand, but his clasp tightened as he waited breathlessly.

She tried to speak, but the words would not come. At last she gave a little nervous smile.

"If you let go my hand I can tell you better," then as he released it she drew a deep breath.

"I had better tell you all the truth; if it is ungrateful, and not what I ought to say, you are so good that you will forgive me" — she stopped.

"Yes — yes," he said, "go on."

"To be your wife and to be always away from what I shrink from in life, is too great happiness to think of; but then, I know that you have a right to expect I should only think of you, and it would not be honest to say that I can do this." She clasped both her hands with the effort these words cost her.

There was a little silence. She had confessed more than he had hoped for, but there was a feeling of disappointment.

"You are so young," he said presently; "your own feelings are scarcely known to you; if you are always happy with me, if you are not conscious of liking any one better, it is quite possible that you do love me without knowing it ——"

Then his feelings broke through the tight rein he had laid on them.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"My darling, I will not ask you to say more now," he said, "you must be my wife. I will soon teach you to love me."

Doris did not feel sure whether she had consented; but when the squire put his arm round her and kissed her blushing cheek, she wished he had not spoken.

"A friend is nicer than a lover," the girl thought.

CHAPTER XV.

AN APPEAL.

JOHN BARUGH came over the morning after Mr. Burneston's visit. Dorothy met him at the door, and in the excess of her joy at what had happened, put both arms round his neck and kissed him heartily. John pushed her away.

"Theer, theer, missus, 'at'll deea — wheear's mah lass — wheear's Doris?" He looked sad and determined, and Dorothy's anger at his repulse melted into fear.

"She's there, dear," she said, and she opened the parlor door.

John took the door handle and pushed her on one side.

"Ah'll speak te thoo presentlys," he said sternly. "Ah mun bide aleean wi' Doris."

He walked up to his daughter, kissed her, and then sat down.

He did not look at her; he kept his eyes away, as if he were debating what to say.

Doris had rarely felt so nervous; ever since Mr. Burneston rode away the day before she had been dreading this interview, although she could have given no more definite cause for her dread than most girls in the same position.

But this silence oppressed her; it was so different to her father's joyful, almost boisterous greetings.

"How's the cow, father?" she said shyly.

"Deng t' coo." Then checking himself, he looked up at his daughter and smiled. "Ah's a rough chap when ah's freeated, and ah's yamost oot 'at yed aat 't news ah's getten about'wards yey, Doris. Waat hev yey seh'd tuv t' squire?"

Doris had grown very rosy while her father spoke; it seeemed to her that he was blaming her for Mr. Burneston's proposal.

"Mr. Burneston came yesterday," she said simply, "and asked me to be his wife."

"Geh on," said John hoarsely. "Ah knaws thaat."

The girl hesitated; she could not say she loved Mr. Burneston, and she could not tell her father that she was willing to marry the squire because she shrank from her home life.

John groaned.

"Yey hev sehd yey wad wed him?"

"I suppose so," she said, for, indeed, under this direct questioning it seemed to Doris that she had given no absolute consent to marry, though both Mr. Burneston and her mother evidently regarded the matter as settled.

It seemed to John Barugh as if his heart must choke him; it was like to burst with the violence of the struggle within. Love and anger and pride, too, were wrenching the strong man this way and that, till he could hardly bear the suspense.

He rose up slowly, and moving across to where the girl sate he laid one hand on her soft, smoothly waving hair.

"Mah lass," he said gently, "ah've nivver telled yee, an' mebbe ah's been wrang, bud ah's nae gleg at speakin' o' mysen." He paused a moment. "Yey's mair te mey, Doris, dhen mah ain life. Mebbe yey've thowt ah waaz a careless faytber to suffer ye te bide sae lang fra t' yam. Ye deeadn't ken, lass, how ah've longed efter mah bairn,— mah heart wur reet sair a' t' tahme. An' noo ah've getten her, ah'd cut off mah reet hand, lass, gin t' wad gi' yey mair joy i' yur life. Noo tell mey, lass, tell yer fayther, wheea hev nae secrets fra yee — diz yon man luov yee mich as thaat?"

Doris had trembled while he spoke; this betrayal of strong feeling stirred her, though at the time it did not touch her deeply.

She moved her head from under his hand and held up her face to be kissed; but John was too overwrought to notice this.

"You are very good to me, father," she said — "very, very kind; but are you vexed about this?"

John turned away.

"That's not the wod, lass; tell mah ye luves t' squire better dhen fayther, ur mother, ur George, an' ah'll gi' yee tiv him; thof yee hev knawd him bud three ur four weeks," he added sadly.

This was the first glimmer that had come to Doris of her father's power to forbid her marriage, and her sense of justice rose against what seemed to her to be tyranny. She forgot her father's sorrow.

"I cannot marry against your wish;

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

but I think Mr. Burneston will make me very happy," she said quietly, and with a coldness that struck him like a knife; "and if you wish for my happiness, father, you had better let us marry."

He was still turned away from her; she could not see the anguish in his eyes, the rigid pressure of his lips one against another, the clasp of his strong hand, and yet the sympathy that had bound this father and daughter so firmly together had not quite lost its power in Doris's own heart; something warned her that her father's silence was unnatural.

She went up to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Father," she said gently, "tell me; don't you want me to marry Mr. Burneston?"

He turned round quickly, his deep-set eyes lightened down on her from under the heavy red brows, and the light shining through his hair and beard seemed to circle his head with a glory.

"God help yee, bairn! Yee gaums nowt" — he drew a deep breath — "nowt o' whaat ah's feelin'. An' waat fer sud ye? Deead ah ivver say ye neea, lass? Waat fur sud ah freeat gin yey'se happy? 'At's waat ah's com fer tu mak seear o'. Ah'll gan back to Burneston noo."

Dorothy waited and waited; she did not dare to interrupt the talk between father and daughter. It was a relief when Doris came to find her with the tidings that the farmer had gone back to Church Farm.

"And what does father say, Doris?"

"He's very kind," said Doris; but she turned away and went to her own room to write to her friend Rica.

LETTER FROM DORIS BARUGH TO FREDERICA MASHAM.

"MY DEAR RICA,— When I wrote to you a week ago I did not guess at the news I am now going to give you. I have spoken to you of my brother's kind friend, Mr. Burneston. Only yesterday he came here and asked me to be his wife. This will surprise you; but it surprised me, too, very much. I believe we are to be married in a few weeks. I wanted you to have come and stayed with us first, but now, perhaps, you will be so very kind as to come and be my only bridesmaid. We are to be married at Burneston church, and then Mr. Burneston is going to take me to France and other foreign places. So, dear Rica, if you can come soon I shall be very glad, and then we can have a little time together. Miss Phillimore is to get all my things; but Mr. Burneston does not wish her to be at the wedding; only you and my own people, and his son, perhaps.

"Dear Rica, it is all like a dream, and this is a rambling letter; but I feel so queer and altered that I sometimes doubt if I really am myself, or whether Dame Wrigley has not bewitched me as well as the cows.

"It is not all happiness. It is very sad to see my poor father; I have only seen him once since, and he cannot bear to give me up. I did not guess he was so fond of me, and I fear we shall meet so seldom — I do not like to think of this. He is going to leave Burneston almost directly. I have told you that is the place where we really live. This is merely a temporary house, and I believe my father is looking after a farm somewhere near the sea; but I suppose gain in life must always bring loss of some kind with it, and I am sure of being satisfied with my new life. Do come as soon as you can; I have so much to talk to you about, and believe me

"Your affectionate friend,
"DORIS BARUGH."

In a few days came Miss Masham's answer.

FROM FREDERICA MASHAM TO DORIS BARUGH.

"I AM so glad, but I never was so surprised, to think of Doris, that chilly lily which turned up its lovely nose at 'love nonsense' generally, having actually condescended to tell a man she will marry him! After this, if clouds fall and pigs whistle, I shall be calm and unsurprised. And the squire is the man — that grand Mr. Burneston, of Burneston Hall! Oh, my Doris! hast thou, then, been a princess in disguise, a goose girl, who is now restored to her rightful rights?

"Will I be your only bridesmaid? I should rather think I would. I am in a perfect whirl of excitement, to think of seeing you and that darling of a poor George so soon, and the new husband — oh, I beg pardon, I mean lover. Only I am frightfully angry with you. You never even tell me his Christian name; you never say 'darling Jack,' or Tom or Harry — just 'Mr. Burneston,' quite calmly, as if he were your grandfather. Is he much older than you, Doris, my love? Well, you have such a steady little head, that you will want a husband older than yourself, and I think it must be much nicer.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

How wonderfully good and unselfish you are! Now if I loved any one, I should rave about him, because I should be able to think and talk of no one else. Still, you might have given me a glimpse of the creature, just to let me see if I had the least chance of tormenting him. What a stiff, proper letter I am writing! I believe I have a vague fear that darling B. (perhaps his name is Benjamin — only think of my Doris turning into Mrs. B. B.!) looks over your shoulder while you read. Now don't let him see this, and I'll tell you what happened when I read your letter.

"It was breakfast-time, and I went quite off. I jumped up and cried out, 'Hooroor — hooroor — hooroor!' and all the boys followed suit, they always do, you know; they say I waved my cup round my head, and little Jemmy said, 'Is de house on fire?' and papa put on his spectacles and looked at me in a comic way he has sometimes.

"'Anything very special, Frederica?" he said. I sat down: 'Doris is going to be married, papa, and you must excuse everything;' so you see you are responsible for my behavior. I suppose, as the wedding is so quiet, a plain gown, etc., will do best, but mamma will see to all that, she is so good. You can say if you like, how you wish me to be dressed. I am actually bursting till I get to Steersley — how we will talk! George won't mind, I suppose. With fondest wishes for your happiness, your own "RICA."

"Where is George, mother?" Doris looked up from her letter, "I haven't seen him this morning, and I want to tell him Rica is coming."

"He's gone to breakfast with the rector, my dear — he and Mr. Hawnby seems main fond o' one another — he's a nice old gentleman, Doris. I wish he was going to marry you."

"Do you?" said the girl, absently, "is not one clergyman the same as another? We could certainly have been married here, but Mr. Burneston does not wish it."

"Of course not; why, my dear, it would never have done: it would have looked so bad; it would have seemed as if he was ashamed of what he was doing, and of you too." Doris blushed with vexation. "If you had never lived at Church Farm, it would have been different. My word, child, Mrs. Emmett's face will be a sight to see, and Rose, too. I wonder what they're saying about it all. I'd like to know, rarely. Eh! Mr. Burneston 'll have to get a new housekeeper."

Mrs. Barugh checked herself and gave a little frightened look at her daughter's vexed face.

"Please don't talk so, mother, I don't like to see you proud of what is a trouble to me."

"A trouble! what do you mean, child? Your marriage a trouble! My word, you're talking nonsense, Doris."

"No, mother, I'm sure I'm right, and father thinks so too, I know, though he's sorry to lose me. I am glad to marry Mr. Burneston, and proud, too, that he should wish to marry me, and I like him; but I'm troubled. I mean because this marriage will make some people vexed and unhappy, and that is why I wanted less hurry about it."

Mrs. Barugh always got fretted in an argument with her calm, clever daughter. Doris was sure to get the best of it, and was, her mother knew, usually right. But she had some strange crotchets, Dorothy thought, and, with all her loftiness, in some ways a great want of proper pride.

"Gracious me! That's what I call folly, child. Why ever should you and Mr. Burneston dilly-dally over your happiness, just because a strong-willed, selfish boy of fifteen chooses to object? for I'll lay that's what your 'some people' means."

Doris frowned yet more decidedly, and pressed her lips together to control her vexation.

"Please don't say 'I'll lay,' mother, and I don't think you are quite fair to Ralph Burneston. Suppose father were left alone, don't you think George would be vexed if he wanted to marry a girl out of the village?"

Mrs. Barugh had seized a lilac cap-string with each hand while her daughter spoke, and she held them at some distance apart while she answered, —

"My goodness, Doris, you do say the oddest things. Fancy your comparing your brother George with that self-willed, giving-himself-airs young Ralph Burneston, and then to liken yourself to Rose Duncombe or one of these Steersley lasses! You take my breath away, and that's a fact. Mr. Burneston knows what he's about, and he's quite in the right to pay no heed to his son's objections, that's to say if he really does object."

"Well, mother, how about George? Is he self-willed and selfish?"

Doris looked half archly, half sadly at

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

her mother, and Mrs. Barugh's delicate face puckered and quivered. It was as much as she could do not to cry at the remembrance of what had followed Mr. Burneston's proposal. In the very moment of her triumph, when Mr. Burneston had come into the kitchen after her, and had shaken her by both hands in the fulness of his joy, and thanked her for giving him such a treasure, in that sublimest moment of her life, when everything looked radiant with glory, George had suddenly come to her, as she stood a moment before she sought Doris, looking after the squire as he rode away.

"Mother," the lad spoke in bitter sorrow, "donnut look for joy or blessin' in this matter, gude will not come on it — only sorrow."

"Hush, George," she had said, "oh, fie, for shame!" But the lad had retreated to his own room, and next morning had come her husband's rude, strange behavior: "Not to say one word after he had seen Doris, and to go off again without giving any reason. As sulky and dogged as you please," Dorothy had said pettishly to herself; "bother the men, they're all alike."

It was really too bad that neither husband nor son should wish her joy on this great and triumphant event, which she felt she had helped to produce.

But during the afternoon a hamperful of flowers had come for her from Burneston Hall, with a little parcel for Doris, and the setting out her flowers had filled Mrs. Barugh with a happy, fluttered excitement. She was disappointed to find that the parcel only contained a letter, but somehow a throng of busy thoughts and plans, and the golden future shining out more and more distinctly as a background to her daughter's loveliness, had made her shake off these vexations.

And now Doris herself had recalled them. It was too bad; between them they had managed to trouble all her joy.

"I must give George a talking to," she said, in answer to her daughter's question.

She resented the cold indifference which George had shown, and yet she could not bear to blame him to his sister, come what might. Her boy was more to her than Doris ever could be.

Doris smiled, but she felt proud and bitter.

"You had better leave him alone, mother. He thinks I ought to have said no. He has scarcely spoken to me since; so it is plain you and he do not look at this matter from the same point of view."

It was harder than ever to blame Doris now that she would so soon be a real lady; not only a lady in her mother's eyes, but an unmistakable lady in the eyes of the whole world; for Dorothy even then held the creed so popular nowadays, that a lady is made by her dress and her house, her establishment, etc., far more than by her breeding; but her restless nature could not be content without an attempt to justify George.

"Ah, it's all very well for those who have got all they want to take no account of those that haven't, but, Doris, it wouldn't be natural if the poor lad wasn't sad; he may be nothing to you, but of course you're a great deal to him; and no girl's the same to her brother after she's married."

"No, I suppose not," said Doris, drily. It seemed to her scarcely possible that George could ever feel himself Mr. Burneston's equal. "But, mother, you mistake if you think I have ever been much to George; he thinks far more of Rose than he does of me."

Mrs. Barugh put her hand up to her forehead. "Oh, dear, why do you put that in my head, child? And when you are gone, there'll be no hindrance; that girl'll be always after him."

"I don't know about that," said Doris, quietly; "at present I think the love is all on George's side."

CHAPTER XVI.

HEARTBURNING.

"I CANNOT see it," George was saying. "Ye may be reet, sir, but it goes agin me to think ye are."

The clergyman sat smiling kindly at his young friend. He had just led the way into his library — a favorite haunt of George's, and even now, though at Mr. Hawnby's request the lad sat down, his eyes roved greedily over the brown leather and stone-colored paper backs of the precious books that covered the walls.

"Well, George, put it in this way; suppose, when you are older, you feel an affection for some young woman not quite of your own level; will you think it right if she gives you up because of this? But yours, of course, can hardly be a parallel case, because your parents have to be considered."

George's fiery redness made the vicar hesitate.

"Yes," the lad said thoughtfully, "when a lad has a father and mother like mine is, he's bound to study 'em afore his own

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

likin's, an' maybe it's feelin' that 'at makes me so hard on Doris. If I saw 'at my marryin' wad gi' father or mother a sore heart, I'd not do't."

"That's well said; but still you forget another point; you say that your sister's affections are not warmly engaged, but you seem to forget Mr. Burneston's feelings. Surely he must love your sister very much indeed."

George struck his fist on the leather-covered table.

"And that's what I cannot make myself believe. He hesn't seen eneaf on her to know if she's fit for him. Maybe he sees 'at this skeëalin's played the mischief wi' her life, and he's taken pity on her; if I were seear o' that" — he stood upright, warming with his subject — "I'd nivver let him within t' door. Ah, ye looks startled, Mr. Hawnby, and maybe ye thinks I'm a soary brother, but I cannut stan' by and see my sister married fer charity."

Mr. Hawnby had sat resting his head on his hand; as George spoke he laid his fingers across his own mouth, it was so difficult not to laugh outright at this suggestion.

"No fear of that, my boy," he said kindly, "you must try and remember that your sister is a very beautiful and gifted young woman, and from the little I have seen of her I should say that in outward manner she is very well fitted for her change of position; but though I cannot do as you wish with regard to your mother, I will tell you, because I see that you wish for my real opinion, that in point of fact, I entirely disapprove of unequal marriages; they must breed strife somewhere, and they tend to disorder in many ways, and strife and disorder in a family" — he smiled — "are, I suppose, great foes to godliness, eh, George?"

"Oh, sir," George's brown eyes were full of beseeching earnestness, "say all that to mother, please do, sir; ye hardly know t' good 't would do her. Yer sermons have stirred her wonderful; they're another sort to our parson's. I don't mean a word o' blame, sir, again Mr. Spencer, but when t' parson's so keen for huntin' and shootin' and ferretin' and the like, ther's nae use in lookin' for work in his sermons, it seems to me they comes last wi' Maister Spencer."

Mr. Hawnby laughed.

"You young people are very severe critics; you'll be telling me next how long a sermon ought to take to write, eh, George?"

"No, sir" — the lad blushed, but he spoke reverently — "I hope I'll not venture to find fault wi' you — it's for mother's sake I axes ye to speak to her; this marriage seems to hev turned her upside down."

"I really cannot interfere," the rector said; "if your father asked me, I should hesitate, because really there seems no ground to go on, but I tell you again that a brother has no authority whatever; you have really no right to give your opinion."

"Well, good-bye, sir," George spoke wearily, "it's the first time I ever found I couldn't see things as you does, an' I cannut — an' if I feels a thing's wrang, well then I feels it a duty to say so."

"Good-bye, my boy; I think you are wrong; remember the old saw, 'Least said, soonest mended.' Now I am due at a parish meeting."

George limped home in a discontented mood. His will asserted itself strongly against this marriage, and he had been so accustomed to see his advice taken by both parents, that he could scarcely believe they would not end by following it in this instance. His mother's submission to his guidance had been so implicit that it seemed to him, as he had said to Mr. Hawnby, as if her daughter's engagement had turned her upside down. It was a great pity that the rector refused to interfere.

As he went slowly home he thought over Mr. Hawnby's words.

"If he'd ha' known all," he said sorrowfully, "he'd say that there warn't t' reet feelin's atween Doris an' me. Maybe I'm at fault too; there mun be two to make a quarrel, and maybe it'd be reeter an' more like a brother's part to speak out tiv her like a man, isted of hodin' my tongue like a sulky cur. If I could gain Doris, mother wad see it t' same way: as to father, he's crazed about her doin' it."

As he reached the cottage, he saw his sister at the gate. She was dressed for walking, and it seemed to the lad that here was his opportunity made for him.

He nodded to her, and then turned and walked beside her without a word. "I have a letter from Rica," she said; "she says she'll come, George." He made no answer, and she went on beside the beck, and through the white swing gate, which George held open for her.

They were quite alone here, the hedge on one side screening them from the road, and the high green sloping meadow on the other securing them from any sudden interruption. Doris was annoyed by her brother's silence.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"What's the matter, George?" she said.

"Doris!" he spoke abruptly; "maybe I've not been quite as ye might ha' thowt I should ha' bin in all this, an' I'll tell ye the reason fer't, lass. I cannot speak again my conscience, an' say I wishes yey joy when I thinks ye'se doing wrang."

"I know you think so, but I cannot help that."

"Yey thinks I say this because of the space atween ye an' Mr. Burneston, but it is nut for that alone. Yey does not love t' squire as a lass sud love afore she weds, Doris, an' I'm feared yer's weddin' for t' sake of bein' a great lady, and that'll nivvers bring a blessin'."

Doris kept silent, she was angry, but she told herself that in this short time of her home life she ought to be kind to her family.

George was surprised when she looked smilingly at him.

"If I say what I think," she laughed, "I should say it is not your business; but I want you to be reasonable, and therefore I will be quite open with you. You are right. I do not love Mr. Burneston" — she blushed till George thought her color was as lovely as Rose's — "as much as I should do if I had known him longer. I was taken by surprise. I should have preferred things to have come more gently and naturally, but I see this would be selfish — at least, Mr. Burneston has made me see it. He says, as father has decided to leave the Church Farm, any delay would be unsettling and unprofitable, and that therefore the sooner we are married the better for father; but, indeed, dear," she said, more warmly, "if you are thinking of my happiness, you need not trouble. I shall be very, very happy."

George was puzzled. Unconsciously, Doris had shielded herself against his arguments, but he had one keen arrow left.

"I do not think of you only; father's main troubled, I'se seear; if not, then what fer dizn't he cum ovver? Yey dizn't ken the store he sets by yey, Doris."

Her eyes glistened, and there were tears on the long dark eyelashes.

"I think I do," she said abruptly, "and that is another reason why I wish it were less hurried; it seems as if father and I had had so little time together."

"Waat fur donnut ye go an' bide wi' 'im at t' farm?" he asked abruptly.

Doris looked troubled.

"One or two things prevent that," she said; "I could not go without mother just now, we have so much to see about together, and it is more convenient in many ways to be here. I hope father will come again soon. I shall write and tell him how much I want him."

"It fair caps mey, it diz," said George emphatically, "I cannot see it plain, ye seys ye loves father best, ye freeats fer his company, and yet ye can leave 'im for t' rest o' his life for a husband whilk is a'most a stranger t' yey."

Doris walked on silently. George's way of putting the question was startling, and carried her on to a side of the future which, in the short time she had had for contemplation, she had not yet seen. As she thought of her father in that brief interview her heart went out after him, and she resolved not only that she would write, but that the warmth of her letter should atone for the coldness which she felt she had shown at their last meeting.

Should she come to love Mr. Burneston as well as the tall, kind-eyed father who loved her so dearly — the only being who had really ever stirred her heart with warm affection? But the question did not touch her as deeply as it would have touched either a different nature, or a mind that had been accustomed to meditate on love.

Doris had never read novels, and love, on the woman's side at least, did not seem the necessity which it is to some minds even in early childhood. Till her engagement the desire of being loved even had not shaped itself. With Doris there had lain dormant the stronger craving which Mr. Burneston's avowal had awakened, though doubtless this had been roused to semi-consciousness by the homage paid her during school-life.

The glimpse she had now got of the poignant lifelong sorrow she was going to cause her father, and also of the wrench the separation — for she was open-eyed to that necessity — must cause her, departed again as if she had shut out a cold wintry sky with a glowing curtain on which a blaze of warm light revealed the marvellous hues, and calm came back to her.

"You must not make any mistake," she said in a firm, decided voice that told George their moment of confidence had ended. "I did not say I should not love Mr. Burneston as a wife should love her husband. I do not like to own, even to you, that at first it is different, but I want to be quite open with you. As to father, it seems to me that the question lies between ourselves. He would wish me to marry some one some day and to be very

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

happy; so it is chiefly the hurry that really grieves him now, and I must do all I can to make up to him for that. Do not let us quarrel, George." It seemed to her that she should not often again have one of these usually dreaded lectures from her brother, and she resolved to struggle against the hardness his rebukes created. "I learned one thing at school that home life does not teach — people cannot all see things with the same eyes; but it does not follow that those who disagree with us are quite wrong."

George felt worsted and strangely ungracious.

"Well," he said, "I give up, yey must ha' yur will, bud I donnut see that yey's reet, Doris."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EVENING BEFORE.

PERHAPS if we all knew how our words and actions affect others, we should become changed beings, always supposing that we have feelings tender enough to care for the pain or pleasure felt by any but ourselves, and yet, perhaps, what is called our well-being and well-doing in life might be seriously hindered if this were our standard of action.

Perhaps if Doris had seen her father read her letter — with hungry eyes, over which presently he drew his broad fingers as if some mist obscured them — perhaps, I say, if she could have seen the transport of joy, the healing of sorely wounded love that her few loving sentences gave him, she might have asked herself whether she should not pause and stay a while with this fond father, while she learned to love the man for whom she was sacrificing him.

John did not write her an answer. As I have said, he seldom communed with himself except on farming points; but that night when he went to bed he took down his Bible and read, and then he prayed long and earnestly for strength against himself.

Two days after this he met Mr. Burneston. John was glad that they were beyond the church and out of the view of either the old sexton or Rose; he shrank from both of them, and dreaded the moment when the news should find its way to the village. Both John and the squire were on horseback, the latter was on his way to Steersley.

They had not met since the day of the proposal, and Mr. Burneston was surprised when the farmer reined up his horse and held out his hand.

"Ye mun gi' mah love to Doris, and yey can seh, ah'll bide wi' her fra Saturday till Tuesday, an' we'll hev a rare walk or tweea — she an' mey aleean thegither."

"I'll tell her. Any message to Mrs. Barugh?" The squire was pleased that John had grown reconciled.

John looked stern and shook his head, then nodding to Mr. Burneston, he rode home. Yes, he would go and see Doris now that he could tell her he wished her to be happy in her own way, and he hoped Mr. Burneston would take his hint and leave him alone with his daughter.

The days sped with amazing quickness — days are apt to be winged before a wedding. John Barugh paid more than one visit to Steersley, and each time the squire, prompted by Doris, kept away from the cottage.

But the farmer did not soften towards his wife; indeed, he spoke very little to any one but Doris.

Two days before the wedding he was to take his last leave of her, but, instead, he hurried to the door where George stood looking at his father's horse which a boy had just brought round.

"Wonnut ye bid them farewell?" the lad said.

"Neea, neea." John spoke hoarsely. "Whisht, lad," and he moved quietly along the path lest the sound of his footsteps should bring Doris to the window.

"Ah wadn't bring a tear to her een gin ah cud keep 'em dry," he said as he rode away; he had stifled the longing he felt to hold his darling to his heart, and tell her even then that he could not yield her up.

Doris had had one great disappointment. It had been settled that Rica was to arrive a week beforehand; but on the day she was expected came a letter from Mr. Masham, saying that his wife had been taken suddenly ill, and that his daughter could not be spared at present. "If a favorable change takes place, Rica shall go to you."

Mrs. Barugh had been much discomfited by this. She had engaged a bed for George at the inn, and had spent care and time, which she could ill spare, in the midst of her preparations, in arranging the lad's room for the visitor, and, besides this, what would Doris do for a bridesmaid?

She looked timidly at her daughter, who sat with troubled face re-reading the letter.

"I suppose you wouldn't like me to ask Rose Duncombe?" Dorothy said. "I

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

could see that she was properly dressed, and I know it would please George."

Doris raised her head haughtily.

"It could not be thought of, mother. I shall have you and my father. It is a pity, of course, but it cannot be helped."

Still it seemed to depress her, and when Mr. Burneston came he reproached her for caring more for Rica than for him. "You have grown quite pale about it," he said laughingly, when he bade her good-bye for the last time before his wedding-day.

He was not to go over to Steersley the actual day before the event; he and John Barugh would have business to transact, both respecting the settlement which Mr. Burneston had made on Doris, and also in regard to Church Farm — also Ralph was to arrive at the Hall.

Only her mother and George saw the sudden surprise in Doris's face when, next morning, a letter came from Rica herself, announcing her arrival for six o'clock that very evening. The letter ended with "I wish I could fly to you."

The excitement and flurry of Dorothy bewildered both her children, and made George, as he expressed it, "fair fractious."

"Sit ye doon, mother," he said, "ye'll worrit Doris past bearin', let alone yursel'; t' room's fettled, an' ye can gi' t' lady summat to her tea, an' what more fuss hev yey need for?"

By tea-time Mrs. Barugh had tired herself out, not only by fussing up and down-stairs, but by a perpetual flow of unmeaning talk, of which Doris took no notice. It seemed to her that her mother was the only member of her family who really rejoiced at her marriage, and yet she could not feel grateful for this sympathy. She shrank so painfully from the undisguised triumph which her mother felt in her coming elevation.

George had driven to the station, some miles distant, to fetch Miss Masham, and the mother and daughter sat expecting the visitor.

Doris was dressed as usual in a soft fawn-colored woollen gown, her large falling collar fastened at her throat by a handsome gold brooch — a gift from Mr. Burneston. She wore her soft thick hair smoothly now, though it rippled into exquisite curves on the creamy temples and above the delicate ears; and as she sat thinking she leaned back in her chair and clasped her hands.

As they lay in her lap, twisting round and round her finger a splended diamond ring, also a gift from her lover, her mother gazed at her admiringly.

"My word, Doris, this white gown will suit you beautifully, and the bonnet's only fit to go under a glass case. Miss Phillimore's got rare good taste."

"I don't know," Doris said languidly; "I think a lace bonnet is rather fine. I should have liked a simpler one. The one I'm to travel in would have done."

"My dear!" — then seeing a frown gathering, she remembered that this being the last evening, she was bound not to thwart her daughter. "Only to think," she went on, "that it's scarcely more than two months since George and I were sitting expecting you and father from London. My gracious! it seems near a year."

Yes, it was little over two months, and yet Doris seemed to have lived more than one new life in the interval. It was a pleasant distraction to go again back to that first arrival, and see how utterly unlooked for had been such a solution of her puzzle about the future. It was a relief from the day's worry to do this, for this day had not been a happy one to Doris.

Her father's abrupt departure had disappointed her. Several words which she had tried to say, and which she had always failed to utter, she felt she could have spoken in a last parting, for she had not fathomed the real reason of his going away.

"Father's like me in some ways," she said; "he hates any nonsense or fuss, and I dare say he felt awkward. It is very nice to see him so reconciled to my marriage." And yet there was a sense of weight and depression at the thought that she should not see him again till he stood beside her in church to give her to her husband.

It had been decided by Doris herself that she should not return to Church Farm. John Barugh had engaged the best fly and the best pair of horses that the Black Eagle boasted to convey the party from the cottage to Burneston church. Mr. Burneston had feared the long drive for Doris, but she had pleaded earnestly for this arrangement. Then Mr. Spencer was to give them lunch at the vicarage, whence the newly-married pair would start for London.

All this had been settled days ago — it was another perplexity that troubled the girl. After the first disappointment about Rica it had been a relief that her friend was not coming. Doris's independence had been far easier to practise at Pelican House, where her own appearance and her

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

own manners gave the lie to any surmises about her origin. It would be different at Steersley beside her father and mother, and in the cheaply-fitted little rooms which the nameless attempt to disguise realities with smart rubbish stamped with vulgarity. For a few moments the prospect of seeing her friend, of having some one beside her in this trying time to whom she could speak with a certainty of being understood, was inexpressibly grateful, and her eyes and cheeks glowed with pleasure as she read out the news. But now she shivered as she sat anticipating the first meeting between Rica and her mother. She knew Rica's keen sense of humor, and she seemed to hear beforehand her mother's elaborate greeting and her apologies for all she had tried so hard to make what she considered as it should be. She was angry with herself for the feeling, but it would come.

Like many another proud nature, Doris shrank keenly from ridicule, and she became unjust to her mother's good qualities in her sensitive dread of her absurdities.

"If she had not come now," she repeated to herself, "Rica need never have seen father or mother either."

She had forgotten her visions about George, but the sound of wheels roused her, and there was her brother at the gate laughing and helping out Rica, with whom he seemed already quite at ease.

About the same time the young squire, as Ralph was called, had reached the Hall.

It was nearly a year since he had been at home, for his father had taken him abroad during his summer holidays, and he had shot up so wonderfully that the servants were astonished at his appearance.

"He's a grown man; he's too awd to hev a yung lass set ower him." Benjamin Hazelgrave had kept "a quiet tongue in his head" since the marriage had been announced, but he could not forbear saying this to his wife.

She only shook her head ominously; indeed, so powerful was Mrs. Emmett's influence that you might have thought from the demeanor of the household that its head was going to assist at a funeral next day; only, as Mr. Burneston had been liberal in gifts of gowns and ribbons and other wedding garments, a certain amount of pleasant anticipation pervaded the servants' hall, which did not reach to the housekeeper's room, and caused much speculation as to the chances of a fine day.

Meantime Mr. Burneston was giving his son an affectionate welcome, which that young gentleman received with careless loftiness.

Ralph had told his father in writing that he considered he was going to do a very foolish thing; and it really seemed to the boy that if his father could bring himself to marry a farmer's daughter he must lose caste by doing so.

At first the young fellow had told Gilbert Raine he should not be present at the wedding; but when his father's summons came he did not feel courageous enough to refuse obedience. There was, too, a certain honor and glory in the idea of being the important person of the day, for it seemed to Ralph that, of course, a farmer's daughter would be extremely shy of him, and very desirous of his good opinion.

He was quite as tall as his father now, and singularly like him, only handsomer; his blue eyes were larger and brighter, and his auburn hair clustered round his forehead in crisp waves. He had his mother's delicate features and small chin, but there was about him the graceful dignity and charming frankness of manner which won hearts in his father.

Mr. Burneston's eyes glistened as he looked at his son; he felt proud of him.

"You are growing very fast, Ralph. I suppose you get plenty of exercise with the boats, eh?"

"Oh, yes, as much as I want." Ralph stretched out his legs. "I'm rather a swell oar now, but it was too much fag in hot weather. Where are you going, father," he added in a patronizing tone.

Mr. Burneston winced and was amused both at once; but he felt very much for the boy, and considered that allowance must be made for him.

"To Paris first, I think, and then to the Tyrol, which"—here he hesitated for a name, and then added—"my future wife particularly wishes to see."

"Ah," said Ralph languidly, as if to express, "Pray don't suppose I take the slightest interest in that individual."

Before dinner was well over, Mr. Burneston was wanted for various directions, and soon after Ralph proposed a game at billiards, and there was no more talk of the morrow's business between the father and son that evening.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

ALL the fears and prognostications about colds and all the preparations in the way of wraps had been thrown away.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

This October morning was as full of genial warmth and of bright sunshine as it could well be, spite of the northern climate.

"It is a capital thing, Doris darling, it's so warm and beautiful," Rica said at breakfast. "Even you would not look an angel with a red nose, and you will look angelic to-day."

Dorothy was delighted with her visitor, and quite forgot her elaborately prepared speeches in the heartiness of Rica's manner.

They dressed Doris between them, and pronounced her perfect, and then arranged themselves.

Mrs. Barugh's costume had been chosen by Miss Phillimore, and she looked so pretty and refined in her soft-colored lavender bonnet and tulle trimmings that Doris felt rejoiced. "How very well you look, mother!" she said affectionately.

The tears were in poor Dorothy's eyes as she returned her daughter's kiss.

"I'm so glad. So long as you're not ashamed of your mother, my dear, it's all right," she said with a simplicity that touched her daughter with remorse.

"Ashamed of you? — oh, mother!" But she flushed deeply as she kissed her again.

She clung to her mother this morning. She felt that she had never loved her so well, and she felt that she had been unjust and exacting. Real feeling had got uppermost with Mrs. Barugh, and she was too simple and quiet when with her daughter to be ridiculous.

Besides this, Dorothy had found a readily amused listener; she got rid of her absurdities on Rica.

"I must go and see after Miss Masham, dear," she said. "Maybe she'll want a finishing touch."

But Rica was quite ready. She wore a dark faded-leaf silk dress and a lemon-colored drawn crape bonnet, which suited her clear, dark skin.

"My word! you do look nice, Miss Masham; I'm sure you do! But if I may put a pin" — careful Dorothy's neat eyes saw at once that the round cape reaching to the waist, which finished the dress, hung a quarter of an inch lower on one side than on the other — "how do you think I look?" turning and arranging herself as she spoke — "and I'm that nervous, Miss Masham, you might blow me over. You see it is *such* an event; and that old goose of a clerk — ah, you don't know him, but it's Joseph Sunley, you'll see him by-and-by — he's been and told my husband the proper thing for the bride's father is a large white flower — and he's going to get him a white dahlia. If you'll believe me, Miss Masham, I made Mr. Barugh a proper favor of white satin ribbon — lovely London ribbon. I feel ready to faint at the notion of seeing John coming up the aisle in a white dahlia. It's well and good for horses' ears; but the bride's father, more especially a fine man like my husband, should not be decorated like a — a quadruped."

She wiped her eyes, for she was really crying with vexation.

"Never mind," said Rica, with a hearty laugh, "I know what Mr. Barugh looks like, and I don't think even a white dahlia can spoil him."

"You're very kind, my dear, but still Mr. Burneston's father-in-law should be very careful of the figure he makes."

But there was no more time for talking. First a cart had to be despatched to the vicarage with Doris's luggage, and then the bride had to be carefully stowed away in the fly from the Black Eagle amid a crowd of gaping Steersley folk. Mrs. Byland was not there; she had prevailed on her husband to drive her over to Burneston an hour ago, and she was now standing amid a throng, consisting of all the population that could leave their houses, awaiting the "weddingers."

In front of the porch, in a new hat, a chocolate-colored coat and brass buttons, and pale salmon-colored trousers, stood Joseph Sunley, an enormous white dahlia fixed on the lappel of his coat.

Many earnest petitions, and many sugared whispered entreaties had been addressed to him, and had been alike refused. "Ah mun steek t' door whiles t' bride hes comed," was his constant answer. No one but himself knew that very early that morning he had let in one pretty though stormy-faced damsel filled with envy and anger and others of the seven deadly sins, and had carefully ensconced the said damsel, yclept Rose Duncombe, in a corner where, if she kept still, she was safe not to be seen.

There was plenty of joking among the expectant crowd, somewhat kept in check by the presence of a group at the churchyard gate — a group headed by Mrs. Emmett and Mr. and Mrs. Hazelgrave, who stood waiting their master's arrival with the intention of following close on his heels down the gravelled path leading to the old gabled porch. At length there was a murmur, first low, then increasing, and then ending in a note of decided disapprobation.

"Zoonds!" "Zookerins!" "Mercy!" "Zolch!" "Dash mey!" from Ephraim Crewe, and other expressive forms of wonder and blame from other bystanders.

"Dhey've ganged thra t' lahtle door!" and a groan succeeded. Then there came a gloomy silence.

It was plainly thought that the squire feared to face his people. But in another minute there rose a loud hurrah, so boisterous and prolonged that it might have been heard at the Hall itself, only that the Hall had been entirely deserted, and left to the charge of Ephraim Crewe's grandmother, a deaf, decrepit old woman.

First a rumor had spread that the vicar, Mr. Burneston, and John Barugh had come into the churchyard by the vicarage gate in the corner of the glebe field, and had gone into church through the little vestry door.

The next moment the tall, stalwart, red-whiskered man and the slenderer squire turned the corner by the tower, and came in full view of the crowded rows on each side of the gravel walk leading from the gate to the old gabled porch. John Barugh's pale grey trousers, buff satin waistcoat, and an enormous white flower in his coat, gave him a bridal appearance.

A passage was cleared for them to pass into the porch while the cheers continued lustily. The squire responded to these welcomes by several smiling bows, while the tall farmer looked on with a grim smile.

"His missis hes rigged him out as fine as a fiddle," Hezekiah Byland whispered to his wife.

"Whisht, Hezekiah!" Peggy, resplendent in a blue bonnet and a scarlet shawl, nudged him with her elbow, and glanced at Mrs. Emmett, who stood in sullen silence beside the gate. There was an ominous frown on the housekeeper's face. This unceremonious arrival of the bridegroom had completely upset her programme; it seemed to her that the first blow had been already struck at her authority.

Murmurs spread along the closely-ranged rows of expectants.

"Sheea taks her ain tahme!"

"Sheea bides ower lang!"

"Woonkers! Sheea's deein' t' laady aforehand!"

Even Joseph Sunley muttered to himself, "Shea'll nivvers keep 'im waitin'."

"Sheea bides ower lang," said Ephraim Crewe, a sworn adherent of the housekeeper's; "bud dhey'll be as proud as owd Soss is o' his tail."

Another burst of cheering brought John Barugh and the squire to the door again; the crowd round the gate swayed, and then opened, and a tall, slim youth walked down the gravel path, bowing to the villagers first on one side, then on the other, with a gracious sweetness which made his striking likeness to his father yet more apparent.

"Hurrah fer t' yung squire!" sounded lustily from the crowd, and then Ralph Burneston also disappeared into the church.

"It's hard on t' poor lad, t' varra marro' o' his fayther." This was said by Mrs. Crewe, senior, also resplendent in a scarlet shawl. She wore on her head a large Tuscan straw bonnet trimmed outside with yellow ribbon and a large pink cambric rose, while her rosy face was set off by an abundance of pink satin bows in a blonde cap underneath.

A thin, sharp-faced woman standing next her looked up at stolid, fleshy Mrs. Crewe.

"Laws, neeaghber," she smiled with some contempt, "wheear's t' use o' makin' mouths at waat's seear an' certain? Ah knawed fower week sin 'at ther war a weddin' toward. Ah's trupped twa tahmes oop steers, an' Sukey hes seed fower craws ivvery tahme sheea's bin i' t' croft."

Mrs. Crewe was stolid, but she was also shrewd, and she eyed her next neighbor with some curiosity. It showed which way the wind blew at the vicarage, she thought, when the parson's housekeeper did not disapprove this marriage.

"Hev yey see t' lass, Missis Riccall?" she asked with some scorn.

"Neea, nut ah! Sheea's bin at t' streeat at Lunnon whiles sin sheea waaz a lahtle lass, afore ah cam to t' parsonage; she mun be bonny noo."

"Sheea'll be faded and set oop lahke her mudher," said Mrs. Crewe; "t' fayther's honest an' plain, an' seea's t' lad, bud ah cannut abide t' missis. She's crammed wiv fads an' fancies. An' noo sheea'll be fair brasted wi' pride."

Mrs. Byland had been listening eagerly to this talk, and she would have joined in at once, but Hezekiah kept her hand tightly tucked under his arm; he did not want his wife to attract the notice of his elderly cousin. But now he turned to speak to Ephraim Crewe, and Peggy got free and pushed herself close to the two talkers.

"Ah's seen t' bride," she said with importance. "Many's t' tahme, an shea's a lady ivvery bit uv her, shea'll mak a reet guid missis fer yur maister, thof he's a bit

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

awd for t' lahkes o' her: gin sheea'd waited a while sheea'd hev suited rarely wi' t' young maister."

Mrs. Crewe raised her head with a look of contemptuous inquiry.

"Eh bud yeh iz a stranger, ah s'pose," she said. "Maister Ralph's nut gane sexteen, an' he'll wed wi' a real lady, neane o' yur maakbelieves."

This time there was no mistaking the sound of wheels, and the squire and John Barugh both appeared at the church door. They went up to the gate, and the farmer handed out his daughter, and as Doris walked slowly, but with easy dignity, beside him the burst of admiration was irrepressible. The effect on Faith Emmett was almost maddening. Her yellow eyes blazed for an instant, and then she resolutely closed them and shut out the vision of exceeding loveliness which she felt must be all powerful before the chorus of admiring wonder met her ears.

Poor Dorothy! she need not have spent so much anxious care and pains on her own adornment. Scarcely any one had time to look at her as she followed on the squire's arm, while George conducted Miss Masham Every eye was strained for a last look at the fair graceful girl with those liquid, far-seeing eyes and a head placed "on her shoolthers," as Benjamin Hazelgrave whispered to his wife, "lahke a queen's."

Faith heard the whisper as she walked into church, and she cursed the marriage with all her heart and soul.

A buzz of admiration went with the crowd as it followed, all but some boys and girls, who took advantage of the general gathering within the building to play hide-and-seek and leap-frog, and various forbidden games within the churchyard.

But these pastimes were soon interrupted; first one and then another of the gazers came out into the porch, anxious to secure a place for a good view of the return procession.

Mrs. Duncombe and Mrs. Crewe found themselves side by side, and the deaf woman's broad, unmeaning face was full of delight.

"Eh, neeaghber; wheea can seh t' squire hesn't made a guid choice. Deead yey ivver see t' lahke o' sik a bonny face? Mah wod! sheea is thaat."

Mrs. Crewe looked down repressively. It behoved the wife of a well-to-do farmer to keep up her dignity with a "puir awd boddy 'at hed jist eneeaf to live by."

"Sheea's weel eneeaf, bud luks is nut ivverything, Missis Duncombe, an' fahne feathers maks fahne bods. Yey mun yaalays mind 'at fooalks is strangers at Burneston. Wer kens nowt aboot 'em wersels. Mah lad Ephraim disn't set mich store by t' farmin 'at gaus on yon."

She nodded her head towards the gabled farmhouse which showed plainly among the scanty-leaved trees, and then she drew her stiff skirts closer, so as to make room for Ephraim, who just then issued from the porch. But Joseph Sunley came out hastily after him, and began to clear a free passage.

"Gae awa, yeh lahtle ragils, ah'll nut hev yey rampin' an reein' whiles t' squire an his lady coms oop t' walk."

As he spoke the congregation poured suddenly out of church, having been taken by surprise by the quick proceedings in the vestry; and before the two rows had again arranged themselves between the porch and the gate, appeared Mr. Burneston and his bride. She looked far more beautiful now, there was a slight flush on her cheeks, and a calm, bright look which spoke of secure peace.

Faith Emmett, Mrs. Crewe, and a few of their cronies sneered inwardly or muttered depreciation, but the village as a whole was taken by a *coup-de-main*, and there rose up a deafening cheer. Even Ephraim forgot his allegiance to the housekeeper as he turned a glowing face to his mother.

"Aay maari! sheea's a beauty, an' sheea moves lahke a queen."

Even Mrs. Barugh's bonnet and general appearance met with favor, and the cheers continued as the procession returned to the gate in the same order, except that Ralph Burneston stepped quietly before George and offered his arm to Rica Masham.

The bells pealed out merrily as the Hall carriage, with Mr. Burneston and Doris, drove rapidly away to the vicarage.

About an hour later the throng had reassembled at the vicarage gates to see the departure of the newly-married pair. On the previous day Mr. Sunley and Will Slater, or Slaater, as he called himself, the gardener at the Hall, had had a consultation, and it had been decided that the path leading to the carriage should be strewn with flowers.

"Wey'll hev yur lahtle lass Mary Anne Slaater," Sunley had said, "an' mah ain grandowter Prudence; they twae sal stan again t' gatepost an' fling t' blossoms efter whiles dhey rides away."

And now Will Slater was diligently strewing the gravel with white dahlias and

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

chrysanthemums. Joseph Sunley standing over him and pompously advising him now and then.

"Noo gang te t' gate, honies," he said to the two pretty children who stood shyly eager beside him, each with a basket of flowers, "an fling 'em wiv a will."

Another burst of cheering announced that Mr. and Mr. Burneston had appeared at the door, and as the squire, after putting his wife in the carriage, turned round to speak a hearty farewell, the little lasses, true to their instructions, sent a couple of dahlias at him with such determined good-will that if he had not ducked his head they would have hit him hard in the face.

There was a burst of hearty laughter, and the two pretty little maids looked shamefaced and discomfited till Mr. Burneston stooped down, and patting them on the cheek while he picked up the flowers, said he would give them to Mrs. Burneston as a keepsake.

While the rest of the party were still looking after the carriage, Ralph turned to Rica Masham, to whom he had talked exclusively during the wedding breakfast.

"Do you know who that very pretty girl is who stood peeping over the edge of a pew near the vestry? I have been looking at every face in the crowd, but I can't find hers anywhere."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

MASSINGER.

In one of the best of his occasional essays, Kingsley held a brief for the plaintiffs in the old case of Puritans *versus* playwrights. The litigation in which this case represents a minor issue has lasted for a period far exceeding that of the most pertinacious lawsuit, and is not likely to come to an end within any assignable limits of time. When the discussion is pressed home, it is seen to involve fundamentally different conceptions of human life and its purposes; and it can only cease when we have discovered the grounds of a permanent conciliation between the ethical and the æsthetic elements of human nature. The narrower controversy between the stage and the Church has itself a long history. It has left some curious marks upon English literature. The prejudice which uttered itself through the Puritan Prynne was inherited, in a later generation, by the High-Churchmen Collier and William Law. The attack, it is true, may be intentionally directed — as in Kingsley's essay — against the abuse of the stage rather than against the stage itself. Kingsley pays the usual tribute to Shakespeare whilst denouncing the whole literature of which Shakespeare's dramas are the most conspicuous product. But then, everybody always distinguishes in terms between the use and the abuse; and the line of demarcation generally turns out to be singularly fluctuating and uncertain. You can hardly demolish Beaumont and Fletcher without bringing down some of the outlying pinnacles, if not shaking the very foundations of the temple sacred to Shakespeare.

It would be regrettable, could one stop to regret the one-sided and illogical construction of the human mind, that a fair judgment in such matters seems to require incompatible qualities. Your impartial critic or historian is generally a man who leaves out of account nothing but the essential. His impartiality means sympathy with the commonplace and incapacity for understanding heroic faith and overpowering enthusiasm. He fancies that a man or a book can be judged by balancing a list of virtues and vices as if they were separate entities lying side by side in a box, instead of different aspects of a vital force. On the other hand, the vivid imagination which restores dead bones to life makes its possessor a partisan in extinct quarrels, and as short-sighted and unfair a partisan as the original actors. Roundheads and Cavaliers have been dead these two centuries.

> Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud;
> Dreamfooted as the shadow of a cloud
> They flit across the ear.

Yet few even amongst modern writers are capable of doing justice to both sides without first making both sides colorless. Hallam judges men in the throes of a revolution as though they were parties in a law-suit to be decided by precedents and parchments, and Mr. Carlyle cannot appreciate Cromwell's magnificent force of character without making him all but infallible and impeccable. Critics of the early drama are equally one-sided. The exquisite literary faculty of Charles Lamb revelled in detecting beauties which had been covered with the dust of oblivion during the reign of Pope. His appreciation was intensified by that charm of discovery which finds its typical utterance in Keats's famous sonnet. He was scarcely a more impartial judge of Fletcher or Ford than "stout Cortes" of the new world revealed

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

by his enterprise. We may willingly defer to his judgment of the relative value of the writers whom he discusses, but we must qualify his judgment of their intrinsic excellence by the recollection that he speaks as a lover. To him and other unqualified admirers of the old drama the Puritanical onslaught upon the stage presented itself as the advent of a gloomy superstition, ruthlessly stamping out all that was beautiful in art and literature. Kingsley, an admirable hater, could perceive only the opposite aspect of the phenomena. To him the Puritan protest appears as the voice of the enlightened conscience; the revolution means the troubling of the turbid waters at the descent of the angel; Pyrnne's "Histriomastix" is the blast of the trumpet at which the rotten and polluted walls of Jericho are to crumble into dust. The stage, which represented the tone of aristocratic society, rightfully perished with the order which it flattered. Courtiers had learned to indulge in a cynical mockery of virtue, or found an unholy attraction in the accumulation of extravagant horrors. The English drama, in short, was one of those evil growths which are fostered by deeply-seated social corruption, and are killed off by the breath of a purer air. That such phenomena occur at times is undeniable. Mr. Symonds has recently shown us in his history of the Renaissance, how the Italian literature, to which our English dramatists owed so many suggestions, was the natural fruit of a society poisoned at the roots. Nor, when we have shaken off that spirit of slavish adulation in which modern antiquarians and critics have regarded the so-called Elizabethan dramatists, can we deny that there are symptoms of a similar mischief in their writings. Some of the most authoritative testimonials have a suspicious element. Praise has been lavished upon the most questionable characteristics of the old drama. Apologists have been found, not merely for its daring portrayal of human passion, but for its wanton delight in the grotesque and the horrible for its own sake; and some critics have revenged themselves for the straitlaced censures of Puritan morality by praising work in which the author strives to atone for imaginative weakness by a choice of revolting motives. Such adulation ought to have disappeared with the first fervor of rehabilitation. Much that has been praised in the old drama is rubbish, and some of it disgusting rubbish.

The question, however, remains, how far we ought to adopt either view of the situation? Are we bound to cast aside the later dramas of the school as simply products of corruption? It may be of interest to consider the light thrown upon this question by the works of Massinger, nearly the last of the writers who can really claim a permanent position in literature. Massinger, born in 1584, died in 1639. His surviving works were composed, with one exception, after 1620. They represent, therefore, the tastes of the play-going classes during the rapid development of the great struggle which culminated in the rebellion. In a literary sense it is the period when the imaginative impulse represented by the great dramatists was running low. It is curious to reflect that, if Shakespeare had lived out his legitimate allowance of threescore years and ten, he might have witnessed the production, not only of the first but nearly all the best works of his school; had his life been prolonged for ten years more, he would have witnessed its final extinction. Within these narrow limits of time the drama had undergone a change corresponding to the change in the national mood. The difference, for example, between Marlowe and Massinger at the opening and the close of the period — though their births were separated by only twenty years — corresponds to the difference between the temper of the generation which repelled the Armada and the temper of the generation which fretted under the rule of the first Stuarts. The misnomer of Elizabethan as applied to the whole school indicates an implicit perception that its greater achievements were due to the same impulse which took for its outward and visible symbol the name of the great queen. But it has led also to writers being too summarily classed together who really represent very different phases in a remarkable evolution. After making all allowances for personal idiosyncrasies, we can still see how profoundly the work of Massinger is colored by the predominant sentiment of the later epoch.

As little is known of Massinger's life as of the lives of most of the contemporary dramatists who had the good or ill fortune to be born before the days of the modern biographical mania. It is known that he, like most of his brethren, suffered grievously from impecuniosity; and he records in one of his dedications his obligations to a patron without whose bounty he would for many years have "but faintly subsisted." His father had been employed by Henry, Earl of Pembroke; but Massinger, though acknowledging a certain debt of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

gratitude to the Herbert family, can hardly have received from them any effective patronage. Whatever their relations may have been, it has been pointed out by Mr. Rawson Gardiner* that Massinger probably sympathized with the political views represented by the two sons of his father's patron who were successively Earls of Pembroke during the reigns of the first James and Charles. On two occasions he got into trouble with the licenser for attacks, real or supposed, upon the policy of the government. More than one of his plays contain, according to Mr. Gardiner, references to the politics of the day as distinct as those conveyed by a cartoon in *Punch*. The general result of his argument is to show that Massinger sympathized with the views of an aristocratic party who looked with suspicion upon the despotic tendencies of Charles's government, and thought that they could manage refractory Parliaments by adopting a more spirited foreign policy. Though in reality weak and selfish enough, they affected to protest against the materializing and oppressive policy of the extreme royalists. How far these views represented any genuine conviction, and how far Massinger's adhesion implied a complete sympathy with them, or might indicate that kind of delusion which often leads a mere literary observer to see a lofty intention in the schemes of a selfish politician, are questions which I am incompetent to discuss and which obviously do not admit of a decided answer. They confirm, as far as they go, the general impression as to Massinger's point of view which we should derive from his writings without special interpretation. Shakespeare, says Coleridge, gives "the permanent politics of human nature" (whatever they may be!), "and the only predilection which appears shows itself in his contempt of mobs and the populace. Massinger is a decided Whig; Beaumont and Fletcher high-flying, passive-obedience Tories." The author of "Coriolanus" one would be disposed to say, showed himself a thoroughgoing aristocrat, though in an age when the popular voice had not yet given utterance to systematic political discontent. He was still a stranger to the sentiments symptomatic of an approaching revolution, and has not explicitly pronounced upon issues hardly revealed even to

> the prophetic soul
> Of the wide world dreaming of things to come.

* *Contemporary Review* for August 1876.

The sense of national unity evolved in the great struggle with Spain had not yet been lost in the discord of the rising generation. The other classifications may be accepted with less reserve. The dramatists represented the views of their patrons. The drama reflected in the main the sentiments of an aristocratic class alarmed by the growing vigor of the Puritanical citizens. Fletcher is, as Coleridge says, a thoroughgoing Tory; his sentiments in "Valentinian" are, to follow the same guidance, so "very slavish and reptile" that it is a trial of charity to read them. Nor can we quite share Coleridge's rather odd surprise that they should emanate from the son of a bishop, and that the duty to God should be the supposed basis. A servile bishop in those days was not a contradiction in terms, and still less a servile son of a bishop; and it must surely be admitted that the theory of divine right may lead, however illogically, to reptile sentiments. The difference between Fletcher and Massinger, who were occasional collaborators and apparently close friends (Massinger, it is said, was buried in Fletcher's grave), was probably due to difference of temperament as much as to the character of Massinger's family connection. Massinger's melancholy is as marked as the buoyant gaiety of his friend and ally. He naturally represents the misgivings which must have beset the more thoughtful members of his party, as Fletcher represented the careless vivacity of the Cavalier spirit. Massinger is given to expatiating upon the text that

> subjects' lives
> Are not their prince's tennis-balls, to be bandied
> In sport away.

The high-minded Pulcheria, in "The Emperor of the East," administers a bitter reproof to a slavish "projector" who

> Roars out,
> All is the king's, his will above the laws;

who whispers in his ear that nobody should bring a salad from his garden without paying "gabel" or kill a hen without excise; who suggests that, if a prince wants a sum of money, he may make impossible demands from a city and exact arbitrary fines for its non-performance.

> Is this the way
> To make our emperor happy? Can the groans
> Of his subjects yield him music? Must his thresholds
> Be wash'd with widows' and wrong'd orphans' tears,
> Or his power grow contemptible?

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Mr. Gardiner tells us that at the time at which these lines were written they need not have been taken as referring to Charles. But the vein of sentiment which often occurs elsewhere is equally significant of Massinger's view of the political situation of the time. We see what were the topics that were beginning to occupy men's minds.

Dryden made the remark, often quoted for purposes of indignant reprobation by modern critics, that Beaumont and Fletcher "understood and imitated the conversation of gentleman much better" (than Shakespeare); "whose wild debaucheries and quickness of wit in repartees no poet can ever paint as they did." It is, of course, easy enough to reply that in the true sense of the word "gentleman" Shakespeare's heroes are incomparably superior to those of his successors; but then this is just the sense in which Dryden did not use the word. His real meaning indicates a very sound piece of historical criticism. Fletcher describes a new social type; the "king's young courtier," who is deserting the good old ways of his father, the "old courtier of the queen." The change is but one step in that continuous process which has substituted the modern gentleman for the old feudal noble; but the step taken at that period was great and significant. The chivalrous type, represented in Sidney's life and Spenser's poetry, is beginning to be old-fashioned and out of place as the industrial elements of society become more prominent. The aristocrat in the rising generation finds that his occupation is going. He takes to those "wild debaucheries" which Dryden oddly reckons among the attributes of a true gentleman; and learns the art of "quick repartee" in the courtly society which has time enough on its hands to make a business of amusement. The euphuism and allied affectations of the earlier generation had a certain grace, as the external clothing of a serious chivalrous sentiment; but it is rapidly passing into a silly coxcombry to be crushed by Puritanism or snuffed out by the worldly cynicism of the new generation. Shakespeare's Henry or Romeo may indulge in wild freaks or abandon themselves to the intense passions of vigorous youth; but they will settle down into good statesmen and warriors as they grow older. Their love-making is a phase in their development, not the business of their lives. Fletcher's heroes seem to be not only occupied for the moment, but to make a permanent profession of what with their predecessors was a passing phase of youthful ebullience. It is true that we have still a long step to make before we sink to the mere *roué*, the shameless scapegrace and cynical man about town of the restoration. To make a Wycherley you must distil all the poetry out of a Fletcher. Fletcher is a true poet; and the graceful sentiment, though mixed with a coarse alloy, still repels that unmitigated grossness which, according to Burke's famous aphorism, is responsible for half the evil of vice. He is still alive to generous and tender emotions, though it can scarcely be said that his morality has much substance in it. It is a sentiment, not a conviction, and covers without quenching many ugly and brutal emotions.

In Fletcher's wild gallants, still adorned by a touch of the chivalrous; reckless, immoral, but scarcely cynical; not sceptical as to the existence of virtue, but only admitting morality by way of parenthesis to the habitual current of their thoughts, we recognize the kind of stuff from which to frame the Cavaliers who will follow Rupert and be crushed by Cromwell. A characteristic sentiment which occurs constantly in the drama of the period represents the soldier out of work. We are incessantly treated to lamentations upon the ingratitude of the comfortable citizens who care nothing for the men to whom they owed their security. The political history of the times explains the popularity of such complaints. Englishmen were fretting under their enforced abstinence from the exciting struggles on the Continent. There was no want of Dugald Dalgettys returning from the wars to afford models for the military braggart or the bluff, honest soldier, both of whom go swaggering through so many of the plays of the time. Clarendon in his "Life" speaks of the temptations which beset him from mixing with the military society of the time. There was a large and increasing class, no longer finding occupation in fighting Spaniards and searching for Eldorado, and consequently, in the Yankee phrase, "spoiling for a fight." When the time comes, they will be ready enough to fight gallantly and to show an utter incapacity for serious discipline. They will meet the citizens, whom they have mocked so merrily, and find that reckless courage and spasmodic chivalry do not exhaust the qualifications for military success.

Massinger represents a different turn of sentiment which would be encouraged in their minds by the same social conditions. Instead of abandoning himself frankly to the stream of youthful sentiment, he feels

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

that it has a dangerous aspect. The shadow of coming evils was already dark enough to suggest various forebodings. But he is also a moralizer by temperament. Mr. Ward says that his strength is owing in a great degree to his appreciation of the great moral forces; and the remark is only a confirmation of the judgment of most of his critics. It is, of course, not merely that he is fond of adding little moral tags of questionable applicability to the end of his plays. "We are taught," he says in "The Fatal Dowry,"

> By this sad precedent, how just soever
> Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,
> We are yet to leave them to their will and power
> That to that purpose have authority.

But it is, to say the least, doubtful whether anybody would have that judicious doctrine much impressed upon him by seeing the play itself. Nor can one rely much upon the elaborate and very eloquent defence of his art in "The Roman Actor." Paris, the actor, sets forth very vigorously that the stage tends to lay bare the snares to which youth is exposed and to inflame a noble ambition by example. If the discharge of such a function deserves reward from the commonwealth —

> Actors may put in for as large a share
> As all the sects of the philosophers;
> They with cold precepts — perhaps seldom read —
> Deliver what an honorable thing
> The active virtue is; but does that fire
> The blood, or swell the veins with emulation
> To be both good and great, equal to that
> Which is presented in our theatres?

Massinger goes on to show, after the fashion of Jaques in "As You Like It," that the man who chooses to put on the cap is responsible for the application of the satire. He had good reasons, as we have seen, for feeling sensitive as to misunderstandings — or, rather, too thorough understandings — of this kind.

To some dramatists of the time, who should put forward such a plea, one would be inclined to answer in the sensible words of old Fuller. "Two things," he says, "are set forth to us in stage plays; some grave sentences, prudent counsels, and punishment of vicious examples: and with these desperate oaths, lustful talk, and riotous acts, are so personated to the life, that wantons are tickled with delight, and feed their palates upon them. It seems the goodness is not portrayed with equal accents of liveliness as the wicked things are; otherwise men would be deterred from vicious courses, with seeing the woful success which follows them" — a result scarcely to be claimed by the actors of the day. Massinger, however, shows more moral feeling than is expended in providing sentiments to be tacked on as an external appendage, or satisfied by an obedience to the demands of poetic justice. He is not content with knocking his villains on the head — a practice in which he, like his contemporaries, indulges with only too much complacency. The idea which underlies most of his plays is a struggle of virtue assailed by external or inward temptations. He is interested by the ethical problems introduced in the play of conflicting passions, and never more eloquent than in uttering the emotions of militant or triumphant virtue. His view of life indeed is not only grave, but has a distinct religious coloring. From various indications, it is probable that he was a Roman Catholic. Some of these are grotesque enough. "The Renegado" for example, not only shows that Massinger was, for dramatic purposes at least, an ardent believer in baptismal regeneration, but includes — what one would scarcely have sought in such a place — a discussion as to the validity of lay baptism. The first of his surviving plays, "The Virgin Martyr" (in which he was assisted by Dekker) is simply a dramatic version of an ecclesiastical legend. Though it seems to have been popular at the time, the modern reader will probably think that, in this case at least, the religious element is a little out of place. An angel and a devil take an active part in the performance; miracles are worked on the stage; the unbelievers are so shockingly wicked, and the Christians so obtrusively good, that we — the worldly-minded — are sensible of a little recalcitration, unless we are disarmed by the simplicity of the whole performance. Religious tracts of all ages and in all forms are apt to produce this ambiguous effect. Unless we are quite in harmony with their assumptions, we feel that they deal too much in conventional rose-color. The angelic and diabolic elements are not so clearly discriminated in this world, and should show themselves less unequivocally on the stage, which ought to be its mirror. An audience in the state of mind which generates the true miracle-play might justify such an embodiment of its sentiment. But when forcibly transplanted to the Jacobean stage, we feel that the performance has not the simple earnestness by which alone it can be justified. The sentiment has a certain

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

unreality, and the *naïveté* suggests affectation. The implied belief is got up for the moment and has a hollow ring. And therefore, the whole work, in spite of some eloquence, is nothing better than a curiosity, as an attempt at the assimilation of a heterogeneous form of art.

A similar vein of sentiment, though not showing itself in so undiluted a form, runs through most of Massinger's plays. He is throughout a sentimentalist and a rhetorician. He is not, like the greatest men, dominated by thoughts and emotions which force him to give them external embodiment in lifelike symbols. He is rather a man of much real feeling and extraordinary facility of utterance, who finds in his stories convenient occasions for indulging in elaborate didactic utterances upon moral topics. It is probably this comparative weakness of the higher imaginative faculty which makes Lamb speak of him rather disparagingly. He is too self-conscious and too anxious to enforce downright moral sentiments to satisfy a critic by whom spontaneous force and direct insight were rightly regarded as the highest poetic qualities. A single touch in Shakespeare, or even in Webster or Ford, often reveals more depth of feeling than a whole scene of Massinger's facile and often deliberately forsenic eloquence. His temperament is indicated by the peculiarities of his style. It is, as Coleridge says, poetry differentiated by the smallest possible degree from prose. The greatest artists of blank verse have so complete a mastery of their language that it is felt as a fibre which runs through and everywhere strengthens the harmony, and is yet in complete subordination to the sentiment. With a writer of the second order, such as Fletcher, the metre becomes more prominent, and at times produces a kind of monotonous sing-song, which begins to remind us unpleasantly of the still more artificial tone characteristic of the rhymed tragedies of the next generation. Massinger diverges in the opposite direction. The metre is felt enough and only just enough to give a more stately step to rather florid prose. It is one of his marks that a line frequently ends by some insignificent "of" or "from," so as to exclude the briefest possible pause in reading. Thus, to take an example pretty much at random, the following instance might be easily read without observing that it was blank verse at all: —

"Your brave achievements in the war, and what you did for me, unspoken, because I would not force the sweetness of your modesty to a blush, are written here; and that there might be nothing wanting to sum up my numerous engagements (never in my hopes to be cancelled), the great duke, our mortal enemy, when my father's country lay open to his fury and the spoil of the victorious army, and I brought into his power, hath shown himself so noble, so full of honor, temperance, and all virtues that can set off a prince; that, though I cannot render him that respect I would, I am bound in thankfulness to admire him."

Such a style is suitable to a man whose moods do not often hurry him into impetuous, or vivacious, or epigrammatic utterance. As the Persian poet says of his country: his warmth is not heat and his coolness is not cold. He flows on in a quiet current, never breaking into foam or fury, but vigorous, and invariably lucid. As a pleader before a law-court — the character in which, as Mr. Ward observes, he has a peculiar fondness for presenting himself — he would carry his audience along with him, but scarcely hold them in spellbound astonishment or hurry them into fits of excitement. Melancholy resignation, or dignified dissatisfaction will find in him a powerful exponent, but scarcely despair, or love, or hatred, or any social phase of pure unqualified passion.

The natural field for the display of such qualities is the romantic drama, which Massinger took from the hands of Beaumont and Fletcher, and endowed with greater dignity and less poetic fervor. For the vigorous comedy of real life, as Jonson understood it, he has simply no capacity; and in his rare attempts at humor, succeeds only in being at once dull and dirty. His stage is generally occupied with dignified lords and ladies, professing the most chivalrous sentiments, which are occasionally too highflown and overstrained to be thoroughly effective, but which are yet uttered with sufficient sincerity. They are not mere hollow pretences, consciously adopted to conceal base motives; but one feels the want of an occasional infusion of the bracing air of common sense. It is the voice of a society still inspired with the traditional sentiments of honor and self-respect, but a little afraid of contact with the rough realities of life. Its chivalry is a survival from a past epoch, not a spontaneous outgrowth of the most vital elements of contemporary development. In another generation, such a tone will be adopted by a conscious and deliberate artifice, and be reflected in mere theatrical rant. In the past, it was the natural expression of a

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

high-spirited race, full of self-confidence and pride in its own vigorous audacity. In this transitional period it has a certain hectic flush, symptomatic of approaching decay; anxious to give a wide berth to realities, and most at home in the borderland where dreams are only half dispelled by the light of common day. "Don Quixote" had sounded the knell of the old romance, but something of the old spirit still lingers, and can tinge with an interest, not yet wholly artificial, the lives and passions of beings who are thus hovering on the outskirts of the living world. The situations most characteristic of Massinger's tendency are in harmony with this tone of sentiment. They are romances taken from a considerable variety of sources, developed in a clearly connected series of scenes. They are wanting in the imaginative unity of the great plays, which show that a true poet has been profoundly moved by some profound thought embodied in a typical situation. He does not, like Shakespeare, seize his subject by the heart, because it has first fascinated his imagination; nor, on the other hand, have we that bewildering complexity of motives and intricacy of plot which shows at best a lawless and wandering fancy; and which often fairly puzzles us in many English plays, and enforces frequent reference to the list of personages in order to disentangle the crossing threads of the action. The plays are a gradual unravelling of a series of incidents, each following intelligibly from the preceding situation, and suggestive of many eloquent observations, though not developments of one master thought. We often feel that, if external circumstances had been propitious, he would have expressed himself more naturally in the form of a prose romance than in a drama. Nor, again, does he often indulge in those exciting and horrible situations which possessed such charms for his contemporaries. There are occasions, it is true, in which this element is not wanting. In "The Unnatural Combat," for example, we have a father killing his son in a duel, by the end of the second act; and when, after a succession of horrors of the worst kind, we are treated to a ghost, "full of wounds, leading in the shadow of a lady, her face leprous," and the worst criminal is killed by a flash of lightning, we feel that we were fully entitled to such a catastrophe. We can only say, in Massinger's words, —

> May we make use of
> This great example, and learn from it that
> There cannot be a want of power above
> To punish murder and unlawful love!

"The Duke of Milan," again, culminates with a horrible scene, rivalling, though with less power, the grotesque horrors of Webster's "Duchess of Malfi." Other instances might be given of concessions to that blood-and-thunder style of dramatic writing for which our ancestors had a never-failing appetite. But, as a rule, Massinger inclines, as far as contemporary writers will allow him, to the side of mercy. Instead of using slaughter so freely that a new set of actors has to be introduced to bury the old — a misfortune which sometimes occurs in the plays of the time — he generally tends to a happy solution, and is disposed not only to dismiss his virtuous characters to felicity, but even to make his villains virtuous. We have not been excited to that pitch at which our passions can only be harmonized by an effusion of blood, and a mild solution is sufficient for the calmer feelings which have been aroused.

This tendency illustrates Massinger's conception of life in another sense. Nothing is more striking in the early stage than the vigor of character of most of these heroes. Individual character, as it is said, takes the place in the modern of fate in the ancient drama. Every man is run in a mould of iron, and may break, but cannot bend. The fitting prologue to the whole literature is provided by Marlowe's Tamburlaine, with his superhuman audacity, and vast bombastic rants, the incarnation of a towering ambition which scorns all laws but its own devouring passion. Faustus, braving all penalties, human and divine, is another variety of the same type; and when we have to do with a weak character like Edward II., we feel that it is his natural destination to be confined in a loathsome dungeon, with mouldy bread to eat and ditch-water to drink. The world is for the daring; and though daring may be pushed to excess, weakness is the one unpardonable offence. A thoroughgoing villain is better than a trembling saint. If Shakespeare's instinctive taste revealed the absurdity of the bombastic exaggeration of such tendencies, his characters are equally unbending. His villains die, like Macbeth and Iago, with their teeth set, and scorn even a deathbed repentance. Hamlet exhibits the unfitness for a world of action of the man who is foolish enough to see two sides to every question. So again, Chapman, the writer who in fulness and fire of thought approaches most nearly to Shakespeare, is

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

an ardent worshipper of pure energy of character. His Bussy d'Ambois cannot be turned from his purpose even by the warnings of the ghost of his accomplice, and a mysterious spirit summoned expressly to give advice. An admirably vigorous phrase from one of the many declamations of his hero Byron — another representative of the same haughty strength of will — gives his theory of character: —

Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves t' have his sail filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sailyards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel plows air.

Pure, undiluted energy, stern force of will, delight in danger for its own sake, contempt for all laws but the self-imposed, those are the cardinal virtues and challenge our sympathy even when they lead their possessor to destruction. The psychology implied n Jonson's treating of "humor" is another phase of the same sentiment. The side by which energetic characters lend themselves to comedy is the exaggeration of some special trait which determines their course as tyrannically as ambition governs the character suited for tragedy.

When we turn to Massinger, this boundless vigor has disappeared. The blood has grown cool. The tyrant no longer forces us to admiration by the fulness of his vitality, and the magnificence of his contempt for law. Whether for good or bad, he is comparatively a poor creature. He has developed an uneasy conscience, and even whilst affecting to defy the law, trembles at the thought of an approaching retribution. His boasts have a shrill, querulous note in them. His creator does not fully sympathize with his passion. Massinger cannot throw himself into the situation; and is anxious to dwell upon the obvious moral considerations which prove such characters to be decidedly inconvenient members of society for their tamer neighbors. He is of course the more in accordance with a correct code of morality, but fails correspondingly in dramatic force and brilliance of color. To exhibit a villain truly, even to enable us to realize the true depth of his villany, one must be able for a moment to share his point of view, and therefore to understand the true law of his being. It is a very sound rule in the conduct of life, that we should not sympathize with scoundrels. But the morality of the poet, as of the scientific psychologist, is founded upon the unflinching veracity which sets forth all motives with absolute impartiality. Some sort of provisional sympathy with the wicked there must be, or they become mere impossible monsters or the conventional scarecrows of improving tracts.

This is Massinger's weakest side. His villains want backbone, and his heroes are deficient in simple overmastering passion, or supplement their motives by some overstrained and unnatural crotchet. Impulsiveness takes the place of vigor, and indicates the want of a vigorous grasp of the situation. Thus, for example, "The Duke of Milan," which is certainly amongst the more impressive of Massinger's plays, may be described as a variation upon the theme of "Othello." To measure the work of any other writer by its relation to that masterpiece is, of course, to apply a test of undue severity. Of comparison, properly speaking, there can be no question. The similarity of the situation, however, may bring out Massinger's characteristics. The duke, who takes the place of Othello, is, like his prototype, a brave soldier. The most spirited and effective passage in the play is the scene in which he is brought as a prisoner before Charles V., and not only extorts the admiration of his conqueror, but wins his liberty by a dignified avowal of his previous hostility, and avoidance of any base compliance. The duke shows himself to be a high-minded gentleman, and we are so far prepared to sympathize with him when exposed to the wiles of Francisco — the Iago of the piece. But unfortunately the scene is not merely a digression in a constructive sense, but involves a psychological inconsistency. The gallant soldier contrives to make himself thoroughly contemptible. He is represented as excessively uxorious, and his passion takes the very disagreeable turn of posthumous jealousy. He has instructed Francisco to murder the wife whom he adores in case of his own death during the war, and thus to make sure that she could not marry anybody else. On his return, the wife, who has been informed by the treachery of Francisco of this pleasant arrangement, is naturally rather cool to him; whereupon he flies into a rage and swears that he will

never think of curs'd Marcelia more.

His affection returns in another scene, but only in order to increase his jealousy, and on hearing Francisco's slander he proceeds to stab his wife out of hand. It is the action of a weak man in a passion,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

not of a noble nature tortured to madness. Finding out his mistake, he of course repents again, and expresses himself with a good deal of eloquence which would be more effective if we could forget the overpowering pathos of the parallel scene in "Othello." Much sympathy, however, is impossible for a man whose whole conduct is so flighty, and so obviously determined by the immediate demands of successive situations of the play, and not the varying manifestation of a powerfully conceived character. Francisco is a more coherent villain, and an objection made by Hazlitt to his apparent want of motive is at least equally valid against Iago; but he is of course but a diluted version of that superlative villain, as Marcelia is a rather priggish and infinitely less tender Desdemona. The failure, however, of the central figure to exhibit any fixity of character is the real weakness of the play; and the horrors of the last scene fail to atone for the want of the vivid style which reveals an "intense and gloomy mind."

This kind of versatility and impulsiveness of character is revealed by the curious convertibility — if one may use the word — of his characters. They are the very reverse of the men of iron of the previous generation. They change their state of mind as easily as the characters of his contemporary drama put on disguises. We are often amazed at the simplicity which enables a whole family to accept the brother and father to whom they have been speaking ten minutes before as an entire stranger, because he has changed his coat or talks broken English. The audience must have been easily satisfied in such cases; but it requires almost equal simplicity to accept some of Massinger's transformations. In such a play as "The Virgin Martyr," a religious conversion is a natural part of the scheme. Nor need we be surprised at the amazing facility with which a fair Mahommedan is converted in "The Renegado" by the summary assertion that the "juggling prophet" is a cheat and taught a pigeon to feed in his ear. Can there be strength, it is added, in that religion which allows us to fear death? "This is unanswerable," exclaims the lady, "and there is something tells me I err in my opinion." This is almost as good as the sudden thought of swearing eternal friendship. The hardened villain of the first act in the same play falls into despair in the third, and, with the help of an admirable Jesuit, becomes a most useful and exemplary convert by the fifth. But such catastrophes may be regarded as more or less miraculous. The versatility of character is more singular when religious conversions are not in question. "I am certain," says Philanax in "The Emperor of the East" —

> A prince so soon in his disposition altered
> Was never heard nor read of.

That proves that Philanax was not familiar with Massinger's plays. The disposition of princes and of subjects is there constantly altered with the most satisfactory result. It is not merely that, as often happens elsewhere, the villains are summarily forced to repent at the end of a play, like Angelo in "Measure for Measure," in order to allow the curtain to fall upon a prospect of happiness. Such forced catastrophes are common, if clumsy enough. But there is something malleable in the very constitution of Massinger's characters. They repent half way through the performance, and see the error of their ways with a facility which we could wish to be imitated in common life. The truth seems to be that Massinger is subject to an illusion natural enough to a man who is more of the rhetorician than the seer. He fancies that eloquence must be irresistible. He takes the change of mood produced by an elevated appeal to the feelings for a change of character. Thus, for example, in "The Picture"— a characteristic, though not a very successful play — we have a story founded upon the temptations of a separated husband and wife. The husband carries with him a magical picture, which grows dark or bright according to the behavior of the wife, whom it represents. The husband is tempted to infidelity by a queen, herself spoilt by the flatteries of an uxorious husband; and the wife by a couple of courtiers, who have all the vices of Fletcher's worst heroes without any of their attractions. The interest of the play, such as it is, depends upon the varying moods of the chief actors, who become so eloquet under a sense of wrong or a reflection upon the charms of virtue, that they approach the bounds of vice, and then gravitate back to respectability. Everybody becomes perfectly respectable before the end of the play is reached, and we are to suppose that they will remain respectable ever afterwards. They avoid tragic results by their want of the overmastering passions which lead to great crimes or noble actions. They are really eloquent, but even more moved by their eloquence than the spectators can be. They form the kind of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

audience which would be most flattering to an able preacher, but in which a wise preacher would put little confidence. And, therefore, besides the fanciful incident of the picture, they give us an impression of unreality. They have no rich blood in their veins; and are little better than lay figures taking up positions as it may happen, in order to form an effective tableau illustrative of an unexceptionable moral.

There is, it is true, one remarkable exception to the general weakness of Massinger's characters. The vigor with which Sir Giles Overreach is set forth has made him the one well-known figure in Massinger's gallery, and the "New Way to Pay Old Debts" showed in consequence more vitality than any of his other plays. Much praise has been given, and rightly enough, to the originality and force of the conception. The conventional miser is elevated into a great man by a kind of inverse heroism, and made terrible instead of contemptible. But it is equally plain that here, too, Massinger fails to project himself fairly into his villain. His rants are singularly forcible, but they are clearly what other people would think about him, not what he would really think, still less what he would say, of himself. Take, for example, the very fine speech in which he replies to the question of the virtuous nobleman, whether he is not frightened by the imprecations of his victims: —

Yes, as rocks are
When foaming billows split themselves against
Their flinty sides; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course; with mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmur at as wrong.
Now, for those other piddling complaints
Breath'd out in bitterness, as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my neighbor's rights, or grand incloser
Of what was common to my private use,
Nay when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honorable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible to remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Put this into the third person; read "he" for "I" and "his" for "my," and it is an admirable bit of denunciation of a character probably intended as a copy from life. It is a description of a wicked man from outside; and wickedness seen from outside is generally unreasonable and preposterous. When it is converted, by simple alteration of pronouns, into the villain's own account of himself, the internal logic which serves as a pretext disappears, and he becomes a mere monster. It is for this reason that, as Hazlitt says, Massinger's villains — and he was probably thinking especially of Overreach and Luke in "A City Madam" — appear like drunkards or madmen. His plays are apt to be a continuous declamation, cut up into fragments, and assigned to the different actors; and the essential unfitness of such a method of dramatic requirements needs no elaborate demonstration. The villains will have to denounce themselves, and will be ready to undergo conversion at a moment's notice in order to spout openly on behalf of virtue as vigorously as they have spouted in transparent disguise on behalf of vice.

There is another consequence of Massinger's romantic tendency, which is more pleasing. The chivalrous ideal of morality involves a reverence for women, which may be exaggerated or affected, but which has at least a genuine element in it. The women on the earlier stage have comparatively a bad time of it amongst their energetic companions. Shakespeare's women are undoubtedly most admirable and lovable creatures; but they are content to take a subordinate part, and their highest virtue generally includes entire submission to the will of their lords and masters. Some, indeed, have an abundant share of the masculine temperament, like Cleopatra or Lady Macbeth; but then they are by no means model characters. Iago's description of the model woman is a cynical version of the true Shakespearian theory. Women's true sphere, according to him, or according to the modern slang, is domestic life; and, if circumstances force a Cordelia, an Imogen, a Rosalind, or a Viola, to take a more active share in life, they take good care to let us know that they have a woman's heart under their male dress. The weaker characters in Massinger give a higher place to women, and justify it by a sentiment of chivalrous devotion. The excess, indeed, of such submissiveness is often satirized. In "The Roman Actor," "The Emperor of the East," "The Duke of Milan," "The Picture," and elsewhere, we have various phases of uxorious weakness, which suggest possible application to the court of Charles I. Elsewhere, as in "The Maid of Honor" and "The Bashful Lover," we

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

are called upon to sympathize with manifestations of a highflown devotion to feminine excellence. Thus, the bashful lover, who is the hero of one of his characteristic dramatic romances, is a gentleman who thinks himself scarcely worthy to touch his mistress's shoestring; on the sight of her exclaims, —

> As Moors salute
> The rising sun with joyful superstition,
> I could fall down and worship. — O my heart!
> Like Phœbe breaking through an envious cloud,
> Or something which no simile can express,
> She shows to me; a reverent fear, but blended
> With wonder and astonishment, does possess me.

When she condescends to speak to him, the utmost that he dares to ask is liberty to look at her, and he protests that he would never aspire to any higher privilege. It is gratifying to add that he follows her through many startling vicissitudes of fortunes in a spirit worthy of this exordium, and of course is finally persuaded that he may allow himself a nearer approach to his goddess. The maid of honor has two lovers who accept a rather similar position. One of them is unlucky enough to be always making mischief by well-meant efforts to forward her interest. He, poor man, is rather ignominiously paid off in downright cash at the end of the piece. His more favored rival listens to the offers of a rival duchess, and ends by falling between two stools. He resigns himself to the career of a knight of Malta, whilst the maid of honor herself retires into a convent. Mr. Gardiner compares this catastrophe unfavorably with that of "Measure for Measure," and holds that it is better for a lady to marry a duke than to give up the world as, on the whole, a bad business. A discussion of that question would involve some difficult problems. If, however, Isabella is better provided for by Shakespeare than Camiola, "the maid of honor," by Massinger, we must surely agree that the maid of honor has the advantage of poor Mariana, whose reunion with her hypocritical husband certainly strikes one as a questionable advantage. Her fate seems to intimate that marriage with a hypocritical tyrant ought to be regarded as better than no marriage at all. Massinger's solution is at any rate in harmony with the general tone of chivalrous sentiment. A woman who has been placed upon a pinnacle by overstrained devotion cannot, consistently with her dignity, console herself like an ordinary creature of flesh and blood. When her worshippers turn unfaithful she must not look out for others. She may permit herself for once to return the affection of a worthy lover; but, when he fails, she must not condescend again to love. That would be to admit that love was a necessity of her life, not a special act of favor for some exceptional proofs of worthiness. Given the general tone of sentiment, I confess that, to my taste, Massinger's solution has the merit, not only of originality, but of harmony. It may, of course, be held that a jilted lady should, in a perfect healthy state of society, have some other alternative besides a convent or an unworthy marriage. Some people, for example, may hold that she should be able to take to active life as a lawyer or a professor of medicine; or they may hold that love ought not to hold so prominent part even in a woman's life, that disappointed passion should involve, as a necessary consequence, the entire abandonment of the world. But, taking the romantic point of view, of which it is the very essence to set an extravagant value upon love, and remembering that Massinger had not heard of modern doctrines of woman's rights, one must admit, I think, that he really shows, by the best means in his power, a strong sense of the dignity of womanhood, and that his catastrophe is more satisfactory than the violent death or the consignment to an inferior lover which would have commended themselves to most Elizabethan dramatists.

The same vein of chivalrous sentiment gives a fine tone to some of Massinger's other plays; to "The Bondman," for example, and "The Great Duke of Florence," in both of which the treatment of lovers' devotion shows a higher sense of the virtue of feminine dignity and purity than is common in the contemporary stage.

There is, of course, a want of reality, an admission of extravagant motives, and an absence of dramatic concentration, which indicate an absence of high imaginative power. Chivalry, at its best, is not very reconcilable with common sense; and the ideal hero is divided, as Cervantes shows, by very narrow distinctions from the downright madman. What was absurd in the more vigorous manifestations of the spirit does not vanish when its energy is lowered, and the rhetorician takes the place of the poet. But the sentiment is still genuine, and often gives real dignity to Massinger's eloquent speeches. It is true that, in apparent inconsistency with this excellence, passages of Massinger are even more deeply stained than

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

usual with revolting impurities. Not only are his bad men and women apt to be offensive beyond all bearable limits, but places might be pointed out in which even his virtuous women indulge in language of the indescribable variety. The inconsistency of course admits of an easy explanation. Chivalrous sentiment by no means involves perfect purity, nor even a lofty conception of the true meaning of purity. Even a strong religious feeling of a certain kind is quite compatible with considerable laxity in this respect. Charles I. was a virtuous monarch, according to the admission of his enemies; but, as Kingsley remarks, he suggested a plot to Shirley which would certainly not be consistent with the most lax modern notions of decency. The court of which he was the centre certainly included a good many persons who might have at once dictated Massinger's most dignified sentiments and enjoyed his worst ribaldry. Such, for example, if Clarendon's character of him be accurate, would have been the supposed "W. H.," the eldest of the two Earls of Pembroke, with whose family Massinger was so closely connected. But it is only right to add that Massinger's errors in this kind are superficial, and might generally be removed without injury to the structure of his plays.

I have said enough to suggest the general nature of the answer which would have to be made to the problem with which I started. Beyond all doubt, it would be simply preposterous to put down Massinger as a simple product of corruption. He does not mock at generous, lofty instincts, or overlook their influence as great social forces. Mr. Ward quotes him as an instance of the connection between poetic and moral excellence. The dramatic effectiveness of his plays is founded upon the dignity of his moral sentiment; and we may recognize in him "a man who firmly believes in the eternal difference between right and wrong," I subscribe most willingly to the truth of Mr. Ward's general principle, and, with a certain reservation, to the correctness of this special illustration. But the reservation is an important one. After all, can anybody say honestly that he is braced and invigorated by reading Massinger's plays? Does he perceive any touch of what we feel when we have been in company, say, with Sir Walter Scott; a sense that our intellectual atmosphere is clearer than usual, and that we recognize more plainly than we are apt to do the surpassing value of manliness, honesty, and pure domestic affection? Is there not rather a sense that we have been all the time in an unnatural region, where, it is true, a sense of honor and other good qualities come in for much eloquent praise, but where, above everything, there is a marked absence of downright, wholesome common sense? Of course the effect is partly due to the region in which the old dramatists generally sought for their tragic situations. We are never quite at home in this fictitious cloudland, where the springs of action are strange, unaccountable, and altogether different from those with which we have to do in the work-a-day world. A great poet, indeed, weaves a magic mirror ont of these dreamlike materials, in which he shows us the great passions, love, and jealousy, and ambition, reflected upon a gigantic scale. But, in weaker hands, the characters become eccentric instead of typical; his vision simply distorts instead of magnifying the fundamental truths of human nature. The liberty which could be used by Shakespeare becomes dangerous for his successors. Instead of a legitimate idealization, we have simply an abandonment of any basis in reality.

The admission that Massinger is moral must therefore be qualified by the statement that he is unnatural; or, in other words, that his morality is morbid. The groundwork of all the virtues, we are sometimes told, is strength and manliness. A strong nature may be wicked, but a weak one cannot attain any high moral level. The correlative doctrine in literature is, that the foundation of all excellence, artistic or moral, is a vivid perception of realities and a masculine grasp of facts. A man who has that essential quality will not blink the truths which we see illustrated every day around us. He will not represent vice as so ugly that it can have no charms, so foolish that it can never be plausible, or so unlucky that it can never be triumphant. The robust moralist admits that vice is often pleasant, and that wicked men flourish like a green bay-tree. He cannot be over-anxious to preach, for he feels that the intrinsic charm of high qualities can dispense with any artificial attempts to bolster them up by sham rhetoric, or to slur over the hard facts of life. He will describe Iago as impartially as Desdemona; and, having given us the facts, leave us to make what we please of them. It is the mark of a more sickly type of morality, that it must always be distorting the plain truth. It becomes sentimental, because it wishes to believe

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

that what is pleasant must be true. It makes villains condemn themselves, because such a practice would save so much trouble to judges and moralists. Not appreciating the full force of passions, it allows the existence of grotesque and eccentric motives. It fancies that a little rhetoric will change the heart as well as the passing mood, and represents the claims of virtue as perceptible on the most superficial examination. The morality which requires such concessions becomes necessarily effeminate; it is unconsciously giving up its strongest position by implicitly admitting that the world in which virtue is possible is a very different one from our own.

The decline of the great poetic impulse does not yet reveal itself by sheer blindness to moral distinctions, or downright subservience to vice. A lowered vitality does not necessarily imply disease, though it is favorable to the development of vicious germs. The morality which flourishes in an exhausted soil is not a plant of hardy growth and tough fibre, nourished by rough common sense, flourishing amongst the fierce contests of vigorous passions, and delighting in the open air and the broad daylight. It loves the twilight of romance, and creates heroes impulsive, eccentric, extravagant in their resolves, servile in their devotion, and whose very natures are more or less allied to weakness and luxurious self-indulgence. Massinger, indeed, depicts with much sympathy the virtues of the martyr and the penitent; he can illustrate the paradox that strength can be conquered by weakness, and violence by resignation. His good women triumph by softening the hearts of their persecutors. Their purity is more attractive than the passions of their rivals. His deserted king shows himself worthy of more loyalty than his triumphant persecutors. His Roman actor atones for his weakness by voluntarily taking part in his own punishment.

Such passive virtues are undoubtedly most praiseworthy; but they may border upon qualities not quite so praiseworthy. It is a melancholy truth that your martyr is apt to be a little sanctimonious, and that a penitent is sometimes a bit of a sneak. Resignation and self-restraint are admirable qualities, but admirable in proportion to the force of the opposing temptation. The strong man curbing his passions, the weak woman finding strength in patient suffering, are deserving of our deepest admiration; but in Massinger we feel that the triumph of virtue implies rather a want of passion than a power of commanding it, and that resignation is comparatively easy when it connotes an absence of active force. The general lowering of vitality, the want of rigid dramatic coloring, deprive his martyrs of that background of vigorous reality against which their virtues would be forcibly revealed. His pathos is not vivid and penetrating. Truly pathetic power is produced only when we see that it is a sentiment wrung from a powerful intellect by keen sympathy with the wrongs of life. We are affected by the tears of a strong man; but the popular preacher who enjoys weeping produces in us nothing but contempt. Massinger's heroes and heroines have not, we may say, backbone enough in them to make us care very deeply for their sorrows. And they moralize rather too freely. We do not want sermons, but sympathy, when we are in our deepest grief; and we do not feel that any one feels very keenly who can take his sorrows for a text, and preach in his agony upon the vanity of human wishes or the excellence of resignation.

Massinger's remarkable flow of genuine eloquence, his real dignity of sentiment, his sympathy for virtuous motive, entitle him to respect; but we cannot be blind to the defect which keeps his work below the level of his greatest contemporaries. It is, in one word, a want of vital force. His writing is pitched in too low a key. He is not invigorating, stimulating, capable of fascinating us by the intensity of his conceptions. His highest range is a dignified melancholy or a certain chivalrous recognition of the noble side of human nature. The art which he represents is still a genuine and spontaneous growth instead of an artificial manufacture. He is not a mere professor of deportment, or maker of fine phrases. The days of mere affectation have not yet arrived; but, on the other hand, there is an absence of that grand vehemence of soul which breathes in the spontaneous, if too lawless, vigor of the older race. There is something hollow under all this stately rhetoric; there are none of those vivid phases which reveal minds moved by strong passions and excited by new aspects of the world. The sails of his verse are not, in Chapman's phrase, "filled with a lusty wind," but moving at best before a steady breath of romantic sentiment, and sometimes flapping rather ominously for want of true impulse. High thinking may still be there, but it is a little self-conscious, and in need of artificial stimulant. The old strenuous line has disappeared, or gone

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

elsewhere — perhaps to excite a Puritan imagination, and create another incarnation of the old type of masculine vigor in the hero of "Paradise Lost."

This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), *being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in* THE LIVING AGE *from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN ENGLAND.

"I AM not frightened, but stunned — completely stunned," said Balfour, his hands on his knees, his head bent down. The ever faithful Jewsbury had at once gone to him on hearing the news; and now the small man with the blue spectacles stood confronting him, all the joyousness gone out of his resonant voice. "I feel there must be a clean sweep. I will go down to the Lilacs, and send over one or two things belonging to — to my wife — to her father's; then everything must go. At present I feel that I have no right to spend a shilling on a telegram —— "

"Oh," said Mr. Jewsbury, "when the heavens rain mountains, you needn't be afraid of stones." What he exactly meant by this speech he himself probably scarcely knew. He was nervous, and very anxious to appear the reverse. "Nobody will expect you to do anything *outré*. You won't bring down the debts of the firm by giving up the postage-stamps in your pocket-book; and of course there will be an arrangement; and — and there are plenty of poor men in the House —— "

"I have just sent a message down to Englebury," he said, showing but little concern. "I have resigned."

"But why this frantic haste?" remonstrated his friend, in a firmer voice. "What will you do next? Do you imagine you are the only man who has come tumbling down and has had to get up again — slowly enough, perhaps?"

"Oh no; not at all," said Balfour, frankly. "I am in no despairing mood. I only want to get the decks clear for action. I have got to earn a living somehow, and I should only be hampered by a seat in Parliament."

"Why, there are a hundred things you could do, and still retain your seat!" his friend cried. "Go to some of your friends in the late government, get a private secretaryship, write political articles for the papers — why, bless you, there are a hundred ways —— "

"No, no, no," Balfour said, with a laugh, "I don't propose to become a bugbear to the people I used to know — a man to be avoided when you catch sight of him at the end of the street, a button-holer, a perpetual claimant. I am off from London, and from England too. I dare say I shall find some old friend of my father's ready to give me a start — in China or Australia — and as I have got to begin life anew, it is lucky the blow fell before my hair was gray. Come, Jewsbury, will you be my partner? We will make our fortune together in a half-dozen years. Let us go for an expedition into the Bush. Or shall we have a try at Peru? I was always certain that the treasures of the Incas could be discovered."

"But, seriously, Balfour, do you mean to leave England?" the clergyman asked.

"Certainly."

"Lady Sylvia?"

The brief glimpse of gayety left his face instantly.

"Of course she will go to her father's when she returns from America," said he, coldly.

"No she will not," replied his friend, with some little warmth. "I take it, from what you have told me of her, that she is too true a woman for that. It is only now you will discover what a good wife can be to a man. Send for her. Take her advice. And see what she will say if you propose that she should abandon you in your trouble and go back to her father! See what she will say to that!"

Jewsbury spoke with some vehemence, and he did not notice that his companion had become strangely moved. It was not often that Balfour gave way to emotion.

"Why," said he; and then he suddenly rose and took a turn up and down the room, for he could not speak for a moment. "Jewsbury, she left me! She left me!"

"She left you?" the other vaguely repeated, staring at the young man, who stood there with clinched hands.

"Do you think," Balfour continued rapidly, with just a break here and there in

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

his voice, "that I should be so completely broken down over the loss of that money? I never cared for money much. That would not hurt me, I think. But it is hard, when you are badly hit, to find ——"

He made a desperate effort to regain his composure, and succeeded. He was too proud to complain. Nay, if the story had to be told now, he would take all the blame of the separation on himself, and try to show that his wife had fair grounds for declaring their married life unendurable. Mr. Jewsbury was a little bit bewildered, but he listened patiently.

"You have done wrong in telling me all that," said he at last. "I need never have known, for I see how this will end. But how fortunate you were to have that friend by you in such a crisis, with her happy expedient. No one but a married woman could have thought of it. If you had formally separated — if she had gone back to her father's — that would have been for life."

"How do you know this is not?"

"Because I believe every word of what that lady friend of hers said to you. And if I don't mistake," he added, slowly, "I don't think you will find this loss of money a great misfortune. I think if you were at this moment to appeal to her — to suggest a reconciliation — you would see with what gladness she would accept it."

"No," said the other, with some return to his ordinary reserve and pride of manner. "She left me of her own free-will. If she had come back of her own free-will, well and good. But I can not ask her to come now. I don't choose to make an *ad misericordiam* appeal to any one. And if she found that my Parliamentary duties interfered with her notion of what our married life should be, what would she think of the much harder work I must attack somewhere or other if I am to earn a living? She would not accompany me from Surrey to Piccadilly: do you think she would go to Shanghai or Melbourne?"

"Yes," said his friend.

"I, at least, will not ask her," he said. "Indeed, I should be quite content if I knew that her father could provide her with a quiet and comfortable home; but I fear he won't be able to hold on much longer to the Hall. She was happy there," he added, with his eyes grown thoughtful. "She should never have left it. The interest she tried to take in public affairs — in any thing outside her own park — was only a dream, a fancy; she got to hate every thing connected with the actual business of the world almost directly after she was married ——"

"Why?" cried his friend, who had as much shrewdness as most people. "The cause is clear — simple — obvious. Public life was taking away her husband from her a trifle too much. And if that husband is rather a reserved person, and rather inclined to let people take their own way, instead of humoring them and reasoning with them ——"

"Well, now, I think you are right there," said Balfour with some eagerness. "I should have tried harder to persuade her. I should have had more consideration. I should not have believed in her refusals. "But there," he added, rising, "it is all over now. Will you go out for a stroll, Jewsbury? I sha'n't bore you with another such story when you take a run out to see me at Melbourne."

Now it happened that when they got out into Piccadilly the Kew omnibus was going by, and the same project struck both friends at the one moment — for the wilder part of the gardens had at one time been a favorite haunt of theirs. A second or two afterward they were both on the top of the omnibus, driving through the still, warm air, greatly contented, and not at all afraid of being seen in that conspicuous position. The brisk motion introduced some cheerfulness into their talk.

"After all, Balfour," said Mr. Jewsbury, with philosophic resignation, "there are compensations in life, and you may probably live more happily outside politics altogether. There was always the chance — I may say so now — of your becoming somebody; and then you would have gone on to commit the one unforgivable sin — the sin that the English people never condone. You might have done signal service to your country. You might have given up your days and nights, you might have ruined your health, you might have sacrificed all your personal interests and feelings, in working for the good of your fellow-countrymen; and then you know what your reward would have been. That is the one thing the English people cannot forgive. You would have been jeered at and ridiculed in the clubs; abused in the papers; taunted in Parliament; treated everywhere as if you were at once a self-seeking adventurer, a lunatic, and a fiend bent on the destruction of the State. If you had spent all your fortune on yourself, given up all your time to your own pleasures, paid not the slightest attention to anybody around you except in so far as they ministered to your comfort, then you would

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

have been regarded as an exemplary person, a good man, and honest Englishman. But if you had given up your whole life to trying to benefit other people through wise legislation, then your reward would be the pillory, for every coward and sneak to have his fling at you."

"My dear Jewsbury," Balfour said with a rueful smile, "it is very kind of you to insist that the grapes are sour."

"Another advantage is that you will have added a new experience to your life," continued the philosopher, who was bent on cheering his friend up a bit, "and will be in so much the completer man. The complete man is he who has gone through all human experiences. Time and the law are against any single person doing it; but you can always be travelling in that direction."

"One ought, for example, to pick a pocket and get sent to prison?"

"Certainly."

"And run away with one's neighbor's wife?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And commit a murder?"

"No," replied this clerical person, "for that might disturb the experiment — might bring it to an end, in fact. But there can be no doubt that Shakespeare committed several diabolical murders, and was guilty of the basest ingratitude, and was devoured with the most fiendish hatred — in imagination. In turns he was a monster of cupidity, of revenge, of bloodthirstiness, of cowardice. Other men, who have not the power to project themselves in this fashion can only learn through action. It therefore follows that the sooner you get yourself sent to the treadmill, the better."

"And indeed I suppose I am nearer it now than I was a week ago," Balfour admitted. "And perhaps I shall soon begin to envy and imitate my esteemed father-in-law in the little tricks by which he earns a few sovereigns now and again. I used to be very severe on the old gentleman, but I may have to take to sham companies myself."

With this and similar discourse the two sages passed the time until they arrived at Kew. It will be observed that as yet it was only a theoretical sort of poverty that had befallen Balfour. It was a sort of poverty that did not prevent the two friends from having a fairly comfortable luncheon at a hotel down there, or from giving up the day to idle sauntering through the wilder and uncultivated portion of the gardens, or from indulging in useless guesses as to what might have been had Balfour been able to remain in Parliament.

"But in any case you will come back," continued Mr. Jewsbury, who was trying to espy a squirrel he had seen run up the trunk of an elm; "and you will be burdened with wealth and rich in knowledge. Then, when you get into Parliament, shall I tell you what you must do? Shall I give you a project that will make your name famous in the political history of your country?"

"It won't be of much use to me," was the answer; "but I know one or two gentlemen down at Westminster who would be glad to hear of it."

"Take my proposal with you now. Brood over it. Collect facts wherever you go. Depend on it ——"

"But what is it?"

"The total abolition of that most pernicious superstition — trial by jury. Why, man, I could give you the heads of a speech that would ring through the land. The incorruptibility of the English bench — the vast learning, the patience, the knowledge of the world, the probity, of our judges. Then you draw a picture of one of these judges laboriously setting out the facts of a case before the jury, and of his astonishment at their returning a verdict directly in the teeth of the evidence. Think of the store of anecdotes you could amass to get the House into a good humor. Then a burst of pathetic indignation. Whose reputation, whose fortune, is safe if either depends on the verdict of twelve crass idiots? A bit of flash oratory on the part of a paid pleader may cost a man a couple of thousand pounds in the face of common sense and justice. Balfour," said Mr. Jewsbury, solemnly, "the day on which the verdict in the Tichborne case was announced was a sad day for me."

"Indeed," said the other. "I have got an uncle-in-law who believes in Tich yet. I will give you a note of introduction to him, and you might mingle your tears."

"I was not thinking of Tich," continued Mr. Jewsbury, carefully plaiting some long grass together; "I was thinking of this great political project which I am willing to put into your hands; it will keep a few years. And I was thinking what a great opportunity was lost when those twelve men brought in a verdict that Arthur Orton was Arthur Orton. I had almost counted on their bringing in a verdict that Arthur Orton was Roger Tichborne; but if that was too much to hope for, then, at least, I took it for granted that they would

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

disagree. That single fact would have been of more use to you than a hundred arguments. Armed with it, you might have gone forward single-handed to hew down this monstrous institution." And here Mr. Jewsbury aimed a blow at a mighty chestnut-tree with the cord of grass he had plaited. The chestnut-tree did not tremble.

"However, I see you are not interested," the small clergyman continued. "That is another fact you will learn. A man without money pays little heed to the English Constitution, unless he hopes to make something out of it. What is the immediate thing you mean to do?"

"I can do nothing at present," Balfour said, absently. "The lawyers will be let loose, of course. Then I have written to my wife requesting her — at least making the suggestion that she should give up the money paid to her under the marriage settlement ——"

"Stop a bit," said Mr. Jewsbury. "I won't say that you have been quixotic; but don't you think that, before taking such a step, you ought to have got to know what the — the custom is in such things — what commercial people do — what the creditors themselves would expect you to do?"

"I cannot take any one's opinion on the point," Balfour said, simply. "But of course I only made the suggestion in informing her of the facts. She will do what she herself considers right."

"I cannot understand your talking about your wife in that tone," said Jewsbury, looking at the impassive face.

"I think they mean to transfer — to the Lords," said Balfour, abruptly; and so for a time they talked of Parliamentary matters, just as if nothing had happened since Balfour left Oxford. But Jewsbury could see that his companion was thinking neither of Lords nor Commons.

And indeed it was he himself, despite all his resolve, who wandered back to the subject; and he told Jewsbury the whole story over again, more amply and sympathetically than before; and he could not give sufficient expression to the gratitude he bore toward that kind and gracious and generous friend down there in Surrey who had lent him such swift counsel and succor in his great distress.

"And what do you think of it all, Jewsbury?" said he, with all the proud reserve gone from his manner and speech. "What will she do? It was only a sort of probationary tour, you know — she admitted that; there was no definite separation —"

Mr. Jewsbury gave no direct answer.

"Much depends," he said, slowly, "on the sort of letter you wrote to her. From what you say, I should imagine it was very injudicious, a little bit cruel, and likely to make mischief."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE IRONY OF LIFE.

In the second volume of the "Philological Museum," published at Cambridge in 1833, there is an article by the late Bishop Thirlwall on "The Irony of Sophocles," which is marked by all that great scholar's subtlety of thought and mastery of classical learning. He distinguishes between *verbal* and *practical* irony, the former of which he defines "as a figure which enables the speaker to convey his meaning with greater force by means of a contrast between the thought and expression — or, to speak more accurately, between the thought which he evidently designs to express, and that which his words properly signify." Practical irony in life is the contrast between the real and apparent state of things which environ the subject of it, whether it be a kingdom, a commonwealth, a society, or an individual. The word seems originally to have been applied to the peculiar mode of disputation adopted by Socrates. This consisted in a playful entanglement of his opponent in admissions, which, while appearing to support and strengthen the argument of that opponent, in reality involved him in an absurd conclusion. He was made to take the bait, all unconscious of the hook by which he was to be captured. There was a perfect antagonism between the appearance and the fact — the appearance being the assurance of victory, the fact the certainty of defeat; and the defeat was brought about by the use of the very weapons on which the disputant relied for success. This the Greeks called Εἰρωνεία. It may be described as the irony of the fallacies, and is different from verbal irony in the modern sense of the word. One reason why verbal irony is so powerful an instrument of speech, is because contrast is a law of the association of ideas. The image of a thing suggests the idea of its opposite. But another reason is, that the very disparity of the language used assists the mind in measuring the contrast, just as the force of a blow is proportionate to the recoil. By seeming to deny to an object its proper attribute, we instantly

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

conjure up the thought of what that attribute is, and we feel it more strongly in consequence of the incongruity of the term applied. What are some of the most endearing epithets with which we accost the darlings of our hearts — our little ones? What father or mother scruples, or rather in the very gush and effusion of love, is not almost compelled, to address a laughing infant in words which, taken literally, would be strangely and shockingly wrong? "You little rogue!" comes as spontaneously to the lips as "You little darling!" and each expression is but the equivalent of the other. Coleridge has, in his continuation of "Christabel" — alas! only a fragment — tried to give an explanation of this, which is perhaps not very far from the mark, although we think that the one we have already suggested is the true one. But there can be no question about the beauty of the lines.

> A little child, a limber elf,
> Singing, dancing to itself,
> A fairy thing, with red round cheeks,
> That always finds and never seeks,
> Makes such a vision to the sight
> As fills a father's eyes with light;
> And pleasures flew in so thick and fast
> Upon his heart, that he at last
> Must needs express his love's excess
> In words of unmeant bitterness.
> Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
> Thoughts so all unlike each other;
> To utter and mock a broken charm,
> To dally with wrong that does no harm;
> Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty,
> At each wild word to feel within
> A sweet recoil of love and pity.

The last explanation is not very different from our own, only we think it is not so much "the sweet recoil of love and pity" which "each wild word" produces in the mind, as the suggestion of thoughts of tenderness and love which the very wildness of the words forces irresistibly on the heart.

In order to appreciate irony there must be some sense of humor. The essays of Elia are full of it; and their chief charm would be lost on the reader who took everything literally, or, to use Charles Lamb's own expression, "on the square." How helplessly he would flounder in the "Sartor Resartus" of Carlyle! There is an essay by De Quincey on "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," which is in the finest style of irony; and we once spoke of it in terms of high praise to a person in an official position, and strongly recommended him to read it. We lent him the book for the purpose; but in a few days he returned it to us with a note in which he said that he did not like the article at all, and thoroughly disapproved of it, for it dealt far too lightly with one of the most dreadful of crimes, and seemed almost to encourage it!

There are some excellent examples of verbal irony in the Bible. There must have been something in the tone of Micaiah when, summoned to foretell the issue of the approaching battle at Ramoth-Gilead between the kings of Israel and Judah on the one side, and the king of Syria on the other, he said, "Go ye up and prosper, and they shall be delivered into your hand," — something which betrayed a contradiction between his words and his meaning; for Ahab immediately detected the concealed irony, and asked, "How many times shall I adjure thee that thou say nothing but the truth to me in the name of the Lord?" And then came the truth from the lips of the prophet which predicted the defeat of Israel, and consigned himself to a dungeon, to eat "the bread of affliction" and drink "the water of affliction."

In the apostrophe of Elijah to the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel, when he mocked them, and said, "Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked;" there is perhaps banter rather than irony. The prophet assumes the truth of the hypothesis that Baal is a god. If so, then surely there must be a good reason why he does not hear the cry of his votaries — he must be otherwise engaged. And we must remember that, according to pagan ideas, there was nothing in the occupations suggested by Elijah incompatible with the dignity of a deity. The mythology of Greece is full of anecdotes which show that its gods might be worse and less rationally employed. The irony consists, we think, in the implied contrast between such an idea of the divinity of Baal and the divinity of Jehovah, the God of Israel. But there is no contradiction between the words and the meaning. Elijah puts himself in the position of the priests themselves. And from their point of view his explanation of the cause why Baal is deaf to their entreaties is reasonable enough. But at the same time he shows how ludicrous it is to suppose that Baal is really a god — "for peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." This is properly banter, or what the French call *badinage;* just as irony with them is *persiflage.* Real irony seems to stand

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

midway between banter and sarcasm. Banter is the playful, and sarcasm the ferocious form of irony. In the etymology of sarcasm, however, there is nothing to suggest the idea of irony. It literally means a "tearing of the flesh," but in modern usage it generally implies irony in its bitterest form.

We think that the key to many of the passages in the book of Ecclesiastes which seem to inculcate mere selfishness, and a reckless disregard of everything except present and sensual enjoyment, is that they are to be taken in an ironical sense. After a reign of unexampled splendor and magnificence, Solomon had found that all was vanity and vexation of spirit; and the wisest of men must have been a fool if he could seriously propound, as sufficient for happiness, such maxims as that "there is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labors:" and "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works. Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment. Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity, which he hath given thee under the sun, all the days of thy vanity; for that is thy portion in this life." Solomon had tried all this, and the apples of Issachar had turned to ashes on his lips. It is not likely, therefore, that he should recommend in earnest to others the fruit which had been so bitter to himself. No; the true meaning and solution of the riddle is to be found in the verse towards the end of the book: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: *but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.*"

But let us now turn to Sophocles. The best example of the practical irony of life which his plays afford is the "Œdipus Tyrannus." A pestilence rages at Thebes, of which Œdipus is king. The gods are appealed to in vain. Altars have blazed with fire and reeked with incense in the temples. The oracle of Delphi is consulted, and the answer of the priestess is, "The land suffers under a curse, owing to a dreadful murder. The crime must be expiated, and the pollution purged away." But what was the murder, and who is the murderer? Tiresias, the blind seer, is sent for; and after refusing to answer, and having been taunted by Œdipus with his blindness, he at last bids the monarch obey the behest of his own proclamation, and, as the perpetrator of the crime, end his own unhallowed life. The chorus asks in all simplicity, "Who is the guilty wretch? Does he hide himself in lonely forest or secluded glen?" Who can believe that he is now sitting on the throne, the husband of Jocasta, and lord of Thebes? But a herdsman comes and unfolds the fatal truth that Œdipus is the murderer, the assassin of his father and now the wedded husband of his own mother. In the agony of remorse the king deprives himself of sight — sinking into the depths of despair under the double weight of his two involuntary crimes of parricide and incest.

Here we see the irony of the situation in all its force. Not only is there the contrast between the apparent glory and happiness of Œdipus, the exalted monarch and beloved husband, and his real wretchedness as an incestuous parricide; but we see that in his proclamation he unconsciously denounces himself, and that the pains he takes to discover the author of the crime are the means by which he brings home that crime to himself.

In the "Trachiniæ" we have another example of the irony of fate. When Nessus, in his attempt to carry off Dejaneira, received his death-wound from the arrow of Hercules, he gave her a subtle poison which he pretended would act as a philtre or love-charm, in case at any time she was in danger of losing the affections of her husband. Hercules, in one of his frequent absences from her while he followed his roving and quixotic life, took a city in Eubœa, and made captive the inhabitants. Amongst them was a royal princess, of whom the inconstant chieftain became enamored, and he brought her in this train, intending to make her his wife. We suppose that bigamy was allowed in those days. The news reaches Dejaneira that Hercules is coming home, accompanied by her rival. She bethinks herself of the gift of Nessus; and dipping a festal robe in the poison, she sends it to Hercules, that he may wear it while he sacrifices to the gods in honor of his victory and as a thanksgiving for his safe return. In all the glory of his triumph, and by the side of his captive bride, he puts on the fatal dress, and dies in horrible torments. Dejaneira, finding that the robe which she had fondly imagined would inspire her husband with his former love for her had been the cause of his death, commits suicide, horror-stricken at the thought of her fatal mistake. Here we have the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

bitter contrast between semblance and reality. The moment of joy and triumph to Hercules is the moment of excruciating torture. The gift of a wife's affection is the messenger of death.

We write from memory, amidst the wild mountains of Switzerland, not having access to the article in question, and, indeed, hardly to any books at all; but we believe that Bishop Thirlwall finds in the "Œdipus at Colonus," the "Antigone," and the "Ajax," other instances of the irony of Sophocles. Our impression, however, is, that these illustrations are rather far-fetched, and more ingenious than real.

Let us pass from Sophocles to Shakespeare. It would be easy to quote from his plays many examples of the irony of fate; but we will content ourselves with citing the lines in which Wolsey, in "Henry VIII.," describes the irony of his own life, and, beginning with generalization, ends with a melancholy application to himself: —

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks — good easy man — full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.

In fiction we do not know a more terrible example of the irony of situation than that which is given by Victor Hugo in his "*Les Misérables.*" There the convict, Jean Valjean, having escaped from the galleys, succeeds in elevating himself to the position of mayor in a provincial town. He wins the respect and esteem of all the inhabitants, and is distinguished by his benevolence, his probity and his justice. But he had in his flight taken a sum of money from a passenger on the highway, and another is falsely accused of the crime. Jean Valjean hears of this, and rather than that an innocent man should suffer, resolves to appear in the criminal court and avow himself guilty of the theft, with the certainty that his identity as an escaped *forçat* will be discovered, and he will be again consigned to the hulks. We think that the story of his journey to the assize town, and the mental conflict which he has to undergo, is one of the most thrilling narratives in the whole range of fiction; and the moment when he reveals himself in court, not as the upright magistrate but the condemned convict, strains the feelings of the reader to the most painful pitch of intensity. The depth of the fall is measured by the height of the former rise.

But we need not go to the drama and works of imagination to supply examples of the irony of fate. History is full of it, and human life is full of it. Sometimes it shows itself with terrific grandeur in the sudden crash of an empire, as on that fatal night in Babylon when "Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand." Then and there, amidst the blaze of lights and sound of festive music, the mysterious handwriting came forth and proclaimed the doom which the sword of Darius the Median was already accomplishing in the streets of the devoted city. "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain, and Darius the Median took the kingdom." Sometimes it assumes the form of slow wasting decay, which eats into the heart of power, while all around seems smiling and secure. Such was the state of the Roman empire when the throne of the Cæsars was undermined by luxury and vice. The apparent prosperity was only the prelude to the ruinous catastrophe. And the peculiar irony of the situation was, that the very strength of the despotism became the weakness and ruin of the State. A conspicuous example of this is seen in the fall of the first Napoleon. His victories were the cause of his overthrow. His never-satisfied ambition made him the enemy of every European kingdom, and at last forced on the coalition that destroyed him. The conqueror of Europe — the ruler over the largest empire which the world had seen since the time of Charlemagne — was at last chained like Prometheus to a rock, and confined to the petty limits of a distant island in the Atlantic, and there condemned to "eat his life away."

There is also an irony of nature. There is something pathetic in the thought that few things are more beautiful than a ruin. Those mouldering walls over whose moss-grown stones the ivy has thrown its mantle of green — those broken casements through which in olden times brave warriors and fair ladies looked, and where the wallflower, the foxglove, and the harebell

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

shed their wild beauty, are more lovely now than when they were full of the motion of life, and stood in all their pride of feudal strength. For nature is covering decay with bloom and beauty, and adorning the sepulchre of the past with her sweetest flowers and her loveliest colors. And who has not felt in some moment of bitterness and sorrow, when his heart is bursting with grief, how pitiless seems the irony of nature which almost mocks him with her joyousness, and makes him realize the sharpness of the contrast between his own misery and the laughing loveliness of stream and grove and mountain and meadow around him? It was this that inspired Burns with those touching lines, —

> Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
> How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
> How can ye chant, ye little birds,
> And I sae weary fu' o' care?
> Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
> That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
> Thou minds me o' departed joys,
> Departed — never to return!

We have often thought that there is irony in the fact that houses and villages cluster on the slopes and at the feet of Ætna and Vesuvius. The grim mountains rear their bare crests aloft, and in their bosom sleeps the volcanic fire ready at any moment to burst forth and pour the destructive lava over the plain. But vegetation clothes the sides, and a carpet of flowers is spread around like garlands on the neck of a victim. Men and women pursue their rustic labors, and little children play all forgetful of the danger that lurks beneath their feet. It seems impossible to believe that such a scene of beauty and tranquillity may in an instant be changed to a blackened mass of ruin; and so they go on until the curl of dark smoke gives the signal for the earthquake shock and the awful burst of the volcano.

But the irony of human life is everywhere — at home, in society, and in ourselves. The bloom on the cheek of that lovely girl, the delight and pride of the household, is not the bloom of health, but the hectic hue of consumption, which counterfeits its semblance.

Look at that troop of ballet-dancers, with their bright dresses and glittering spangles and joyous movements, and follow one of them, when she has gone through the labors of the night in an applauding theatre, to her poverty-stricken home. The pittance she earns is hardly sufficient to buy food for her mother and sisters, who, in their threadbare apparel and badly-furnished room, have to fight the grim battle of life against want and hunger.

But a still sadder case of irony is that of some poor wanderer of the night who shivers in the cold air beneath her thin dress of gaudy silk, and affects a desperate gayety to attract the notice of those "who force from famine the caress of love." "But the pity of it, Iago; oh, the pity of it!"

That youthful politician whose position in the House of Commons, as the member for a popular constituency, is the envy of his associates, is perhaps devoured by the pangs of dissatisfied ambition, and full of wrath against the minister who has not appreciated his merits. This is irony indeed.

Then there is the irony of married life. We do not speak of an open breach of the marriage vow, although this often falls, like a thunderbolt in a serene sky, upon the unsuspecting wife or husband; nor yet of the false position of him, or her, who, although tortured by jealousy, is unable to discard affection; "who doubts, yet doats; suspects yet strongly loves." But dissimilarity of tastes or incompatibility of temper may make home a misery, while, to society and the world, all there seems to be the sunshine of happiness. Who would suspect that the smiling couple so affable and gracious in mixed company, pass many of their hours when alone together in sulky silence or mutual reproaches? The conventional mask is there thrown off, and the real features are seen, which are anything but pleasant. Sir John and Lady Teasewell lead a cat-and-dog life at home, although they appear like two turtle-doves abroad. We once knew the case of a husband and wife who lived in the same house for years as completely separated as if they had been miles asunder. They had separate apartments and separate meals, and always passed each other on the stairs without speaking. And yet no one who was not in the secret would have imagined that they were not an affectionate pair.

But of all the examples of irony that occur in everyday life, perhaps the most frequent, and at the same time one of the most painful, is the struggle to keep up appearances. We all know how Caleb Balderstone, in "The Bride of Lammermoor," strove to save the credit of the Master of Ravenswood, and to hide the poverty of his purse and home. We respect the motive while we laugh at the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

shifts to which the faithful servant has recourse to attain his object. There are many Caleb Balderstones amongst us who act in the same spirit not for others but for themselves. They cannot bear to be thought poor. They must live like their neighbors, although those neighbors may be twice or three times as rich as themselves. They copy the entertainments of the wealthy, and adjust their dinner-parties and evening receptions to the same scale, however much they may pinch and squeeze at the family fireside. We saw lately a statement in one of the London newspapers, that the cost of an evening party at one of the great houses was £386; and of a concert at another house of the ordinary class, £601; while a ball, including £300 for "decorations," came to the startling figure of £615. Perhaps in each case the host was able to afford it, but not the less was the amount reprehensible waste. Each of these sums represented a moderate income on which a family might live respectably for a year. We do not mean that upon it what is called "society" could be kept up in the metropolis; but how many country clergymen are there not who would be glad if their livings amounted to the smallest of these sums? And what is gained by such extravagance? Nobody thinks the better of a host or hostess on account of the profusion of their expenditure. Nobody pretends that there is real enjoyment in being crushed in a crowded room where you can hardly breathe. And too often the lavishness squandered on the dinner-table or the drawing-room seriously cripples the means of the family. The frog cannot try and puff himself out to the dimensions of the ox without danger of bursting. Surely it is the very irony of life when a man struggles to assume or to keep up a position which his means cannot afford. He is running a race in which he is far too heavily handicapped to hope to win; and the show and glitter of a few seasons will perhaps end in insolvency and ruin, or at all events in enforced retirement to some quiet corner where he can economize and repent.

"They manage these things better in France," says Sterne at the beginning of his "Sentimental Journey;" and certainly they do understand the art of entertaining better abroad than in England. They do not consider that people wish to come together to see a parade of ostentatious luxury,—

Where souls are starved and senses gratified,—

but for the purpose of rational conversation, and the gratification of simple tastes. Who would not have preferred an hour with Horace in his Sabine farm, where

> Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
> Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
> Mella decedunt viridique certat
> Bacca Venafro;

to the suppers of Lucullus in his hall of Apollo, or the costly banquet of Apicius? We know that it is unjust to compare the exigencies of town life with the freedom of the country; but what we mean to assert is, that we sin greatly in our intercourse with society on the side of extravagance; and it is mere irony that can make profuse luxury supply the means of what is intended to be social enjoyment. There is, however, a more respectable form of this contrast between appearance and reality, with which we profoundly sympathize. It may be absolutely necessary, with a view to employment, or for the sake of the interests of sons and daughters, that a man should seem in the eye of the world to be better off than he actually is. He and they must dress respectably and live respectably on a narrow income, and avoid as much as possible falling into the despised class of the shabby-genteel. Provisions may rise, and coals grow dear; but still on the same limited means an outward show of decent comfort has to be maintained at the cost of many a heartache, and by the use of many a trying expedient. We believe that few people know how much distress of this kind there is amongst the clergy of the Established Church. A clergyman is by his profession and his position a gentleman, but too often is a pauper in disguise. His income is probably not larger than that of a banker's clerk,—or including his parsonage, which he holds rent free, amounts, we will say, to £250 or £300. Upon this he has to bring up a family of sons and daughters, and insure his life in order that when he dies he may not leave his family utterly penniless. But what a struggle it is! The cost of clothes, and food, and education is just as dear to a clergyman as to a layman, and he is the person to whom the poor of the parish naturally appeal for help when sickness or other mischance overtakes them. The secret records of the Clergy Aid Society could tell many a piteous tale of dumb and inarticulate suffering of which the world hears nothing, and suspects nothing; for the irony of the situation is, that the snug rectory or pretty vicarage seems to be the abode of ease and com-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

fort, while the inmates are obliged to practise the most rigid and self-denying economy.

To hoist an engineer with his own petard has almost passed into a proverb, so frequent have been the instances in which the author of some invention of cruelty has perished by his own device. The oldest on record is that of the man who was roasted alive in his brazen bull by Phalaris. And one of the latest would be that of the inventor of the guillotine, if, as according to the current tradition, he had fallen under its knife. But we believe it is satisfactorily established that Dr. Guillotine never looked through "the little window," but died peaceably in his bed.

The annals of crime are full of the irony of destiny. The means by which the criminal has sought to evade detection have been the means by which his guilt has been discovered. One of the most recent of these is the case of the murderer Wainwright, who was tried and executed two years ago. In the first place, he poured chloride of lime instead of quicklime over the body of his victim, forgetful or ignorant that the substance is antiseptic, and tends rather to preserve the dead body than destroy it. Again, although the corpse had been buried out of sight for more than a year, and there was little likelihood that it would be discovered, he disinterred it, and gave some of the fragments in a packet to a boy to hold, whose curiosity induced him to look into the parcel, and thus led to the discovery and conviction of the murderer. It would be easy to multiply examples of this kind, showing how unconsciously guilt weaves the web in the meshes of which it is itself caught, and that what seems prudence and safety is in reality folly and destruction.

But after all, the irony of life is best shown when we consider time with reference to eternity. It must seem almost inconceivable to celestial beings, if they have any consciousness of what takes place on earth, that we, the little insects of an hour, who profess to believe in immortality and a future state, should live as if our existence on earth were our all in all. The disproportion between the interests at stake is so infinite, that comparison is impossible. And yet practically the great majority of Christian men do live as if this world were everything, and throw themselves with as much eagerness into the trifles of the present as if they were to last forever. What a tremendous irony there is in the parable of our Saviour! —

The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?

This is the sum of the whole matter. If we live in the full consciousness that we are but shadows here, and pursue only shadows upon earth, — that we are but children who await a glorious inheritance, and that nothing is of any real value which does not fit and prepare us for our future destiny, — there will be no irony in our lives as regards our aims and our employments, for we shall subordinate everything to the thought of the hereafter. We shall know how to proportion our interests, and avoid all extravagance, either of sorrow or of joy, thankfully making use of the blessings which the favor of the Almighty may bestow upon us, but always in our life-voyage keeping steadily in view the haven for which we are bound.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

LA GRANDE DAME DE L'ANCIEN REGIME.

THE beginning of this century witnessed the gradual extinction of a great social power. It has died out, and its place knows it no more.

"*La grande dame s'en va*," wrote a French author about the year 1830; "*le milieu respirable pour elle n' existant plus; elle n'a pas faire école*. He was right; *la grande dame* is extinct. And not only in France, but in English society almost simultaneously she disappeared. Whether from the same cause — that the elements necessary to her existence are wanting here also — or whether, according to the inflexible laws of supply and demand, she ceased to exist when the restlessness of modern life no longer required her calm, obstructive influence, I leave to wiser heads to determine. Enough to note the fact that she has departed, and left no successors. I trust that I shall not be misunderstood to imply that our society has not still, notwithstanding the debasing influences of slang and fastness, numerous specimens of the high-bred lady "*of the*

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

best class, and better than her class," who has ever been the boast of our aristocracy, and remains to bear her own witness to her own days. Those who are now gone, but in my youth were still living and retained in their manners the traditions of the old school, were so numerous and wellknown that to name some would be invidious, to omit none impossible, without trenching on the sacredness of private life. Still, there was *one* whom I may be forgiven for naming, because her political existence and *rôle* have marked her place in the history of her times; one who will ever be to me the type of the perfect lady, everywhere recognized, whatever her outward symbols, by that inward grace of good breeding, which in Horace Walpole's famous words *is good feeling*. Who that ever knew her does not remember the graceful hostesss, whose house the most insignificant never left without feeling he had received an individual welcome, while the familiar word or jest distinguished the friend or *habitué?* She who had for all the kind word, the happy phrase, yet whose gentle dignity kept aloof any risk of the forwardness which might have been feared in a society as mixed as that which the interests of the Liberal party obliged her to receive. She who to her latest day reigned over society by her exquisite tact even more than by her position; and gained all hearts by that irresistible charm which sprang from the well of kindness in her own. But the exigencies of the society in which she played so prominent a part had effaced in her the traditions of her youthful days. Between the type she represented and that of the *grande dame de l'ancien régime* there is a great gulf fixed by national habits and character. Lady Palmerston, under fostering circumstances, might live again; but the *grande dame* was an anomaly: she is gone forever.

To attempt to trace out this dissimilarity and its causes would require an abler pen than mine, a profound knowledge of the social history of the past century in both countries, and, above all, the risk of entering on a subject treated by master minds of the past generation, and in this by De Tocqueville, Prévost Paradol, Henri Taine, and many other celebrated writers. I wish carefully to avoid any national comparisons, and simply try to fix the recollections of my earliest youth, passed entirely in Paris in close intimacy with many of the families representing the greatest names in French history. Thus I became better acquainted with their domestic life, with the tone of their very restricted intimate circle, than was perhaps the case with any English in the days succeeding the restoration, when the soreness of recent defeat had just succeeded the privations of the Continental *blocus*, and the name of England was with few exceptions odious to all French ears. It happened in our case that amongst the noble *émigrés* returned from England my parents had some personal friends, and a family connection in the Faubourg St. Germain, and thus saw them in their own homes, a favor seldom accorded to strangers. We children continued playmates of our still older friends, the children of the Orleans family, which gave us a foot in both camps — for opposite camps they were. The Duc d'Orleans — tolerated from his position as *premier prince du sang*, and until the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, heir to the crown — was looked upon with distrust by the court and the noble faubourg as the son of Egalité, the pupil of Madame de Genlis, the Swiss schoolmaster, the American democratic wanderer, the bold advocate of the political offender. The well-known ambition and influence of his sister Madame Adelaide added to this unjust distrust, which not even respect for his angelic wife could conquer. A king's daughter, a Bourbon aunt of the young Duchesse de Berri, who was tenderly attached to her, — such claims as these could not be wholly ignored by the court and its followers; but the gloomy Duchesse d'Angoulême, who had never forgiven the murder of her parents, naturally kept aloof from the Duc d'Orleans, and only the necessary intercourse took place between the court and the Palais Royal. The liberal education which Louis Philippe gave his sons, sending them to walk daily, satchel on back, to the Collége de France, to pursue their studies in common with boys of all classes, went counter to all their ideas. The brilliant society of the Palais Royal and Neuilly, where everything distinguished in arts, literature, and even finance was entertained with the most princely hospitality, was, by its very contrast, equally distasteful to the gloomy, ascetic court. The Duchesse d'Orleans, adored by all who approached her, lived but for her husband and her beautiful young family, in whom her somewhat southern piety counteracted the liberal tendencies of their education. She cultivated in them religious feelings. She animated them with enthusiatic loyalty to the throne. I remember hearing that when the guns were firing for the birth of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the first child of the Duchesse de Berri, the young Duc d'Chartres, then between eight and nine years old, sat intently listening for the eventful twenty-first gun (which indicated the birth of a prince), saying, "*Silence ! j'écoute si c'est mon roi, ou ma femme*," unconscious of anxiety for the throne which hung on the balance. Such was the state of parties in 1823, when I first recollect the families of whom I shall now speak.

It is very remarkable how little, although only separated by that narrow Channel passed daily by thousands, how imperfectly we know *good* French society. We have our preconceived notions, our judgments formed on the writings of a certain class of French novelists, who because they write about comtesses and duchesses, we fancy must know them.* We in England may safely trust to the novels of the late Lord Lytton, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Whyte Melville, George Eliot, Mrs. Oliphant, Thackeray, Lady G. Fullerton, and a few others, to give a foreigner a sufficiently accurate idea of life on the higher rungs of the ladder to which they mostly belong. But it is not so in the France of modern days, where writers do not belong to the upper classes, or do not write novels. Some memoirs written by themselves, but printed for private circulation only, could alone give an idea of a class to which in our appreciation of their home life and domestic virtues I fear we do but scant justice. I, who have seen them in the bosom of their families, who have received from these, the last of their social type, constant kindness and cordial reception, should indeed feel proud and happy, could my simple but faithful witness serve to dispel one erroneous impression, or conquer one unjust prejudice against those I early learnt to love and respect.

There were other reasons besides the natural distaste for the English to account for so few of them having been admitted into the intimacy of French families. All foreigners, *accueillant* as they are to strangers in society, are far more chary than we are of admitting them into domestic life, partly because owing to the spoliations of the Revolution, and the new laws of division of property, many of the great families were poor, partly that "hugger mugger" is the only term to express the life of a French family, even many of the greatest, in those days when it was the custom for all the different *ménages* composing it to live under one roof. These ancestral houses, *hôtels* as they were called, were mostly situated in the Faubourg St. Germain, where some of them are still to be seen spared by the Revolution — although more have perished in the suicidal fires of the Commune. Some streets as the Rue de Lille, Rue de l'Université, Rue St. Dominique, were entirely composed of these lordly elevations, with their grand old trees towering over the high wall which separated them from the quiet street they overshadowed, to which no shops brought traffic or noise. It was difficult to realize that this was the bustling Paris whose deafening roar and whirl of excitement you had left on the Boulevard but a few minutes before. In this wall the entrance gate, called the *porte cochère*, so gigantic that you wondered how easily the porter swung it on its circular hinges, admitted carriages; the foot-passengers entering by a small door cut in the large one, as in some of our own old houses. These hotels were immense; none of our largest houses in London, except Burlington House before its alteration, give an idea of them. You drove into a large court, round which the house was built, a peristyle in the centre. The garden front on the ground and first floors was devoted to the heads of families and to reception; the second floor, and the two sides of the court, were divided into innumerable apartments with *entresols;* these although low-pitched were roomy, and in the clear sky and light air of Paris had none of the stuffy darkness which would be their lot in London. That they are pleasant abodes enough any one who has enjoyed the *entresol* apartment at the Hotel Bristol will testify. In these were lodged the younger branches of the family, the tutor, *M. l'abbé*, the *secrétaire*, and the hangers-on — their name was legion. As the sons and daughters grew up and married, each young couple took an apartment in the caravanserai of one or other paternal abode. There could not be a separate kitchen to each, therefore from mingled motives of economy and a wish to keep a due watch and hold over the young couple, all had their meals in common in the apartment of the head of the house, excepting the morning *café*, which was taken by each person when and where they liked. There is still in some French houses of my acquaintance a sort of buttery, where, between the hours of eight and nine, are an unrestricted supply of coffee, milk, and bread in the rough, but excellent in its kind, can be had; served on white marble

* See this well stated in "French Novels and French Life," by H. de Lagardie; *Macmillan* for March, 1877.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

slabs, cleaner and less expensive than tablecloths. This arrangement saves time, as each servant comes at the hour most convenient.

Between eleven and twelve came the *déjeuner*, which we should call luncheon. Often have I assisted with my young companions at these repasts, where with an eye as keen as any at the table, the great-grandmother presided over four generations, beginning with her own already aged sons or daughters, and ending with the baby in its high chair attended by its Normande nurse, in her fly-cap, feeding it with broth out of a glass — a very nasty-looking proceeding, by-the-by. At the top of the table near the lady sat the old friend, who, according to invariable custom, came on a certain day of the week — his other days being similarly filled up at other hospitable houses. Then some relation who had in poverty found an asylum with the head of the house. The *lectrice*, or companion of the old lady, *M. l'abbé* the friend and counsellor of the family; interspersed with them the married sons and daughters; the boys with their tutor; rarely the men of the family, at least the young ones, but all the children. The *déjeuner* was good, but plain; soup, cutlets (without sauce), filets of beef with fried potatoes, omelettes and cheese, of which an immense variety is eaten in France, and fruit. The dinner, at six o'clock, was a repetition of the *déjeuner* minus the baby and its broth, and plus fish, *entrées*, and sweets, as well as the men of the family, who were often out in the morning, receiving in friendly houses the same *sans façon* hospitality they left in their own. Still it would have been difficult and inconvenient to invite strangers to such unceremonious meals, and there being no schoolroom table (because there were no schoolrooms), it was impossible to break up the heterogeneous assemblage except on great gala occasions. The result was that in those days no, or at least, very few, French families gave dinners.

After the *déjeuner* and a visit to *bonne-maman*, as the grandmother is prettily called in French, when we were duly presented and given the freedom of the house in torrents of *mon bijou*, *charmante*, *délicieuse*, duly distributed to us all with laudable impartiality, and accompanied by *pastilles de chocolat*, which I appreciated much more, we were dismissed to the garden — not the miserable strip of modern Paris (when it has one), but shade in summer, sunny walks in winter, and space enough in those airy quarters of the town to dispense with going out of its walls for daily exercise. In those days there were few open carriages, fewer still with one horse; and the coachman and pair of fat old horses were kept chiefly for evening, or for the necessary work of the day. The young women drove *au bois* with their husbands in cabriolets or curricles, which came from England, and were beginning to be a fashion. French women, as a rule, walk less, but live more in the open air than we do. In fine weather they sat almost entirely in their gardens, reading, writing, working, many days never going out of it, except *à la messe* in the morning to some small church close by, which was the almost universal custom of the higher classes. French servants, shopkeepers, in general all women of the lower classes, both town and country, sit outside their doors at their work whenever the weather allows of it. They are to be seen at the door of the palace as of the cottage, or under the *porte cochère* in the shade, carding mattresses, shelling peas, dressing their children, working, or spinning; not a moment will they be indoors that they can help. Sometimes we children were all taken to the Tuileries by the *bonne* of the family. There, in a sunny corner, sheltered by the terraces overlooking the Place de la Concorde, and named from its warmth *la petite Provence*, we exercised ourselves at the skipping-rope with a proficiency I look back to with admiration, double twirls in one leap being highly applauded by the critical audience of fly-caps — each with a fusty-looking baby in her arms — and wooden-legged Invalides, its usual frequenters, whose appreciation we much coveted. There were also some *gaufres*, a sort of pancake, thin and crisp, made instantaneously in an iron shovel on a little charcoal stove, which, by permission of the authorities, was allowed in one corner for the delectation of the fly-caps and their charges; also a honey wafer, called *plaisirs*, and fresh milk were to be had here, as in all public promenades at Paris. These were provided for by a few sous put into our tiny pockets with a lump of bread, for the *goûter*, a sort of nondescript meal, of any trash obtainable, which French children have as a stop-gap between *déjeuner* and dinner. Alas! I have since seen my poor *petite Provence* filled with savage Turcos and Zouaves instead of kind old Invalides, and camp-fires replacing the little *gaufre* stove of my childish days.

The old custom of bringing up girls in convents was fast dying out. Many of

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

our young friends were educated at home, or, at all events, only went to a convent the year preceding and following their first communion, a time always with them spent in retirement. If at home, they did not come down when there was company, that their minds should not be distracted from the solemnity of the act. There are, or at least there were, no governesses in these families. If the daughters were brought up at home, they, and indeed the sons also, were so much with their mothers, that no assistance but that of masters and the old *bonne* who had nursed them, was required.

French women are in general devoted mothers, seldom leaving their children, and expending upon them what the poet calls "the strong necessity of loving," to which many of their marriages formerly gave little aliment. Amongst them is many a mute inglorious Sévigné, who lacked not Sévigné's feelings for her daughter, exaggerated as they may seem to us, but only the power of expressing them. Their time is much more their own in the day than with us, because morning visiting does not exist, none but a sister or an intimate is admitted before the evening, which is considered the time for society; they were therefore free to attend to their favorite pursuits and studies, or to their children's education. They did not formerly, as we do, and they do now, go to the seaside, travel, pay country visits. The great families had magnificent châteaux, but these had mostly been *saccagé* at the Revolution, and there were no means to refurnish them; some were very far off, and a journey to Touraine or Provence, before the days of railways, was too heavy an expense. They often preferred leaving them unoccupied, and, if rich enough, had villas on the beautiful hills of St. Germain, or Meudon, or even nearer Paris, where within a walk from the Champs Elysées were some charming country houses, with farms and green fields, now covered with streets and shops. In one of these beautiful residences, Le Val, in the Forêt de St. Germain, belonging to the old Princesse de Poix, I passed many never-to-be-forgotten days. The family consisted of the blind grandmother, looking like a Rembrandt stepped out of its frame, and her two sons, the eldest a widower with an only child; she herself a widow after a year's marriage, her young husband buried under the snows of the Russian retreat. Celebrated over Europe for her wit and charm, she refused the most brilliant offers of marriage to devote herself to her father and her only child, a daughter. The second son, one of those rare characters of unostentatious piety, living but for the good he could do in this world of suffering, entirely occupied with social questions on the improvement of the lower classes, to which he devoted his life, the best of sons, of fathers, of husbands. His wife, a Talleyrand, holding by her birth not more than by her kindness and virtues, a position which led even the great emperor to press her acceptance of the post of *grande maîtresse* to Marie Louise; and caused her to take the same post with the young Duchesse de Berri at the Restoration, which she retained in society as long as she lived. Their mantle descended on the four bright handsome children, with whom we roamed the beautiful forest. The eldest son took a prominent part in political and utilitarian life in his own province. The second was well known as a diplomate in England. To name the daughter, Mrs. S. Standish, is but to recall virtues, charms, and talents, celebrated in the literary and social world of her own and her adopted country. A family of perfect affection, of unpretending goodness; whom to know was to love. It is of such as these (and they were not so unique in that society) that we loftily shrug our insular shoulders, and thank Heaven we are not as these foreigners are.

We often pronounce French women frivolous in their pursuits, reading, and lives; this I think an unjust judgment. What I saw of French women in former days has led me to the contrary conclusion; I do not speak of the present generation, but let us see what is the witness of French history as far back as the reign of *le Grand Monarque*. In that most charming of books, Mme. de Sévigné's "Letters," we find that ladies read and understood Descartes' philosophy, the theological disputes of the Jansenists and the Port Royal, Laplace's astronomy, the writings of Pascal, Latin and even Greek authors, history in its dryest forms, algebra, etc. See the list she sends her daughter of the books she provides herself, and *le bien bon*, l' Abbé de Coulanges, for a rainy week *aux Rochers*. It is like the *menu* of a first-class competitive examination. It includes St. Augustine, Bourdaloue, and Massillon as pious reading; as light reading *pour nous délasser*, Dante and Tasso in Italian, and Delisle's translation of Virgil; as fiction, "*Le Grand Cyrus*," and some works by the *bel esprits* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, whom Molière was already flagellating in "*Les Pré-*

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

cieuses Ridicules," but whose influence even Mme. de Sévigné's sound sense had not shaken off.

Absurd as was the use women in those days made of their learning, the education must have been of a high order which enabled them to hold such dialogues as those satirized by Molière in the "*Femmes Savantes*."

Trissotin. Je m'attache pour l'ordre au péripatétisme.
Philaminte. Pour les abstractions j'aime le platonisme.
Armande. Epicure me plaît, et ses dogmes sont forts.
Bélise. Je m'accommode assez, pour moi, des petits corps ;
Mais le vuide à souffrir me semble difficile,
Et je goûte bien mieux la matière subtile.
Trissotin. Descartes, pour l'aimant, donne fort dans mon sens.
Armande. J'aime ses tourbillons.
Philaminte. Moi, ses mondes tombants.

The husband of the *femme savante*, Chrysale, that incarnation of good sense, tells her to —

Oter, pour faire bien, du grenier de céans
Cette longue lunette à faire peur aux gens,
Ne point aller chercher ce qu'on fait dans la lune,
Et vous mêler un peu de ce qu'on fait chez vous,
Où nous voyons aller tout sens-dessus-dessous.
. . . .
Et l'on sait tout chez moi, hors ce qu'il faut savoir ;
Mes gens à la science aspirent pour vous plaire.
Et tous ne font rien moins que ce qu'ils ont à faire.

From this, and from the perfect scene in which the bluestocking dismisses her cook, because her language is not that of Vaugelas (the great grammarian of the period), as well as from the plot of "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," where the valets personate their masters and talk the pedantic jargon of the period, it is evident that the servants of these *femmes savantes* participated in the studies and pretensions of the house. This epoch of bad taste passed away; but all French memoirs, down to the Revolution of '92, prove that the education of women of the highest rank embraced even abstruse studies. History tells us that the Duchesse du Maine, one of the most beautiful and dissipated women of the court of Louis Quinze, herself collated, in secret from the Bibliothèque du Roi, the arguments and legal precedents to establish her husband's right to the regency. In the correspondence of the Comtesse de Sabran, a beautiful young widow in the days of Louis Seize, with the Chevalier de Boufflers, to whom she was engaged, and afterwards married, we find her reproaching him for not writing to her in Latin, telling him that he is so severe a critic she dare not send him her translation of Pythagoras and of the ode of Claudius on "Old Age." She is reading the letters of Abelard and Eloisa in Latin, with such pleasure, that she is translating some of them. She explains to him an effect of light which puzzled him, adding that she had gone through three courses of lectures on chemistry and physics in her life, and retained them. In the journal of her daily life, she says: "I get up at seven, I write and study till eleven, then after *déjeuner* I paint until dinner time at a full-length portrait of La Comtesse Auguste de la Marck" — the Princesse d'Arenberg (her intimate friend), who shared these studies. She is also painting a large historical picture. All this is intermixed with accounts of the *fêtes* she went to, and in the most womanly and tender letters. I saw this lady at an advanced age; she died as late as 1833.

In the last century, the *grande dame* was invariably educated at a convent. It is a mistake to suppose her education was neglected. The nuns, it is true, taught little besides the fairy needlework, in which they excelled, and the reverential, if somewhat narrow and childish, religion, of which the reverence at least remained with their pupils through life. No woman, at least in noble society, was outwardly negligent of the observances of the Church, and to speak of them even slightingly would have been esteemed the acme of bad taste. True, some women of the great families during the few years preceding the Revolution, led away by the genius of Voltaire and his school, and by the influence of the times, abjured in great measure their early religious beliefs ; but these were exceptions, and in most cases they returned in their old age to the faith instilled into their youthful hearts. Beside this training from the nuns, they received from professors of almost every branch of literature (too often neglected with us) a solid education *des études sérieuses*, continued when they left the convent by *M. l'abbé*, their brother's tutor, and far different from the light reading and showy accomplishments of these days. This lasted even beyond their early marriage, which was not considered as emancipating them from study.

The Revolution, with its horrors, or a life

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of exile and wandering, must have interrupted the studies of the *grande dame* as I knew her in my childish days. I was not of an age to judge of her in that respect, except from what I have since heard from her grandchildren. Those that I recollect up to 1830, when we finally left Paris, a few months before the second revolution, were some of them between seventy and eighty, the survivors of '93. Some had passed through the prisons waiting daily for death, and saved only by Robespierre's fall; others had seen parents and husbands torn from them to the scaffold. Others, mere children at that fearful time, had been rescued by devoted nurses, or with their parents had found timely refuge in England or Germany. One there was, who, when but ten years old, had watched from the window of her home the *fête* for the marriage of the dauphin and Marie Antoinette (May 1770), and had witnessed the fearful disaster by which so many perished on that day, almost on the spot where the guillotine was to stand twenty years later. She had episodes of her court life after marriage to relate to us, of her hairbreadth escapes, of her flight to exile. There was the old Princesse de V——x, who passed through the *Terreur* shut up in one room in her Paris home (whence she had refused to emigrate), watched by two *gardes nationaux*, her life only saved by an unknown protector in the revolutionary tribunal. Many returned when the danger was passed, to resume, though impoverished, their former existence, amid the wreck of families and fortunes which they had refused to retrieve by adherence to the empire. Others returned only at the Restoration, having lived in the narrow circle of the *émigrés* unaltered in ideas, *n'ayant rien appris, et rien oublié*, and bringing with them the traditions and manners of bygone days. Some would still call Napoleon M. Bonaparte, and would date in 1814 "*20ème année du règne de Louis XVIII.*" It is said that they even altered history. I have been told that a printed history exists which states that S. M. Louis XVIII. gave the command of his armies and the government of his kingdom to M. Bonaparte, not liking after his brother's death to return to France for some years.

There is wonderful vitality in aged French women, particularly of the noble class — not only are they as a rule long-lived, but the vigor of their mind and faculties remains intact to advanced age, and strengthens the tenacity of habits and ideas which was a characteristic of the *grande dame*. She came from exile, after ten or fifteen years passed, perhaps in England, amongst a race different in all things from her own, and with many of whom she was on even affectionate terms. But not one thought, not one prejudice was modified; as a drop of oil cast on a stream will be tossed about, surrounded, pressed upon, but never mingle with the water, she remained in the midst of a world of progress, her own unaltered self.

They were noble old women; I remember still the sort of awe with which I looked on those venerable relics of a past already become history. Differing in character, as all human beings differ, and some of them twenty years younger than the others, there were still amongst them some general features of resemblance, a certain strange assemblage of contrasts. What struck you first about her (and which still distinguishes French ladies) was her *ton* and language — always strictly grammatical, and pure French, but startling you by its almost brusque *bonhomie*, its utter absence of all affectation or self-consciousness, homely in expression, but never trivial; above all things she eschewed fine words, and stilted phrases. *L'épicier dit mon épouse, le roi dit ma femme*, was the principle on which she spoke; but no vulgarisms, no slang or cant ever sullied her lips; she spoke well, and pithily, not unfrequently with short, sharp sentences, *qui emportaient la pièce*, if she happened to be offended. She spoke with decision, with the authority of one who knows that she is respectfully listened to. Her manner was generally perfect in its ease and adaptation to the person addressed; in its natural unstudied felicity of expression; illustrating the axiom that to conceal art is the acme of art. French women are fond of talking; it is no effort to them; the shyness which in us English so often destroys the grace and power of speaking is, if it exists, so combated in their earliest years that it is unknown to them. With her simple *grandes manières*, perfectly civil and well-bred, she knew how to draw the line — elaborately, ceremoniously civil to those whom she did not wish to admit within her circle, or encourage to return; while with her own intimates she gladly relapsed into the familiar snuff-taking, the not over particular talk her soul rejoiced in (for she called a spade a spade if she had occasion to mention it), or topics of conversation perhaps not in general use with us; such she considered it affectation to avoid. But it was all said

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

in such grand simplicity, so evidently without any idea of shocking her hearers — or indeed any idea that it *could* or *ought* to shock them — that you could not feel annoyed. She had mostly mother wit, and those equable spirits and cheerful temperament which alone could have carried her through the fearful scenes of her childhood, or the poverty and privation of her youth and middle age. The courage which had supported her mother on the scaffold had not deserted her, she had gone through what would have killed women of another stamp. Reverses and dangers found her undaunted, ready as ever to risk life and fortune for her sovereign or her "idea," and rearing her children to the same devoted loyalty.

The second Vendée proved that they were the equals of the Lescures and La Rochejaquelins of the first. To their children these women were tenderly and even passionately attached; but the tone of maternal authority — whatever the age — of decision in all family matters, and of undisputed sovereignty at home, never ceased but with life. A prominent feature in them was the strength and constancy of their friendship, and this has been a trait in French character in all times. Their time, their house, their fortune if required, is devoted to their friends: they will leave all to nurse them in illness, to console them in sorrow. Mme. de Staël, in "*L'Influence des Passions*," places friendship in the rank of a passion, and devotes to it one of her most eloquent chapters. These friendships used to be carried on without interruption from the convent days. One of them told me that for sixty years she and her friend had never failed to meet on the same anniversary and spend a month or two together, although dwelling a long distance apart. Proud of birth rather than of rank or social position — which, as she never went out of her house, she only valued for the court it brought her — she loved to recall the *hauts faits* of her ancestors, and the history of her family. But she equally valued that of others; she held that *noblesse oblige* — she might commit many sins, but never a meanness; and would sacrifice any interests to the honor and glorification of her name! Haughty she was undeniably, sometimes cruelly, insolently so; but it was the *naïf* haughtiness of one who never has had her superiority questioned, and it was always to her equals, never to her inferiors. She passed for being fond of money, but it was to accumulate for her children — she had no other interests. Life is singularly simplified in these existences, bounded by their own room, absolutely despotic as head of the family, and as completely independent as to fortune, with the power of absolute disposal of it at will. With her inferiors, her dependants, above all, with her personal servants — the *valet de chambre*, a sort of Caleb Balderstone, who often filled the place of five or six of our servants, and her lady's maid, an old woman, like herself — she spoke with a familiarity which made my young eyes open wide at its contrast with our English home ways. She said *vous* to her husband if she still had one, but would *tutoyer* her servants. The distance in her own mind was too immeasurable to fear any possible advantage being taken of this freedom. The devoted attachment of these servants through the perils of the Revolution, through exile and privation, justified the system. Ill-paid, ill-fed on the remains of their master's table, snatched behind a screen in the ante-room, harder worked than our servants could conceive possible, lodged anyhow, anywhere, they still preserved the old feudal feeling of clanship and reverential devotion to the family they and their forefathers had served time out of mind.

It must be said that to them the family were affectionately kind, nursed them in illness, took a part in all their concerns, danced at their weddings, were godparents to their children, and showed them that lively interest, that human sympathy, worth far more than the gold they perhaps had not to give, although the old age of these retainers was never left without provision. Many of the great families being poor, the number of their domestics were small, although the dependants and members might be numerous; but the one whose convenience was never neglected, who was honored with personal intercourse and long conversations with his noble mistress, was the cook — always a man, for the *cuisinière* only belonged to the *bourgeoisie*.

My *grande dame* was invariably fond of her dinner, rather boasted of being *gourmande*. The Princesse de Poix used to hold as an axiom, *que le signe distinctif d'une femme bien née, c'est de se connaître en cuisine*. French ladies mostly satisfy this requirement. They drink very little wine, generally *de l'eau rougie*, no tea or coffee after dinner, but they are not afraid of a tiny glass of the delicious liquors that are served round in such numbers at a French house.

Whatever the variety of character between them, there is one point in which

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

all agree, love of conversation. The *grande dame's* real enjoyment in life was her *salon*. By this term is meant a reception held every evening, where the guests never expect food, or invitation after their first introduction. The *salons* I speak of were, I imagine, rather restricted to their own circle. I was too young at the time to go into society, so it is only from what I heard from my young friends, and from those I have since seen, that I can trace the difference which seems to have existed between the past and the present society. The halo of veneration which surrounded the aged grandmother, the heroine, the victim of catastrophes and misfortunes, of which perhaps history offers no other example, made *her* and her tastes and amusement the one object of the family reception; but they were not so amusing to others, with the exception of the Hôtel Beauvau, and one or two isolated cases. Still they were very agreeable ways of passing the evening, judging from the few which survived the reverses of 1830. The old lady sat enthroned in her comfortable armchair, the only one in the room — people did not loll as they do now. A *fauteuil*, that is one of those little stiff-backed articles with straight, short arms, which we see ranged round the old state rooms in French palaces, was placed near her, to which came the first guest, yielding the place in turns to each arrival. The other elderly ladies had their work at a table apart, where the visitors came to pay their *devoirs;* and — again apart — the young women and girls of the family, perhaps at a tea-table, a novelty then beginning to come in, although not much understood, for a girl friend said to me one day, "*Comment va ta maman?*" "*Mais bien; pourquoi?*" "*Ah! c'est qu'elle prenait du thé hier.*" They still considered it as a *tisane* and medicinal. Politics were not talked at these houses, for the simple reason that the *grande dame* had none but loyalty. To her there was but one party — monarchy; but one danger — democracy. *La charte* was something Louis XVIII. had kindly given to his people, but was never to interfere with his good pleasure of sending away one set of ministers for another, or passing any laws or enactments. Her code was neither liberal nor conservative, but *les gentilhommes et la canaille*. Strange as it may seem to us, such was her world of ideas from 1804 to 1830. There were in Paris at that time, as later, many *salons*, all differing in their society, literary, political, artistic, diplomatic, scientific, even theatrical; some receiving the young and brilliant world, some devoted to the graver questions of the day, some combining on one day in the week all parties, all specialities — except *les ennuyeux*. It would be far beyond my scope to enter into details of them. There is a charming volume called "*Les Salons de Paris*," written, I believe, by M. E. de Girardin, which may enlighten English people as to a form of society which does not exist and never can flourish in England.

During the last ten years of the restoration these *salons* constituted the chief *société* of the *noblesse*. Louis Dix-huit, infirm and selfish, did little towards restoring the brilliancy of former days. Few courtiers survived the emigration. My *grande dame's* husband, if still alive, was a *chambellan*, but probably too old to attend court, certainly too old to give life to it. They led a very dull existence. Too poor to give *fêtes* themselves, and avoiding the new nobility, they only went to the court or embassies, and occasionally to the Rothschilds' and Delmars', as neutral houses.

The gloom of Charles Dix's court, after the assassination of the Duc de Berri, closed the door to all but the friends and adherents of the old order of things. The young generation began to horrify their parents by their indifference to such dull amusements and wearisome favors. The young widowed Duchesse de Berri, after a few years of seclusion, attempted to give again some animation to the Tuileries, but she failed, and who can wonder that, unheeding the royal frowns, she collected around her the rebellious youth of the noble faubourg, and with them sought, in the brilliant circle of the Palais Royal, the pleasures denied them in the stern and solemn Tuileries? With her young cousins — the Duc de Chartres, growing into manhood with the promise he so well kept of being the handsomest and most charming man of his day; with the Duc d'Aumale, and the rest of the gay young *troupe*, they rode, they drove ponies, they read books *à l'index*, they went to masked balls; it was said that, worst of all, they learnt English, and that, ignoring Waterloo, some of them actually visited London in the season, bringing back English fashions in horses and carriages, and even the taste for clubs, which before then were mere political *réunions*. The parents wisely felt that the next generation must progress with their times; they had too much sense to attempt to stem the torrent. The grandmother in her *salon*, though

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

shorn of the pomp of her former stately existence, impoverished, but surrounded by her children's love and care, attended as dutifully as ever by the young reformers themselves, glided away her last days, scarcely realizing the changes around her. She was growing very old, she had no longer vigor to use her restraining influence, had she retained it. To her darkening sight the cloud which was lowering over the monarchy bore no threat. Few of them lived to see the Bourbons a third time dethroned, driven to exile or death. Before the revolution of 1830 most of them died away, and with the accession of the *régime bourgeois* ended the *grande dame de l'ancien régime*.

AUGUSTA L. CADOGAN.

From The Globe.

GREAT MEN AT PLAY.

WHEN Macaulay observed that nothing delights the vulgar so much as seeing great men unbending and reducing themselves for a moment to the level of ordinary mortality, he made a remark which has been time out of mind amusingly illustrated. Probably at no period in the world's history has the private life of public characters, whether belonging to the walks of literature or to the walks of politics, been so obtruded on the notice of their contemporaries as at the present. Mr. Gladstone's recreations in Hawarden Park are as fully recorded and have been as amply commented on as his more serious recreations in the House of Commons. It would seem, indeed, that he is as anxious to leave trophies of his prowess as a woodsman as he has been to assert his title to a conspicuous place among Homeric commentators and English statesmen. The illustrious author of the "Evidences of Christianity" and the "*Horæ Paulinæ*" refused, as every one knows, to leave his portrait to his countrymen unless the artist would paint him with his favorite fishing-rod in his hand; Boxhorne insisted on being represented with his pipe in his mouth; and Sir Walter Scott's favorite dog testifies the tastes and shares the honorable pedestal of his master. The woodsman's axe and the ratskin suit of the disestablisher of the Irish Church bid fair to win the same immortality. We have lately been regaled with accounts of the other amusements of our public characters; how one toils from morning till night, a laborious amateur in his laboratory; how another delights in fishing; another in spinning over the country on a bicycle, to the imminent peril of his own life and the lives of all he meets; another, we are told, finds his chief pleasure in romping on all fours with children, quoting as precedents Goldsmith, Shelley, and Macaulay. "Futile pursuits," said Ovid, "delight futile minds." He might have added less cynically, and quite as truly, great minds too. In truth, a very pretty apology for these trifles might be written, and such an "*Encomium Moriæ*," if the shade of Erasmus will permit us to steal the title of his charming *brochure*, would find some singular illustrations in the bypaths of biography. Swift relieved his tense and tragic moods by harnessing his servants with cords and driving them up and down the stairs and through the rooms of the deanery. Peter the Great sought to unbend himself by being wheeled over the flowerbeds and neat *parterres* of his host's gardens in a wheelbarrow, as poor Sir William Temple found to his cost. That accomplished diplomatist appears to have felt his chagrin at the failure of the triple alliance mere child's play to his feelings at beholding the Russian monarch riding roughshod over the priceless tulips of Moor Park. Glover, the once famous author of "Leonidas," and the "Atheniad," had the same disagreeable weakness, though not being safe in the divinity "which doth hedge a king," his plebeian back received on more than one occasion infuriated cudgellings at the hands of insulted horticulturists. Walton, George Herbert, Wotton, and Paley were, like Mr. Bright, devotees of the rod and line, and Dryden's piscatory parties with honest Mr. Jones, of Ramsbury, were long remembered. His contempt for the angling powers of one of his literary rivals has been amusingly recorded by Fenton: —

> By long experience, D'Urfey may, no doubt,
> Ensnare a gudgeon or sometimes a trout;
> Yet Dryden once exclaim'd, in partial spite,
> *He fish!* because the man attempts to write.

Cardinal Mazarin is said to have been fond of shutting himself up in a room and jumping over the chairs arranged in positions varying the difficulty of clearing them. On one occasion he forgot to lock the door. A young courtier inadvertently entered the room, and surprised the cardinal in his undignified pursuit. It was

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

an embarrassing position, for Mazarin, he knew, was as haughty as he was eccentric. The young man was equal to the crisis. Assuming the intensest interest in the proceeding, he said with well-feigned earnestness, "I will bet your Eminence two gold pieces I can beat that jump." He had struck the right chord, and in two minutes he was measuring his leaping powers with the prime minister, whom he took care not to beat; he lost his two gold pieces, but he gained before long a mitre. Samuel Clarke relieved his theological pursuits in the same way, and on seeing a pedantic fellow approaching said to the pupil who was sharing his amusement, "Now we must stop, for a fool is coming in." Old Burton, the author of the "Anatomie of Melancholy," the only book which got Dr. Johnson out of his bed two hours before he intended to rise, found his chief recreation in going down to Folly-bridge at Oxford and listening to the ribaldry of the barges. It was well for him that he could not read the stinging reproach which Dante represents himself as receiving from Virgil for a similar weakness. Byron's great delight was shooting with a pistol at a coin in a cleft stick, and that he practised more methodically than any other thing in his decidedly unmethodical life. Henry V. was devoted to tennis, and Philip, the great duke of Burgundy, spent much of his leisure time, and we may add, enormous sums of money also, in contriving houses full of diableries, such as hidden trap-doors, spring snares, and the like. He would then invite some stranger inside, and the miseries of this unfortunate being — who would find himself at one time falling through space, at another time soused in water, or banged with sacks which came tumbling charged with flour on his bewildered head — afforded infinite amusement to his eccentric torturer. From William the Conqueror downwards, the chief delight of our sovereigns has been in the hunting-field, though some have varied it with other more peaceful pursuits. Charles II., for instance, spent a good deal of his time in a chemical laboratory. Prince Rupert was devoted to mechanical pursuits, and in the discovery of mezzotinto conferred a solid benefit on mankind. Godolphin's life was divided between the council chamber and the cock-pit. It is curious to observe how men who have been noted for their polish and culture as writers or conversationalists have, in their leisure moments, found a strange pleasure in associating themselves with sordid vulgarity. Prior, one of the most elegant of our minor poets, constantly passed whole evenings in chatting with a soldier and his slattern wife in a low public-house in Long-acre. Thomas Warton, the historian of English poetry and a singularly refined writer, was often to be found, like Porson, in low public-houses, joking and being joked. Turner, the painter, had similar tastes. Leonardo de Vinci felt intense pleasure, or perhaps an inexplicable fascination, in contemplating filth and garbage. He would gaze for hours on the slow, slimy streams which crawl out of the slums of Florence. But to turn to less reprehensible amusements. The lord chief justice saunders, whose character has been so admirably sketched by Roger North, devoted his leisure time to practising on an old virginal. Milton selected the more dignified companionship of an organ. Innocent III., probably the greatest man who ever sat on the throne of St. Peter, relieved his graver amusement of playing at nine-pins with the potentates of Europe by gossiping familiarly with an old monk on a seat at a fountain in the Vatican. He would listen for hours to the stories and pointless anecdotes with which his humble companion, who had travelled a good deal, regaled him. Petavius, one of the most learned of the Jesuits, when engaged on one of his principal works, used, at the end of every two hours, to rise and rapidly twirl his chair about for five minutes. Bacon, Cowley, Sir William Temple, Evelyn, Buffon, and Addison were accustomed to interrupt their literary studies by seeking the stimulation of a walk round their garden, and have all of them recorded their delight in Adam's principal pursuit.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XX. | No. 1743. — November 10, 1877. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXV.

CONTENTS.

I.	THE COLOR-SENSE. By Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone,	*Nineteenth Century*,	323
II.	DORIS BARUGH. A Yorkshire Story. By the author of "Patty." Part V.,	*Good Words*,	337
III.	THE COLORS OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS. By Alfred R. Wallace. II. — The Colors of Plants,	*Macmillan's Magazine*,	352
IV.	GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXXVI.,	*Harper's Bazar*,	358
V.	THE SCHOOL OF GIORGIONE,	*Fortnightly Review*,	362
VI.	THE SUPERNATURAL ELEMENT IN SHAKESPEARE,	*Westminster Review*,	369
VII.	MR. RUSKIN'S UNIQUE DOGMATISM,	*Spectator*,	376
VIII.	LOST IN MAGELLAN'S STRAITS,	*Chambers' Journal*,	379
IX.	THE SCENERY AND THE PEOPLE OF LEWIS,	*Spectator*,	381
X.	THE ELECTRIC CONDUCTIVITY OF WATER,	*Popular Science Review*,	384

POETRY.

THE SONG OF PATIENCE, ... 322 | SWEET LOVE AND I, ... 322

MISCELLANY, ... 384

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

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

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE SONG OF PATIENCE.

THERE was a song I tried in vain to sing!
It seemed as though I ne'er should learn the ring
Of the sweet melody; though oft again
I sought, with tears, to sing that sweet refrain.
I longed to strike the chords in harmony,
And pour a song which should fall soothingly
On lonely, troubled hearts, and lull their fears
To rest. But all in vain! Hot, burning tears
Fell from my weary eyes, as, sorely vexed,
My disappointed heart at last confessed
My voice might never breathe that song of rest.

I heard of other voices, raising high
The same sweet song, that I so wearily
Had striven to learn for many a long, long year;
I listened eagerly, that on mine ear
Might fall the gracious echoes, sweet and low,
And fondly dreamed that I could quickly know
And imitate their tone; and gazed upon
The words till blinding tears did hide them one
By one from view: and yet, when I essayed
To strike the measure, oh! how soon I laid
My harp, in sad despair, upon the ground,
And felt that never, from its slumbering sound,
The song of patience I might sweetly wake!
To earthly masters I my harp did take,
Imploring them to teach me, but in vain;
Others might raise the full melodious strain,
Till angels bent with listening ears again;
My yearning voice forever hushed must be,
That blessed song might ne'er be sung by me.

O weary soul! didst thou not see One near?
Did not his footsteps fall upon thine ear?
Did not his shadow, gently passing o'er,
In silent tenderness, thy tear-stained floor,
Raise thee from that dull, sorrowful despair?
He lowly bends, and takes thy harp from where
In sad impatience it was often flung,
And, tuning it with skilful fingers, sung
The song I craved to learn. Oh! dear, dear soul,
Did e'er such melody across thee roll?
It was a tone that never had its birth
In this poor, troubled, sin-marred, weary earth.
I turned to him, with streaming, earnest eyes,
Imploring him to bid my voice arise
In that rich harmony. He gently smiled,
And whispered softly, "Follow me, my child,
And thou shalt learn to sing the song below,
Which angels in my mansions ne'er may know."

I followed him, wiping my tears away,
Clasping my silent harp, but lo! the way
Straight in a flaming, angry fire he led,
Where red-forked tongues shot high above my head,
Devouring far and wide. Deep anguish filled
My soul. I would have fled, but through me thrilled
His loving voice,—"Sing on, my child, and raise
Thy harp's full melody, e'en in the blaze;
Those stubborn fingers will with soft power wake
Chords which this scorching glow can only make;
The blessed words will sink with deep-graved power,
And thy best teacher be this fiery hour!"

I raised my voice, though heartstrings nearly broke,
With scorched and trembling fingers, slowly woke
The song I longed to learn! and, 'midst the pain,
I felt I could, though feebly, raise the strain.

And now I pass along the world's highway,
Where restless, woe-worn hearts in darkness stray:
Oh that I might, though poor and weak my tone,
Comfort some lost one, wandering alone,
And sing my song of patience, till the light
Breaks on his darkly clouded, heavy night.

The day grows late, the shadows longer fall,
Soon will the voice from Zion's palace call,
And songs and harps will soon their echoes swell
Around the glassy sea, where God doth dwell,
And songs of patience, which we sang below,
In tones of deep, glad love away shall flow!

Golden Hours. M.

SWEET LOVE AND I.

SWEET Love and I have strangers been
These many years,
So many years.
He came to me when life was green
And free from fears,
These present fears.

He came, and for a little space
My life was gladdened by his grace;
But soon he fled, and joy gave place
To grief and tears.

"O Love, come to me once again!"
My lone heart sighs,
So sadly sighs.
"Recall thy fearless nature, then,"
Sweet Love replies,
Softly replies.

"Thou canst not? Then I cannot be
The same that once I was to thee.
There's no room in the heart for me,
Where fears arise."

Chambers' Journal. A. C. S.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE COLOR-SENSE.

TWENTY years ago, an examination of the Homeric text led me to what I then thought a very startling conclusion. It was this: that, although Homer had used light in its various forms for his purposes with perhaps greater splendor and effect than any other poet, yet the color-adjectives and color-descriptions of the poems were not only imperfect, but highly ambiguous and confused. It was only after submitting the facts to some very competent judges that I published in 1858 a section of my Homeric studies,* "On Homer's Perceptions and Use of Color;" for the case appeared to open up questions of great interest, with respect to the general structure of the human organs, and to the laws of hereditary growth. My propositions were: † —

1. That Homer's perceptions of the prismatic colors, or colors of the rainbow (which depend on the decomposition of light by refraction), and *a fortiori* of their compounds, were, as a general rule, vague and indeterminate.

2. That we must therefore seek another basis for his system of color.

I rejected the supposition, that this was due to any defect in his individual organization: and found that his system of color, or rather his "system in lieu of color," was "founded upon light, and upon darkness, its opposite or negative;" and that "the organ of color" was "but partially developed among the Greeks of his age." ‡ My meaning was substantially this: that he operated, in the main, upon a quantitative scale, with white and black, or light and dark, for its opposite extremities, instead of the qualitative scale opened by the diversities of color.

The curious phenomena of color-blindness had then been very recently set forth by Dr. George Wilson.§ He considered it in three forms: 1, as inability to discern color at all; 2, to distinguish the nicer shades of the more composite colors, such as browns, greys, and neutral tints; 3. to distinguish between the primary colors, red, blue, and yellow, or between these and the secondary or tertiary colors, under which head he names green, purple, orange, and brown. The first form, he says, is rare, and perhaps not absolutely ascertained.* Color-blindness does not depend upon weakness in the organ: for he mentions the case of a woman, who could distinguish no colors, yet "could often read for nearly a quarter of an hour in the greatest darkness." In one family, three persons called all bright tints white, and all dull ones black.† A house-painter in Australia could not distinguish colors, but had a good eye for form, and was excellent in designing and drawing. Once, however, he mixed his own colors, and thought he had got a stone tint, but it was found that he was painting the building blue.‡ Painters, says Dr. Wilson, "know how long it is before the most susceptible eye acquires its maximum sensibility to color." But the commonest form of color-blindness appears to be that which confounds red and green. Now these are not neighboring colors in the spectrum. Were it a question only of imperfect devolopment of a sense, it would be shown first and most in inability to distinguish a color from that next to it. But red is separated from green by the intervening spaces of orange and yellow. Color-blindness proper, then, appears to partake of the nature of organic defect. But, as Dr. Wilson has pointed out (and I have had an opportunity of verifying the remark), painters know that there is an education of the eye for color in the individual. The proposition, which I desire to suggest, is that this education subsists also for the race.

Within the last few years, this subject has been freely discussed both in Germany among philologists and physiologists, and likewise among Oriental scholars. I understand the general tendency of the discussions to be in favor of the doctrine that color was little known to the ancients,

* Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age, vol. iii. sect iv., p. 457.

† P. 483.

‡ P. 488.

§ Researches on Color Blindness. Edinburgh, 1855. 8vo.

* Wilson, pp. 8, 9.

† Ibid., p. 10.

‡ P. 11.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

and that the sense of it has been gradually developed, until it has now become a familiar and unquestioned part of our inheritance. Perhaps one of the most significant relics of the older state of things is to be found in the preference, known to the manufacturing world, of the uncivilized races for strong, and what is called in the spontaneous poetry of trading phrases loud, color.

I shall endeavor to give a view of the subject from Dr. Hugo Magnus, a German inquirer who has recently written on it with great care and ability. He is a physiologist as well as a scholar, and teaches, as *Privatdocent* in the University of Breslau, on the care and treatment of the eye. He gives some indications of a conflict of opinion which has been manifested in his country. But my principal object, after presenting a sketch of his labors, will be to make a contribution to the stores of material, upon which the questions at issue will ultimately be determined, from the quarter where I feel myself most competent, or least incompetent, to search for it.

I understand from an able Hebraist that the Old Testament offers much evidence of the imperfect conception of color in early times. But I take it that by far the most important magazine of information on this subject is to be found in the Homeric poems: the most important on account of its mass, of its unity, and of that high organization which belongs in a degree to genius in general, and which the text of Homer indisputably proves him to have possessed with regard to the two kindred subjects of motion and form. Treading, therefore, with a bolder and firmer step, than when I had no one within view to lean on, I shall now endeavor to present the results, which are to be obtained from Homer, in a more positive and decided shape: and shall suggest a method of meeting, at least in part, the principal and not inconsiderable difficulties which they bring into view.

Dr. Magnus has published (I.) "*Die geschichtliche Entwickelung des Farbensinnes*" (Leipzig, 1877), and (II.) a tract which partially covers the same ground, and is entitled "*Die Entwickelung des Farbensinnes*" (Jena, 1877). I shall refer to these tracts as I. and II. respectively.

He observes in his preface on the extreme paucity of materials supplied by previous labor; and proceeds to anticipate the counter-argument, which some might be disposed to draw from the admitted sharpness of sense in the savage. This sharpness of sense, which may be observed also in the inferior animals, is wholly distinct from a high development of special aptitudes contained within the bounds of each domain. There appears, I would remark, to be a sort of analogy in the relation of the two to the relation between muscular strength and muscular pliability. Homer himself illustrates the argument of Magnus. I have observed that hardly any poet has made such free and effective use of light in general for poetical purposes. Nowhere has he been more bold than in his figure of black pains (Il. iv. 117, 191; xv. 394), of the soul purpling in painful apprehension (Il. xxi. 551, *et al.*), of blazing rumor, or battle (Il. ii. 93, *et al.*), and the like. We must presume that his retina was especially sensitive to light and dark; and yet it is in him, too, that we lack the developed sense of color. And we may find an independent analogy in the case of mental gifts; where it will sometimes be found that those who are clearest and strongest in their perception of broad outline are endowed with the narrowest capacity for apprehending even essential distinctions. Dr. Magnus quotes Geiger, who published in 1871 on the historical development of man, as pointing out that the dog with his wonderful faculty of scent, had no power of distinction between smells which are agreeable and smells which are offensive. He can deal with quantity only, not with kind, in smell. And so a keen perception of sound is entirely distinct from a good ear for music. As to the sense of smell, I may observe that it would be difficult to find in Homer an instance of its pleasurable exercise except once in relation to the *aroma* or bouquet of wine (Od. ix. 210); unless we allow that another instance is supplied by the rather carnal idea of the κνίσση, or savor which ascends to heaven from the sacrifices, and which apparently is more

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

related to taste than smell. He calls a store-room fragrant (Il. iii. 382), and he calls the growing cypress and oil, oddly enough to our apprehension, by the same name (Od. ii 339, v. 64). He was not, however, insensible to a strong stench, and he mentions with a vigorous and hearty detestation the seals of Proteus: —

φωκάων ἁλιοτρεφέων ὀλοώτατος ὀδμη.—Od. iv. 442.

He speaks of flowers as tender (Od. ix. 449), white (Il. xvii. 56), and hyacinthine, but nowhere as sweet-smelling. And Magnus observes that the fragrance of flowers is nowhere noticed in the Old Testament until we reach the Song of Solomon.

So much for the principle involved. Having drawn the distinction between the elementary activity of one organ, and its higher exhibitions of function, we may now proceed to a brief outline of the facts. And I shall best introduce the general view of Dr. Magnus by quoting Sir Isaac Newton on the scale of colors: "The lights of colors are more refrangible one than another in this order: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, deep violet." *

Dr. Magnus considers that, in the progressive education of the human organ, three colors have been successively disclosed to it, and have by degrees come to be part of its regular perceptions, in the order here given: the order of their greater or less refrangibility, of their wealth or poverty in light. The increase of susceptibility acquired by the retina has become hereditary, and has grown with a long series of generations.

We will now pass to the stages of the historical development. The starting-point is, an absolute blindness to color in the primitive man. Anaxagoras, it seems, believed that in the earliest times there was no sense of color at all. The first stage attained is that at which the eye becomes able to distinguish between red and black. Red comes first into our perceptions, because it is the most luminous of the colors; but, says Geiger, in the "*Rig-veda*" white and red are hardly severed.† Greek philosophers, Aristotle in particular, lean to treating colors chiefly as degrees of the luminous and non-luminous, or as mixtures, atomistic or otherwise, of black and white.

In the next stage of the development, the sense of color becomes completely distinct from the sense of light. Both red and yellow, with their shades, that is to say, the red, orange, and yellow of the Newtonian scale, are now clearly discerned. To this stage Magnus * refers the Homeric poems, in which red and yellow colors are set forth, but there is no mention of green or blue; for example of green for trees and plants, or of blue for the heavens. I may intimate in passing, that in my opinion it is hardly possible to pass more than an approximative judgment on the sense of color in Homer, but I think the estimate of it given by Magnus is liberal rather than the reverse.

With this comparatively early acquisition of the sense of redness, Magnus connects the prominence which that color acquired both in the initial stages of the painter's art, and in the costumes of high personages. It had as it were got a start, and had the first possession of the ground which, in costume particularly, it has retained. But we must remember that, in public exhibition and ceremonial, it is, from its luminous character, highly satisfactory to the eye.

The characteristic of the third stage is the recognition of colors which in point of luminousness belong to neither extreme, but are in a mean: he refers to green with its varieties. The clear and bright green he regards as a next onward step from yellow; but the dark green is classed as belonging to the dark family in general. At this point we are reminded of what seems to be the greatest difficulty of the entire subject. We find its lines traverse one another; the light and dark, within the limits of each particular color, giving us one scale of comparison, while the colors as such present another, and the two scales having no common measure. Nay, it may even seem that each color is capable of being deepened into black, by a road of its own,

* Newton's Optics.
† Magnus, II., p. 8.

* Magnus, II., p. 10.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

without passing through the other colors. But, making these remarks as I pass, I proceed with the historical outline.

In the fourth stage of the development, we find an acquaintance with blue begin to emerge. This is a stage not even now reached universally. "Bastian relates * that in Burmah a striking confusion between blue and green is a perfectly common phenomenon, which in fact attracts the attention of strangers arriving there, in a manner thoroughly surprising." † A like confusion is sometimes observable among ourselves as to these two colors when seen by candle-light, in the case of persons who have not, in any degree, the specific defect of color-blindness.

Our author next gives his adhesion to the Newtonian doctrine, and finds the law of that progression, which has now been traced, in the wealth or poverty of living force possessed by the respective colors, which determines their early or late admission to the list of things perceived by the average man. Thus red begins, blue and violet close, the scale; and the retina, gradually trained to a higher susceptibility, grasps at length with ease what formerly and long eluded it.

By way of illustration, he considers the manner in which the ancients have treated the rainbow. Homer deals with it, he thinks,‡ as one-colored, red or purple (πορφυρέη, Il. xvii. 547): so does the Arabic, which describes it as *nadathon*, red, and applies the same phrase to the sunset and sunrise. Also as *castalanijjathon*, with the same meaning and applications. The reader will observe how we again strike upon the "stone of stumbling." How were men led to equate the color-impression from the rainbow with that from the morning and evening glow? So, about 600 B.C., we find Ezekiel (i. 27–8) in a similarly backward state. I quote the English version: "I saw as it were the appearance of fire, and it had brightness round about. As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about." Which cannot be explained but by supposing that, for the eye of the prophet, red was the fundamental, and exclusively prevailing color of the rainbow. But I shall have to show that this was a point which Homer, living, as I think, many centuries earlier, had by no means reached. Magnus, now passing beyond it, brings us to Xenophanes, who sees in the rainbow the several hues of red (*phoinikeon*), purple (*porphureon*), and yellow-green (*chloron*). In Aristotle it is still tricolor; but, with red and green, blue is now set forth as a substantive color. Ovid (Met. vi. 65–7) treats it as of a thousand colors, with shades hardly distinguishable each from its next neighbor, but with extremes very remote from one another. Him Seneca seems to follow. But the Aristotelian triad of colors is reproduced by Suidas and Galen; is found in the Edda and in Varâhamihira; in the Arabian literature, and in the West down to the opening of modern times,* notwithstanding the struggle of the improving sense to assert itself, at least by recognizing minor shades as innumerable. Finally Newton appears on the scene, and establishes the scientific (yet not undisputed) doctrine of color. Throwing back one glance as far as the Augustan age, we see Virgil (Æn. iii. 63–4) using *cæruleus*, blue, in a sense interpreted by Servius as equivalent to *niger*, and not capable of being rendered more mildly than by the word "dark." † Statius, Juvenal, and Valerius Flaccus may be quoted to the same effect. The details concerning the rainbow are treated by Magnus as a verifying formula for the general doctrine.

I now come to consider and present the Homeric materials.

It has been said above that there is difficulty in determining with any precision the true bounds of Homer's perception of color. Prolonged examination moves me rather to reduce than to extend former estimates. I find that the more we treat, as a general rule, what are apparently his words of color as quantitative expressions of light or its opposite, the nearer do we come to the establishment of harmony and coherence in his terminology. With regret, but in deference to truth, I find it safe to lean to this canon of interpretation. Perhaps, in thus exhibiting the narrow range of his ὕλη or material, I am doing a special homage to his transcendent genius. If without the aids of lengthened history, of wide survey of the earth and man, of long hereditary development of the organs, he has achieved his present results, what would he have accomplished had he been possessed of the vast and varied apparatus of all kinds which we enjoy! And what have natural selection, and the survival of the fittest, with their free play through three thousand years,

* *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, B. I., s. 89.
† Magnus, II., p. 12.
‡ II., p. 13.

* Magnus, II., p. 16.
† I., p. 38.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 / Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

done for us, who at an immeasurable distance are limping after him, amidst the laughter, I sometimes fear, of the immortal gods?

To pass at once *in medias res*. The epithets which are even apparently true epithets of color in Homer are but few, although they are apparently multiplied by the fact that some of them have a large progeny. For example, we have *phoinix* (Il. xxiii. 454), *phoineeis* (Il. xii. 202), *phoinos* (Il. xvi. 159), *phoinios* (Od. xviii. 96), *phoinikoeis* (Il. x. 133, *et al.*), *phoinikopareōs* (Od. xi. 124, xxiii. 271), and finally *daphoinos* (Il. ii. 308), with its verb *daphoineō* (Il. xviii. 538).

In speaking of true color, I here strike out of view the extremes of white, with brightness, on the one side, and of black, with darkness, on the other.

When we proceed to examine these words of color, we find that the poet's sense of color was not only narrow, but also vague, and wanting in discrimination.

Take first the word *phoinix*. We are introduced to it as a substantive, describing a material which was used as a dye for ivory; and it is made the subject of a comparison with the blood of Menelaos flowing forth upon his flesh (Il. iv. 141). So far so good. With this some other passages agree. But in the games the word describes the color of a horse (xxiii. 454), who was *phoinix* all over, but had a white spot, like the moon, on the forehead. The same epithet sits very ill upon blood and the bay color of a horse; nor would it mend the matter if we were to render the word chestnut. It is a new difficulty to connect these senses of the word with Od. vi. 163, where it means the palm.

Passing to the other members of the family, we find applied to blood *phoineeis* (Il. xii. 202, 220), *phoinios* (Od. xviii. 96), *phoinos* (Il. xvi. 159), *phonikoeis* (xxiii. 716), *daphoineō* (Il. xviii. 538).

Of these words the three first named are used in no other connection. But *daphoinos*, the adjective, is used in Il. ii. 308 for the back of a serpent; and thus we are thrown back at once from the color red, the near neighbor of light, and from blood associated with it, upon blackness or darkness, at the other end of the scale. If more evidence on this word be desired, we find it applied in Il. xi. 474 to jackals, and in Il. x. 23 to the skin of a lion, which could hardly be either black or red, except upon a sign-post.

So, again, *phoinikoeis* is principally used for a cloak or mantle (Il. x. 133, *et al.*). Now it is pretty certain that these were not red; because Homer never once applies to them the word ἐρυθρός, or any other word directly connected with that color.

Further, we have *phoinikopareōs* applied to the painted bows of a ship (Od. xi. 123, xxiii. 272). It is commonly supposed that this means red, and agrees with the word μιλτοπάρηος (Il. ii. 627), which is rendered vermilion. Now, whatever this word meant, it seems to have been descriptive not only of the twelve ships of Odusseus, as in this place, but of ships in general; for in Od. ix. 125 we are told that νέες μιλτοπάρηοι are not found among the Kuklopes. But, proceeding a step further, we find not only that the favorite phrase of Homer for ships is "black ships," but that he has another epithet for the prows much more distinctive than the two compound words already quoted, namely, *kuanoproros*, with bronzed or dark prows, which he uses no less than thirteen times, against twice for each of the other two. Consequently the strongest presumption arises that *phoinikopareōs* and *miltopareōs* mean for him the same thing as *kuanoproros*. And to set the matter at rest we find that, while all the twelve ships of Odusseus are called *miltopareoi* in Il. ii., we have *kuanoproros* applied to his ship in Od. ix. 432, 539, x. 127, and elsewhere.

From these difficulties we are of course tempted to escape by generalizing the sense, and interpreting the words as only having the force of dark at large. But this way is in some degree stopped against us; for (*a*) we are thus travelling at once from red, the strongest light color, down to the opposite of light; and (*b*) brightness is directly and strongly associated with the present root in Il. vi. 219, vii. 305, Od. xxiii. 201, where it is distinctly applied to a girdle or a stripe of leather, φοίνικι φαεινόν, bright with the dye called *phoinix*.

If we pass on to the important word *porphureos*, we shall find it not less embarrassing. Of all the color-words this, with its verb πορφύρω, has the largest and most varied application in Homer. They are used, in all, thirty-two times. The verb πορφύρειν, like the adjective μέλας, is employed to describe mental operations, and πορφύρεος is also applied to immaterial subjects. We find it placed in connection with —

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

1. Clothing:
   - τάπητες, carpets (Il. ix. 200, Od. xx. 278).
   - ῥήγεα, blankets (Il. xxiv. 643).
   - χλαῖνα, the mantle (Od. xix. 225).
   - φᾶρος, the cloak (Il. viii. 221, Od. viii. 85).
   - πέπλος, female robe (Il. xxiv. 796).
   - ἱστός, a web (Il. iii. 125, xxii. 441).
2. The rainbow (Il. xvii. 547).
3. Blood (Il. xvii. 361).
4. A cloud (Il. xvii. 552).
5. The sea (Il. xvi. 391). The wave (Il. i. 482, xxi. 326; Od. ii. 428, sea or river). The sea darkening (πορφύρειν, Il. xiv. 16).
6. The ball for play in Scheria (Od. viii. 373).
7. Death (Il. v. 83, xx. 477, xvi. 334).
8. The mind in painful apprehension (Il. xxi. 551), or perplexity (Od. iv. 427, 572, x. 309): (πορφύρειν).
9. Lastly, the wool on Kalupso's distaff is of the *porphurean* of the sea, ἠλάκατα ἁλιπόρφυρα (Od. vi. 53); also on Aretē's distaff (*ibid.* 306); and garments made of it (Od. xiii. 108) are the same.

Upon examining this remarkable phrase in its several applications, I think it is clear —

a. That in many cases the idea to be conveyed is undeniably that of darkness.

b. That in no one case can we positively affirm it to be a color-epithet, as contradistinguished from a light-epithet.

In proof of the first I cite the figurative application like μέλας to death, and as it seems only to bloody death; and to painful rumination, in which it recalls the φρένες ἀμφιμέλαιναι: and to a dark cloud.

Again, the light robes cast over the body of Hector in Il. xxiv. are *porphureoi.* Now we know, from the case of Thetis (Il. xxiv. 93) after the death of Patroclos, that dark vestments were even thus early used in connection with death, and evidently by way of mourning. Such then were, in all likelihood, these *peploi.*

Again, the rainbow is *porphureē.* But, it may be asked, did Homer, like the Arabians, mean brightness by this phrase? Evidently not. For, firstly, we may remark that to his personal Iris he never attaches an epithet either of color or of light. The nearest to it is *aellopous*, storm-footed. He might have said, if he had liked, ray-footed. But more; he mentions the physical phenomenon in one other passage, Il. xi. 23, where the three serpents on the breastplate of Agamemnon are compared to rainbows, but are also called κυάνεοι, bronzed, or of bronze; an expression which I think settles the question, and shows that the bow for Homer's eye was dark; the indigo and violet were more, for his perception, than the red, orange, and yellow.

Further, I cannot doubt that, when the poet applies *porphureon* to the sea, he so applies it as an image of darkness. It is (Il. xiv. 16) the sea darkening for a storm: again, we have the roaring water of Scamandros when angry and in flood (Il. xxi. 386); and the sea swollen by furious rivers (Il. xvi. 391).

Besides all this, we have to consider that, if he did not mean the dark lowering color of the sea, be it green or brown, and intended to convey brightness, this would be a blue brightness. But blue is a color weak in light; and of a blue brightness Homer nowhere shows the smallest idea. The negative proof becomes overwhelming, when we consider that, living under a Mediterranean sky, he never calls that sky by the name blue.

This argument covers the wool on the distaff and the garments made of it; and presumably the other objects named, such as vestments. I doubt, indeed, if in any one case Homer gives us a vestment bright by color. In Od. xxiv. 147 we have the web of Penelopē, bright, not with color, but with light, "as the sun or the moon is bright." It is, however, when she has just washed it, and when it carries some gloss of light. And hence it is that in the mourning-time of Laertes he does not, we are told, use bright coverlids or blankets. The meaning appears to be that, being in sadness, he did not use fresh, bright, glossy, well-kept garments; and this appears to be in exact conformity with the force of the epithet *sigaloenta* (Od. xi. 189), here used to denote brightness.

I will pass now to what I take to be in itself the best approach to a true, genuine color-epithet in Homer, namely the word ἐρυθρός. No garment in Homer is *eruthros*, or red. Of purple as a color, the weakest of all as it is in luminosity, Homer could plainly have no idea. But what is strange is that even his idea of red does not seem to be wholly distinct, as we shall find in considering that family of epithets, of which *eruthros* is the head.

Here the poet is so far on the right road, that he takes hold of a word which is meant to signify color in itself, and not merely as residing in some object which is taken for the standard. He deals with redness; and not with rosiness or rose-like-ness. I doubt whether so much can

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

be said of any other word in the poems except *xanthos*.

Eruthros is applied to —

1. Copper (Il. ix. 365).
2. Nectar (Il. xix. 38; Od. v. 93).
3. Wine (Od. v. 165, ix. 163, 208, xii. 19, 327, xiii. 69, xvi. 444).
4. Blood, in ἐρυθαίνω (Il. x. 484, xxi. 21).

The favorite use of the word, it will now be seen, is for wine: including nectar, we have it thus applied in nine cases out of a total of only twelve. This is very remarkable; because wine is not of a redness proper, but only approximative, and with a decided infusion of the idea of darkness. Accordingly, we find that Homer has but one other epithet of color for wine, namely αἴθοψ, and this belongs to a family in which (*infra*) the notion of darkness predominates.

Again, we may observe of the application of *eruthros* to copper, that this metal is rather freely associated with color-phrases. It is called —

aithops eleven times	. . Dark epithet;
ēnops three times, *nōrops* eight times	. . . Bright epithets;

and he has splendid descriptions of the effulgence of the copper-wrought arms; as in

αἴγλη δ' οὐρανὸν ἷκε, γέλασσε δὲ πᾶσα περὶ χθὼν
χαλκοῦ ὑπὸ στεραπῆς. — Il. xix. 362.

Now one of Homer's best color-associations is with χαλκός, as he calls the red blazing heaven the copper heaven (Il. v. 504, xvii. 425); but this very word helps to show us the determined predominance of the light-perception over the color-perception, when he so many times uses for it both epithets of brightness and epithets of darkness, which have their only possible meeting-point in the notion of light affused or withdrawn.

Again we have, as might be expected, the notion of red twice applied to blood, which he also once calls *phoinion* and once *porphureon*. But his favorite epithets of color for blood are all epithets of blackness; κελαινεφές, Il. iv. 140, and in six other places; κέλαινον, Il. i. 303, and in nine other places; most of all μέλαν, Il. iv. 149, and in eleven other places.

We have also, as place-names in the catalogue, *Eruthrai* and *Eruthinai*, probably with reference to the brown red of sandstone soil or rock (Il. ii. 499, 855).

Thus even the red of Homer, represented by ἐρυθρός, is in the great majority of instances associated with dark rather than with bright.

Passing now to the rose, we find it supply the staple epithet for morning; *rhododactulos*, rose-fingered. There is no direct point of contact between Homer's expressions taken from the rose, and *eruthros*; as they are never applied to the same objects. A very pale reddish pink, far removed from ruddiness, seems to be indicated in this epithet; and its application, we should remember, is to the dawn, not the day. It is doubtful whether the whiteness, or the redness, which are here combined, contributed most to fashion the poet's perception. Probably the whiteness, as I judge from the only other indication he has afforded as to his notion of the rose. It is in the curious phrase rosy oil, *rhodoen elaion*, which was used to anoint the body of Hector, Il. xxiii. 186. Here we can trace no greater resemblance to the rose than the glossy shine of oil: again an instance of the dominance of the light-sense, of the rudeness and feebleness of the color-sense.

Upon the whole, perhaps the best and truest acknowledgment of pure color in the poems is conveyed, though indirectly, in a reference to the human form, by the epithet *kallipareōs*, fair-cheeked. This rather favorite word is applied by Homer to the following persons, all certainly or presumably beautiful: —

1. Chruseïs (Il. i. 143).
2. Brisēis (Il. i. 134).
3. Theano, the priestess of Athenē (Il. xi. 224).
4. Diomedē, the war-concubine of Achilles (Il. ix. 665).
5. Helen (Od. xv. 23).
6. The goddess Themis (Il. xv. 87).
7. The goddess Leto (Il. xxiv. 607).
8. The saucy Melantho (Od. xviii. 320).
9. Penelopē, in καλὰ παρήϊα (Od. xix. 81, 208).

We have here to consider what are the distinct hues of Homer's men and his women. We find him apply the name Melas to a Greek of rank (Il. xiv. 117). Odusseus, on his restoration to beauty by Athenē, becomes *melanchroiēs* (Od. xvi. 171). The *melanochroös* of his herald, in Od xix. 246, does not seem to bear any different sense. Homer's *melas* means dark rather than black, and is itself but indefinite; we are obliged to take these words as referring to an olive complexion. But, in his women, whiteness is commended. Penelope (xviii. 195) is whiter than ivory. Like Herē and Andromachē in the Iliad, and even like Helen herself, the attendant maidens, in Od. xviii. 197, are λευκώλενοι, white-armed. To the beauty of

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

this white skin, color in the cheek is the proper supplement; nor is it easy to see on what other marked ground the cheek should be selected as a part so characteristic. This, then, is rosy or red color, and it is perhaps the best example in the poems of a normal relation between the perception, the expression, and the object.

I take now the difficult word αἴθοψ with its cognates *aithōn*, *aithē*, *Aithiopes* and *aithaloeis:* also with οἴνοψ, wine-dark according to Liddell and Scott, which, in this rare case unable wholly to follow them, I take to be kindred in sense to *aithops*. I begin with *oinops*, wine-colored.

Oinops is applied to no more than two objects; and only to one of these two with any frequency. It is used twice of oxen, in Il. xiii. 703, and Od. xiii. 32. But of the sea it may be called a stock epithet, being so employed eighteen times. Now we have already found, in arguing the case of *porphureos*, that the sea-epithets of tint are dark, though without positive color. Such, therefore, is the probable sense of *oinops* with the sea. This sense is supported by its special associations: as with the mental sadness of Achilles gazing over it, Il. i. 350 and xxiii. 143; with the word ἠεροειδές in Il. v. 770–1; and with the state of the sea under a rattling breeze at night, Od. ii. 421.

Again, it is plain that we cannot associate *oinops* with any one leading color specifically. The only question, in reference to wine, would be whether it meant the brightness of sparkling wine. But this kind of brightness is totally inapplicable to the βόε οἴνοπε. As they cannot be white, and are not sparkling, they must be dark. *Oinops*, then, means dark in this case also.

Having thus found the color of Homer's wine as it presented itself to his eye, we are in a better condition to judge of any epithets of color which he applies to it. There are only two, *eruthros* and *aithops*. It has already been found that *eruthros*, with wine, carries the notion of darkness rather than of light; it is therefore unlikely that the other staple epithet should not greatly correspond with it. Yet there is an element of doubt in the case. *Aithops* seems to be applied to dark objects, but commonly to such dark or dull objects as are capable of brightness by reflecting light. Thus it is a favorite epithet of *chalkos*, to which it is applied eleven times, and *chalkos* is one of the few Homeric words which decidedly lean to epithets of brightness, such as *ēnops* and *nōrops*. I do not therefore identify *aithops*, as applied to wine, with *oinops*. It includes the element of light; but it includes also the element of darkness, for we have it applied to yet the third subject, namely, smoke (Od. x. 152).

When we look to kindred words, we find them bearing witness on both sides, and thus illustrating the dualism of idea; the brightness of lights which impinge upon a dark subject.

The adjective αἴθων, for example, is applied to —

Iron (Il. iv. 485, *et al.*),
Eagle (Il. xv. 690),
Oxen, bull (Il. xvi. 488; Od. xviii. 371),

where the sense of darkness, subsisting in various degrees, appears obvious. But an opposite idea, that of brightness produced by rays of light falling on a dead surface, is presented by its application to —

1. The lion (Il. x. 23, *et al.*),

and more especially to —

2. The copper cauldron (Il. ix. 123); also the tripod (Il. xxiv. 233).

But again: the dark element prevails in Aithiopes, for the Ethiopian nation, with whom is associated Poseidon the dark-haired god (Od. i 22); probably in the horse Aithon (Il. viii. 184) and the mare Aithē (Il. xxiii. 295), for the horses could hardly sparkle, though the horse Lampos (Il. viii. 185) might shine in the sense of Virgil, —

> Quæ cura nitentes
> Pascere equos. — Æn. vi.

Again in *aithaloeis* applied to dark or sooty beams of a roof, Il. ii. 415, and Od. xxii. 239; and to *tephrē*, ash, in Il. xviii. 23, which in v. 25 is at once called *melaina*. But in the word *aithēr* for the atmosphere, in *aithein*, used for the lighting of a fire, and in *aithousa*, the open portico or colonnade of a mansion, the element of light prevails; not, however, an element of color. So it is, that we are buffeted about in the attempt to deal with this the most difficult and unmanageable group of all the color or light-words of Homer.

It is not necessary to dwell long upon *kuaneos*. I conceive it to mean (1) made of, (2) in hue like to, bronze. In the latter sense it is applied —

1. To the eyebrows of Zeus and Herē (Il. i. 528, xv. 102, xvii. 209).
2. To a dark cloud (Il. v. 345, xx. 418, xxiii. 188).
3. To the hair of Hector (Il. xxii. 402); to the beard of Odusseus restored to beauty (Od.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

xvi. 176); agreeing apparently with his hyacinthine hair (Od. vi. 231).

4. To the serried mass of the Greek and Trojan armies as they move (Il. iv. 281, xvi. 66).

5. To the mourning garments of Thetis. Her veil is *kuaneon;* and the poet adds, τοῦ δ' οὔτι μελάντερον ἔπλετο ἔσθος (Il. xxiv. 94). Nothing could be more black than this garment; and yet, in Il. iv. 277, we have a cloud as black as pitch.

6. To the sea-sand just left bare by the water (Od. xii. 243).

Further, in compounds —

1. To hair, of Poseidon (Il. xiii. 563, xv. 174, *et al.*); to a mare (Il. xx. 224).
2. Amphitritē, as the sea (Od. xii. 60).
3. To a ship's prow (Il. xv. 693, *et al.*).

There are also various cases in which a question may be raised whether Homer intends to signify the metal, or merely the color belonging to the metal.

1. The breastplate of Agamemnon, which has ten layers of black *kuanos* (μέλανος κυάνοιο), together with twelve of gold and twenty of tin, carries likewise on each side three serpents called *kuaneoi* (Il. xi. 26). The change of form from the genitive to the adjective will be observed; it might possibly indicate the transition from the metal to the mere color without the metal. It should be remembered that the *chruseos* of Homer for the most part means not golden but gilded, and his *argureos* in like manner silver-plated.

2. On the belt of Agamemnon (*ibid.* 38, 39,) which is *argureos*, there is another serpent which is *kuaneos*.

3. On the shield of Achilles, round the golden vineyard and the silver stakes, is a trench called *kuaneē* (Il. xviii. 564).

4. The foot of a finely-wrought table is signified by the epithet *kuanopeza* (Il. xi. 628).

Upon the whole it may be most likely that in all these four places the metal is indicated, and not the color only. But this does not affect the argument, for it is clear that the poet has the contrast of light and dark in his eye, and that *kuanos* supplies the dark tint as against silver, gold, and tin, and also against copper in Od. vii. 87. I think it almost certain that *kuanos* is bronze, which is normally dark and not bright. But whatever it be, it is clearly assigned, in respect of color, to the dark family by its association with the hair of Poseidon, the mourning garment, the bared sea-sand, the sea itself, and the cloud. It is clear, indeed, that the word when applied to the ship's prow means something separate, as to hue, from the ship itself, which is always *melas.* But the word wholly refuses to lend itself to anything but what is more or less dark, and of degrees in dark and light there is no doubt that Homer had a substantive, if not a very minute, conception.

This last proposition is illustrated by the fact that the violet did not escape the notice of Homer, and that, like the hyacinth named but once, it is clearly associated by him with the dark tribe. Thrice we have the sea declared to be violet-colored, *ioeides*, in Il. ix. 298, Od. v. 55, xi. 106. But it is quite plain from what we have already seen that this means the dark sea, not the bright; therefore the brown or dark-green sea, not the blue. Then we have *ioeis*, violet-like, used as an epithet (Il. xxiii. 850) for iron. This is manifestly dark, but not with a deep darkness. We have the iron heaven (*sidereos*, Od. xv. 328), in contrast undoubtedly with the burnished copper heaven, but meaning what we should call grey. Finally, we have the kindred word *iodnephes* applied to wool in Od. iv. 135. There can be little question that this is dark wool: first, from the sense forced upon us by *ioeides;* secondly, from the fact that the distaff and the wool are presents made to Helen in Egypt (*ibid.* v. 130), and all our southern associations of color are ineradicably dark; as the hair of Poseidon, the wool on the distaffs of Kalūpso and Aretē, the bulls offered to Poseidon (Od. iii. 6), and the ram promised for a sacrifice to Teiresias (Od. xi. 33).* It is plainly the wool of a dark-brown ram that the poet has in view, or else a wool dyed to a deep purple, which is not an unlikely interpretation.

The word *xanthos* in Homer I think resembles *eruthros* in being a thoroughly true word of color, though imperfectly conceived. I conceive it principally to represent orange in the scale of the spectrum, and so far probably to agree with *phoinix*. He found that color represented for his eye in chestnut or auburn, and in bay. It is remarkable that Homer is so limited in his applications of this word; and they are more consistent in proportion. He uses it principally for hair, male and female, as of Menelaos, *passim;* for the coat of horses (Il. ix. 407) generally; and also as represented in the horse Xanthos;

* The learned Archimandrite Myriantheus, in his work on ancient Cyprus (with which the Greeks were in close communication), observes of a Cypriote river: ἔτι καὶ σήμερον διαμφισβητεῖ τὰ πρωτεῖα πρὸς τὸν Αἰγύπτιον Νεῖλον, κατὰ τὴν προαγωγὴν τοῦ φοίνικος. (Περὶ τῶν ἀρχαίων Κυπρίων, p. 6. Athens, 1868.)

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and finally in the name of the river Xanthos, a strong and often turbid stream, though likewise called by him silver-eddying, *argurodines* (Il. xxi. 8, 130).

I conceive that we have now done with the Homeric adjectives and phrases of color, as contradistinguished from those of light. In *Argos*, *marmareos*, *marmairōn*, there is plainly no idea conveyed except that of light. On one or two exceptional cases I shall remark further on. But I must notice here two words, which might at first sight be set down as epithets of colour, namely, *polios* and *chloros*. I take first the case of *chloros*, which has the stronger pretensions of the two.

The derivation of the word is from *chloē*, herbage. But it is plain, from the applications of it, that green was not on the list of Homer's colors. If I am to choose an English equivalent for the phrase, it will be pale: and pale is not properly an epithet of color so much as of light, although there may perhaps be detected in it a very faint inkling, so to speak, of yellow.

Including two derivatives, namely, Chloris, the wife of Neleus (Od. xi. 281), and *chloreïs*, which is applied to the nightingale, the word is used nineteen times in Homer. Ten times metaphorically, as an epithet of fear. Twice for the paleness derived from fear (Il. x. 376 and xv. 4); uses which give us the basis of the metaphor just named. Twice for honey (Il. xi. 630, Od. x 234); twice for the olive-wood club of Poluphemos (Od. ix. 320, 379); once for the twigs used by Eumaios to make a "shakedown" bed for Odusseus (Od. xvi. 47). In these five cases, freshness and not color seems to be the idea. If we strive to give the sense of color, we find there is none that will cover them in common; yellow suiting in some cases, green in others, neither of the two in all.

The word *chloreïs* has been the subject of much dispute. There is a temptation to give it the very poetical sense of green-wood-loving; an epithet peculiarly suitable to the nightingale, which delights in copses, the greenest of all greenwoods. But the balance of authority * attaches the phrase to the hue or aspect of the bird; and when so attached it loses all definite idea of color. Bolton finds the color of the nightingale require a long description. "The head and back of a plain tawny, dashed with olive; the tail is of a deep tawny red; the throat, breast, and upper part of the belly are of a light glossy ash color; the lower part nearly white; the exterior parts of the quill-feathers are of a dull reddish brown; the interior of brownish ash-color." * Evidently enough, Homer's idea in this matter could not but be most vague and dim.

Chloros then, so far as it has a visual meaning, is a light-epithet rather than a color-epithet.

The word *polios* is a stock adjective for the sea, Il. i. 350, and in twenty-three other places. Foam is the mere accident of the sea: and we must, I think, consider the epithet as drawn from its general and standing character. I should render it grey; and I take this word to indicate not a color proper, though we may now apply it to various mixtures of colors, but a quantitative composition, midway, so to speak, between white and black.

The word is also applied —

1. To the human hair in old age (Il. xxii. 74, xxiv. 516).

2. To iron (Il. ix. 366, xx. 261; Od. xxi. 381, xxiv. 167).

3. To the hide of a wolf, which Dolon (Il. x. 334) put on for his nocturnal expedition. Treating Dolon as a simpleton, the poet may have meant that he put on a white hide, which would make him visible; but perhaps this idea is far-fetched, and we must take grey, I suppose, as the dominant color of the wolf. "His color is a mixture of black, brown, and grey;" but there are also white wolves.†

The idea of whiteness is totally inapplicable to iron. But in any case it seems plain, that the conception exhibited by the *polios* of Homer is simply a mode of light.

By way of completion of this survey, it may be interesting to examine in exact detail the statistics of color, so to speak, taken from some sufficiently extended portions of the poems.

I select for this purpose the last ten books of the Odyssey, which contain 4,924 lines, and the last eight of the Iliad, which contain rather more, namely 5,131 lines. I begin with the Odyssey.

In the ten books, I count 133 epithets or phrases, which relate either to color, or to light and its opposite, or its modifications.

I. I first deduct the epithets and phrases of brightness and darkness, and show the proportion which they form of the whole.

* Liddell and Scott, *in voc.* Buchholz *Homerische Realien*, I. ii. 122.

* Bolton's "British Songbirds," ii. 22.
† Goldsmith, ii. 258, 268.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Of Brightness.

	times
ἀστὴρ ὡς ἀπέλαμπε, a robe (xv. 108)	1
Γλαυκῶπις, bright or flashing eyed Athenē	18
ἠελίῳ ἐναλίγκιον ἠὲ σελήνῃ, a mantle (xxiv. 148)	1
νώροψ χαλκός, dazzling (xxiv. 466, 499)	2
πῦρ ὀφθάλμοισι δεδορκώς, wild boar (xix. 446)	1
σιγαλόεις, bright — tunic, apartment, rug; in xix. 242 likened to the skin of a dried onion	9
στεροπὴ χαλκοῦ, flash of copper (xvii. 437)	1
φαέθων, used of the sun (xxii. 388)	1
φαεινός, bright — used for a bowl, a brooch, a quiver, polished leather	7
χρυσέη, Aphroditē (xvii. 37, xix. 53)	2
χρυσόθρονος, Eōs	6
Total	49

Of Darkness.

	times
αἰθαλόεις, smutty — roof-beam (xxii. 239)	1
δνοφερός, dark — of night (xv. 50)	1
ἐρεμνός, Erebus-like — the earth (xxiv. 106	1
ἠερόεις, dark — ways to the under-world (xx. 65)	1
Total	4

II. I next deduct the epithets of whiteness and blackness, as neither properly designates color. *Argos* and *argennos*, though originally referable to motion and the light resulting from it, seem to have acquired in these cases the sense of white.

Whiteness.

	times
ἀργός, white — a goose (xv. 161)	1
αργεννός, white — sheep (xv. 472)	1
Λευκάς, white — Leucadian rock (xxiv. 11)	1
λευκός, white — sails, bones of the dead, wild boar's tusk, sails, arms, Penelopē whiter than polished ivory (xviii. 196)	10
Total	13

Blackness.

	times
κέλαινος, black — blood (xvi. 441, xix. 447)	2
μελανόχροος, dark-skinned — Eurubates the herald (xix. 246)	1
μέλας, black — ship, fate, death, earth, (xix. 111); blood, βρότος (xxiv. 188); mainland (xxi. 109); evening (xviii. 305)	20
Total	23

Next I shall deduct the words which indicate the shade of grey, halfway, so to speak, between white and black, but without decomposition, or refraction, and therefore not properly a color. The epithets used for it in these ten books are three.

	times
1. πόλιος is here applied to iron (xxi. 3, 81, xxiv. 167); to the sea (xxii. 385, xxiii. 236); to the old (xxiv. 316, 498)	7
2. σιδήρεος, like χάλκεος, πολύχαλκος is applied to the heaven, and *if* an adjective of color, which is doubtful, means grey (Od. xv. 329)	1
3. χλωρός, of fresh twigs of brushwood (Od. xvi. 43); metaphorically of (δεός) fear (Od. xxiv. 449, 532); and χλώρηις ἀήδων (xxix. 518): see *supra*. In all the passages are	4
Total	12

Thus we have

	times
Epithets of light and dark	55
" white and black	36
" grey	12
Total	103

Thus there remain some thirty-one cases in nearly five thousand lines, where Homer can be said to introduce the element or idea of color; or about once in one hundred and sixty lines.

The epithets used are:

ἐρυθρός, καλλιπάρῃος, ῥοδοδάκτυλος, καλὰ παρῄια, for redness.

ξανθός, for auburn or chestnut.

αἴθοψ, αἴθων, οἴνοψ, πορφύρεος, φοινικόεις, φοινικοπάρῃος, ὑακίνθινος: all these words expressing vaguely and confusedly an idea of color based upon red, purple, or brown verging into black.

It will be interesting in connection with the discussion on the identity of authorship for the two poems, and on the theory that the Iliad was produced earlier, the Odyssey later in life, to observe the relative uses of color in the one and the other.

In the last eight books of the Iliad, I find, as nearly as I can reckon, about 208 light and color phrases, as against 133 in the last ten books of the Odyssey. Allowing for an excess of about two hundred lines in the books of the Iliad, we may take the number of light and color phrases in an equal number of lines at two hundred, to be compared with 133 in the Odyssey; or, in other words, the Iliad seems to have, in the same space, three color phrases for two in the Odys-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

sey. I do not think the difference can be wholly accounted for by the domesticity of the subject of the Odyssey. Indeed it should be remembered that in three of the books from the Iliad (xviii., xxiii., xxiv.), containing more than four-ninths of the whole, there are no field operations whatever. This remarkable difference in light and color phrases seems to be in accord with the hypothesis (of course it is nothing more) that the Iliad is the work of the poet's early maturity and more fiery mind and imagination, the Odyssey the production of his later age and less susceptible temperament.

Pursuing the same process as with the Odyssean books, I first set out and deduct the phrases which relate only to light and darkness.

LIGHT PHRASES.	times
φαεινός	13
σιγαλόεις	3
Glaukōpis	9
κροκόπεπλος	3
λαμπρός	1
Phainops (proper name)	1
μαρμαίρων	2
παμφανόων	4
χρύσεος	5
ἀστερόεις	1
γλαυκιόων	1
Lampos (proper name)	1
ἀργυροδίνης	1
φαεσίμβροτος	1
φλογὶ εἴκελος Ἡφαίστοιο (xvii. 88)	1
Ἔρισ δέδηεν (xvii. 253)	1
φάος ἦλθεν (xvii. 615, xviii. 103)	2
Kine of gold and tin (xviii. 574)	1
Tunics oil-glistening (xviii. 596)	1
ὄσσε ὡσεὶ σέλας (xix. 16, 365)	2
παμφαίνων ὡς ἀστήρ (xxii. 26)	1
αἴγλη οὐρανὸν ἶκε (xix. 362)	1
σέλας ἠΰτε μήνης (xix. 374)	1
ἀστὴρ ὥς, helmet (xix. 380)	1
ὥστ' ἠλέκτωρ ὑπερίων (xix. 398)	1
τιθέναι, τεύχειν τινὶ φάος (xx. 95, xxi. 538)	2
λάμπειν χαλκῷ (xx. 156, xxii. 134)	2
Total	63

PHRASES OF DARKNESS.	times
κυάνεος	6
αἰθαλόεις	1
δαφοίνεος	1
κελαινεφής	4
αἱματόεις	1
ἐρεμνός	1
ἐρεβεννός	1
εὐρώεις	1
Κυανοχαίτης	2
κυανοπρῶρος	1
ἠεροειδής	1
ζόφος ἠερόεις	2
πολέμοιο νέφος (xvii. 243)	1
Total	23

WHITENESS.	times
λευκός	9
λευκώλενος	7
λεύκασπις	1
ἀργός	1
ἀργεννός	3
ἄργυφος	1
Ἀργικέραυνος	2
ἀργιόδων	2
Total	26

BLACKNESS.	times
μέλας	23
νεῖον μελαίνετο (xviii. 547)	1
μελανυδρος κρήνη (xxi. 257)	1
ἀκροκελαινιόων	1
Total	26

The classification of the word *ἀογός* is disputable. As applied to dogs, I take it to mean swiftness, for this is a general characteristic. As applied to oxen, where it cannot mean swift, I render it white, as the occasion (xxiii. 30) is that of a solemn funeral celebration, and Homer has oxen of tin as well as gold (*supra*) on the shield, and probably drew no broad distinction between the two hues. As, however, the whiteness signified by *ἀργός* seems to have applied originally to rapid motion, it might be classed as an epithet of light. There is another question, namely, whether *βόες ἀργοί* means strenuous oxen.

Again, Homer's idea of darkness passes into that of blackness by such vague shading that the classification on this side is merely one of approximation. But I proceed:

Lastly, I have to deduct what signifies the merely intermediate stage between white and black, namely grey. For this we have —

	times
πόλιος	9
χλωρός (xvii. 67)	1
	10

		times
Thus we have the total of light and color phrases		208
From which we deduct for		
light and dark	63 + 23 = 86	
white and black	26 + 26 = 52	
grey	10	
		148
Leaving epithets of color proper		60

Among these, however, there stand (xix. 400, 404) two of a doubtful character: *balios*, meaning dappled or perhaps piebald, and the phrase *πόδας αἴολος* applied to the horse Xanthos, which, as I contend, means the white foot on a chestnut animal, or, as it is familiarly called, the white stocking. These two are hardly to be presented in any of the classes, but they evidently belong rather to light than to color in this inquiry. The color phrases, then, may be thus classified: —

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Redness is represented by ἐρυθρός (xix. 38), ἐρυθαίνειν conveying the same idea (xxi. 21), καλλιπάρῃος (xxiv. 647, 676), ῥοδόεις (xxiii. 186), and ῥοδοδάκτυλος (xxiii. 109.)

For auburn and chestnut we again have *xanthos:* applied to the horse of Achilles, the river Scamandros, the hair of Achilles, and especially of Menelaos.

And we have αἴθων (4 times), αἴθοψ (6), οἴνοψ (2), φοινικόεις (1), πορφύρεος (9), and the verb πορφύρω (used in xxi. 551 to describe troubled and fearful meditation) as the exponents of that particular idea of color in Homer which was based upon red; and also on purple or brown verging into black.

Let us deviate for a few moments from the subject of color in order to consider the bearing of these facts upon the question whether the Iliad and the Odyssey were produced by the same or by different minds.

It has long been clear to me that a thorough settlement of this question, which is not free from what I may call surface difficulties, could only be had by the most minute analysis, and comparison of particulars, especially of such particulars as are undesigned. It is too wide to be settled except on a comprehensive basis, and a very diversified scrutiny is required. I do not rely then on a single result; but surely the result before us is not unworthy of notice.

We find in the first place, upon the basis of this examination, that the light and color phrases of the Odyssey, as compared with those of the Iliad, diminish in a ratio proportioned to what we might expect from the subjects of the two poems, and the spirit in which they are composed.

Next, on examining the proportion between light-phrases and color-phrases, we find it nearly the same. In the Odyssey, we have 31 color-phrases to 103 light-phrases, somewhat under a third: in the Iliad we have 58 color-phrases to 150 light-phrases, somewhat under a third.

The leading light-phrases are the same in both: φαεινός, σίγαλοεις, Γγαυκῶπις, λευκός, and ἀργς, with their respective compounds. The phrases for darkness are much more varied in the Iliad; but every word expressing it in the one selected portion is also found in the other except δνοφερός. And here we see how much more stringent is the present mode of comparison, than would be a comparison of the entire poems; for δνοφερός is twice used in other parts of the Iliad (ix. 15, xvi. 4). At the grey or intermediate stage, we have in each poem the same epithets, πολιός and χλωρός.

Still more remarkable is the uniformity of material, or mental stock, with which the poet worked, when we come to the epithets of color proper. The fifty-eight phrases of the Iliad are furnished from precisely the same sources as the thirty-one of the Odyssey: the word ἐρυθρός (still represented in our *ruddy*), the rose, the beauty of the cheek, φοίνιξ and its derivatives, πορφύρεος, and the well-known family of αἴθων, αἴθοψ, and οἴνοψ.

It seems to me manifest that this unity in the expression of light and color raises a presumption in favor of unity of authorship. But only because of the fundamental fact, which in the whole of this paper I wish to exhibit, namely that colors were for Homer not facts but images: his words describing them are figurative words, borrowed from natural objects; in truth, colors are things illustrated rather than described. The word *eruthros* is in truth a rarity in Homer, from its describing color in the abstract and not as embodied in a particular object. The same may be said of *xanthos:* but the more common use in Homer by far is to speak of rose-color, wine-color, fire-color, bronze-color, and the like. How would it have been possible, at a time when color was only dealt with by this illustrative method, that two independent poets should light so exactly on the same family of illustrations to supply them with material? There was no fixed terminology of color; and it lay with the genius of each true poet to choose a vocabulary for himself.

The solution of all our difficulties, as far as a solution can be attained, is in the main, perhaps, one and the same. It is in subordinating, case by case, the question of this or that color to the question of much or little light. The sleek garment freshly washed reflects the light, and is called bright; the same garment used and tumbled ceases to reflect, and is dark. Wine in motion sparkles; held up to the light it glows; withdraw these conditions, and what we call red wine is simply dark, darker indeed than the smoke. The copper arms flash back the sun; their splendor reaches to the heaven and makes the earth to laugh; place the sun behind a cloud, the rutilant effect disappears, the dull, dead face of the metal assumes the tone of the rest of the accoutrements, and we have the Homeric phalanxes of bronze. Once more: thus it is that water in Homer commonly has the epithet of *black*, even the fountain being black-watered; and yet we have the four fountains of Kalūpso flowing with white water (Od. v.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

70) and the white or pure water (Il. xxiii. 282) in which Patroclos used to wash the immortal horses of Achilles. Thus we have to adopt the idea of light and dark as our umpire in all difficulties, our universal solvent. But even in the use of these instruments the poet was elastic, and also ill-defined. The word *melas* covered many shades of deep red, dark blue, brown, no less than black, even as each one of his winds covered a large arc of the horizon. And his sense of light, however keen, was not critical, or very determinate: a favorite illustration with him as to something brilliant is that it resembles the sun or moon —

ἠελίῳ ἐναλίγκιον ἠὲ σελήνῃ.

But sun-brightness and moon-brightness are so different, that no modern poet could use this simile without giving himself over to be torn by the beaks of critics. I suppose that Quintus Smyrnæus was sensible of this incongruity in his model, when he substituted for it that "fond thing," his awkward formula * —

ἠελίῳ ἐναλίγκιον, ἢ Διὸς αἴγλῃ.

For what is the *aiglē* of Zeus except the sun from which it is here parted?

And here, in illustration of the great wealth of Homer in the region we have traversed, I may say that this most sedulous and close but inadequate and inanimate imitator does not, I think, use above one light or color phrase for ten that we find in Homer.

I am not competent to enter into the philosophy of color itself, and the controversy in which Goethe has taken, with his great name, the side opposed to Newton. He has indeed, in his "*Farbenlehre*," much disparaged our great countryman, whom he seems to consider a great mathematician, but in the dark as a naturalist.† He, too, establishes a scale between light and non-light: "Next to light a color appears which we call yellow; another appears next to the non-light, which we call blue. When these in their purest state are so mixed that they are exactly equal, they produce a third color, called green." ‡ Condensed and blackened, blue and yellow may become red respectively; blue passing into a blue-red, yellow into a yellow-red. Also red may be produced by mixing; and thus Goethe completes his scale of six colors. Eastlake himself § does not admit the division into seven; and quotes Professor Leslie of Edinburgh, who thinks that "in the choice of that number Newton was apparently influenced by some lurking disposition towards mysticism," but that four or five principal colors may be named. One observation only I will hazard. It seems as if there were something in Goethe's ideas, how and what I cannot presume to say, which has a point of contact with the phenomena of color as they are represented in Homer. He appears to find a certain affinity between what lies next to light, and what lies next, at the other end of the scale, to not-light. The archaic man, we are to suppose, sets out equipped with one positive perception, namely light, and one negative, namely not-light or darkness. As his organ begins to be trained, it trespasses on the intermediate space, and Homer has already got, after a fashion, his red and orange, his *eruthros* and his *xanthos*. But may not the advance in the organ operate in some way at the other end of the scale also? May not the *porphureos* and the *phoinikoeis* be the indications of the invasion of the new region from that side; and may not this in some manner account for the curious travelling backwards and forwards, so to speak, of so many of Homer's color-epithets, between a real red at the upper end of the scale and some very deep purple at the other? I cannot describe clearly what I admit that I have not conceived clearly, but I am struck with an impression that, at a certain point, the observations of Goethe appear to touch upon the Homeric facts. I do not suggest this as a substitute for the main explanation which I have already suggested, and which views Homer as often using the same phrase for bright-colored and dark-colored objects according to the greater or lesser quantity of light that falls on the surfaces. This he does in regard to his epithets of color and light generally, though less in the case of *xanthos* than in others. And this he could not have done, but for the fact that the organ was given to him only in its infancy, which is now full-grown in us. So full-grown is it, that a child of three years in our nurseries knows, that is to say sees more of color, than the man who founded for the race the sublime office of the poet, and who built upon his own foundations an edifice so lofty and so firm that it still towers unapproachably above the handiwork not only of common, but even of many uncommon men.

W. E. Gladstone.

* Quint. Smyrn., *Posthomerika*.
† *Werke*, xxviii., p. 18.
‡ Eastlake's translation, p. xlii.
§ Preface, p. xii.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

BOOK III. — MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XIX.

COMING HOME.

THE church bells had been ringing ever since early morning, except when the ringers assembled round Joseph Sunley's door for the bowls of crowdy he was wont to provide on such occasions. And judging by the red fingers that held the brown bowls, and the purple cheeks, and noses, and screwed-up eyes that bent over them steaming crowdy was not a bad sort of refreshment on this keen, crisp January morning.

"Timothy's whiskers hev friz t' mornin'," said Jeremiah Howden with a grin.

The old sexton shivered, but he waved his hand in a superior fashion; he could not condescend to feel chilly before his satellites. Two of them, Reuben Crofts and Timothy Tyzack, were older than Sunley was, while Jeremiah Howden was much younger, and Lot Groves was a lad, Mr. Sunley's own deputy in the churchyard.

"Ah's thinkin', lads, 'at yey can clear off for an hour or twae. Lot an' me 'as bizniss 'at cannut be set asahde; gin yey's ringin' by fower or sae, 'twill be reet eneeaf." He shook his head dolorously. "Eh, eh! it's sair 'at it sud happen sae, mebbe it's a warnin'; bud it's nae faut bud t' squire's ain fer comin' yam a day ower sune."

Timothy laughed, and spat, and moved his head uneasily.

"Weel, Maister Sunley," he said in a feeble, flute-like voice, "yey hes t' orderin' o't, sae it rests on yur shouthers, bud ah minds when t' squire's mudher waaz brout yam t' bells nivvers stopped fra morn till e'en. Eh thaat wur a bonny yam-comin'. Three wur a bonfire an' a cask o' yell outsahde t' gates."

"Ay, marry, theer's chaang in ivverythin', neaghbur. Roonz, lad, t' warld winnut stan' still whiles yey leeaks at yursel'; gang yur ways, an' wen mey an' Lot hes dean wark yey sal hev yur will wi' t' bells; 'twad be ill wark diggin' t' awd witch's pit-hole jist as t' squire an' 'is missis gaanged ridin' by."

"Ah minds," — began Timothy with his withered old face on one side, and a twinkle in his watery grey eyes; but Joseph Sunley spread out his hand imperatively.

"Whisht, whisht, lad! we've nae tahme fer cracks tu-day," he said, "Lot an' mey hes a stiff bit o' wark tu ha' gitten deean."

Reuben and Jeremiah set down their bowls within the cottage and departed more quickly than might have been expected from their slouching figures and slow movements; but Timothy lingered, and then he set down his bowl on the end of Joseph's bench, and fumbled in his grey smock for something which eventually revealed itself in the shape of a horseshoe.

Leaning on his stick, he bent stiffly towards the sexton and held out the rusty treasure.

"Yey's getten a crazzler oop dhis taam, neaghber," then his treble sunk into a whisper, to the offence of Lot Groves, who, being eighteen or so, considered himself old enough to be taken into confidence on anything, especially anything respecting his work, which he conceived the term "crazzler" referred to.

Timothy went on impressively, "Gin ah wint diggin t' hole fer t' awd divvul dam lahke yon, an' bided sae negh t' kirk-geates," he looked over each shoulder fearfully, "ah'd neal 'im oop o' t' dure sill. Ah seed 'im liggin i' t' rooad, an' ah sez, 'Ah'll gi' 'im tu Maister Sunley, ah wilz;' an' ah picks 'im oop, an' ah's brout 'im. Ah seayd ah waad, an' ah deed." He held out the horseshoe and shook his head warningly.

Joseph Sunley's queer, twisted mouth curled into a sneer; he smiled pityingly at the old man's outstretched hand, and put both his own hands in his pockets.

"Theer, theer, Timothy! Dhoo means weel, ah knaws, bud dhoo gaums nowt, — gang awa', bairn," he said, as the half-offended, half-frightened old man turned away, and began feebly to hobble down hill. "Noo, Lot," Sunley said sharply, "let's be gangin'; t' awd hoit's geean aof i' a hunch; noo yey git to wark, yey munnut loaf onny mair."

Lot departed to fetch his mattock and spade, while Joseph carefully washed and put away the bowls. Then he crossed over to the churchyard, and stood beside the spot which he had chosen for poor old Prudence Wrigley's grave. It was an eerie dark corner in an angle of the ground beneath a withered brown fir-tree; no other grave was near it, and Joseph congratulated himself on his choice.

"Noo, then," he called out as Lot came in sight with his implements, "dhoo mun dig wiv a will, lad, an' we'll pit her far

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

doon, an' yey mun be seear to lig t' eearth heavy on her tu morn. Woonkers! we'll keep her quiet atween us," he added vindictively; "gin t' parson wad hev bin guided sheea'd nut ha' bin liggin' i' t' kirk geeates, bud at t' cross rooads."

Lot made no answer; he was digging fast, but there was a sour, discontented look on his face.

"Gin ah'd a knawed t' wark yey waaz set on, Maister Sunley," he said when he left off for a moment to scratch his curly red head, "ah'd nut hev stayed i' Burneston tu-day. Gin ye knawed sae mich on yon awd lass 'at ah knaws, yey'd nut hev ligged her sae negh yursel, ye'd titter tak a teead by t' feeace."

Joseph's chin was jerked up at this insinuation.

"Mind thoo thy diggin', lad," he said compassionately, "it's mair thy ain wark dhen skeealin' thy betters is."

Lot looked yet more sullen, but he dug on with stubborn strength that promised soon to complete the trench, flinging up the shovelfuls of rich brown earth with wonderful rapidity.

Joseph pottered about giving directions to the digger from time to time. He turned away at the click of the churchyard gate, and peering under his crooked fingers he saw Rose Duncombe coming up towards the porch.

Sunley moved stiffly towards her, and Rose, seeing him, left the path and came down to meet him between the graves with their green sods and mouldering mossed headstones. She had been away ever since the wedding, minding the younger brothers and sisters of one of her rich schoolfellows, while their governess was absent in ill health. The change of air and scene had made her, Joseph thought, "bonnier" than ever, and yet she looked cross and discontented this morning.

"Weel, lass," he said, "an' how's yey sped wi' t' skeealin'?"

"I hate it," she said pettishly, "an' I won't do no more on't; to be found fault wi' and lectured, and spied on. My word, Mr. Sunley, I might as well have been one o' them American niggers." Sunley shook his head, and she went on more blithely. "But, Mr. Sunley, I want to know if the young squire's coming home wi' t' others. Gran'mother 's deaf as the door, an' she says she knows nowt."

"Shea's varra reet, varra reet, lass. Maist on ye wimin knaws nowt, bud hardlys yan mang yey'll awn till 't. Iz t' yung squire comin' yam, seys yey — neea, t' yungun bides at skeeal;" then looking sharply at her clouded face, "bud what fur diz yey ax, lass? Yey'll all ha' plenty o' talk aboot t' missis's gowns an' bonnets; zouns! theer's nut bin sik a wonder i' Burneston sin ah wur born."

Rose shook her shoulder backwards and forwards like a pettish child.

"My word, Maister Sunley, ye're growing old, an' no mistake; d'ye s'pose I haven't seen plenty o' gowns, and bonnets too, as fine as Doris's will be?"

Joseph shook his head with marked disapproval.

"Whisht, lass!" he waved his hand with authority. "Yey mun think waat yey pleease, bud ye mun speak o' t' squire's missis as ye wad o' onny other body o' t' quality; yey munnut talk o' Doris. Sheea's Mrs. Burneston noo."

"T' quality!" Rose's little impertinent nose turned up with her scorn, and she grew red with anger. "Eh, Maister Sunley, ye make a body laugh, ye do. I s'pose ye're glamoured too. I came" — she sank her voice to a whisper, for she saw that the red head appearing above the edge of the newly-dug grave was turned in a listening attitude — "to give you a warning."

The sexton laughed; he looked sideways at Rose.

"Coom, coom, lass, yey wants tu skeeal mey, di' yu?"

"Yes, I do," she said, gravely; "gran'-mother an me's both of one mind about this. Ye've no right to lay that wretched old woman so near us; an' if half's true that's said, I wonder you're not afraid yourself. I don't believe such stupid tales but I s'pose you do, Mr. Sunley."

He looked at her full of stern rebuke.

"Ye're fond, lass; ye sud read yur Bible. Deead yey nivvers hear tell o' t' witch o' Endor? Bud t' liggin her in t' kirk-geate's naane o' mah wark; 'twaaz t' parson's sel."

Lot Groves had an unbounded though sheepish admiration for Rose, and the present was such an opportunity for taking his fill of gazing unseen, that he stood still in the grave, spade in hand, eyes and mouth opened roundly.

"Well," said Rose carelessly, "after all, you may be right, but I don't see why a woman is to be called a witch —— "

"Whisht, bairn, whisht!" from Sunley, but she went on as if he had not spoken.

"Just because she's old and ugly; it seems to me young and good-looking ones may be witches. Maybe the squire's as much 'witched as Mr. Barugh's cows

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

were. Ye needn't glower at me, gaffer, I means what I says."

"Dhen ye mun keep a quiet tongue i' yur head, ye dotteril," he said angrily, catching her by the arm; "gin ah wur tu seay tu t' squire hawf waat yey've bin sayin', he'd hev yey an' yur gran'mother sent awa adrift afore t' morn. Zouns! ye've putten mey i' sik a stuffle ah can hardlys speeak."

He stood trembling with the excitement of his anger at Rose's insinuation. In these three months his first righteous indignation against the squire's marriage had softened, and to-day, in the preparation for the welcome home, he had almost forgotten that Mrs. Burneston had been Doris Barugh. Rose's insolence, as he considered it, was just enough to confirm his growing toleration of the squire's choice.

Rose was also in a towering rage. "Old Sunley," as she called him, had always been considered by her as her especial ally, and while the Barughs lived at Church Farm he had always been ready to find fault with one or another of them, above all with the folly of John Barugh in sending his daughter to a London school. It was not to be endured, she thought, that the old fool should turn round upon her in this way, and she went towards the grave and Lot Groves.

"How d'ye find yerself, Lot?" she said condescendingly, at which Lot nodded loutishly and muttered an unintelligible answer. "I wonder at you, Lot Groves," Rose went on; "I wouldn't be mixed up in such a job. That poor old Prudence won't thank those who help to put her underground; she'd liefer be left above."

"Eh, lass, maybe yey're reet!" Lot scratched his head by way of brightening his ideas. "Ah deant cotton tu t' job. Gin ye nobbut knawed waat ah knaws!" As Joseph turned round and came towards them, Lot fell to vigorous digging.

"Coom, coom, lass," the old man said, "dunnut ye get clavering wi' t' lad to set him aweays landering his tahme."

Rose tossed her head.

"I'm going," she said; "though it's barely civil to turn me out o' t' graveyard. But, Maister Sunley, I want to know what Lot knows about Dame Wrigley. As she's to lie so near us, I have a right to know what she really did. Tell it out, Lot, directly, there's a good lad."

She placed herself between him and the sexton, smiling down at the awkward rustic with such winning sweetness that for the minute Lot forgot the risk of one of Joe Sunley's lectures in such a glimpse of Paradise.

Lot peered behind her at the sexton. "Ye mun coom negher, lass," he whispered. "Ah cannut tell 't to mair nor yan at yance — it's a fearsome tellin'."

Rose went close to the edge of the grave, but Sunley followed and took her arm. "Ah's shamed on yey," he said, "mellin' wiv t' lad. What hes come tiv ye, lass? Gan yam tu yur gran'mother, yey trash," he muttered between his teeth.

Rose still lingered. She smiled brightly at Lot, and made signs for him to speak; but when she saw him return to his digging, she left with a look of disgust.

"What a poor, mean-spirited hulk the fellow is!" she said. "He should stand by me against that old fool."

She strolled out of the churchyard as lazily as she had come in. She could not enter into the general rejoicings; even for the pleasure of seeing the squire. Her childish worship had been checked by the news of Mr. Burneston's love for Doris; Doris who despised her, and who would set her husband against her.

There was plenty of amusement to be found in Burneston this afternoon. The great gates down at the Hall had stood open all day, and the few small children of the village had slipped in through the stable yard and indulged themselves with a survey through the inner gates, also wide open. Some of the more adventurous spirits longed to mount the time-worn steps and penetrate into what might lie within the glass door in the quaint Elizabethan doorway, or adventure themselves among the flower-beds of the garden beyond the side of the house farthest from the gates; but Mrs. Emmett had managed to inspire these youngsters with as much awe as was felt by their seniors for Prudence Wrigley herself, and not a child dared trespass within forbidden limits.

But Rose did not trouble herself to go so far as the Hall. There was plenty of preparation to see going on nearer home. The Church Farm really belonged to the vicar, but had been let on a long lease years ago to the squire of Burneston, and now, as the term had nearly expired, Mr. Spencer had announced his intention of farming the property himself, and had offered the large barn beside the rick-yard for the welcome-home supper to be given in.

Rose went in through the white gate; but she did not turn aside to the farmhouse. A laboring man named Shadrach Swaddles and his wife inhabited it now,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

and it had lost all the trim aspect which Mrs. Barugh's fresh muslin curtains used to give to its windows. But when the girl reached the rickyard, she stopped. Mr. Spencer and his housekeeper stood beside the barn in earnest talk, and Rose, in her present mood, shrank from all the "Doris-ites," as she irreverently called them. Mrs. Riccall, who had been always kind and friendly to her, had so praised the bride on her wedding-day that she was henceforward numbered among Rose's enemies, while Mrs. Emmett, who had snubbed and blamed her for her forward ways in childhood, was now high in the pettish girl's favor, simply because she had looked so sourly at the ceremony.

"I wonder she stays to be at the beck and call of such a mistress; she's got a rare sperrit too. I can't make it out."

Faith had been saying almost the same words to herself all day. Now that the trial drew so near, she wondered why she had stopped to face it. She had written to Ralph and said she must leave Burneston even before the wedding — she could not stay to see such a person as Doris Barugh put in his dead mother's place; but Ralph's answer had been peremptory. He bid her not be selfish. "Who," he asked, "would there be to see after me and my comforts if you went away? If I were to be ill, I should like to know who could nurse me. No, Faith; don't you say the least word about leaving, or give any cause of offence to my father's wife, or you'll get the sack at once, you may be sure. She'll be only too glad to have the excuse of packing you off."

And at the time this letter had pacified Faith, and she had reproached herself for thinking of her own feelings and what was due to her when her darling was going to be so ill used. Yes, she would stay for the sake of her darling boy — for Mrs. Emmett held the opinion that there never had been at Burneston such a housekeeper as she had made. "If I geeas," she said, "that fond dotteril Martha Haselgrave taks mah pleeace, an' ivverything gans to rewin."

Now that she had seen that all through the house was at its best and brighest, and she had dressed herself so as to look her best in a black silk gown (Master Ralph's gift), and a cap trimmed with pink bows, she sat down in her own little snuggery to think. In those few moments it seemed to Faith that she had made a great mistake. All the little details of her office — the infinity of little ways in which, if Mrs. Burneston chose, she could mortify and humble the housekeeper — rose up before her with glaring distinctness. She told herself she was a fool, — and her rage and scorn against the upstart wife coming home to reign in her dead lady's place, burst out in a fierce storm of abuse.

"I can do this," she said, her yellow eyes bright with anger: "t' first tahme she gies mey a lofty look or word, I gangs to t' squire an' ah seays I'se bin used to t' quality, an' I cannut bide wiv sik as mey-sel'. Ralph cannut expect the like fra mey."

She frowned till her dark brows met, and her closely-set teeth and compressed lips made her face even shorter than usual. Gradually the woman's strong will curbed the wild beast within, and she smiled in pity at her own folly. Her eyelids drooped till the fierce, malicious eyes showed only like two dark curves of lashes, and the thin lips relaxed. What a fool she was to shrink from this raw, untaught girl, instead of resolving to be Doris's mistress! "Looks wunnut deea ivverything. She'll hev to larn t' ways o' t' quality, an' I knaws 'em; an' he'll see I knaws her mistaks. I'se an awd feeal. Me 'ats been wiv t' quality years an' years, to be feeared on a lass fra a boardin'-skeeal! I mun show her how to guide herself. I munnit let her skeeal mey in nowt."

She acted out her purpose. As the carriage drove up to the door Faith stood ready in the midst of the hall, and greeted her new mistress with a reverent curtsy and a gracious countenance. Doris looked round timidly, but with a bright smile, and Mr. Burneston hurried after her and gave her his arm.

Faith followed them silently up-stairs and along the lighted gallery till the squire paused before the door of the rooms which had been furnished and decorated for Doris. He led the way through a small sitting-room into the dressing-room beyond.

Then Mrs. Emmett stepped forward and threw open the red baize doors, and then those within, showing a large chamber with a glowing wood fire, and tall wax candles blazing on the dressing-table, in huge candle-sticks shaped like a fluted column mounted on a square of silver steps.

Faith went forward, drew the candles in front of the toilet-glass, and then lighted another pair fixed to a tall swing-glass close by; then she came up to Mr. Burneston, who had led Doris to the cosy armchair beside the fire.

"Shall I wait on Mrs. Burneston, sir,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

whiles t' maid has sorted t' boxes? Mebbe Mrs. Burneston's tired."

The squire was pleased. He had been rather anxious about Faith's behavior, and he had been surprised that after her hostile looks and ways she had shown no inclination to leave the Hall. He nodded pleasantly.

"How are you, Emmett?" he said: Then going close up to his wife, "Doris, this is Mrs. Emmett, your housekeeper, a very old servant of the house. Can she wait on you till Burnett comes?"

Doris had thought, too, about the formidable Mrs. Emmett, and had resolved to see her as little as should be possible. She glanced up at the dark, expressive face, but it baffled her scrutiny. Faith's eyes were bent on the ground.

"Thank you, Mrs. Emmett," the girl said, "but I am so chilled that I believe I shall be glad to sit still and warm myself till the maid is ready."

CHAPTER XX.

THE NEW MISTRESS AT THE HALL.

Doris felt that her plans for the improvement of the village girls — those plans so prominent once in her dreams of the future — must of necessity be postponed. Her husband carefully avoided any allusion to her former state, and this very avoidance taught Doris that he wished her also to bury it in silence. It was therefore imperative that at first she should keep aloof as much as possible from the villagers.

The first Sunday at church was rather a trial. As she walked up the aisle she felt that every eye was fixed on her. It was comforting to find herself completely screened by the wooden walls of the huge square pew at which she had gazed so reverently in former days. She remembered now, with a smile, how she had wondered if the carving on the upper panels of the pew had any hidden meaning in its masks and flowers, and whether the cross-legged figure of a man in armor against the wall on the right was an image of one of Mr. Burneston's forefathers. Now that she knew a little more about cross-legged knights, her heart swelled proudly at the thought that she might reckon this unknown warrior among her husband's ancestors, for the Burnestons had been esquires of that ilk from the days of the Conqueror, therefore the cross-legged man in chain-armor must be one of them.

Dreams of the future distracted Doris throughout the service, and she read the tablets with a flush of pride as she thought that a record on the old walls would place her name among the ladies of Burneston.

Going out of church, they went through the small door, and then into the glebe-field by Mr. Spencer's little gate, and thus escaped a second ordeal.

Mr. Burneston wished to take Doris through the rickyard, and to the gate where he had first seen her swinging and singing the prophetic jingle; but there were too many spectators just now, and he noticed that she walked on quickly and silently, as if she wanted to avoid notice.

Mr. Spencer had soon overtaken them, panting with haste.

"Good day, good day; very glad to see you home, Mrs. Burneston," he said. "I should have called yesterday, but I thought you would be too busy for visitors. "Well, my dear young lady," he added more familiarly, "I hope you find everything all right. I assure you Mrs. Emmett has been indefatigable. I've no doubt you'll get on very well with her."

He was walking beside Doris. Mr. Burneston had dropped behind, as the path across the field was narrow. She raised her head stiffly, and looked at the vicar gravely.

"Yes, I fancy Mrs. Emmett is a very good servant," she said.

Mr. Spencer winced. He felt somehow humbled by this fair young creature; but Doris went on courteously,—

"I hope you will come and see us soon. Mr. Burneston has bought several pictures in Italy — I know he wants to show them to you; and we have some fine cameos, and other things worth seeing."

Mr. Burneston came forward, and walked on the grass beside them.

"Yes, come in now, Spencer," he said; "if you wait till after afternoon service there will be no light to look at pictures by. How does Shadrach manage the farm?"

"Well enough; but his wife is a nuisance. She's a pretty, fresh-faced, golden-haired sloven — she's from the south, you know. I believe it would make poor Mrs. Barugh's hair stand on end to — to" — here the vicar became conscious and purple-faced; he ended his sentence in a faltering gasp — "I mean the house is so untidy in comparison with what it used to be."

They had just reached the vicarage, separated from the glebe-field by a narrow holly-hedged road.

"Won't you come on to the Hall?" said the squire.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"No, thank you, Philip," the vicar said, carefully avoiding to look at Doris; "I can't to-day, but I'll look in soon."

This was the first ruffle that had come into Mrs. Burneston's married life.

In travelling they had met with many pleasant strangers, and also with some of her husband's London friends, who knew nothing about the story of his marriage. All these persons had greatly admired Mrs. Burneston, and had plainly received her as an equal. She liked her husband more and more as his good qualities revealed themselves, and as she saw his unfailing kindness and ready courtesy, even amid the trials of temper and patience attendant on travelling in days when foreign railways were only beginning, and her own manners had gained much in outward sweetness and gentleness from daily association with him.

It seemed to her now, as she walked on silently beside her husband to the Hall, that she had received a sudden awakening to the reality of her position, and at the same time she felt a strong dislike to the man who had shown her this reality.

"He is just like that country clergyman we met in Venice," she thought; "class and good looks are all he thinks necessary for a woman. My education has done nothing for me in his eyes; he would say, if he told the truth, 'It may have made her fit to teach others, it could never make her fit to marry Philip Burneston.'" Her vexation sank deeper because she kept it entirely to herself, and though her husband noticed her unusual silence, he did not attempt to disturb it. He thought it a fresh charm.

"She is feeling the responsibilities she has undertaken," the happy man said to himself. "The service has doubtless impressed her, such a mind as hers must digest weighty thoughts seriously."

Next morning it seemed to Doris that she must begin her life in earnest. The arrangements of her rooms were completed, and Mr. Burneston had taken her all over the house himself. The only part of her little kingdom of which she had not taken formal possession was the garden, and at breakfast she said this to her husband.

"I want to have the garden very pretty," she went on. "Mrs. Maynard told me at Florence that the most successful gardens are those for which the lady plans the arrangement of her own flower-beds."

Mr. Burneston laughed.

"Well," he said, "I suppose you will have your own way with Slater, as you have it with us all. But I can tell you, I'm a good deal afraid of him, and I expect you will discover that he has privately a great contempt for the 'maister's nooations.' I have a way of gathering flowers when I want them that seems to annoy him immensely. I got into great trouble about the flowers I used to send to you, darling."

Doris laughed.

"I won't gather flowers then," she said. "I'm very glad to be guided about Mr. Slater, but I shall try to have my own way with those flower-beds below my side windows. I have an idea about them that I think will be pretty."

She found Slater in the vinery, which, with the other greenhouses, were at some distance from the house, near the fruit garden. His hands were stuffed in his rusty brown pockets, his hat was pushed to the back of his head, and his freckled face and thick red eyebrows were puckered into a highly discontented expression as he surveyed the grapes.

He just nodded in answer to Doris's greeting, but he looked as troubled as before, and his eyes went up again to the black bunches overhead.

"You have a good show of grapes still," said Doris, meaning to be propitiatory.

He grunted, and then glanced at her sideways out of his sly blue eye.

"Ah'd be mazed if theear waaz a bad show, ov owt 'at ahs getten tu deea wiv," he said, raising his chin still higher; "bud ah recknons t' graapes 'll be needed noo. Tahme waaz dhay'd hing o' ther stalks fra yah year's ind tiv anither an' thin t' squire 'd seh, 'Gi 'em tu t' bairns, Slaater,' hed seay, 'Gi 'em tu t' bairns.'"

Doris thought the man presuming, but she took no notice.

"I am very fond of flowers," she said with dignity, "and I think those side flower-beds may be made very pretty in summer-time."

Slater's mouth twisted, one corner going up towards his eye, and the other downwards, till it seemed as if it would not come straight again; but he bestowed a bland smile on his new mistress.

"Weel, yey see," he said, "ah nivvers waits fer summer, missis; mah fleuers begins 'arly, at' t' weather letz 'em bloa. Wat fur sud ah wait? Theers nemonies, an' saxifrages, an' sedums, an' semperwivums, an' wall-fleuers, an' daffydowndillies, an' white alyssum, an' as monny mair tu mak t' gardin wiv. Yey can hev mignonette an' stocks teeah agin yey wants chaange," he added condescendingly.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Doris shook her head. There had been a far more modern and experienced gardener than Slater at Pelican House. Miss Phillimore had taken great pride in her flowers, and Doris meant at least to rival Miss Phillimore.

"They are all common spring flowers. I want something choice in the summer. I suppose you have some young plant cuttings from last year, have you not?" she said, as if she knew all about it.

Slater had picked up a bit of straw, and was twisting it slowly between his fingers.

"Neea, neea, missis; deeant yey hamper yursel wi' neah-fangled nooations; dhey yaalus fashous. T' fleuers yaalus deeaz reet weel, an' ah's a plenty. Noos an' thans ah chaanges wiv a neeghber's gardiner, Maister Boothroyd's ur Lord Moorside's, but t' plaant 'at ah handles iz seear tu thraave, sae dunnut feel parlous about t' fleuers, yey 'v nowt tu deea bud tu gether 'em."

"I don't want to interfere with your gardening" — Mrs. Burneston felt her face flushing — "but I wish to choose the colors for these beds. We can use the plants you have," she said gently, "and, Mr. Slater, I am very fond of creeping plants; will you plant some against the house? If you will follow me, I will show you where I want them."

The gardener followed her, pushing out his under lip.

"There," said Doris, "I wish something pretty against that bare wall."

"Weel, weel, missus, ah'll think it ower, and ah'll see whither it can be deean; mebbe it can, an' sae 'at it is sae, ah'll mak a better job on't dhen anither wad. D'ye seea 'at tree, missis?" He pointed to one of the cedars on the lawn. "Weel, t' squire cums yam, an' seays, seays he, 'Slaater, leetnin's struck t' cedar, an' it'll dee reet aweay,' an' ah just leeaks an' ah sehs, 'Deeant yeh fash yersel', leeave t' cedar-tree to mey,' an' 'e sehs, 'Tak it tu yursel', Slaater,' 'e sehs. An' ah jist splices t' tree oop, an' ah fills oop tay hole wi' yeth, an' ah nusses t' tree; an' when t' squire cooms yam 'e sehs, 'Wheea, Slaater,' 'e sehs, 'wheear's 't sick tree?' an' ah laffed o' mey inside, ah deead, fer 'e cudn't makit oot. Ee waaz fair capt, t' squire waaz, tu think o' t' tree comin' round. 'Theer s naebody cud ha' din it bud yey, Slaater,' 'e ses, an' 'e wah reet."

Doris smiled.

"It's a fine tree," she said; then, for once unbending from her hatred of vanity, "you were very clever to save it. You'll remember that wall, then. Good morning."

Slater had been looking at her almost for the first time fully, and her smile did more in her favor than her words.

"Sheea's bud a lass," he said to himself as his mistress moved slowly and gracefully towards the house; "bud ah thinks sheea knaws 'er pleace — sheea's a bonny feeace, an' sheea moves lahke a duchis. 'Gin sheea disn't mell on 'em sheea mey cheease t' fleuers noos an' thans, thof them new-fangled nooations plays awd Soss wi' t' gardins; bud it's t' saame wiv ivverything, t' lasses ur yallus mellin'."

CHAPTER XXI.

VISITORS AT THE HALL.

At luncheon her husband said to Doris, "I want to get your father and George over for a few days to see you, my dear. D'ye think your mother will come too if you ask her?"

Doris blushed. She was alone with her husband; but there were feelings in her heart which she could not share with him.

"You are very kind," she said, then with hesitation, "I will ask father and George, but I know my mother dislikes to leave home."

This was true, and yet Doris felt as if she had glossed the truth, for of all the three she thought that her mother would be the most willing to accept such an invitation, and she knew that it would disturb her to have her mother as a visitor at the Hall.

Mr. Burneston felt secretly relieved.

"Very well," he said kindly, "then ask Mr. Barugh and George, and tell them to come soon. I shall be glad of your father's advice on several points, and you must be longing to show my old friend George all the treasures you picked up abroad."

For a moment this speech grated on Doris. Really she shrank from having any of her family at the Hall, but if her husband loved her as dearly as she quite believed he did, why could he not look on her kindred as parts of herself instead of finding reasons for their coming to Burneston? She was too just, however, to cherish such a thought. She had chosen him, and she was happy with him. Moreover, she owed him a debt for having chosen her, and she could pay this debt, which often burdened her pride, pay it fully by sacrificing all she loved to her husband.

She looked up at him with her sweet, gracious smile.

"Thank you, dear. I will write to fa-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ther and ask him and George to come for a few days."

It is sometimes a curious study to watch the effect produced by two persons of different temperament on the same mind under parallel circumstances.

Years ago, in the early days of his married life, Philip Burneston had sometimes wearied of the petty duties in the way of personal attention which his wife exacted; now he lavished these on Doris; he seemed to anticipate her slightest wish; he loved her with far more strength and fervor than he had ever loved; but much of the cause of of this change lay in Doris. She was not self-helpful. A kind of indolence, fostered by her love of reverie and self-contemplation, made her like to be waited on, although she did not care for being petted; but, spite of this, she was too proud ever to ask for help or to seem to exact it. She rarely offered it to others, and therefore she could not ask for it for herself. But as her husband followed her up-stairs into her pretty little sitting-room, and she stood quietly while he drew her chair and her Davenport close to the fire, then opened her writing-case and placed everything ready for her use,—

"You spoil me, dear," she said, but she smiled gratefully and bent down and kissed him as he stooped over the writing-table. The kiss gave rapture to the lover-like husband, and he thought that no happiness could equal his.

He lingered while she sat down to write. Her regular, punctual habits amused him. School-life still clung to Doris. She had no light occupations, none of the ease in getting rid of time without seeming to waste it, which society would have taught her. Already she had planned out the order of her days, and meant to carry into execution her rule of life steadily.

The house bell and the loud chorus of barking announced an arrival before the sound of wheels came crunching over the gravel before the entrance door.

"Visitors for you, I fancy," her husband smiled rather mischievously. "Where will you see these people, my pet? Hazelgrave will be coming directly to ask you."

Doris did not look frightened or puzzled. She thought a moment, and then she said simply, "I should like to do whatever your mother did, Philip, and I think she would have received her friends in the drawing-room."

She had never once alluded to his first wife. The portrait of her dead mother-in-law hung in her room, a sweet-faced, fair-skinned, timid-looking woman in a large cap. Doris felt a kind of protecting fondness for the original she had created for this portrait.

"Do as you like, darling," her husband said, and then having waited while Doris gave the order to the butler, Mr. Burneston took her down-stairs to her visitors, a Mr. and Mrs. Boothroyd.

The husband was ordinary-looking, with a waxen complexion and round dark eyes; he evidently considered these eyes expressive, although they failed to convey to others any idea beyond that of complete self-satisfaction. Mrs. Boothroyd had no doubt been pretty in her youth. She was a blonde with thin lips, round which a chronic sarcasm hovered, while her small blue eyes travelled over Doris's dress, taking note of everything.

She talked in a stately way, ending each sentence with a glance at Doris, as if she were teaching; but when her spouse spoke, or rather seemed about to speak, she subsided into silence.

Mr. Boothroyd delivered his sentences with effect, his words rolling as it were round his tongue, his chest expanded before he propelled them into utterance.

"You have really been such runaways we began to give you up." There was a patronizing sweetness in Mrs. Boothroyd's smile that annoyed Doris. "We thought you never were coming home."

Doris checked the stiffness she felt rising within her, for she saw that her husband was watching her.

"We always meant to stay away three months," she said carelessly. "We thought ourselves rather good to come home so soon. We wanted to be in Rome at Easter."

"Ah, just so, people do——" Mr. Boothroyd puffed and looked with benignant condescension at Mrs. Burneston; "but really one gets so tired of that sort of thing, aw—you perhaps have never done it; but it's really—aw—always the same, and aw—I find the music and the services, and so on, a great bore."

If Mr. Boothroyd had worn moustaches he would certainly have twirled them at the end of his sentence. Not having moustaches to twirl, he stood on the hearth-rug with his legs wider apart than usual.

Doris smiled. "Everything is new to me, so everything amuses me," she said.

Mr. Boothroyd was charmed with her, he liked women to be beautiful, that was a part of their vocation, and perhaps the best part, as in this special quality a woman could really equal a man, and see-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ing the rare excellence of Mrs. Burneston's beauty, he was far more inclined to excuse his friend's foolish marriage than Mrs. Boothroyd was.

"You are going to town after Easter, I suppose," the lady said, wondering to herself, meantime, whether Doris had had her gown made in Paris, and feeling that her own handsome clothes were old-fashioned and clumsy in comparison.

"Oh, no, we shall stay here. I should not care to go away just as the flowers are coming out."

Mrs. Boothroyd's eyebrows rose, and her thin lips pinched into a pitying smile.

"My dear Mrs. Burneston, there are plenty of flowers to be had in London, and besides, you can have them in the autumn. At your age you are courageous to give up balls, and the opera, and the park. Why, Mr. Burneston," she appealed to the squire, who was talking politics with her husband, "surely you mean to have Mrs. Burneston presented on her marriage — it is quite the right thing to do, you know," she looked at him inquiringly, and a tinge of color came into the squire's face.

"I had not thought of it," he said; "but if my wife wishes it, we can easily go to town. At present she has so much to make acquaintance with here that she is quite content to stay at Burneston."

"Yes, yes, I understand, that is a matter of course; but you know duties must have precedence over likings;" this, though spoken in a lower tone, was audible to Doris, who grew pale with annoyance; "it is naturally all so new to Mrs. Burneston, such a delightful change; but you and I can judge better what she should do than she can." Then she turned quickly to Doris, before Mr. Burneston was ready with an answer. "I shall be glad to be of use to you, my dear," she said with a lofty smile; "if you want advice about housekeeping, or little matters of etiquette, and so on — as no doubt you will — I shall really take pleasure in being of use; do not hesitate to consult me," she said this heartily.

Mr. Burneston's anger gathered slowly; he bit his lip, but he was silent.

Doris felt and looked angry; but this was lost on Mrs. Boothroyd, bent on fulfilling her self-chosen duty of trying to fit her neighbor's wife for the position to which she had been raised. "I can recommend you an excellent maid," she went on, "just the sort of person you want, who will think for you, choose your dresses, and so on."

The immovable silence of her listener here attracted her attention, and she stopped. Mr. Burneston was talking to Mr. Boothroyd, but the stiff tone of Doris's "thank you" reached her husband's ears through Mr. Boothroyd's puffed-out platitudes.

"We seem to have a good housekeeper, and I am satisfied with my maid," Doris said; and then she stopped abruptly.

"Yes, all the servants remain," said Mr. Burneston.

Mrs. Boothroyd felt snubbed.

"Poor thing!" she said to herself, "what a terrible want of manner! This must be improved."

"Are you fond of needlework?" she said with a kind smile, that for the moment made Doris feel that she had been uncourteous.

"No, I like books much better."

"Ah, yes; books, my dear, are all very well on a wet day, or when one is ill, and so on; but society could not go on if every one liked reading. Just imagine your house full of visitors and every one reading books, what would become of conversation? Depend upon it, in your position a love of reading is just the thing you are called on to sacrifice. Berlin work is far more sociable, and better in every way — besides, it is a thing that is done. I assure you I have some damask roses worked on silk canvas, which you will take for real when you see them." She spoke pityingly, as if she were humoring a spoilt child.

Mr. Boothroyd had been hovering over the two ladies like an amiable vulture, and he now pounced on the opening his wife's pause gave, and seized the conversation.

"Yes, yes, indeed those roses simply lack perfume — that is all — my wife is a wonderful worker — actually she brings her wool-work down to breakfast, and I hear her counting the threads of her canvas while she makes tea. Aw — a charming song might be written on it. It's a sweetly feminine art, strictly feminine and charming," he looked expressively at Doris. "A woman never seems so much a woman as when she has her needle in her fingers; you — aw — I presume, are gifted in this art."

Doris laughed, she was not sure whether Mr. Boothroyd was quite in earnest.

"No, I am not, and it seems to me that women who give themselves up entirely to fancy-work lose time that might be better given to reading and learning."

This retort was too much for Mr. Booth-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

royd; he puffed, and spluttered, and laughed as if it was an excellent joke.

"Aw — ha — ha — very good; but, my dear Mrs. Burneston, you have left school now, and have done with lesson books. Aw — of what use can learning, or reading either, be to a woman when she marries? Eh, Burneston?"

Doris felt that her face was flushing, she looked appealingly at her husband.

"You don't agree with this, I'm sure," she said.

Mr. Burneston laughed. He thought Mr. Boothroyd a bore, and he mentally called him "conceited ass," and he was annoyed with Mrs. Boothroyd, but he felt obliged to answer his wife's question.

"Well," he said, "I agree partly with Boothroyd, and partly with you. I think if a lady can amuse herself with a book, so much the better for her; but fancy needle-work is, no doubt, a sort of safety-valve against too much learning;" and then, as he really felt no interest in the subject, he proposed to show his friends the pictures and objects of curiosity he had brought from Italy, quite unconscious how much his words had upset Doris.

"A conceited, assumptive young person," Mrs. Boothroyd said sternly as the carriage drove through the gates.

"My dear, she's lovely enough to excuse anything; and, Barbara, you made a mistake in interfering about dress. Why, Mrs. Burneston is perfect altogether, no alteration could improve her elegance."

"Pray don't be foolish, Reginald;" his wife had reddened considerably. "You've always got some new beauty to admire, that nothing could improve. I'm tired of such nonsense."

Mr. Burneston did not go back to his wife's room when the visitors had departed, and Doris stood still where they had left her — musing sadly.

"Are they all right in what they say?" she thought. "If they are, my mother and Rose are right, and a woman's life can only be right when it is given up to petty aims and petty occupations." She pressed her hand tightly against her forehead and stood thinking; the ghosts of her past visions rose up before her with the plans of usefulness she had created. She tapped the floor impatiently with her foot. No, her peculiar position at Burneston crippled these plans; years must pass before she could shake off the memory that attached to her there.

"That patronizing, disagreeable woman is right," she said. "I will go to London, and try to learn how a woman can gain such power and influence that all the world looks up to her."

CHAPTER XXII.

AT THE CAIRN.

THE new home of the Barughs was far away from Burneston.

John Barugh had found it impossible to get what he wanted near the sea; indeed, he had been too dispirited and sore-hearted to take much interest in this new venture, except so far as regarded the quality of the land; and when he was suddenly offered a small but fertile farm lying chiefly in a valley beside a river, he went to see it, and was satisfied; he made his bargain at once, without any reference to Dorothy, or her comforts and tastes, though the farmhouse belonging was not built beside the river, but on the wild moor above the crags, which shut in the valley from a grand range of surrounding hills.

When first Dorothy heard that the Cairn, as the new farm was called, stood about a thousand feet above the sea, she rejoiced. Next to having sea breezes, she said, it was the best possible thing that could happen for George to live in such pure, invigorating air. But when she reached her new home, and saw a long, low range of stone buildings, newly slated, with scarcely any tree or garden ground, and all round, as far as her eyes could reach, a desolate expanse of moor, she burst into sudden tears, and turned angrily on her husband, who was helping her out of the dog-cart.

"O Lor', what a dreadful place! It's too bad, John, I declare it is," she said vehemently. "Why, I shall be buried alive. I might as well be in the churchyard."

John's heavy eyebrows were frowning, but he looked more grieved than angry.

"It's yur ain wark," he said. "Yee've made yur bed, an' yey mun lig on 't. Yee've ta'en t' joy fra uz, noo ivvery pleace iz t' same wivoot t' lass."

This was the first spoken reproach he had addressed to her, and it so soothed Dorothy with a comforting sense of her own superior judgment, that she walked silently into her new home. After all, it did not much matter that the situation was lonely; the mother of Mrs. Burneston of Burneston Hall could not have visited the wives of other farmers, supposing that there had been a neighbor or two within reach.

"Gentlefolks' houses is always far apart," said Mrs. Barugh, and she soon

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

settled herself in the new home. "Doris has become a real lady, and her family must rise with her," Dorothy argued; "and, sure enough, she gets all her pretty, taking ways from me," said the poor woman, as she looked at herself in the glass. "If a gentleman had come in my way when I was young, who's to say what might have happened?" Here her conscience smote her. "God forgive me!" she said; "my man has been a good husband to me — none better."

On the whole, however, she had a timid shrinking from grand folks, as she called them; she had keenly felt, spite of all, the difference between her daughter's ways and her own.

Doris had written several letters from abroad, but they had not heard tidings of her return home till her letter of invitation arrived.

John read the letter, and then passed it on to his wife; he rested his elbow on the table, and shaded his face with his hand. Dorothy looked vexed, but she passed the letter on to George without remark; she felt vexed to be left out, but in her heart she was relieved, and thankful that her old-fashioned clothes would not be exposed to the prying eyes of Mrs. Emmett; but she did not intend this thankfulness to be known to her husband and her son.

George read the letter, frowned over it, and then looked at his father.

"Well, father," he said.

"Waats dhoo think, lad?" John kept his face shaded by his hand.

"I'se fain Doris has axed yey," George said. "She's not forgotten that she's the same as oursels."

George had not come to the Cairn with his father and mother, he had stayed some time with Mr. Hawnby, who took a warm interest in the lad, and the change had been of service to him; it seemed as if the stormy cloud of conflicting feelings and opinions which during those two months had brought bitterness and unrest into his peaceful life had cleared away, and left no trace of its visitation except that the depth of George's heart owned a self-knowledge of failings hitherto unexplored, because no temptation had drawn them forth from where they lay coiled like sleeping serpents; he was humbler and gentler than he had been when Doris first arrived at Steersley.

But Dorothy did not understand his meaning. She thought his words presumptuous.

"And that she's not, you foolish lad," she said, with a smile of superior wisdom. "A woman takes the rank of her husband when she marries. Doris is not the same as us now, she's every bit the same as Mr. Burneston now she's his wife." She nodded round triumphantly, for her husband had raised his head, and was looking at her from under his thick red brows.

George sat waiting his father's answer, but John first addressed Dorothy.

"Sheea's mah lass, bliss her, an' ah's fain tu see sheea thinks on uz; bud sheea mun coom an' see mey, ah wunnot bide at t' Hall wiv her."

Dorothy's face flamed with sudden vexation.

"Ah, John, was there ever such a folly! A chance that mayn't come twice in your life, and I've planned out what you're to take and all, and you'll scarcely want a new thing! Why, it's the top stone on the family. George, lad, can't you speak? Tell your father not to be such a simpleton. I sha'n't get over it if he doesn't go, and Doris will be so dreadful disappointed."

A wistful look crossed John's face at the last words, but it did not dwell there; he laid one broad, brown hand on the table, and gave his wife a sad smile.

"Neeah, neeah, Doll. Ah'll not gang to Burneston."

"Oh, John, you ——"

"Whisht, whisht! mah mahnd's sattled, an' yee knaws 'at waat ah's seyd ah means."

George put his hand on his mother's shoulder.

"Father's in t' right," he said earnestly; "he's thinkin' o' Doris, mother; we'll do well to keep away from the Hall."

Mrs. Barugh was completely upset, it seemed to her that her cherished projects and schemes were annihilated. Of what use to say that her daughter was Mrs. Burneston of Burneston Hall, if it became known that none of Doris's family visited her? She broke down in pettish tears, and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"It's too bad," she said, "but it's what I might have looked for. O John! one would think you hadn't got a soul in your body, let alone natural feelings; it's hard enough for me, what neither of you seem to take in, that Doris don't ask her own mother to come and see how she's gettin' on; but it's makin' it worse for me, John, much worse. You know what a come-down I made in marryin' you, and that now you've got a chance of risin' in the world you won't stir a step upwards, I call it downright cruel." A fresh burst of tears followed.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

John gave an impatient groan, and pushed his chair back from the table.

No one spoke for some minutes, and Dorothy sobbed her anger into quietness.

"Mother," George said lovingly, "it's nat'ral you should wish to know how Doris seems in her new life, and if father's willing, mebbe he and I'll go over to Burneston and just see how she does, and bring you word. We'll not bide at t' Hall, father."

John raised his head, but there was no sign of yielding in his face.

"Dhoo can gang if dhoo wilz, lad, bud ah'll nivver set feeat i' Burneston Hall. God knaws, ah'd lahke to sey mah lass, mah wee darlin'," his voice trembled a little; he rose up, a sterner tone came into his voice — "Ah've coom here reet aweay, an' what fur sud ah be sik a feeal as to gan back tu yal 'at ah meeans tu furgit?"

He passed George on his way to the door, but the lad grasped his arm.

"Bide a bit, father. I wants," he cleared his throat, "I wants to say a word or two to you and mother together: wad ye mind if I was to speak to Rose Duncombe an ax her if some day she'll wed with me?"

He grew deathly pale while he spoke, for he felt intensely anxious as to the result of his question; he kept his large, pleading, brown eyes fixed on his father, it was his mother's opposition he dreaded.

John gave him back a long, steadfast gaze, and then he sighed and looked puzzled.

"Mah lad," he said, "ah dizzint seea hoo thoo yams tu keep a wife when thoo's gitten her; Rose is a bonny lass, an' sheeas bin kahnd ti dhu, an' ——"

But Dorothy broke in here.

"Oh, hush, John! how can George marry Rose? It was different before Doris came home; but don't you see now that it would never do? Fancy a lass like Rose being Mr. Burneston's sister-in-law."

George's pale face flushed deeply red.

"Let father speak, mother; he's none so set-up with having Mr. Burneston for a son-in-law that he would put aside my happiness because of him."

His son's words seemed to give the farmer the clue he wanted, the puzzled look left his eyes, and he looked down gravely, but not unkindly, at Dorothy.

"T' lasses iz aye fond," he said; "big and lahtle's t' same. Dhoo seays 'at ah's nut gude eneeaf fer thoo, an' yit thoo winnut hev t' lad wed wiv a lass 'at can nivvers fling at 'im 'at he's nut so gude as sheea is; gin t' lad mun wed, let 'im hev a wife 'at cannut cock her neb at 'im, an' mak 'im feel sair at heart." Then to George he said, "Gin Rose can mak dhoo happy, lad, dhoo may win her. Ye'll hev nae needs tu wark, thank God, but dhoo's ower yung to wed."

He left the long, low room so abruptly that both Dorothy and George stood still a minute listening to the meaning of his words; then the conscience-stricken woman sank into a chair and put her apron up to her face — she shrank even from her son's eyes.

George waited, but she sat still and silent; her husband's words had torn away the curtain of reserve that had lain between his heart and hers, and she saw the wounds her silly, only half-meant discontent had made. Absorbed in this new thought, she had forgotten all about Rose and George when her son took her hand and spoke.

"You see father is willing. Mother, say you're willing too. Rose has a loving heart, though she hesn't been as well taught as you hev; but, mother, if you'll only love her, she'll do anything to please you, I know she will."

Mrs. Barugh looked up hastily. All her love for her darling came back in full tide, and she saw with a mother's instinct the danger that lay before him. Her heart was so full just then that she flung her arms round her boy's neck and cried on his shoulder.

"I won't speak against Rose, dear. I don't want to vex you, my boy — I couldn't; but, oh! do be sure she loves you, George; don't take her just because she says yes for the sake of a home and smart clothes."

George held up his head and drew himself away.

"Mother, I'm a poor limping lad, but I believe this trouble has been good for me in some ways; it has taught me not to set much store by myself. Maybe Rose 'll say nay to me, an' if she does, ye may rest sure I'll not try to make her say yes. I want her love as much as I wants hersel; but, mother, if I thinks she'll say me nay I'll not ask her — 'twad only make soreness atween us."

Dorothy's pride rose at the notion that any Burneston girl could venture to refuse her George, but she did not express it in words. There was just a hope that Rose's manner might be discouraging, and so the evil might be staved off for a time. She listened patiently, even complaisantly, while George explained to her his plan of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

visiting Doris, and then of seeing Rose and learning his fate.

"I shall go to Steersley and get a lift next morning over to t' old place," he said. "Mr. Hawnby will always put me up for t' night. Ah, mother, I wish you knew him better; he is so good an' he is so kind to me."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A REBUFF.

MORE than one week passed before George Barugh reached Burneston, for on the day succeeding their conversation a violent snow-storm swept over the moor, and even after its first vehemence had subsided the soft flakes fell thickly and noiselessly till night; and when the farmer looked out of doors in the early morning the broad moor was a trackless plain under the lowering leaden sky.

John would not listen to his son's argument that the horse would surely find its way, and spite of George's impatience he had to wait till the thaw came and the snow melted.

He was very impatient, not to see Doris — he had a half-defined feeling at his heart that he and his sister had better now keep apart from any real communion — but he longed to see Rose Duncombe.

On the wedding-day he had felt strangely stirred to make an appeal to her, but he had resolved not to do this unknown to his parents; he was, however, so strongly moved that it was perhaps well for his resolution that Rose remained invisible till he and his mother and Rica went back to Steersley.

Now, as he drove over from the rectory in the early morning with the postman to Burneston, he wondered how he could have waited so long and have thus risked the chance of losing Rose.

Doris had not expected him so early, and she and her husband were out riding when he reached the Hall. He had promised Mr. Hawnby that he would go back to sleep at Steersley, so that he had not many hours to spend in Burneston.

"I'll go up the village," he said to Benjamin Hazelgrave, "but I'll be back soon."

Benjamin looked after him, shrugging his shoulders and wondering how it could have come about that such a one as George Barugh should be kin to the lady of Burneston.

The morning was bitterly cold, spite of the recent thaw; but the sun shone overhead, and the birds were chirping as with a consciousness of coming spring, though the trees were black and leafless, and a keen wind made the bare walnut branches rattle as George passed by Ephraim Crewe's farm.

Scarcely any one came out of doors as the lad passed up the wet, muddy road, and when he reached the two cottages opposite Church Farm, even Joseph Sunley was not in his accustomed place; he had a severe rheumatic twinge in his right arm, and sat indoors crouched over his fire.

George was glad to be able to go without interruption to Mrs. Duncombe's cottage. He knocked and knocked for some time, till at last Rose opened the door herself.

She started at the sight of George, and a flush spread over her face.

He thought she looked prettier than ever; and she certainly did make a bright picture in the doorway. George grasped her hand eagerly.

"Good gracious, lad" — Rose tossed her head and put up her hand to smooth her hair — "how ye frighted me! Where ye come from?"

George laughed. "I thought ye'd be surprised, lass. May'nt I come in?" he asked, for she filled up the doorway with her plump figure and full skirts. "Ye're looking bonnier than ever," he said as she stood aside to let him pass.

"Then it's a wonder, I'm sure it is. Gran'-mother's ill an' as deaf as the door-post, an' I'm run off my legs with this an' that. I'm real tired out, lad, wiv so much work."

"When yer gran'mother's better ye mun come up to t' Cairn an' see mother." He looked at her shyly, but she remained quite unmoved. "T' air's lovely up at t' moor, an' ye can see miles an' miles one hill topping over t' others."

"My word!" Rose's eyes opened widely, but next minute she said, "It must be main dull, I'm thinking, at the Cairn; ye've nothing but cows and sheep to see, George."

"Gin ye were there, honey, 't wad be as bright as summer-time. I miss ye sorely, Rose."

She saw the look of pleading love in his eyes, but she resolved to seem unconscious.

"George, lad," she said eagerly, "I hevn't seen ye since the weddin'-day. My word, that was a grand day for ye all, specially for Doris. I suppose her head's turned above a bit wiv such an uplifting. How does she take it, lad?"

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

George felt vexed; he was not disposed to find fault with Doris, and it seemed to him that Rose spoke unkindly.

"I have not seen her yet," he said, "she and Mr. Burneston were both out when I called just now."

Rose's full lip curled.

"And do ye really think it? Nay, George, I think ye were hasty to go where mebbe ye're not wanted. Bless yur heart, lad, the squire won't see ye; he desn't mean to take up with such as you."

George had grown scarlet; he felt angry with Rose.

"Ye are quite mistook, lass," he said hastily; "it may be a lesson t' ye not to speak ill o' Doris. She writ father a kind letter, axin' us to go see her, an' that's one reason why I'm come now."

"D'ye mean to say," — Rose was staring at him with wide-opened eyes, — "that ye're bidin' at t' Hall along with Doris an' t' squire? My mercy, lad, ye mun feel like a fish in a croft."

George laughed — his anger against his darling was gone already.

"Ye're in the right, lass. I shouldn't be mysel' at t' Hall. I'll go see Doris, an' tell father an' mother how she looks, an' so on, but I'll not bide long wi' her: our ways lie apart now."

Rose scarcely heard him; she sat thinking, one finger pressed against her red lips; suddenly she roused.

"George, lad, wad ye find out from Doris when t' young squire's coming home? Mr. Sunley says he believes Master Ralph's said he won't bide wiv a stepmother."

"Sunley's an old gossip. What does he know?" said George angrily. "Why, Doris will make the young lad's home brighter an' more pleasant like than he's ever known it; he'll be glad enough to come."

"Young lad — I like that!" Rose laughed scornfully. "Why, he's nigh as old as I am, an' he's a man every bit. Did ye ever see such a face? He's as like t' squire as two peas, except that he's twice as handsome. My gracious, George! did ye ever see t' like of him? I made sure he'd come home for Kessamus, an' I think 'twar a real shame o' Doris to stop away, an' leave him to go among his friends. No wonder if he's huffed. But tell me, George, will ye find out, an' write to me when Ralph Burneston comes home? I'm just curious to know."

George laughed uneasily.

"What can it matter to ye, Rose, an' what for sud he come? There's nowt fer a lad to do now," he said; "t' shootin's past, an' it's a bad season for sport. A young lad's better at school, than in sinter-saunterin' wiv nowt to do. Burneston's not a good place for t' lad; there's no mates for t' like o' him here."

Rose tossed her head.

"Ye say that because ye've gone now. Suppose he likes lasses instead o' lads; suppose he wur to come an' see me? I warrant ye I'd make it lively for him, that wad I." She giggled.

George frowned.

"Ye're talking like a giglot; I'm shamed on ye, Rose." he said hotly. "Ye mun mind yersel'; ye'se no one to mind ye now, an' I's said afore, ye sudn't garb yerself so mich as a lass diz waat hes her own mother to guide her."

Rose jumped from her chair, and curtsied to the ground.

"Well done, parson!" she clapped her hands in mockery; "why don't ye ask yur grand lady sister to get ye made into a parson right out, t' wad suit ye rarely, lad, an' then ye'd hev a lawful way o' gettin' rid o' yur wisdom, instead o' plaguin' folk's lives out wi' lectures. My word, *I'm* shamed on *yee*, to think harm o' me for wantin' to talk to Ralph Burneston, a lad not so old as mysel'; ye've got a lot o' Puritan stuff out o' that old Pilgrim, ye hev. I'll tell Maister Sunley how rude ye've been, that I will." She wiped away some sudden tears with her fingers.

George sat confounded by her outburst; then sudden remorse seized on him. What a fool he had been to put such an idea into Rose's innocent mind!

"There, there, honey!" he tried to take her hand, but she flounced away and stood with her back towards him, trembling with passion. "I *am* sham'd o' mesel', but it's my luv for ye makes me foolish. I came wi' a full heart to tell ye about mysel'; an' ye begins about t' young maister. Forgive me, lass. Winnut ye gi' me just a look, Rose, darlin'?"

"No; go away, an' don't carney me." She shook her shoulders waywardly. "It's not likely I'm going to blow hot an' cold all in a minute. I won't forgive ye, so there."

But George was doggedly resolute.

"Yes, ye will, honey." He took her by the shoulders, and turned round her scarlet, angry face to face his own. "Ye'll make friends, Rose, dear. Ye were always a sweet, forgivin' lass, an' ye'll tell me if ——"

She put one hand over his mouth.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"Stop there, lad. If I forgive ye, it'll be to pay ye for holding yur peace. You an' me's long frien's, an' will keep so, an' if ye wants me for a frien', dunnut speak o' yursel' to me. Now I mun gae to gran'mother: she's called twice whiles ye've been talking. Ye can giv' my luv to yur fooaks."

She ended abruptly, kissed her hand, and ran away, as if she doubted her own power of escape from George's grasp.

He stood, looking puzzled and foolish, at the door which she had closed behind her.

"I's a fool, a doited idiot," he said; "I sud hev won her fost, an' then I might ha' said waat I pleased. I mun try again; sae long as there's no ither lad, I'll win my Rose yet."

But his face was downcast as he went back to the Hall: all joyful anticipation had gone out of it.

This time he was more successful.

The squire met him at the entrance door and gave him a hearty welcome; and when Doris came to him, in her own sitting-room, she was very cordial and pleasant. George was impressed by the change in her manner; he felt far more at ease with her than he had felt at Steersley.

"It is too tiring for you, George, to go back again to Steersley to-day," she said; "you had better sleep here."

But George remained firm to his purpose. So long as the squire stayed in the room he felt at ease, but when Mr. Burneston left him alone with Doris his shyness came again. He kept silence.

"I wish father had come with you," she said; "I want so much to see him."

George shook his head. He was vexed with himself for feeling shy, and it seemed to him that, spite of all Mr. Hawnby's advice, he was disposed to judge his sister harshly.

"No, he'll not come here," he said coldly; "ye mun come to t' Cairn if ye want to see father."

Doris looked thoughtful for a minute.

"I see no reason why I should not go to see you all," she said; "only I could not travel alone, — either you or my father must come and fetch me," she added, with a bright smile; "but not just yet."

"It's a fine country about t' Cairn," George said, "steep hills as ye never saw the like on, one above t' other."

Doris smiled; she thought Yorkshire hills after Swiss mountains would look like pigmies, but she only said, —

"Yes, I shall like to go to the Cairn some day — just now we have so many engagements."

George sighed. He had nearly said that no engagement ought to keep a daughter from her father, but he checked himself.

"How's t' young lad — Maister Ralph I mean?" he said.

For the first time Doris looked uneasy and confused. She bent over a camellia-tree on her little flower-table.

"He is at school," she said. "He is not coming home just yet."

George felt greatly relieved.

"I'm fain to hear that, Doris. A village is an idle place for a young lad to loaf about in."

But Doris was thinking of something else.

"Do you think," she said, "that mother could make room for Miss Masham as well as for me at the Cairn? She is coming to stay with us in the summer, and I am sure she would like to go with me."

George looked dissatisfied. He thought Doris ought to want to be with her parents without needing any companion.

"We'd be fain to see Miss Masham," he said abruptly; "but we'd liefer ye didn't wait for her company, Doris. Father's wearyin' to set eyes on ye again."

"Well, I hope it will not be long before I go," she said, "but I cannot fix the time. We may go to town this spring; but nothing is settled, and I can make no arrangement without consulting my husband."

Again George sighed. He felt disappointed even in his own idea of Doris; he thought that she possessed too much mind to care for anything, as it seemed to him, so frivolous and fashionable as going to town in spring-time.

"I'd ha' thought," he said, "t' squire'd ha' found plenty to see after t' long whiles he's bin away, without running off again so soon."

Doris held her head very stiffly; she did not want to disagree with George, still she thought him extremely presumptuous to find fault with her husband. But as she looked at him, there was a yearning earnestness in his tender brown eyes that stirred her heart with a feeling that had grown to be unusual — the strange tie of blood — and again she spoke more frankly than she could have thought it possible to speak to any one.

"George," she said in a warmer tone, "you see I have much to learn so as to be quite fit for my position, and I think I am more likely to learn among those with whom my life has to be passed than —

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

than by keeping away from what is called society."

George sat listening, trying to take in the full sense of her words, which seemed to him to hold some hidden meaning.

"I'm not sure if I've gaumed ye rightly," he said at last. "D'ye mean, Doris, 'at ye mun keep away from the Cairn for the sake o' keeping yurself a lady? If ye thinks that" — he rose, looking very tall and proud as he faced his sister — "why, then, you an' I are best to keep apart, I'm thinkin'."

Doris was stung and deeply hurt. She had, so it seemed to her, conceded very much in making this revelation to her brother of the scheme she was forming with regard to her future, and, instead of seeing that by this very frankness she had acted like a sister towards him, George chose to be offended by what was, she knew, true wisdom.

"You are quite mistaken," she spoke in the icy voice which had always ended their childish disputes. "I meant — but it seems useless to explain to you." She broke off and paused; then she smiled up in her brother's face with that winning smile that never failed to conquer. "You cannot quite understand me, dear," she said, "and I do not blame you for it — we must see everything from such different points; only you can trust me, and believe that my love for you all has not changed, or if it has, it is stronger and warmer than it was before I married. Will you say this to our father, George? — with my dearest love."

Her voice trembled, and her firm lips quivered, but her eyes were tearless. She was not carried away by her feelings, but she wished George to do her justice. And he was greatly touched; also he felt remorse for his own outburst.

"That I will, lass." He kissed her and shook her hand heartily. "An' I'm grieved I misdoubted ye. My thought was that wi' yur bonny face ye'd maybe get spoiled among t' fine London fooalk. They're not o' much account, I've heard; but ye'll not stay there long, maybe?"

Doris was saved an answer by Benjamin, who came to announce luncheon in his portly fashion.

Soon after luncheon George took leave, spite of Mr. Burneston's cordial invitation to stay. As he rode along, on a horse lent him by the squire, he pondered his sister's words.

"Society?" he said slowly, "that's t'other name for t' world; Vanity Fair, old Bunyan rightly calls it. Must Doris go into it? Couldn't she stay quiet at t' Hall with her husband an' her books, an' all the fine things she's got to amuse her, instead o' goin' to London, which is real Vanity Fair, I's sure? I misdoubt her plan sorely. I'll not fret father wi' her doings; but I fear Doris'll not come back from Vanity Fair t' same as she goes doon there."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE COLORS OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.*

II. — THE COLORS OF PLANTS.

THE coloring of plants is neither so varied nor so complex as that of animals, and its explanation accordingly offers fewer difficulties. The colors of foliage are, comparatively, little varied, and can be traced in almost all cases to a special pigment termed chlorophyll, to which is due the general green color of leaves; but the recent investigations of Mr. Sorby and others have shown that chlorophyll is not a simple green pigment, but that it really consists of at least seven distinct substances, varying in color from blue to yellow and orange. These differ in their proportions in the chlorophyll of different plants; they have different chemical reactions; they are differently affected by light; and they give distinct spectra. Mr. Sorby further states that scores of different coloring matters are found in the leaves and flowers of plants, to some of which appropriate names have been given, as erythrophyll which is red, and phaiophyll which is brown; and many of these differ greatly from each other in their chemical composition. These inquiries are at present in their infancy, but as the original term chlorophyll seems scarcely applicable under the present aspect of the subject, it would perhaps be better to introduce the analogous word chromophyll as a general term for the coloring matters of the vegetable kingdom.

Light has a much more decided action on plants than on animals. The green

* In the first part of this paper I used the term "voluntary sexual selection" to indicate the theory that many of the ornaments of male animals have been produced by the choice of the females, and to distinguish it from that form of sexual selection which explains the acquisition of weapons peculiar to male animals as due to the selective influence of their combats and struggles for the possession of the females. I find that Mr. Darwin thinks the term "voluntary" not strictly applicable, and I therefore propose to alter it to "conscious" or "perceptive," which seem free from any ambiguity and make not the least difference to my argument.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

color of leaves is almost wholly dependent on it; and although some flowers will become fully colored in the dark, others are decidedly affected by the absence of light, even when the foliage is fully exposed to it. Looking therefore at the numerous colored substances which are developed in the tissue of plants; the sensitiveness of these pigments to light; the changes they undergo during growth and development; and the facility with which new chemical combinations are effected by the physiological processes of plants as shown by the endless variety in the chemical constitution of vegetable products, we have no difficulty in comprehending the general causes which aid in producing the colors of the vegetable world, or the extreme variability of those colors. We may therefore here confine ourselves to an inquiry into the various uses of color in the economy of plants; and this will generally enable us to understand how it has become fixed and specialized in the several genera and species of the vegetable kingdom.

In animals, as we have seen, color is greatly influenced by the need of protection from or of warning to their numerous enemies, and to the necessity for identification and easy recognition. Plants rarely need to be concealed, and obtain protection either by their spines, their hardness, their hairy covering, or their poisonous secretions. A very few cases of what seem to be true protective coloring do, however, exist, the most remarkable being that of the "stone mesembryanthemum," of the Cape of Good Hope, which in form and color closely resembles the stones among which it grows; and Dr. Burchell, who first discovered it, believes that the juicy little plant thus generally escapes the notice of cattle and wild herbivorous animals. Mr. J. P. Mansel Weale also noticed that many plants growing in the stony Karoo have their tuberous roots above the soil, and these so perfectly resemble the stones among which they grow that, when not in leaf, it is almost impossible to distinguish them (*Nature*, vol. iii. p. 507). A few cases of what seem to be protective mimicry have also been noted, the most curious being that of three very rare British fungi, found by Mr. Worthington Smith, each in company with common species, which they so closely resembled that only a minute examination could detect the difference. One of the common species is stated in botanical works to be "bitter and nauseous," so that it is not improbable that the rare kind may escape being eaten by being mistaken for an uneatable species, though itself palatable. Mr. Mansel Weale also mentions a labiate plant, the *Ajuga ophrydis*, of South Africa, as strikingly resembling an orchid. This may be a means of attracting insects to fertilize the flower in the absence of sufficient nectar or other attraction in the flower itself; and the supposition is rendered more probable by this being the only species of the genus *Ajuga* in South Africa. Many other cases of resemblances between very distinct plants have been noticed — as that of some euphorbias to cacti; but these very rarely inhabit the same country or locality, and it has not been proved that there is in any of these cases the amount of inter-relation between the species which is the essential feature of the protective "mimicry" that occurs in the animal world.

The different colors exhibited by the foliage of plants, and the changes it undergoes during growth and decay, appear to be due to the general laws already sketched out, and to have little if any relation to the special requirements of each species. But flowers and fruits exhibit definite and well-pronounced tints, often varying from species to species, and more or less clearly related to the habits and functions of the plant. With the few exceptions already pointed out, these may be generally classed as *attractive* colors. The seeds of plants require to be dispersed so as to reach places favorable for germination and growth. Some are very minute, and are carried abroad by the wind, or they are violently expelled and scattered by the bursting of the containing capsules. Others are downy or winged, and are carried long distances by the gentlest breeze. But there is a large class of seeds which cannot be dispersed in either of these ways, and are mostly contained in eatable fruits. These fruits are devoured by birds or beasts, and the hard seeds pass through their stomachs undigested, and, owing probably to the gentle heat and moisture to which they have been subjected, in a condition highly favorable for germination. The dry fruits or capsules containing the first two classes of seeds are rarely, if ever, conspicuously colored, whereas the eatable fruits almost invariably acquire a bright color as they ripen, while at the same time they become soft and often full of agreeable juices. Our *red* haws and nips, our *black* elderberries, our *blue* sloes and whortleberries, our *white* mistletoe and snowberry, and our *orange* sea-buckthorn, are examples of the color-sign of edibility; and in every part

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of the world the same phenomenon is found. The fruits of large forest trees, such as pines, oaks, and beeches, are not colored, perhaps because their size and abundance render them sufficiently conspicuous, and also because they provide such a quantity of food to such a number of different animals that there is no danger of their being unnoticed.

The colors of flowers serve to render them visible and recognizable by insects which are attracted by secretions of nectar or pollen. During their visits for the purpose of obtaining these products, insects involuntarily carry the pollen of one flower to the stigma of another, and thus effect cross-fertilization, which, as Mr. Darwin was the first to demonstrate, immensely increases the vigor and fertility of the next generation of plants. This discovery has led to the careful examination of great numbers of flowers, and the result has been that the most wonderful and complex arrangements have been found to exist, all having for their object to secure that flowers shall not be self-fertilized perpetually, but that pollen shall be carried, either constantly or occasionally, from the flowers of one plant to those of another. Mr. Darwin himself first worked out the details in orchids, primulas, and some other groups; and hardly less curious phenomena have since been found to occur, even among some of the most regularly-formed flowers. The arrangement, length, and position of all the parts of the flower is now found to have a purpose, and not the least remarkable portion of the phenomenon is the great variety of ways in which the same result is obtained. After the discoveries with regard to orchids, it was to be expected that the irregular, tubular, and spurred flowers should present various curious adaptations for fertilization by insect agency. But even among the open, cup-shaped, and quite regular flowers, in which it seemed inevitable that the pollen must fall on the stigma, and produce constant self-fertilization, it has been found that this is often prevented by a physiological variation — the anthers constantly emitting their pollen either a little earlier or a little later than the stigma of the same flower, or of other flowers on the same plant, were in the best state to receive it; and as individual plants in different stations, soils, and aspects, differ somewhat in the time of flowering, the pollen of one plant would often be conveyed by insects to the stigmas of some other plant in a condition to be fertilized by it. This mode of securing cross-fertilization seems so simple and easy, that we can hardly help wondering why it did not always come into action, and so obviate the necessity for those elaborate, varied, and highly complex contrivances found in perhaps the majority of colored flowers. The answer to this of course is, that *variation* sometimes occurred most freely in one part of a plant's organization, and sometimes in another, and that the benefit of cross-fertilization was so great that *any* variation that favored it was preserved, and then formed the starting-point of a whole series of further variations, resulting in those marvellous adaptations for insect fertilization, which have given much of their variety, elegance, and beauty to the floral world. For details of these adaptations we must refer the reader to the works of Darwin, Lubbock, Herman Müller, and others. We have here only to deal with the part played by color, and by those floral structures in which color is most displayed.

The sweet odors of flowers, like their colors, seem often to have been developed as an attraction or guide to insect fertilizers, and the two phenomena are often complementary to each other. Thus, many inconspicuous flowers, like the mignonette and the sweet-violet, can be distinguished by their odors before they attract the eye, and this may often prevent their being passed unnoticed; while very showy flowers, and especially those with variegated or spotted petals, are seldom sweet. White, or very pale flowers, on the other hand, are often excessively sweet, as exemplified by the jasmine and clematis; and many of these are only scented at night, as is strikingly the case with the night-smelling stock, our butterfly orchis (*Habenaria chlorantha*), the greenish-yellow *Daphne pontica*, and many others. These white flowers are mostly fertilized by night-flying moths, and those which reserve their odors for the evening probably escape the visits of diurnal insects which would consume their nectar without effecting fertilization. The absence of odor in showy flowers and its preponderance among those that are white, may be shown to be a fact by an examination of the lists in Mr. Mongredien's work on hardy trees and shrubs.* He gives a list of about one hundred and sixty species with showy flowers, and another list of sixty species with fragrant flowers; but only twenty of these latter are included

* Trees and Shrubs for English Plantations, by Augustus Mongredien. Murray, 1870.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

among the showy species, and these are almost all white-flowered. Of the sixty species with fragrant flowers, more than forty are white, and a number of others have greenish, yellowish, or dusky and inconspicuous flowers. The relation of white flowers to nocturnal insects is also well shown by those which, like the evening primroses, only open their large white blossoms after sunset. The red Martagon lily has been observed by Mr. Herman Müller to be fertilized by the humming-bird hawk moth, which flies in the morning and afternoon when the colors of this flower, exposed to the nearly horizontal rays of the sun, glow with brilliancy, and when it also becomes very sweet-scented.

To the same need of conspicuousness the combination of so many individually small flowers into heads and bunches is probably due, producing such broad masses as those of the elder, the gueldre-rose, and most of the umbelliferæ, or such elegant bunches as those of the lilac, laburnum, horse-chestnut, and wistaria. In other cases minute flowers are gathered into dense heads, as with *Globularia*, *Jasione*, clover, and all the compositæ; and among the latter the outer flowers are often developed into a ray, as in the sunflowers, the daisies, and the asters, forming a starlike compound flower, which is itself often produced in immense profusion.

The beauty of alpine flowers is almost proverbial. It consists either in the increased size of the individual flowers as compared with the whole plant, in increased intensity of color, or in the massing of small flowers into dense cushions of bright color; and it is only in the higher Alps, above the limit of forests and upwards towards the perpetual snow-line that these characteristics are fully exhibited. This effort at conspicuousness under adverse circumstances may be traced to the comparative scarcity of winged insects in the higher regions, and to the necessity for attracting them from a distance. Amid the vast slopes of debris and the huge masses of rock so prevalent in higher mountain regions, patches of intense color can alone make themselves visible and serve to attract the wandering butterfly from the valleys. Mr. Herman Müller's careful observations have shown, that in the higher Alps bees and most other groups of winged insects are almost wanting, while butterflies are tolerably abundant; and he has discovered, that in a number of cases where a lowland flower is adapted to be fertilized by bees, its alpine ally has had its structure so modified as to be adapted for fertilization only by butterflies.* But bees are always (in the temperate zone) far more abundant than butterflies, and this will be another reason why flowers specially adapted to be fertilized by the latter should be rendered unusually conspicuous. We find, accordingly, the yellow primrose of the plains replaced by pink and magenta-colored alpine species; the straggling wild pinks of the lowlands by the masses of large flowers in such mountain species as *Dianthus alpinus* and *D. glacialis;* the saxifrages of the high Alps with bunches of flowers a foot long, as in *Saxifraga longifolia* and *S. cotyledon*, or forming spreading masses of flowers, as in *S. oppositifolia;* while the soapworts, silenes, and louseworts are equally superior to the allied species of the plains.

Again, Dr. Müller has discovered that when there are showy and inconspicuous species in the same genus of plants, there is often a corresponding difference of structure, those with large and showy flowers being quite incapable of self-fertilization, and thus depending for their very existence on the visits of insects; while the others are able to fertilize themselves should insects fail to visit them. We have examples of this difference in *Malva sylvestris*, *Epilobium angustifolium*, *Polygonum bistorta*, and *Geranium pratense*,—which have all large or showy flowers and must be fertilized by insects,—as compared with *Malva rotundifolia*, *Epilobium parviflorum*, *Polygonum aviculare*, and *Geranium pusillum*, which have small or inconspicuous flowers, and are so constructed that if insects should not visit them they are able to fertilize themselves.†

As supplementing these curious facts showing the relation of color in flowers to the need of the visits of insects to fertilize them, we have the remarkable, and on any other theory utterly inexplicable circumstance, that in all the numerous cases in which plants are fertilized by the agency of the wind they never have specially colored floral envelopes. Such are our pines, oaks, poplars, willows, beeches, and hazel; our nettles, grasses, sedges, and many others. In some of these the male flowers are, it is true, conspicuous, as in the catkins of the willows and the hazel, but this arises incidentally from the masses of pollen necessary to secure fertilization, as shown by the entire absence of a corolla

* *Nature*, vol. xi., pp. 32, 110.
† *Nature*, vol. ix., p. 164.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

or of those colored bracts which so often add to the beauty and conspicuousness of true flowers.

The adaptation of flowers to be fertilized by insects — often to such an extent that the very existence of the species depends upon it — has had widespread influence on the distribution of plants and the general aspects of vegetation. The seeds of a particular species may be carried to another country, may find there a suitable soil and climate, may grow and produce flowers, but if the insect which alone can fertilize it should not inhabit that country, the plant cannot maintain itself, however frequently it may be introduced or however vigorously it may grow. Thus may probably be explained the poverty in flowering plants and the great preponderance of ferns that distinguishes many oceanic islands, as well as the deficiency of gaily-colored flowers in others. This branch of the subject is discussed at some length in my address to the Biological Section of the British Association,* but I may here just allude to two of the most striking cases. New Zealand is, in proportion to its total number of flowering plants, exceedingly poor in handsome flowers, and it is correspondingly poor in insects, especially in bees and butterflies, the two groups which so greatly aid in fertilization. In both these aspects it contrasts strongly with southern Australia and Tasmania in the same latitudes, where there is a profusion of gaily-colored flowers and an exceedingly rich insect fauna. The other case is presented by the Galapagos Islands, which, though situated on the equator off the west coast of South America, and with a tolerably luxuriant vegetation in the damp mountain zone, yet produce hardly a single conspicuously-colored flower; and this is correlated with, and no doubt dependent on, an extreme poverty of insect life, not one bee and only a single butterfly having been found there.

Again, there is reason to believe that some portion of the large size and corresponding showiness of tropical flowers is due to their being fertilized by very large insects and even by birds. Tropical sphinx moths often have their probosces nine or ten inches long, and we find flowers whose tubes or spurs reach about the same length; while the giant bees, and the numerous flower-sucking birds, aid in the fertilization of flowers whose corollas or stamens are proportionately large.

* See *Nature*, September 6th, 1876.

I have now concluded this sketch of the general phenomena of color in the organic world. I have shown reasons for believing that its presence, in some of its infinitely varied hues, is more probable than its absence, and that variation of color is an almost necessary concomitant of variation of structure, of development, and of growth. It has also been shown how color has been appropriated and modified both in the animal and vegetable world, for the advantage of the species in a great variety of ways, and that there is no need to call in the aid of any other laws than those of organic development and "natural selection" to explain its countless modifications. From the point of view here taken it seems at once improbable and unnecessary that the lower animals should have the same delicate appreciation of the infinite variety and beauty — of the delicate contrasts and subtle harmonies of color — which are possessed by the more intellectual races of mankind, since even the lower human races do not possess it. All that seems required in the case of animals, is a perception of *distinctness* or *contrast* of colors; and the dislike of so many creatures to scarlet may perhaps be due to the rarity of that color in nature, and to the glaring contrast it offers to the sober greens and browns which form the general clothing of the earth's surface.

The general view of the subject now given must convince us that, so far from color being — as it has sometimes been thought to be — unimportant, it is intimately connected with the very existence of a large proportion of the species of the animal and vegetable worlds. The gay colors of the butterfly and of the alpine flower which it unconsciously fertilizes while seeking for its secreted honey, are each beneficial to its possessor, and have been shown to be dependent on the same class of general laws as those which have determined the form, the structure, and the habits of every living thing. The complex laws and unexpected relations which we have seen to be involved in the production of the special colors of flower, bird, and insect, must give them an additional interest for every thoughtful mind; while the knowledge that, in all probability, each style of coloration, and sometimes the smallest details, have a meaning and a use, must add a new charm to the study of nature.

Throughout the preceding discussion we have accepted the subjective phenomena of color — that is, our perception of varied

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

hues, and the mental emotions excited by them — as ultimate facts needing no explanation. Yet they present certain features well worthy of attention, a brief consideration of which will form a fitting sequel to the present essay.

The perception of color seems, to the present writer, the most wonderful and the most mysterious of our sensations. Its extreme diversities and exquisite beauties seem out of proportion to the causes that are supposed to have produced them, or the physical needs to which they minister. If we look at pure tints of red, green, blue, and yellow, they appear so absolutely contrasted and unlike each other, that it is almost impossible to believe (what we nevertheless know to be the fact) that the rays of light producing these very distinct sensations differ only in wave-length and rate of vibration; and that there is from one to the other a continuous series and gradation of such vibrating waves. The positive diversity we see in them must then depend upon special adaptations in ourselves; and the question arises — for what purpose have our visual organs and mental perceptions become so highly specialized in this respect? When the sense of sight was first developed in the animal kingdom, we can hardly doubt that what was perceived was light only, and its more or less complete withdrawal. As the sense became perfected, more delicate gradations of light and shade would be perceived; and there seems no reason why a visual capacity might not have been developed as perfect as our own, or even more so, in respect of light and shade, but entirely insensible to differences of color, except in so far as these implied a difference in the quantity of light. The world would in that case appear somewhat as we see it in good stereoscopic photographs; and we all know how exquisitely beautiful such pictures are, and how completely they give us all requisite information as to form, surface-texture, solidity, and distance, and even to some extent as to color; for almost all colors are distinguishable in a photograph by some differences of tint, and it is quite conceivable that visual organs might exist which would differentiate what we term color by delicate gradations of some one characteristic neutral tint. Now such a capacity of vision would be simple as compared with that which we actually possess; which, besides distinguishing infinite gradations of the *quantity* of light, distinguishes also, by a totally distinct set of sensations, gradations of *quality*, as determined by differences of wave-lengths or rate of vibration. At what grade in animal development this new and more complex sense first began to appear we have no means of determining. The fact that the higher vertebrates, and even some insects, distinguish what are to us diversities of color, by no means proves that their *sensations* of color bear any resemblance whatever to ours. An insect's capacity to distinguish red from blue or yellow may be (and probably is) due to perceptions of a totally distinct nature, and quite unaccompanied by any of that sense of enjoyment or even of radical distinctness which pure colors excite in us. Mammalia and birds, whose structure and emotions are so similar to our own, do probably receive somewhat similar impressions of color; but we have no evidence to show that they experience pleasurable emotions from color itself when not associated with the satisfaction of their wants or the gratification of their passions.

The primary necessity which led to the development of the sense of color, was probably the need of distinguishing objects much alike in form and size, but differing in important properties; such as ripe and unripe, or eatable and poisonous fruits; flowers with honey or without; the sexes of the same or of closely allied species. In most cases the strongest contrast would be the most useful, especially as the colors of the objects to be distinguished would form but minute spots or points when compared with the broad masses of tint of sky, earth, or foliage against which they would be set. Throughout the long epochs in which the sense of sight was being gradually developed in the higher animals, their visual organs would be mainly subjected to two groups of rays — the green from vegetation, and the blue from the sky. The immense preponderance of these over all other groups of rays would naturally lead the eye to become specially adapted for their perception; and it is quite possible that at first these were the only kinds of light-vibrations which could be perceived at all. When the need for differentiation of color arose, rays of greater and of smaller wave-lengths would necessarily be made use of to excite the new sensations required; and we can thus understand why green and blue form the central portion of the visible spectrum, and are the colors which are most agreeable to us in large surfaces; while at its two extremities we find yellow, red, and violet, colors which we best appreciate in smaller masses, and when contrasted with the other two or with light neutral tints.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

We have here probably the foundations of a natural theory of harmonious coloring, derived from the order in which our color-sensations have arisen, and the nature of the emotions with which the several tints have been always associated.* The agreeable and soothing influence of green light may be in part due to the green rays having little heating power; but this can hardly be the chief cause, for the blue and violet, though they contain less heat, are not generally felt to be so cool and sedative. But when we consider how dependent are all the higher animals on vegetation, and that man himself has been developed in the closest relation to it, we shall find, probably, a sufficient explanation. The green mantle with which the earth is overspread caused this one color to predominate over all others that meet our sight, and to be almost always associated with the satisfaction of human wants. Where the grass is greenest, and vegetation most abundant and varied, there has man always found his most suitable dwelling-place. In such spots hunger and thirst are unknown, and the choicest productions of nature gratify the appetite and please the eye. In the greatest heats of summer, coolness, shade, and moisture are found in the green forest glades; and we can thus understand how our visual apparatus has became especially adapted to receive pleasurable and soothing sensations from this class of rays.

* There is reason to believe that our capacity of distinguishing colors has increased even in historical times. The subject has attracted the attention of German philologists, and I have been furnished by a friend with some notes from a work of the late Lazarus Geiger, entitled, "*Zur Entwickelungsgeschichte der Menschheit*" (Stuttgart, 1871). According to this writer it appears that the *color* of grass and foliage is never alluded to as a beauty in the Vedas or the Zendavesta, though these productions are continually extolled for other properties. Blue is described by terms denoting sometimes green, sometimes black, showing that it was hardly recognized as a distinct color. The *color* of the sky is never mentioned in the Bible, the Vedas, the Homeric poems, or even in the Koran. The first distinct allusion to it known to Geiger is in an Arabic work of the ninth century. "Hyacinthine locks" are black locks, and Homer calls iron "violet-colored." Yellow was often confounded with green, but, along with red, it was one of the earliest colors to receive a distinct name. Aristotle names three colors in the rainbow — red, yellow, and green. Two centuries earlier Xenophanes had described the rainbow as purple, reddish, and yellow. The Pythagoreans admitted four primary colors — white, black, red, and yellow; the Chinese the same, with the addition of green. If these statements fairly represent the early condition of color-sensation they well accord with the view here maintained, that green and blue were first alone perceived, and that the other colors were successively separated from them. These latter would be the first to receive names; hence we find purple, reddish, and yellow first noticed in the rainbow as the tints to be separated from the widespread blue and green of the visible world which required no distinctive color-appellation. If the capacity of distinguishing colors has increased in historic times, we may perhaps look upon color-blindness as a survival of a condition once almost universal; while the fact that it is still so prevalent is in harmony with the view that our present high perception and appreciation of color is a comparatively recent acquisition, and may be correlated with a general advance in mental activity.

The preceding considerations enable us to comprehend, both why a perception of difference of color has become developed in the higher animals, and also why colors require to be presented or combined in varying proportions in order to be agreeable to us. But they hardly seem to afford a sufficient explanation, either of the wonderful contrasts and total unlikeness of the sensations produced in us by the chief primary colors, or of the exquisite charm and pleasure we derive from color itself, as distinguished from variously-colored objects, in the case of which association of ideas comes into play. It is hardly conceivable that the material *uses* of color to animals and to ourselves required such very distinct and powerfully contrasted sensations; and it is still less conceivable that a sense of delight in color *per se* should have been necessary for our utilization of it.

The emotions excited by color and by music, alike, seem to rise above the level of a world developed on purely utilitarian principles. ALFRED R. WALLACE.

---

*This story ("*GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY*"), being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in* THE LIVING AGE *from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE DISCLOSURE.

"LADY SYLVIA," said Queen T., going up to her friend, whom she found seated alone in her room in this Omaha hotel, "I am going to surprise you."

"Indeed," said the other, with a pleasant smile; for she did not notice the slightly trembling hands; and most of Queen T.'s surprises for her friends were merely presents.

"I — hope I shall not frighten you,"

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

she continued, with some hesitation; "you must prepare yourself for — for rather bad news —— "

She caught sight of the newspaper. She sprung to her feet.

"My husband!" she cried, with a suddenly white face. But her friend caught her hands.

"He is quite well; don't be alarmed; it is only a — a — misfortune."

And therewith she put the paper into her hand, with an indication as to where she should look, while she herself turned aside somewhat. There was silence for a second or two. Then she fancied she heard a low murmur — a moan of infinite tenderness and pity and longing — "*My husband! my husband!*" and then there was a slight touch on her arm. When she turned, Lady Sylvia was standing quite calmly there, with her eyes cast down. Her face was a little pale, that was all.

"I think I will go back to England now," said she, gently.

And with that, of course, her friend began to cry a bit; and it was with a great deal of difficulty and of resolute will that she proceeded to speak at all. And then she bravely declared that if Lady Sylvia insisted on setting out at once, she would accompany her; and it needed equal bravery to admit what she had done — that she had written to Mr. Balfour, begging him to let us know what his plans were, and that she had told him where he might telegraph ——

"The telegraph!" cried Lady Sylvia, with a quick light of joy leaping to her eyes. "I can send him a message now! He will have it this very day! I will go at once!"

"Yes, there is the telegraph," stammered her friend, "and there is an office below in the hall of the hotel. But — don't you think — it might be awkward — sending a message that the clerks will read — "

Lady Sylvia seized her friend's hands, and kissed her on both cheeks, and hurried out of the room and down-stairs. The elder woman was rather taken aback. Why should she be so warmly thanked for the existence of the telegraph, and for the fact that Mr. Balfour, M.P., was ruined?

Lady Sylvia went down-stairs, and in the hall she found the telegraphic office. She was not afraid of any clerk of woman born. She got a pencil and the proper form; and clearly and firmly, after she had put in the address, she wrote beneath, "*My darling husband, may I come to you?*" She handed the paper to the clerk, and calmly waited until he had read it through, and told her what to pay. Then she gave him the necessary dollars, and turned and walked through the hall, and came up the stairs, proud and erect — as proud, indeed, as if she had just won the battle of Waterloo.

And she was quite frank and fearless in speaking about this failure, and treated it as if it were an ordinary and trivial matter that could be put right in a few minutes. Her husband, she informed Mr. Von Rosen — who was greatly distressed by the news, and was condoling with her very sincerely — was quite capable of holding his own in the world without any help from his father's business. No doubt it would alter their plans of living, but Mr. Balfour was not at all the sort of man likely to let circumstances overpower him. And would it please us to set out at once on our inspection of Omaha? for she would like to get a glimpse of the Missouri, and there was the possibility that she might have to start off for England that night.

"*Nein!*" cried the lieutenant, in indignant protest. "It is impossible. Now that you have only the few days more to go on — and then your friends to go back —— "

Here one of the party intimated her wish — or rather her fixed intention — of accompanying Lady Sylvia.

"Oh no!" our guest said, with quite a cheerful smile. "I am not at all afraid of travelling alone — not in the least. I have seen a great deal of how people have to help themselves since I left England. And that is not much hardship. I believe one can go right through from here to New York; and then I can go to the Brevoort House, which seemed the quietest of the hotels, and wait for the first steamer leaving for Liverpool. I am not in the least afraid."

Our Bell looked at her husband. That look was enough; he knew his fate was sealed. If Lady Sylvia should set out that evening, he knew he would have to accompany her as far as New York anyhow.

I think she quite charmed the hearts of the kind friends who had come to show us about the place. The truth was that the recent heavy rains had changed Omaha into a Slough of Despond, and the huge holes of mud in the unmade streets were bridged over by planks of wood that were of the most uncertain character; but she seemed rather to like this way of laying out streets. Then we climbed up to the heights above the town on which is built the high school — a handsome building of

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

red brick; and she betrayed the greatest interest in the system of education followed here, and listened to the catechising of the children by the smartly-dressed and self-composed young ladies who were their teachers, just as if she understood all about co-sines and angles of reflection. And when we clambered up to the tower of this building, she was quite delighted with the spacious panorama spread out all around. Far over there was a mighty valley — a broad plain between two long lines of bluffs — which was, no doubt, in former times worn down by the Missouri; and now this plain, we could see, was scored along by various channels, one of them, a little darker in hue than the neighboring sand, being the yellow Missouri itself. We were rather disappointed with the mighty Missouri, which we expected to find rolling down in grandeur to the sea — or rather to the Mississippi, if the poet will allow us to make the correction. We considered that even the name they give it out here, the Big Muddy, was misapplied, for it did not seem broader than the Thames at Richmond, while the mud banks and sand banks on both sides of it were of the dreariest sort. But she would not hear a word said against the noble river. No doubt at other times of the year it had sufficient volume; and even now, was there not something mysterious in this almost indistinguishable river rolling down through that vast, lonely, and apparently uninhabited plain? As for Omaha, it looked as bright as blue skies and sunshine could make it. All around us were the wooden shanties and the occasional houses of stone dotted about in promiscuous fashion; out there on the green undulations where the prairie began; on the sides of the bluffs where the trees were; and along the level mud-bed of the river, where the railway works and smelting-works were sending up a cloud of smoke into the still, clear air. We visited these works. She listened with great interest to the explanations of the courteous officials, and struck up a warm friendship with a civil engineer at the railway works, doubtless because he spoke with a Scotch accent. But, after all, we could see she was becoming anxious and nervous, and rather before midday we proposed to return to the hotel for luncheon.

Four hours had elapsed.

"But you must not make sure of finding an answer awaiting you, my dear Lady Sylvia," said her ever-thoughtful friend. "There may be delays. And Mr. Balfour may be out of town."

All the same she did make sure of an answer; and when, on arriving at the hotel, she was informed that no telegram had come for her, she suddenly went away to her own room, and we did not see her for some little time. When she did make her appearance at lunch, we did not look at her eyes.

She would not go out with us for our further explorations. She had a headache. She would lie down. And so she went away to her own room.

But the curious thing was that Queen T. would not accompany us either. It was only afterward that we learned that she had kept fluttering about the hall, bothering the patient clerks with inquiries as to the time that a telegram took to reach London. At last it came, and it was given to her. We may suppose that she carried it up-stairs quickly enough, and with a beating heart. What happened in the room she only revealed subsequently, bit by bit, for her voice was never quite steady about it.

She went into the room gently. Lady Sylvia was seated at a table, her hands on the table, her head resting on them, and she was sobbing bitterly. She was deserted, insulted, forsaken. He would not even acknowledge the appeal she had made to him. But she started up when she heard some one behind her, and would have pretended to conceal her tears but that she saw the telegram. With trembling fingers she opened it, threw a hasty glance at it, and then, with a strange, proud look, gave it back to her friend, who was so anxious and excited that she could scarcely read the words — "*No. I am coming to you.*" And at the same moment all Lady Sylvia's fortitude broke down, and she gave way to a passion of hysterical joy, throwing her arms round her friend's neck, and crying over her, and murmuring close to her, "Oh, my angel! my angel! my angel! you have saved to me all that was worth living for!" So much can imaginative people make out of a brief telegram.

The two women seemed quite mad when we returned.

"He is coming out! Mr. Balfour is coming to join us!" says Queen T., with a wild fire of exultation in her face, as if the millennium were at hand; and Lady Sylvia was sitting there, proud enough too, but rosy-red in the face, and with averted eyes.

And here occurred a thing which has always been a memorable puzzle to us.

"Ha!" cried the lieutenant, in the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

midst of an excitement which the women in vain endeavored to conceal, "that rifle! Does he remember that wonderful small rifle of his? It will be of such use to him in the Rocky Mountains. I think — yes, I think it is worth a telegram."

And he went down-stairs to squander his money in that fashion. But, we asked ourselves afterward, did he know? Had he and his wife suspected? Had they discussed the affairs of Lady Sylvia and her husband in those quiet conjugal talks of which the outsider can never guess the purport? And had this young man, with all his bluntness and good-natured common sense and happy matter-of-factness, suddenly seized the dramatic situation, and called aloud about this twopenny-halfpenny business of a pea-shooter all to convince Lady Sylvia of the general ignorance, and put her at her ease? He came up a few moments afterward, whistling.

"There is antelope," said he, seriously, "and the mountain sheep, and the black-tailed deer and the bear. Oh, he will have much amusement with us when he comes to Idaho."

"You forget," says Lady Sylvia, smiling, though her eyes were quite wet, "that he will be thinking of other things. He has got to find out how he has got to live first."

"How he has got to live?" said the lieutenant, with a shrug of his shoulders. "That is simple. That is easy. Any man can settle that. He has got to live — happy, and let things take their chance. What harm in a holiday, if he comes with me to shoot one or two bears?"

"Indeed you will do nothing of the kind," said his wife, severely: she had too much regard for her babes to let the father of them go off endangering his life in that fashion.

That was a pleasant evening. Our friends came to dine with us, and we settled all our plans for our expedition to the Indian reservations lying far up the Missouri Valley. And who was first down in the morning? and who was most delighted with the clear coolness of the air and the blue skies? and who was most cheerful and philosophical when we discovered, at the station, and when it was too late, that the carpet-bag we had stuffed with wine, beer, and brandy for our stay in these temperate climes had been left behind at the hotel?

The small branch line of railway took us only about forty miles on our way. We went up the immensely broad valley of the river, which was at this time only a rivulet. The valley was a plain of rich vegetation — long water-color washes of yellow and russet and olive green. The further side of it was bounded by a distant line of bluffs, bright blue in color. Close by us were the corresponding bluffs, broken with ravines which were filled with cotton-trees, and which opened out into a thick underwood of sunflowers ten feet high and of deep-hued sumac. Overhead a pale blue sky and some white clouds. Then, as we are looking up into the light, we see an immense flock of wild geese making up the stream, divided into two lines, representing the letter V placed horizontally, but more resembling a handful of dust flung high into the air.

About midday we reached the terminus of the line, Tekamah, a collection of wooden shanties and houses, with a few cotton-trees about. We had luncheon in a curious little inn which had originally been a block-house against the Indians, that is to say, it had been composed of sawn trees driven into the earth, with no windows on the ground-floor. By the time we had finished luncheon, our two carriages were ready — high springed vehicles with an awning, and each with a moderately good pair of horses. We set out for our halting-place, Decatur, sixteen miles off.

That drive up the bed of the Missouri we shall not soon forget. There was no made road at all, but only a worn track through the dense vegetation of this swampy plain, while ever and anon this track was barred across by ravines of rich, deep, black, succulent mud. It was no unusual thing for us to see first one horse and then its companion almost disappear into a hole, we looking down on them; then there would be a fierce struggle, a plunge on our part, and then we were looking up at the horses pawing the bank above us. How the springs held out we could not understand. But occasionally, to avoid these ruts, we made long detours through the adjacent prairie-land lying over the bluffs; and certainly this was much pleasanter. We went through a wilderness of flowers, and the scent of the trampled May-weed filled all the air around us. How English horses would have behaved in this wilderness was a problem. The sunflowers were higher than our animals' heads; they could not possibly see where they were going; but, all the same, they slowly ploughed their way through the forest of crackling stems. But before we reached Decatur we had to return to the mud swamp, which was here worse than ever; for now it appeared as

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

if there were a series of rivers running at right angles to the broad black track, and our two vehicles kept plunging through the water and mud as if we were momentarily to be sucked down into a morass. The air was thick with insect life, and vast clouds of reed-birds rose, as we passed, from the sunflowers. There was a red fire all over the west as we finally drove into the valley of the Decatur.

It was a strange-looking place. The finest objects that met our eyes were some Indian boys riding away home to the reservations on their ponies, and looking picturesque enough with their ragged and scarlet pantaloons, their open-breasted shirt, their swarthy face and shining black hair, and their arms swinging with the galloping of the ponies, though they stuck to the saddle like a leech. And these were strange-looking gentlemen, too, whom we met in the inn of Decatur — tall, swanking fellows, with big riding-boots and loose jackets, broad-shouldered, spare-built, unwashed, unshaven, but civil enough, though they set their broad-brimmed hats with a devil-may-care air on the side of their head. We had dinner with these gentlemen in the parlor of the inn. There were two dishes — from which each helped himself with his fingers — of some sort of dried flesh, which the lieutenant declared to be pelican of the wilderness, and there were prunes and tea. We feared our friends were shy, for they did not speak at all before our women-folk. In a few minutes they disposed of their meal, and went out to a bench in front of the house to smoke. Then the lieutenant — so as not to shock these temperate people — produced one of several bottles of Catawba which he had procured at some way-side station before we left the railway. In appearance, when poured out, it was rather like tea, though not at all so clear; and, in fact, the taste was so unlike any thing we had ever met before that we unanimously pronounced in favor of the tea. But the lieutenant would try another bottle; and that being a trifle more palatable, we had much pleasure in drinking a toast. And the toast we drank was the safety of the gallant ship that was soon to carry Lady Sylvia's husband across the Atlantic.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE SCHOOL OF GIORGIONE.

To regard all products of art as various forms of poetry is the mistake of much popular criticism. For this criticism, poetry, music, and painting are but translations into different languages of one and the same fixed quantity of imaginative thought, supplemented by certain technical qualities of color in painting, of sound in music, of rhythmical words in poetry. In this way, the sensuous element in art, and with it almost everything in art that is essentially artistic, is made a matter of indifference: and a clear apprehension of the opposite principle, that the sensuous material of each art brings with it a special phase or quality of beauty, untranslatable into the forms of any other, an order of impressions distinct in kind, is the beginning of all true æsthetic criticism. For, as art addresses not the pure sense, still less the pure intellect, but the imaginative reason through the senses, there are differences of kind in æsthetic beauty corresponding to the differences in kind of the gifts of sense themselves. Each art, therefore, having its own peculiar and incommunicable sensuous charm, has its own special mode of reaching the imagination, its own special responsibilities to its material. One of the functions of æsthetic criticism is to define these limitations, to estimate the degree in which a given work of art fulfils its responsibilities to its special material: to note in a picture that true pictorial charm which is neither a mere poetical thought or sentiment on the one hand, nor a mere result of communicable technical skill in color or design on the other; to define in a poem that true poetical quality which is neither descriptive nor meditative merely, but comes of an inventive handling of rhythmical language, the element of song in the singing; to note in music the musical charm, that essential music which presents no words, no definable matter of sentiment or thought, separable from the special form in which it is conveyed to us.

To such a philosophy of the variations of the beautiful, Lessing's analysis of the spheres of sculpture and poetry in the "Laocoon" was a rememberable contribution. But a true appreciation of these things is possible only in the light of a whole system of such art-casuistries. And it is in the criticism of painting that this truth most needs enforcing, for it is in popular judgments on pictures that that false generalization of all art into forms of poetry is most prevalent. To suppose that all is mere technical acquirement in delineation or touch, working through and addressing itself to the intelligence on the one side, or a merely poetical

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

or what may be called literary interest, addressed also to the pure intelligence, on the other — this is the way of most spectators, and many critics, who have never caught sight all the time of that true pictorial quality which lies between, the pledge of the pictorial gift, the inventive or creative handling of line and color only, which, as almost always in Dutch painting, as often also in the works of Titian or Veronese, is quite independent of anything definitely poetical in the subject it accompanies. It is the *drawing* — the design projected from that peculiar pictorial temperament or constitution in which, while it may possibly be ignorant of true anatomical proportions, all things whatever, all poetry, every idea however abstract or obscure, floats up as a visible scene or image; it is the *coloring* — that weaving of imperceptible gold threads of light through the dress, the flesh, the atmosphere, in Titian's "Lace-girl," the staining of the whole fabric of the thing with a new, delightful physical quality. This *drawing*, then — the arabesque traced in the air by Tintoret's flying figures, by Titian's forest branches; this coloring — the magic conditions of light and hue in the atmosphere of Titian's "Lace-girl," or Rubens's "Descent from the Cross" — these essential pictorial qualities, must first of all delight the sense, delight it as directly and sensuously as a fragment of Venetian glass, and by this delight only be the medium of whatever poetry or science may lie beyond it in the intention of the composer. In its primary aspect, a great picture has no more definite message for us than an accidental play of sunlight and shadow for a moment, on one's wall or floor, is itself indeed a space of such falling light, caught as the colors are caught in an Eastern carpet, but refined upon and dealt with more subtly and exquisitely than by nature itself. And this primary and essential condition fulfilled, we may trace the coming of poetry into painting by fine gradations upwards; from Japanese fan-painting, for instance; where we get, first, only abstract color; then just a little interfused sense of the poetry of flowers; then, sometimes, consummate flower-painting; and so onwards, until in Titian we have, as his poetry in the "Ariadne," so actually a touch of true childlike humor in the diminutive, quaint figure with its silk gown, which ascends the temple stairs, in his picture of the "Presentation of the Virgin," at Venice.

But although each art has thus its own specific order of impressions, and an untranslatable charm, and a just apprehension of the ultimate differences of the arts is the beginning of æsthetic criticism; yet it is noticeable that, in its special mode of handling its given material, each art may be observed to pass into the condition of some other art, by what German critics term an *Anders-streben*, a partial alienation from its own limitations, by which the arts are able, not indeed to supply the place of each other, but reciprocally to lend each other new forces.

Thus, some of the most delightful music seems to be always approaching to figure, to pictorial definition. Architecture, again, though it has its own laws — laws esoteric enough, as the true architect knows only too well — yet sometimes aims at fulfilling the conditions of a picture, as in the Arena chapel; or of sculpture, as in the flawless, ringing unity of Giotto's tower at Florence; and often finds a true poetry, as in those strangely twisted staircases of the châteaux of the country of the Loire, as if it were intended that among their odd turnings the actors in a wild life might pass each other unseen; there being a poetry also of memory and mere effect of time, by which it often profits much. Thus, again, sculpture aspires out of the hard limitation of pure form towards color, or its equivalent; poetry also in many ways finding guidance from the other arts, the analogy between a Greek tragedy and a work of Greek sculpture, between a sonnet and a relief, of French poetry generally with the art of engraving, being more than mere figures of speech; and all the arts in common aspiring towards the principle of music, music being the typical, or ideally consummate art, the object of the great *Anders-streben* of all art, of all that is artistic, or partakes of artistic qualities.

All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music. For while in all other works of art it is possible to distinguish the matter from the form, and the understanding can always make this distinction, yet it is the constant effort of art to obliterate it. That the mere matter of a poem, for instance, its subject, its given incidents or situation; that the mere matter of a picture, the actual circumstances of an event, the actual topography of a landscape, should be nothing without the form, the spirit of the handling; that this form, this mode of handling, should become an end in itself, should penetrate every part of the matter; this is what all art constantly strives after, and achieves in different degrees.

This abstract language becomes clear

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

enough if we think of actual examples. In an actual landscape we see a long white road lost suddenly on the hill-verge. That is the matter of one of M. Legros' etchings; but in this etching it is informed by an indwelling solemnity of expression, seen upon it or half-seen, within the limits of an exceptional moment, or caught from his own mood perhaps; but which he maintains as the very essence of the thing throughout his work. Sometimes a momentary tint of stormy light may invest a homely or too familiar scene with a character which might well have been drawn from the deep places of the imagination. Then we say, This particular effect of light, this sudden inweaving of gold thread through the texture of the hay-stack, and the poplars, and the grass, gives the scene artistic qualities; it is like a picture. And such tricks of circumstance are commonest in landscape which has little salient character of its own, because in such scenery the whole material detail is so easily absorbed, or saturated by that informing expression of passing light, and elevated throughout its whole extent to a new delightful effect by it. And hence the superiority for most conditions of the picturesque of a river-side in France to a Swiss valley, because on the French river-side mere topography, the simple material, counts for so little, and, all being so pure, untouched, and tranquil in itself, nature has such easy work in tuning and playing music upon it. The Venetian landscape, on the other hand, has in its material conditions much which is hard and definite; but the masters of the Venetian school have shown themselves little burdened by them. Of its Alpine background they retain certain abstracted elements only of cool color and tranquillizing line; and they use its actual details, the brown windy turrets, the straw-colored fields, the forest arabesques, but as the notes of a music which duly accompanies the presence of their men and women, presenting us with the spirit or essence only of a certain sort of landscape, a country of the pure reason or half-imaginative memory.

Poetry, again, works with words addressed in the first instance to the mere intelligence; and it deals most often with a definite subject or situation. Sometimes it may find a noble and quite legitimate function in the expression of moral or political aspiration, as often in the poetry of Victor Hugo. In such instances it is easy enough for the understanding to distinguish between the matter and the form, however much the matter, the subject, the element which is addressed to the mere intelligence, has been penetrated by the informing, artistic spirit. But the ideal types of poetry are those in which this distinction is reduced to its minimum; so that lyrical poetry, just because in it you are least able to detach the matter from the form without a deduction of something from that matter itself, is, at least artistically, the highest and most complete form of poetry. And the very perfection of such poetry often seems to depend in part on a certain suppression or vagueness of mere subject, so that the definite meaning almost expires, or reaches us through ways not distinctly traceable by the understanding, as in some of the most imaginative compositions of William Blake, and often in Shakespeare's songs, as pre-eminently in that song of Mariana's page in "Measure for Measure," in which the kindling power and poetry of the whole play seems to pass for a moment into an actual strain of music.

And this principle holds good of all things that partake in any degree of artistic qualities, of the furniture of our houses and of dress, for instance, of life itself, of gesture and speech, and the details of daily intercourse; these also, for the wise, being susceptible of a suavity and charm caught from the way in which they are done, which gives them a value in themselves; wherein, indeed, lies what is valuable and justly attractive in what is called the fashion of a time, which elevates the trivialities of speech, and manner, and dress into an end in themselves, and gives them a mysterious grace and attractiveness in the doing of them.

Art, then, is thus always striving to be independent of the mere intelligence, to become a matter of pure perception, to get rid of its responsibilities to its subject or material; the ideal examples of poetry and painting being those in which the constituent elements of the composition are so welded together that the material or subject no longer strikes the intellect only; nor the form, the eye or ear only; but form and matter, in their union or identity, present one single effect to the imaginative reason, that complex faculty for which every thought and feeling is twin-born with its sensible analogue or symbol.

It is the art of music which most completely realizes this artistic ideal, this perfect identification of form and matter, this strange chemistry, uniting, in the integrity of pure light, contrasted elements. In its ideal, consummate moments, the end is not distinct from the means, the form from

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the matter, the subject from the expression; they inhere in and completely saturate each other; and to it, therefore, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire. Music, then, not poetry, as is so often supposed, is the true type or measure of consummate art. Therefore, although each art has its incommunicable element, its untranslatable order of impressions, its unique mode of reaching the imaginative reason, yet the arts may be represented as continually struggling after the law or principle of music, to a condition which music alone completely realizes; and one of the chief functions of æsthetic criticism, dealing with the concrete products of art, new or old, is to estimate the degree in which each of those products approaches in this sense to musical law.

By no school of painters have the necessary limitations of the art of painting been so unerringly though instinctively apprehended, and the essence of what is pictorial in a picture so justly conceived, as by the school of Venice; and the train of thought suggested in what has been now said is, perhaps, a not unfitting introduction to a few pages about Giorgione, who, though much has been taken by recent criticism from what was reputed his, still, more entirely than any other, sums up, in what we know of himself and his work, the spirit of that school.

The beginnings of Venetian painting link themselves to the last, stiff, half-barbaric splendors of Byzantine decoration, and are but the introduction into the crust of marble and gold on the walls of Murano or Saint Mark's of a little more of human expression. And throughout the course of its later development, always subordinate to architectural effect, the work of the Venetian school never escaped from the influence of its beginnings. Unassisted, and therefore unperplexed, by naturalism, religious mysticism, philosophical theories, it had no Giotto, no Angelico, no Botticelli. Exempt from the stress of thought and sentiment which taxed so severely the resources of the generations of Florentine artists, those earlier Venetian painters, down to Carpaccio and the Bellini, seem never for a moment to have been even tempted to lose sight of the scope of their art in its strictness, or to forget that painting must be before all things decorative, a thing for the eye, a space of color on the wall, only more dexterously blent than the marking of its precious stone or the chance interchange of sun and shade upon it — this, to begin and end with — whatever higher matter of thought, or poetry, or religious reverie might play its part therein between. At last, with final mastery of all the technical secrets of his art, and with somewhat more than a spark of the divine fire to his share, comes Giorgione. He is the inventor of *genre*, of those easily movable pictures which serve for uses neither of devotion nor of allegorical or historical teaching; little groups of real men and women amid congruous furniture or landscape; morsels of actual life, conversation or music or play, refined upon and idealized till they come to seem like glimpses of life from afar. Those spaces of more cunningly blent color, obediently filling their places hitherto in a mere architectural scheme, Giorgione detaches from the wall; he frames them by the hands of some skilful carver, so that people may move them readily and take with them where they go, like a poem in manuscript, or a musical instrument, to be used at will for all subtle purposes of culture, stimulus, or solace, coming like an animated presence, into one's cabinet, as we say, to enrich the air as with a personal aroma, and, like persons, live with us, for a day or a lifetime. Of all art like this, art which has played so large a part in men's culture since that time, Giorgione is the initiator. Yet in him, too, that old Venetian clearness or justice in the apprehension of the essential limitations of the pictorial art is still undisturbed; and while he interfuses his painted work with a high-strung sort of poetry, caught directly from a singularly rich and high-strung sort of life, yet in his selection of subject or phase of subject, in the subordination of mere subject to pictorial design, to the main purpose of a picture, he is typical of that aspiration of all the arts towards music which I have endeavored to explain, towards the perfect identification of matter and form.

Born so close to Titian, though a little before him, that these two companion pupils of the aged Giovanni Bellini may almost be called contemporaries, Giorgione stands to Titian in something like the relationship of Sordello to Dante, in Mr. Browning's poem. Titian, when he leaves Bellini, becomes in turn the pupil of Giorgione; he lives in constant labor more than sixty years after Giorgione is in his grave, and with such fruit that hardly one of the greater towns of Europe is without some fragment of it. But the slightly older man, with his so limited actual prod-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

uct (what remains to us of it seeming when narrowly examined to reduce itself to almost one picture, like Sordello's one fragment of lovely verse) yet expresses quintessentially, in elementary suggestion and effect, that spirit, itself the final acquisition of all the long endeavors of Venetian art, which Titian spreads over his whole life's activity.

And, as we might expect, something fabulous and illusive has always mingled itself in the brillance of Giorgione's fame. The exact relationship to him of many works — drawings, portraits, painted idylls — often fascinating enough, which in various collections went by his name was from the first uncertain. Still, six or eight famous pictures at Dresden, Florence, and the Louvre, were undoubtingly attributed to him, and in these, if anywhere, something of the splendor of the old Venetian humanity seemed to have been preserved. But of those six or eight famous pictures it is now known that only one is certainly from Giorgione's hand. The accomplished science of the subject has come at last, and, as in other instances, has not made the past more real for us, but assured us that we possess of it less than we seemed to have. Much of the work on which Giorgione's immediate fame rested, work done for instantaneous effect, in all probability passed away almost within his own age, like the frescoes on the façade of the *fondaco dei Tedeschi* at Venice, some crimson traces of which, however, still give a strange additional touch of splendor to the scene of the Rialto. And then there is a barrier, or borderland, a period about the middle of the sixteenth century, in passing through which the tradition miscarries, and the true outline of Giorgione's work and person obscure themselves. It became fashionable for wealthy lovers of art, with no critical standard of authenticity, to collect so-called works of Giorgione, and a multitude of imitations came into circulation. And now, in the "new Vasari," * the great traditional reputation, woven with so profuse demand on men's admiration, has been scrutinized thread by thread; and what remains of the most vivid and stimulating of Venetian masters, a live flame, as it seemed, in those old shadowy times, has been reduced almost to a name by his most recent critics.

Yet enough remains to explain why the legend grew up above the name, why the name attached itself, in many instances, to the bravest work of other men. The "Concert" in the Pitti Palace, in which a monk with cowl and tonsure touches the keys of a harpsichord, while a clerk placed behind him grasps the handle of a viol, and a third with cap and plume seems to wait upon the true interval for beginning to sing, is undoubtedly Giorgione's. The outline of the lifted finger, the trace of the plume, the very threads of the fine linen, which fasten themselves on the memory in the moment before they are lost altogether in that calm, unearthly glow, the skill which has caught the waves of wandering sound, and fixed them on the lips and hands forever — these are indeed the master's own; and the criticism which, while dismissing so much hitherto believed to be Giorgione's, has established the claims of this one picture, has left it among the most precious things in the world.

It is noticeable that the "distinction" of this "Concert," its sustained evenness of perfection, alike in design, in execution and in choice of personal type, becomes for the "new Vasari" the standard of Giorgione's genuine work. Finding here enough to explain his influence, and the true seal of mastery, it assigns to Pellegrino da San Daniele the "Holy Family" in the Louvre, for certain points in which it comes short of that standard, but which will hardly diminish the spectator's enjoyment of a singular charm of liquid air with which the whole picture seems instinct, filling the eyes and lips, the very garments of its sacred personages with some wind-searched energy of physical and spiritual being, and of which the blue peak clearly defined in the distance is, as it were, the material pledge. Similarly, another beloved picture in the Louvre, the subject of a sonnet by a poet whose own painted work comes often to mind as one ponders over these precious things, the "*Fête Champêtre*," is assigned to but an imitator of Sebastian del Piombo; and the "Tempest" in the Academy at Venice — less of a loss, perhaps, though not without its sweet effect of clearing weather towards the left, its one untouched morsel — to Paris Bordone, or perhaps to "some advanced craftsmen of the sixteenth century." From the gallery at Dresden, the "Knight embracing a Lady," where the knight's noticeably worn gauntlets seem to mark some well-known pause in a story we would willingly hear the rest of, is conceded to "a Brescian hand," and "Jacob meeting Rachel" to a pupil of Palma; and,

*** Crowe and Cavalcaselle. History of Painting in North Italy.**

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

whatever their charm, we are called on to give up the "Ordeal," and the "Finding of Moses," with its jewel-like pools of water, perhaps to Bellini.

Nor has the criticism which thus so freely diminishes the number of his authentic works added anything important to the well-known outline of the life and personality of the man; only, it has fixed one or two dates, one or two circumstances, a little more exactly. Giorgione was born before the year 1477, and spent his childhood at Castelfranco, where the last crags of the Venetian Alps break down romantically, with something of park-like grace, to the plain. A natural child of the family of the Barbarelli by a peasant-girl of Vedelago, he finds his way early into the circle of notable persons, people of courtesy; and becomes initiated into those differences of personal type, manner, dress even, which are best understood there, that "distinction" of the "Concert" of the Pitti Palace. Hard by his home lives Catherine of Cornara, formerly queen of Cyprus; and up in the towers, which still remain, Tuzio Costanzo, the famous *condottiere* — strange, picturesque remnant of mediæval manners in a civilization rapidly changing. Giorgione paints their portraits; and when Tuzio's son, Matteo, dies in early youth, adorns in his memory a chapel in the church of Castelfranco, painting on this occasion, perhaps the altarpiece, foremost among his authentic works, still to be seen there, with the figure of the warrior saint, Liberale, for which the original little study in oil, with the delicately gleaming silver-grey armor, is one of the greatest treasures of the National Gallery, and in which, as in some other knightly personages attributed to him, people have supposed the likeness of his own presumably gracious presence. Thither, at last, he is himself brought home from Venice, early dead but celebrated. It happened, about his thirty-fourth year, that in one of those parties at which he entertained his friends with music, he met a certain lady, of whom he became greatly enamoured, and "they rejoiced greatly, the one and the other, in their loves." And two quite different legends concerning it agree in this, that it was through this lady he came by his death; Ridolfi relating that being robbed of her by one of his pupils he died of grief at the double treason; Vasari, that she being secretly stricken of the plague, and he making his visits to her as usual, he took the sickness from her mortally with his kisses, and thus briefly departed.

But although the number of Giorgione's extant works has been thus limited by recent criticism, all has not been done when the real and the traditional elements in what concerns him have been discriminated; for in what is connected with a great name much that is not real is often very stimulating, and for the æsthetic philosopher, over and above the real Giorgione and his authentic extant works, there remains *the Giorgionesque* also, an influence, a spirit or type in art, active in men so different as those to whom those supposed works of his are really assignable — a veritable school, indeed, which grew, as a supplementary product, out of all those fascinating works rightly or wrongly attributed to him; out of many copies from, or variations on, him by unknown or uncertain workmen, whose drawings and designs were, for reasons, prized as his; out of the immediate impression he made upon his contemporaries, and with which he continued in men's minds; out of many traditions of subject and treatment which really descend from him to our own time, and by retracing which we fill out the original image; Giorgione thus becoming a sort of impersonation of Venice itself, its projected reflex or ideal, all that was intense or desirable in it thus crystallizing about the memory of this wonderful young man.

And now, finally, let me illustrate some of the characteristics of this *school of Giorgione*, as we may say, which for most of us, notwithstanding all that negative criticism of the "new Vasari," will still identify itself with those famous pictures at Florence, Dresden, and Paris; and in which there defines itself for us a certain artistic ideal, the conception of a peculiar aim and procedure in art, which we may understand as the *Giorgionesque*, wherever we find it — in Venetian work generally, or in work of our own time, and of which the "Concert," that undoubted work of Giorgione in the Pitti Palace, is the typical instance, and a pledge which authenticates the connection of the school with the master.

I have spoken of a certain interpenetration of the matter or subject of a work of art with the form of it, a condition realized absolutely only in music, as the condition to which every form of art is perpetually aspiring. In the art of painting, the attainment of this ideal condition, this perfect interpenetration of the subject with color and design, depends, of course,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

in great measure, on dexterous choice of that subject, or phase of subject; and such choice is one of the secrets of Giorgione's school. It is the school of *genre*, and employs itself mainly with "painted idylls," but, in the production of this pictorial poetry, exercises a wonderful *finesse* in the selecting of such matter as lends itself most readily and entirely to pictorial form, to entire expression by drawing and color, to what I may call again the musical treatment. For although its productions are painted poems they belong to a sort of poetry which tells itself without an articulated story. The master is pre-eminent for the resolution, the ease, and quickness with which he reproduces instantaneous motion — the lacing on of armor, with the head bent back so stately; the fainting lady; the embrace rapid as the kiss caught with death itself from dying lips; the momentary conjunction of mirrors and polished armor and still water, by which all the sides of a solid image are presented together, solving that casuistical question whether painting can present an object as completely as sculpture. The sudden act, the rapid transition of thought, the passing expression — this he arrests with that vivacity which Vasari has attributed to him, the *fuoco Giorgionesco*, as he terms it. Now it is part of the ideality of the highest sort of poetry that it presents us with a kind of profoundly significant and animated instants, a mere gesture, a look, a smile, perhaps, a brief and entirely concrete moment, into which, however, all the abstract motives, all the interest and efficacy of a long history, have condensed themselves, and which seem to absorb past and future in an intense consciousness of the present. Such ideal instants the school of Giorgione selects with admirable *finesse* from that feverish, tumultuously colored existence of the old citizens of Venice; phases of subject in themselves already volatilized almost to the vanishing point, exquisite pauses in time, in which, arrested thus, we seem to be spectators of all the fulness of things forever, and which are like an extract, or elixir, or consummate fifth part of life.

Who, in some such perfect moment, when the harmony of things inward and outward beat itself out so truly, and with a sense of receptivity, as if in that deep accord, with entire inaction on our part, some messenger from the real soul of things must be on his way to one, has not felt the desire to perpetuate all that, just so, to suspend it in every particular circumstance, with the portrait of just that one spray of leaves lifted just so high against the sky, above the well, forever? — a desire how bewildering with the question whether there be indeed any place wherein these desirable moments take permanent refuge. Well! in the school of Giorgione you drink water, perfume, music, lie in receptive humor thus forever, and the satisfying moment is assured.

It is to the law or condition of music, as I said, that all art like this is really aspiring; and in the school of Giorgione those perfect moments of music, the making or hearing of it, song or the accompaniment of song, are themselves prominent as subjects. On that background of the silence of Venice, which the visitor there finds so impressive, the world of Italian music was then forming itself. In choice of subject, as in all besides, the "Concert" of the Pitti Palace is typical of all that Giorgione, himself an admirable musician, touched with his influence; and in sketch, or finished picture, in various collections, we may follow it through many intricate variations — men fainting at music, music heard at the poolside while people fish, or mingled with the sound of the pitcher in the well, or heard across running water, or among the flocks; the tuning of instruments; people with intent faces as if listening, like those in Plato, to detect the smallest interval of musical sound, the smallest undulation in the air, as it is said gifted ears may catch the note of the bat; feeling for music in thought, on a stringless instrument, ear and finger refining themselves infinitely in the appetite for sweet sound; a momentary touch of an instrument in the twilight, as one passes through some unfamiliar room, in a chance company.

In such favorite incidents, then, of Giorgione's school, music or music-like intervals in our existence, life itself is conceived as a sort of listening — listening to music, to the reading of Bandello's novels, to the sound of water, to time as it flies. Often such moments are really our moments of play, and we are surprised at the unexpected blessedness of what may seem our least important part of time; not merely because play is in many instances that to which people really apply their own best powers, but also because at such times the stress of our servile, every-day attentiveness being relaxed, the happier powers in things without us are permitted free passage, and have their way with us. And so, from music, the school of Giorgione passes often to play which is like music; to those masques in which men avowedly do but play at real life, like children

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"dressing-up," disguised in the strange old Italian dresses, parti-colored, or fantastic with purfling and furs, of which the master was so curious a designer, and which, above all the spotless white linen at wrist and throat, he painted so dexterously.

And when people are happy in this thirsty land, water will not be far off; and in the school of Giorgione the presence of water — the well or marble-rimmed pool, the drawing or pouring of water, as the woman pours it from a pitcher with her jewelled hand in the "*Fête Champêtre*," listening, perhaps, to the cool sound as it falls, blent with the music of the pipes — is as characteristic, and almost as suggestive, as that of music itself. And the landscape feels and is glad of it also — a landscape full of clearness, of the effects of water, of fresh rain newly passed through the air, and collected into its grassy channels; the air, too, in the school of Giorgione, being as vivid as the souls which breathe it, and literally empyrean, its impurities burnt out of it, no taint, no trace or floating particle of aught but its own clear element, allowed to subsist within it.

Its scenery is such as in England we call "park scenery," with some undefined refinement felt about the rustic buildings, the choice grass, the grouped trees, the undulations deftly economised for graceful effect. Only, in Italy all natural things are woven through and through with gold thread, even the cypress revealing it among the folds of its blackness. And it is with gold dust or gold thread that these Venetian painters seem to work, spinning its fine filaments through the solemn human flesh, out away into the white plastered walls of the thatched huts. The harsher details of the mountains recede to a harmonious distance, the one peak of rich blue above the horizon remaining but as the visible warrant of that due coolness which is all we need ask here of the Alps, with their dark soul of rains and streams. Yet what real, airy distance, as the eye passes from level to level, through the long-drawn valley in which Jacob embraces Rachel, the fiery point of passion, to which all the rest turns up, opening and closing about them, yearningly. Nowhere is there a truer instance of that balance, that modulated unison of landscape and persons — the earth being here but a "second body," a garment as exactly conformed to and spiritually expressive of the human presence on it, of the "first body," as that "first body" is of the soul — a unison of the human image and its accessories, already noted as characteristic of the Venetian school, so that in it neither personage nor scenery is ever a mere pretext for the other.

Something like this seems to me to be the *vraie vérité* about Giorgione, to adopt a serviceable expression by which the French recognize those more liberal and durable impressions which, in respect of any really considerable person or subject, anything that has at all intricately occupied men's attention, lie beyond and must supplement the narrower range of the strictly ascertained and numerable facts about it. In this, Giorgione is but an illustration of a valuable general caution we may abide by in all criticism. As regards Giorgione himself, we have indeed to take note of all those negations and exceptions by which, at first sight, a new Vasari seems merely to have confused our apprehension of a delightful object, to have explained out of our inheritance from past time what seemed of high value there. Yet it is not with a full understanding even of those exceptions that one can leave off just there. Set in their true perspective such negations become but a salt of genuineness in our knowledge; for, beyond all those strictly deducible facts, we must take note of that indirect influence by which one like Giorgione, for instance, enlarges his permanent efficacy, and really makes himself felt in our culture; and in a just impression of that is the essential truth, the *vraie vérité*, concerning him.

WALTER H. PATER.

From The Westminster Review.

THE SUPERNATURAL ELEMENT IN SHAKESPEARE.

"POETRY," says Lord Bacon in his "Advancement of Learning," "is nothing else but feigned history, the use of which hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul; by reason whereof there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things." In thus setting forth, by means of the imagination, actions more heroical, a retribution more just, and events more novel and surprising, than belong to true history, "poesy

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation."

This *ideal* character of poetry, which is singled out by the great natural philosopher as its proper "note," is also a favorite theme with his famous contemporary Sir Philip Sidney in his "Apology for Poetry." "Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done, neither with pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too-much-loved earth more lovely. Her world is brazen; the poets only deliver a golden!" exclaims the courtly and eloquent pleader, half-jesting at his own enthusiasm on behalf of his "unelected vocation." Yet while he thus presses the claim of the poet to the name given to him in Greece and England of a *maker* or inventor, Sidney does not forget the necessity of that foundation of truth upon which fancy is to raise her airy structures. He cites with approval Aristotle's definition of poetry as an "art of imitation," though "the right poets," he says, imitate nothing that is, or was, or shall be, but "that unspeakable and everlasting beauty which is only to be seen with the eyes of the mind."

The harmony of these two opposite yet mutually indispensable principles, imitation and invention, the real and the ideal, is that which constitutes a work of art; and it is the end and aim of the supernatural element in Shakespeare.

Supernatural agencies,* that is to say, intelligent and rational beings who are either not human, or, if human, are conceived as existing under conditions which are not those of our natural life, appear in four of the plays of Shakespeare — plays which are generally held to display the full perfection of his genius — the comedies of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest," and the tragedies of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth." It becomes, therefore, a matter of some interest to discuss the significance of this feature which they possess in common, and to ascertain the poetic end which it may serve. If the explanation already hazarded be correct, it will not be difficult to show that this introduction of the supernatural, whether in the form of the fairies of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the witches and demons of "Macbeth," the ghost in "Hamlet," or the airy spirit and half-human monster of the "Tempest," has the twofold effect of *adding a new element of reality to the work, while at the same time it heightens its ideal character.*

* The ghost in "Julius Cæsar," and the dream-apparitions in "Richard III.," are not introduced as characters of the drama, nor have they any positive influence over its action.

In the first place, *it adds to its reality.* Poetic truth is subjective, not objective; and these fictions, however they may be glorified by a poet's fancy, are founded on fact — a fact all-important in art, though not in science — the fact of *being believed.* No one can write a fairy-tale now, because no one believes in the fairies, consequently a modern fairy-tale is either a veiled satire, a scientific lecture in disguise, or a moral allegory, where we cannot settle down comfortably with a good old-fashioned dragon or enchanter without finding that he "means" some depressing abstraction in *ism* or *ation*, or some equally dreary principle in chemistry or mechanics. To be entrapped into learning when we expected amusement is a thing to be resented by every well-regulated mind; and most readers of the elder generation can remember the disappointment of their youthful days occasioned by a certain tale of magic in Madame de Genlis' "*Veillées du Château*," in which all the delightful marvels turn out in the end to be "facts explainable by natural causes!"

But the fairies were still believed in by the simple country folks in the days of Shakespeare, as they were forty years afterwards in the days of Milton, when it was one of the amusements of a village festival to tell at summer eve "how Fairy Mab the junkets eat" — as they were, up to the close of the last century, in Devonshire, where a shady cavern is still shown on the wooded bank of the River Otter, dedicated, under the name of the Pixies' Parlor, to those

> Whom the untaught shepherds call
> Pixies in their madrigal.

The word *fairy* is derived through Italian and French from the Latin *fata*, the fates or goddesses of destiny — Clotho, who spins the thread of life; Atropos, who cuts it; and Lachesis or Fortune, who disposes of human lots. These awful personages bear but little resemblance to Oberon and Titania with their jocund train, which is not really surprising; for the fairies of rustic England, though bearing a classic name, are the direct descendants of the elves of Teutonic and Scandinavian mythology, a race of beings inhabiting the woods and meadows, of diminutive stature, but formidable powers, sometimes hostile and sometimes friendly to man. This belief was brought over to our island by the Saxon and Danish invaders as a

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

part of their religion, and continued after their conversion to flourish as a popular tradition, side by side with the creed of Christendom, unreconciled and uncontradicted.

The idea of Ariel in "The Tempest" will best be understood by a reference to the elemental spirits or intelligences presiding over the realms of earth, air, water, and fire, whose existence and attributes formed a favorite speculation with Greek philosophers and mediæval sages. Milton's "Penseroso," when in his midnight studies he unspheres the spirit of Plato, reads, —

> Of those demons that are found
> In fire, air, flood, or under ground;
> Whose power hath a true consent
> With planet or with element.

The Ariel of Shakespeare, however, is never a mere impersonation of the powers of nature; for as, on the one hand, he rises in the service of man into the higher character of a minister of destiny, so, on the other, he descends, when his task is ended, into the familiar fairy of our northern folklore, who lurks in the cowslip and flies on the bat's back

> After sunset, merrily.

An extreme credulity and curiosity about extraordinary sights and strange physical phenomena has often been noticed as a foible of the English people. This disposition, which was naturally much increased by the wonderful geographical discoveries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, is good-humoredly satirized by Shakespeare in "The Tempest," a play produced during a season of public excitement occasioned by the shipwreck of Sir George Somers in 1609 on the stormy and desolate coast of Bermuda, "the still-vext Bermoothes." "Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted," says Stephano the Neapolitan, when he finds Caliban on the seashore, "not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

Ignorant wonder, or the habit of caring for things not because they are beautiful or because they are useful, but because they are odd, has ever seemed a mark of barbarism to men of an artistic race. Ben Jonson, though full of admiration for the "Sweet Swan of Avon," could not resist a sly hit at his brother playwright for what he was pleased to consider his encouragement of a foolish taste. "If there be never a *servant-monster* in the fair, who can help it?" he asks in the introduction to "Bartholomew Fair." The author of "The Tempest," had he cared to defend his invention, might have answered in the words of the philosophical prince of Denmark, that such representations, whatever else might be thought of them, were certainly not "from the purpose of playing, which is to show virtue her own feature, scorn his own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

Those portentous figures which meet us in the tragedies of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," and cast their lurid light over the scene, wear an aspect, in some points, more like a grave reality. Sorcery and divination — unhallowed communications with the unseen world — the return of the spirits of the dead to the abodes of the living, with messages of warning or revenge, — these are ideas not national and local, but human and universal, deriving their authority, if not their origin, from the fact of conscience, the faith in immortality, and the conviction of a judgment to come. Perverted as they are in their developments, and pernicious in their effects, these superstitions, and the tales connected with them, do yet come "in such a questionable shape," that many even nowadays would rather speak of them as unproved and unprovable, than as groundless and false. Be that as it may, it will be sufficient to point out that the nearer approach (though but apparent) which they make to the character of authentic history, is well suited to the dignity of the tragic muse. And thus it has been shown that the marvellous incidents and mysterious beings (whether light and joyous or sombre and terrible) introduced into the Shakespearian drama, are in strict accordance with the realistic principle or principle of imitation, since they are *imitations of superstitious narratives sometime received as true.*

In the second place, *the supernatural element in the plays of Shakespeare heightens their ideal charaeter.* The idea of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is mutability, the changeableness and unstable character of human hopes, feelings, and desires. In Demetrius we have the portrait of an inconstant man, and one which is none the less true and natural because the figure is placed in remote scenery and in a mythical age. Betrothed with the consent of her friends to "old Nedar's daughter Helena," he secretly wearies of her submissive and confiding affection; his course

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

of love is running *too* smooth, and his restless temperament requires the stimulus of opposition and the excitement of a chase. While thus ready for change, his fancy is caught by the more brilliant beauty and livelier manners of Hermia, Helena's school friend and companion, who, however, is attached to the young Lysander, and receives his addresses with indifference, if not with disdain. Undeterred by this repulse, Demetrius seeks opportunities of ingratiating himself with Egeus, Hermia's imperious and hot-tempered father, who favors the suit of the more politic (and perhaps more wealthy) admirer, and endeavors to force his daughter into an unwelcome alliance.

This is the state of affairs at the opening of the play. May we venture for a moment to fancy the story finished as if it were a novel of the nineteenth century, instead of a romantic drama of the sixteenth, and something in this fashion?

The pair of true lovers, Lysander and Hermia, finding that matters have reached a desperate crisis, resolve to seek their happiness in flight and a stolen marriage. Hermia confides the project to her friend, who, blinded by an idolizing affection which no unkindness can destroy, betrays the secret to her former lover. Demetrius is about to take measures to hinder the success of the scheme, but at this juncture a fresh complication occurs. A youthful wooer is suddenly seen in the train of the desponding and forsaken Helena, who declares himself forever hers, and whose tender declarations might well tempt her to forget her old love. Demetrius hears of it, of course, with strange new sensations of surprise, displeasure, and alarm. Jealousy awakens a love which was not dead, but sleeping, and is unconsciously aided by that deference to public opinion which leads most men to think more highly of the merits that are esteemed by others. Casting his recent fancy to the winds, he seeks, somewhat too boldly, to resume his old allegiance, but is received at first with becoming coolness and distrust. His probation, however, does not last long, for the gentle and generous Helena is only too ready to forgive his error, and to believe him when he tells her that his love to Hermia —

> Melted as doth the snow, seems to him now
> As the remembrance of an idle gawd
> Which in his childhood he did dote upon;
> And all the faith and virtue of his heart,
> The object and the pleasure of his eye,
> Is only Helena.

Now it will, of course, be obvious, that this is, after all, no imaginary conclusion, but contains the very incidents of that portion of the play that concerns the loves of Demetrius and Helena, only under a prosaic disguise. The sudden revival of his early affection in the fickle heart of Demetrius, following hard upon the appearance of a rival, and treated as "mockery" by the indignant maid, are alike in both versions; here are the palpable facts, the solid foundation of truth and nature, without which no tale of human life (even though it be a fairy-tale) can command our interest and attention.

But let us see how this plain looking-glass of prose, in which we view the goings on of the workaday world, changes in the poet's hand into an enchanted mirror, where the single object is reflected, with many a dazzling gleam of mirthful fancy, with many a bewildering yet delightful repetition.

Shakespeare transports his lovers into "fairyland;" where the ebb and flow of youthful feeling (which on our dull earth would need weeks, or at least days, to develop) can run its fleeting course in a midsummer night, the shortest of the year; and where the new influences by which the characters are moved and affected, instead of being separate and unconnected, as they would be in real life, are all interwoven in mutual reaction, so as to increase the comic perplexities of the scene. Thus the fairy machinery serves to the "delectation" of the spectator, by giving rise to a "more absolute variety" than would be attainable without it; for he sees even the faithful Lysander compelled by the witchery of the charmed flower to exhibit a fantastic repetition of Demetrius's wilful inconstancy, and play the part of lover to Helena; while the fascinating Hermia is for a while deserted by both her swains for the sake of the once solitary Helen. The confusion and delusion spread even among the higher powers of the magic realm! The fairy king, who aspired to act as a mimic providence over the affairs of mortals, finds that he has only succeeded in setting things wrong that were right enough before. The fairy queen, whom we are to imagine as the very flower of grace and loveliness, the sparkling embodiment of wit and wisdom, astonishes her loyal subjects by a vagary which is of course quite unheard of out of fairyland, — Titania falls in love with an ass!

This arch spirit of satire, which animates the poetic imagery of "A Midsum-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

mer Night's Dream," is not, however, its most prominent characteristic. The rod in the poet's hand is so wreathed in flowers, that its stroke cannot be very formidable; and should any more sensitive members of the audience suspect that their faults or follies have been laughingly hinted at, there is an apt and ample apology to be offered by Robin Goodfellow at the close, —

> If we shadows have offended,
> Think but this (and all is mended),
> That you have but slumbered here
> While these visions did appear;
> And this weak and idle theme,
> No more yielding but a dream.
> Gentles, do not reprehend;
> If you pardon, we will mend.

In "The Tempest," on the other hand, which is composed in a more serious mood than "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the moral element is conspicuous. The idea of "The Tempest" is retribution, an outward and visible correspondence between the law and the sentence, "that writing on the wall" which, as Bacon finely says, "is often so obscure as to be scarce legible even to those that behold it from the sanctuary, but sometimes is written in such text and capital letters that he that runs may read it." This more exact apportionment of temporal rewards and punishments, which we call poetic justice, is the proper theme of comedy. Tragedy, taking a deeper and truer view of the destiny of man, can bear without dismay, though not without sorrow —

> To see wretchedness o'ercharged,
> And duty in his service perishing.

The fairies of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are merely traditional; we are interested in them for the sake of the poor foolish mortals whom they help or hinder, but in themselves they are light and unsubstantial, "as the gay motes that people the sunbeam."

It is otherwise with the supernatural or preternatural characters of "The Tempest" (a work produced sixteen years later, in Shakespeare's most intellectual period), which bear traces of moral and philosophical speculation that will repay an attentive scrutiny.

Man, it has been said, is a microcosm, a little world, whose features have their counterparts in the macrocosmos or great world of nature. Ariel, the spirit of the air, symbolizes whatever in nature is musical and etherial, forceful and vivid, the wave, the breeze, and the flame. Caliban typifies that which, both in nature and in man, is the sluggish and the deathly, the foul and the fierce, the creeping miasma, the poisonous reptile, as well as that worser half of human nature which, if looked at alone, without the "better things that accompany salvation," has turned thoughtful minds in every age into self-haters or man-haters, ascetics or misanthropists. These evil qualities have been held up to our abhorrence by Swift in his detestable Yahoo. But Swift's bitter invective provokes an indignant protest on behalf of the humanity which he traduced, while Shakespeare, by showing their hateful likeness in a creature possessed of speech and understanding, yet in other respects more than half beast, conveys more effectively the solemn warning —

> To let the *man* be more and more,
> And let the ape and tiger die.

To what does the "delicate spirit" Ariel correspond in the intellectual world of man? We answer, to the "shaping spirit of imagination," which is in itself neither good nor evil, and which claims, as the prime necessity of its being, the *right to be free as air*. But when yielding, though half-reluctant, to the dominion of the will of man, like Ariel submitting to the control of Prospero, it does him worthy service. As the minister of reason, armed with the wand of experiment and the magic book of science, it leads the way to that knowledge which is power — power to employ the forces of nature through a knowledge of her laws. As minister of the conscience and the affections, this mysterious faculty plays a part which, though outwardly less friendly, is not really less useful to man.

The terrors of imagination resemble those of adversity —

> Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
> The bad affright, afflict the best.

Ferdinand, the type of knightly honor, *sans peur et sans reproche*, is "afflicted" by the mysterious and dirge-like music that greets him in the lonely isle.

"This ditty does remember my drowned father!" he mournfully exclaims, while imagination deludes him with sounds that are but the echo of his own apprehensions. We know, however, that the "torturing hour" of fancied sorrow will soon be past, and that the invisible singer is really his guide into the presence of love and joy.

But the "men of sin," the tyrant, the usurper, and the conspirator, whom Providence has brought across the seas to meet

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

their doom, to them imagination comes in the awful form of an avenger.

"I have made you mad," says the stern angel of destiny to the guilty three. And when, in impotent rage, they draw their swords, he addresses them in a tone of lofty scorn, not unmingled with pity: —

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea (which hath requit it)
Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing but heart's sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

The threats and promises are alike to all, but of this "heart's sorrow," which is required as the condition of pardon, only one proves capable.

O it is monstrous!

cried the unhappy king.

Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded.

Nature and grief alike bring the saving knowledge of truth to one who, though deeply stained with crime, is yet a living soul. No such hope of repentance is possible to the wicked Antonio and the weak Sebastian, who treat the merciful warning of destiny as the challenge of "a fiend," to be accepted with the valor of a suicide.

It seems almost presumptuous to attempt thus peremptorily to define the end and aim of works like "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," works of manifold and complicated interest, which have long engaged the attention of the most acute and profound thinkers. Without venturing to point a moral where the poet may have left it intentionally obscure, we cannot surely do amiss to consider, in the first place, what is the main impression left on our minds by the play as a whole, and then to inquire whether that impression corresponds with the thought that recurs most frequently and emphatically in the speeches of the principal character.

To be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering,

says the fallen cherub in "Paradise Lost." The sense of being "overcharged," bound to carry a weight too heavy for us, called by duty to a task for which we feel ourselves unfit, this is what fills many an outwardly prosperous existence with silent and unsuspected misery. And this fact of human life rests upon a truth in human nature, a truth expressed with French point and neatness in the well-known line —

Le ciel nous vend toujours les biens qu'il nous prodigue.

Great gifts are sold, not given; the excess in one direction is balanced by a corresponding deficiency in another. More especially does this law hold good of the opposite poles of the intellect and the will. The practical and speculative faculties are unequally yoked together in most persons; and this inevitable disproportion leads to many an inconsistency, which would be more mercifully judged were its cause perceived more clearly. *Knowing* a thing is very different from *doing* it. Critics of poetry are seldom good poets; moralists are not always virtuous, nor are theologians always devout.

The legendary Hamlet of Saxo Grammaticus, whose father's brother succeeds to the throne of Denmark under the suspicious circumstances of the king in Shakespeare, learns through some *ordinary* channel of information that there has been foul play in the matter. He escapes to England, returns with an English army at his back, slays his uncle, makes an oration to the Danes, and is elected king. This is precisely the course adopted by the young Prince Malcolm in Macbeth after the murder of Duncan; and it is plain that these or similar incidents would afford materials for a spirited drama. But it

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

would be literally "the play of 'Hamlet' with the part of Hamlet left out."

There is another thing left out in the chronicle which we find in the tragedy — *the spirit of the royal Dane.* What can we imagine more likely to prolong the agony of indecision, to paralyze the will, and render the act of righteous vengeance (which is to Hamlet both an acknowledged duty and a passionate desire) well-nigh impossible, than this which actually happens to him,— his receiving the dark secret through an experience which, while deeply agitating to the feelings, is inconceivable to the reason, and which therefore only raises "obstinate questioning" to which it supplies no answer? —

That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns.

Could Hamlet ever for an instant have *forgotten* that form "so majestical," that haunted the platform of Elsinore? When he spoke these words, it was not in forgetfulness, but in doubt. Thus conscience (or consciousness, as the word meant then) does make cowards of us all —

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn aside,
And lose the name of action.

According to one theory, though not the latest, "Macbeth" and "The Tempest" were written within a few months of each other, in the spring and autumn of the year 1610; and, if that be true, it may possibly account for a certain resemblance between the two, though it is but the resemblance of a landscape seen under the gleam and showers of a breezy April morning to a similar scene amidst the alternate gloom and glare of a thunder-storm.

The force of imagination is alike conspicuous in the comedy and in the tragedy. But in the former it is a beneficent genius, bringing transgressors to repentance by salutary terrors, and charming the young and innocent with "masque and antique pageantry," where Juno and Ceres are seen conferring blessings of the heaven above and the earth beneath upon the happy bridal pair. In the latter, imagination, in bondage to an evil power, is the tempter who entices man to sin, and the fury who avenges it.

The tragedy of "Macbeth" is no mere tale of guilty ambition, or picture of the torments of remorse; these things form indeed the material substance of the play, but they are not its most characteristic feature.

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.

This is the lesson which Macbeth himself teaches us as the moral of his fall; and it is a warning against that perversion of the imaginative part of our nature which is the very essence of superstition.

The abuse of imagination in religion is idolatry or image-worship, the craving to represent that which eye hath not seen under images derived from the senses — a craving which was obeyed without misgiving in heathen worship, and which led directly, by an obvious connection of cause and effect, to the most frightful moral corruption. And closely akin to idolatry was "the sin of witchcraft," in its outward form a delusion, but in its inward principle an evidence of spiritual infidelity.

"Seek ye unto them that have familiar spirits, unto wizards that peep and that mutter? Should not a people seek unto their God?" So spake Isaiah of old to backsliding Judah. It is this longing to lift the veil of futurity, to walk by sight and not by faith — that faith which means trust in a Creator's wisdom and a Father's love — which led God's chosen people to forsake their Redeemer for the dark spells of the heathen around them. And it was this same temptation that beset the victorious Scottish general on the lonely heath of Forres.

"When shall we three meet again?" Who are these three, "so withered and so wild in their attire," "like creatures of an elder world"? No mere mortals, we know, though they wear the garb and speak the language of the witches of popular superstition, and that with such accuracy of imitation, that much of the strange dialogue cannot be understood without an acquaintance with the mediæval notions about witchcraft. These are the weird sisters, the fates or goddesses of destiny, answering to the three divisions of time, the past, the present, and the future.

All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

The virtuous Banquo has his prophetic message as well as the brave Macbeth.

Mac. *Your* children shall be kings!
Ban. *You* shall be king!

the two men exclaim to each other in equal

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

wonderment. But the knowledge of the "hereafter," dropped like an evil seed by the hand of fate, lies dormant and therefore harmless in the memory of the upright Banquo. He does not suffer it to possess his imagination and harden his heart.

Both these results are attained with fearful rapidity when the evil seed falls in a congenial soil. How quickly does the high-souled warrior sink, under temptation, into the midnight murderer, the bloodthirsty tyrant, and the treacherous friend!

And now as he wades deeper and deeper in blood, and sees the shades of the prison-house closing around his soul, he seeks the weird sisters in their dark cavern, to gain more of that knowledge which has been his bane.

More shall they speak, for I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst.

To see, to hear, with his own eyes and ears, and thus, "to be satisfied," this is his demand, and it is granted. The infernal powers, whom he has served so well, permit him, in answer to his imperious entreaty, to see what he cannot perceive, and to hear what he cannot understand.

He sees the apparitions of an "armed head" (as of one slain in battle), of a "bloody child," of a "child crowned, with a tree in his hand." And he knows not that these strange visions, which hover over the cauldron in the witches' cavern, are the three actors in the final scene of his own history — Macbeth the usurper, Macduff the avenger, and Malcolm the king.

He hears mysterious "bodements," which lead him in blind and frantic confidence to

Spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;

till, in his dying day, he learns too late that these are but the equivocation of the fiend "that lies like truth."

Thus the supernatural element interprets the idea of tragedy, by rendering it "greater and more heroical," and enabling the poet to display the form of humanity on a grander scale, surrounded by an "ampler ether, a diviner air." In comedy of the more serious type, which appeals to the moral sense, it aids in a "retribution more exact;" while it enhances the charm of purely romantic fiction by imparting to it, in a higher degree, the incidents of chance and change. And thus it subserves the main purpose and end of poesy, by "conferring to magnanimity, morality, and delectation."

From The Spectator.

MR. RUSKIN'S UNIQUE DOGMATISM.

As we have often had occasion, if not exactly to remark, yet to imply, in what we have said of him, Mr. Ruskin is a very curious study. For simplicity, quaintness, and candor, his confidences to "the workmen and laborers of Great Britain" in "*Fors Clavigera*" are quite without example. For delicate irony of style, when he gets a subject that he fully understands, and intends to expose the ignorance, or what is much worse, the affectation of knowledge which is not knowledge, of others, no man is his equal. But then as curious as anything else, in that strange medley of sparkling jewels, delicate spider-webs, and tangles of exquisite fronds which make up Mr. Ruskin's mind, is the high-handed arrogance which is so strangely blended with his imperious modesty, and that, too, often when it is most grotesque. It is not, indeed, his arrogance, but his modest self-knowledge which speaks when he says in this new number of the "*Fors*," that though there are thousands of men in England able to conduct the business affairs of his society better than he can, "I do not believe there is another man in England able to organize our elementary lessons in natural history and art. And I am therefore wholly occupied in examining the growth of *Anagallis tenella*, and completing some notes on St. George's Chapel at Venice." And so no doubt he is quite right. Probably no one could watch the growth of *Anagallis tenella* to equal purpose, and no one else could complete his notes on St. George's Chapel without spoiling them. We are equally sure that he is wise, when he tells his readers that he must entirely decline any manner of political action which might hinder him "from drawing leaves and flowers." But what does astonish us is the supreme confidence,— or say, rather, hurricane of dictatorial passion,— though we do not use the word "passion" in the sense of anger or irritation, but in the higher sense of mental white-heat, which has no vexation in it,— with which this humble student of leaves and flowers, of the *Anagallis tenella* and the beauties of St. George's Chapel at Venice, passes judgment on the whole structure of human society, from its earliest to its latest convolutions, and not only judgment, but the sweeping judgment of one who knows all its laws of structure and all its misshapen growths with a sort of assurance which Mr. Ruskin would cer-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

tainly never feel in relation to the true form or the distortions of the true form of the most minute fibre of one of his favorite leaves or flowers. Curiously enough, the humble learner of nature speaking through plants and trees, is the most absolute scorner of nature speaking through the organization of great societies and centuries of social experience. We know well what Mr. Ruskin would say,—that the difference is great between the growth that is without moral freedom, and the growth which has been for century after century distorted by the reckless abuse of moral freedom. And we quite admit the radical difference. But what strikes us as so strange is that this central difficulty of all,—how much is really due to the structural growth of a great society, and quite independent of any voluntary abuse which might be amended by voluntary effort, and how much is due to the false direction of individual wills, never strikes Mr. Ruskin as a difficulty at all. On the contrary, he generalizes in his sweeping way on social tendencies which appear to be far more deeply ingrained in the very structure of human life than the veins of a leaf in the structure of a plant, with a confidence with which he would never for a moment dream of generalizing as to the true and normal growth of a favorite plant. Thus he tells us in the last number of "*Fors*" that "'*Fors Clavigera*' is not in any way intended as counsel adapted to the present state of the public mind, but it is the assertor of the code of eternal laws which the public mind *must* eventually submit itself to, or die; and I have really no more to do with the manners, customs, feelings, or modified conditions of piety in the modern England, which I have to warn of the accelerated approach either of revolution or destruction, than poor Jonah had with the qualifying amiabilities which might have been found in the Nineveh whose overthrow he was ordered to foretell in forty days." But the curious part of the matter is that Mr. Ruskin, far from keeping to simple moral laws, denounces in the most vehement manner social arrangements which seem to most men as little connected with them, as they would have seemed to "poor Jonah." We are not aware, for instance, that Jonah denounced the use of machinery in Nineveh. Indeed, he seems to have availed himself of a ship, which is a great complication of machines, and to have "paid his fare" from Joppa to Tyre, without supposing himself to have been accessory to anything evil in so doing. We are not aware, too, that Jonah held it to be wrong, as Mr. Ruskin holds it to be wrong, to charge for the use of a thing when you do not want to part with it altogether. These are practices which are so essentially interwoven alike with the most fundamental, as also with the most superficial principles of social growth, that any one who assumes that they are rooted in moral evil is bound to be very careful to discriminate where the evil begins, and show that it can be avoided,—just as a naturalist who should reproach the trees on a hillside for sloping away from the blast they have to meet, should certainly first ask himself how the trees are to avoid the blast, or how, if they cannot avoid it, they are to help so altering their growth as to accommodate themselves to it. But Mr. Ruskin, though in relation to nature he is a true naturalist, in relation to human nature has in him nothing at all of the human naturalist. It never occurs to him, apparently, that here, too, are innumerable principles of growth which are quite independent of the will of man, and that it becomes the highest moralist to study humbly where the influence of the human will begins and where it ends, instead of rashly and sweepingly condemning, as due to a perverted morality, what is in innumerable cases a mere inevitable result of social structure.

Consider only how curiously different in spirit is the humility with which the great student of the laws of beauty watches the growth of the *Anagallis tenella* and that with which he watches the growth of the formation of human opinion. A correspondent had objected to him that he speaks so contemptuously of some of the most trusted leaders of English workmen, of Goldwin Smith, for instance, and of John Stuart Mill. Disciples of such leaders, the writer had said, "are hurt and made angry, when names which they do not like are used of their leaders." Mr. Ruskin's reply is quite a study in its way:—

Well, my dear sir, I solemnly believe that the less they like it, the better my work has been done. For you will find, if you think deeply of it, that the chief of all the curses of this unhappy age is the universal gabble of its fools, and of the flocks that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men of all past time inaudible. This is, first, the result of the invention of printing, and of the easy power and extreme pleasure to vain persons of seeing themselves in print. When it took a twelvemonth's hard work to make a single volume legible, men considered a little the difference between one book and another; but now, when not only anybody can get them-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

selves made legible through any quantity of volumes, in a week, but the doing so becomes a means of living to them, and they can fill their stomachs with the foolish foam of their lips, the universal pestilence of falsehood fills the mind of the world as cicadas do olive-leaves, and the first necessity for our mental government is to extricate, from among the insectile noise, the few books and words that are divine. And this has been my main work from my youth up, — not caring to speak my own words, but to discern, whether in painting or scripture, what is eternally good and vital, and to strike away from it pitilessly what is worthless and venomous. So that now, being old, and thoroughly practised in this trade, I know either of a picture, a book, or a speech quite securely whether it is good or not, as a cheesemonger knows cheese; and I have not the least mind to try to make wise men out of fools, or silk purses out of sows' ears; but my one swift business is to brand them of base quality, and get them out of the way, and I do not care a cobweb's weight whether I hurt the followers of these men or not, — totally ignoring them, and caring only to get the facts concerning the men themselves fairly and roundly stated, for the people whom I have real power to teach. And for qualification of statement, there is neither time nor need. Of course there are few writers capable of obtaining any public attention who have not some day or other said something rational; and many of the foolishest of them are the amiablest, and have all sorts of minor qualities of a most recommendable character, — propriety of diction, suavity of temper, benevolence of disposition, wide acquaintance with literature, and what not. But the one thing I have to assert concerning them is that they are men of eternally worthless intellectual quality, who never ought to have spoken a word in this world, or to have been heard in it, out of their family circles; and whose books are merely so much floating fog-bank, which the first breath of sound public health and sense will blow back into its native ditches forever.

Now observe that here Mr. Ruskin, who would follow the lines of a gossamer-thread sparkling in the morning dew with reverent wonder and conscientious accuracy, arraigns, first the tendency of man to express immature and tentative views of passing events, as if that were wholly due, not to a law of human nature, but to those voluntary abuses of human freedom which might as effectually be arrested as murder or theft could be arrested by moral effort; next arraigns, if not the discovery of the printing-press (of which any one would suppose that he entertained a stern disapprobation), at least the inevitable results of that discovery, precisely as he would arraign a general prevalence of positive vice; and last of all, that he actually claims the power, as an old *littérateur*, to discern at sight "what is eternally good and vital, and to strike away from it pitilessly what is worthless and venomous." On the first two heads, as it seems to us, Mr. Ruskin arraigns laws of nature as practically unchangeable as any by which the sap rises in the tree and the blossom forms upon the flower. On the last head, he assumes a tremendous power in relation to subjects very far removed from those which he has made his own, and one indefinitely greater, of course, than any which he would dream of assuming in relation to the subjects which he had made his own, for on the latter he would know far better the strict limitations of his own insight. The man who humbly follows nature on the small scale, violently reprimands and inveighs against her on the large scale, without waiting for a moment to inquire whether he is right in supposing that all he objects to is a mere product of crime and sin, or rather of the very tissue of social growth, whether at its lowest or its highest level. What a singular paradox is this,— that the same man should sit at God's feet while he is busy with the leaf and the insect, and then storm at his most absolute laws, when he is making the great city, the brain of the nineteenth century, and the mechanism of human civilization; that the same man should be so humble and modest in dealing with the subjects he knows intimately, and so peremptory and rash in dealing with the great mass of subjects of which he knows little! We will admit that so far as our knowledge goes, the majority of books, journals, printed papers, etc., are of trivial value, and that their number has in some respects very injurious effects. But the same thing exactly is true of the majority of other results of human labor. And we should certainly question profoundly Mr. Ruskin's power to discriminate good from bad amongst books, as much as we should his power to discriminate the good from the bad amongst the results of the work of the "laboring poor," whom, for some mysterious reason, he calls "the producers of *all* wealth." Yet what Mr. Ruskin vituperates so roundly in the nature of human society is not any equivalent for the manly human reticence, and wisdom, and thoughtful, silent obediences of past ages, but rather an equivalent — if history may be trusted — for vacancy of mind, for the riot of the senses, for cares much ignobler, and selfishness much more rampant and energetic, than any even which we now

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

have to complain of. The fatiguing abundance of shallow noise of which Mr. Ruskin complains has not really drowned the voices of the wise of old, but rather the still more unmeaning chatter of the ignorant of old. With fewer books men did not appreciate what they had better, but less. Most of our books may be eternally worthless, but at least we learn, either from them, or in spite of them, to appreciate those which are "eternally" worthy, more than they were ever appreciated before.

In truth, though Mr. Ruskin can note and admire the strange alchemy by which the earth transforms vulgar particles of flint and dust and moisture into the beauty of the stalk and leaf and blossom, he has no eyes for the similar process by which she transforms the vulgar interests of the millions of yesterday into the somewhat less vulgar interests of the millions of to-day, and by which these, again, will be sifted, till they would, perhaps a few thousand years hence, satisfy the relatively crude taste of the Mr. Ruskin of a past which would then be so far behind it as that of our own generation. How is it that the thoughtful and modest naturalist, studying laws in the minutest lines and colors of the actual world, ceases altogether to be modest, though not perhaps to be thoughtful, when he is watching the laws of evolution of the moral world? We cannot explain it, but this we can say, — that Mr. Ruskin wastes an immense proportion of his fine moral gifts in this childish invective against principles which are quite as deeply ingrained in the providential rule of the social universe, as is the principle of harmony in the development of the leaf, the principle of grandeur in the uprearing of the mountains, or the principles of simplicity, candor, and moral arrogance in the character of Mr. Ruskin himself.

From Chambers' Journal.

LOST IN MAGELLAN'S STRAITS.

ONE might look all the world over without finding a coast more bleak, desolate, and inhospitable than that of Tierra del Fuego and the southern part of Patagonia. Owing to certain meteorological causes, the cold is comparatively greater in the southern than in the northern latitudes; icebergs are found ten degrees nearer to the equator. In the Straits of Magellan, which are about the same distance from the equator as central England, the cold in winter is so intense as to be almost unbearable. Here icebergs are found floating, and glaciers larger in extent than any Switzerland can boast of; the land is entirely covered with snow down to the very water's edge, while bitter piercing winds rush down the clefts in the mountains, carrying everything before them, and even tearing up huge trees in their passage. Not a pleasant coast this on which to be cast away; and yet such, in 1867, was the fate of two unfortunate men who formed part of the crew of her Majesty's ship "Chanticleer," then on the Pacific station; and an account of whose sufferings we propose to lay before our readers.

One day early in September a sailing-party had been sent off with the hope of increasing the ship's stock of provisions by the addition of fresh fish, which is here very abundant. The nets soon became so heavy that extra hands were required to haul them; and as there appeared even then little chance of the work being over before sunset, the fishing-party obtained permission to spend the night on shore. Tents were pitched, huge fires were lighted, with the double object of affording warmth and cooking some of the produce of their successful expedition; blankets were distributed, grog was served out, and altogether the party seemed prepared to defy the cold, showing a disposition to be "jolly" in spite of it that would have gladdened the soul of the immortal Mark Tapley. However, after all these preparations to keep off the effects of the biting frost, they were compelled about nine o'clock in the evening to send off to the ship for more blankets and provisions.

Two sailors, Henty and Riddles, volunteered to go on this errand in the "dingy" (a small two-oared boat), and having obtained the desired things, they started to return; but when about midway between the ship and the shore, the wind began to rise, carrying the boat to some extent out of her course; shortly after which she struck on a sandbank, and in trying to get her off one of the oars was lost. Soon they were drifted out into the strong current. It was now dark as pitch; the wind continued to rise; and although all through the night they made every possible effort to reach the shore, when morning dawned to their alarm they found themselves miles away from the ship, and powerless to contend any longer with their one oar against the force of both wind and tide. They were finally driven on to the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

beach in a bay opposite Port Famine, a spot not less dreary than its name.

The sea was so rough, that here for a day and a night our two men were obliged to remain; and when on the second day they ventured to launch the boat, it was upset; nearly all their things were lost, and they were left to endure the intense cold without the means of making a fire, with no clothes but those they wore, and scarcely any food. For a while they walked about, trying, not very successfully, to keep up circulation; and by-and-by the feet of both began to swell and grow so painful that it was no longer possible to keep on their shoes. Still, although suffering both from hunger and cold (Henty's toes being already frostbitten), they kept up their spirits in true British fashion, not for a minute doubting that sooner or later they would be picked up; and true enough, on the fourth day the "Chanticleer" was seen in the distance under weigh, and standing over towards them. Taking the most prominent position that could be found, they made signs and tried in every possible way to attract attention, but in vain. If they had only possessed some means of kindling a fire they might have succeeded; but although those on board were at the moment on the lookout for their lost messmates, no one saw them; and the hope with which the two poor fellows had buoyed themselves up faded away as the ship changed her course, grew smaller and smaller, and by-and-by, late in the afternoon, while they still watched, altogether disappeared.

Although now their only chance of rescue was apparently gone, and the last scrap of food was consumed, yet the brave fellows did not despair. Their boat was very leaky; but on the 5th of September, having repaired her as far as possible, they took advantage of finer weather to endeavor to reach some spot where there would be more probability of getting rescued by a passing ship; but they had scarcely got half-way across the straits before there was a terrific snow-storm; it blew a gale; the boat began to fill rapidly; and finally they were blown back again into the bay, upset in the surf and nearly drowned, being unable to swim through having lost the use of their legs from sitting so long in water. However, they were thrown up by the waves high, though by no means dry, and in this miserable plight and under a pitiless snow-storm, they were forced to remain all through the night. The next day they managed to erect something in the form of a hut, in which they might lie down and be to some extent protected from the weather, which was so boisterous as to render it useless to attempt to launch the boat. For some days, owing to exposure and want of food, they were both very ill; but still hoping for better weather. They kept themselves alive by eating seaweed and such shellfish as could be found, until the 12th of September, when the weather suddenly clearing, they again launched their small boat; and this time, after a day's hard toil, succeeded in reaching the opposite side of the straits, where they had left the ship, which it is needless to say was by this time far away.

When first the men were missed, rockets had been fired, and blue-lights burned; and on the following day the cutter was sent to the westward, while the "Chanticleer" coasted along the opposite side; look-out men were constantly aloft; but nothing was to be seen of the missing men. The next day the ship had remained at Port Famine, and exploring parties were sent in all directions. On the third day they again weighed anchor, and examined a fresh piece of coast, but all to no purpose; and finally it was decided, with much regret, to give up the search, for every one concluded that the poor men must by this time have perished, even if they had survived the first night's cold, which no one on board thought possible. Both men were generally popular, and great grief was felt for their loss. Immediately a subscription was started by the whole ship's company for the widow of the one man and the mother of the other. Strangely enough, when the sad news reached England, the former, in spite of what seemed conclusive evidence, firmly refused to believe the assurance of her husband's death. Whether the wife's intuition or the more logical inferences of every one else proved correct, events will shew.

By the time Henty and Riddles reached, as we have seen, the opposite side of the straits it was quite dark; but on the following day they found that the current had drifted them fourteen miles from Port Famine, towards which they had steered, and for which place they now started on foot. Here they saw in the distance a ship under steam going towards the Pacific; but again all efforts to attract attention failed. They knew of no settlement that they could hope to reach, and at this rough season there was not the slightest chance of falling in with any wandering tribes of natives. The only course left them was to endure the cold, wait as

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

patiently as might be, in the hope of some ship passing within hail, and to keep up what little life remained in them by chewing seaweed, and seeking and devouring the mussels, which fortunately were to be found in great abundance on the rocks. After a time, however, they grew so weak as to be only just able to crawl out of the place they had made to lie down in, and every day the effort to gather their scanty nourishment grew harder. Once more, on the 4th of October, they saw a vessel pass through the straits, but were unable to make any signals; on the 7th, both men had grown too weak to stir, and nothing was left for them but to confront death. The 8th day passed, the 9th, the 10th, and they were still sinking slowly from starvation. On the 11th, when they could not possibly have lived more than a few hours longer, and had become little short of living skeletons, they were picked up by the officers of the "Shearwater," and at once taken on board, where, after receiving the most careful attention, both, although still suffering greatly, began after a time to recover. Being conveyed by the "Shearwater" to Rio, they remained some time in the hospital there, and finally were sent home invalided; and yet both men lived to regain their full strength, and to serve as striking examples of what tough human nature can endure in the shape of physical hardships and mental anxiety. They had contrived, by a patience and energy almost unprecedented, to lengthen out existence for a space considerably over a month, with no other food than seaweed and shellfish; the last four days indeed eating absolutely nothing; while the whole time exposed to intense cold, the roughest weather, and more hardships than it is possible for those who have never seen that barren and desolate region even to imagine.

From The Spectator.

THE SCENERY AND THE PEOPLE OF LEWIS.

[From a Correspondent.]

Sir, — Why don't more people go to the Lews? The island has a peculiar charm of its own, and is a much better resting-place, after the fierce wear-and-tear of a London season, than the Trossachs, the Caledonian Canal, and the other well-known places in the Highlands where tourists most do congregate. For years it had been a sort of "Yarrow unvisited" to me. Again and again, in yearly wanderings amongst the dark-blue lakes and purple hills of Scotland, I had cast wistful glances towards the land of Sheila Mackenzie; but year after year I had returned to London leaving the restless waters of the Minch uncrossed. You can tell therefore how great was my delight when last month I whirled away from smoky, noisy, bustling London in the night express, with luggage labelled, "Stornoway, per steamer 'Clansman.'" By ten o'clock next morning we were in Glasgow, and had taken possession of our small deck cabin. Small though it was, it was all our own, and from its windows we could watch the shores as they glided by. At that dismal and busy place Greenock we stayed some weary hours, taking on board every conceivable thing — timber, flour, whiskey, sugar, glass, china, and furniture, enough to stock, I should think, every island home in existence. Worst of all, we took on board a large number of passengers. It is very wicked and unsympathetic, I know, but I cannot endure travelling with a great assortment of fellow-beings, and it was, therefore, with very unchristian feelings that I watched every fresh batch come on board. We stayed so long at Greenock, that the light had faded before we reached the beautiful shores of Bute and Arran, and we were in our berths as the vessel plunged and rolled and tumbled through the rough waters that wash the rugged Mull of Cantire. Early next morning, when we went on deck, we found ourselves in the lovely bay of Oban. All through the sunny day we glided past the purple hills of Mull, and in the evening we watched the glories of the setting sun spread over the Atlantic, whilst the purple heights of Rum, and Eig, and Muck seemed to float in a sea of silver and gold. Then the brilliant colors deepened into a soft glow behind the misty hills of Skye, and the quiet night came down as the "Clansman" pushed her way through the almost land-locked waters that divide Skye from the mainland. In the morning, we found the bright sun shining on the red cliffs that guard the entrance to the harbor of Portree. Here, to my great delight, nearly all that was left of our tourist companions went ashore, and my husband and I, with but two or three more, were left in possession of the white and shining deck. Here we walked about with a sort of triumphant "monarch of all I survey" feeling, and watched the broken cliff-line of Skye growing faint, and lonely little islands

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

on the horizon appear and disappear. Then to the north-west across the green waters we saw at last the dim line of the Lewis coast. Presently we were sailing past the white lighthouse that guards the entrance to Stornoway Harbor, and before us lay the little town. A semicircular line of white houses skirts the bay; behind stretches the brown and treeless moorland, dotted here and there with white farmhouses. To the left, on the hillside overhanging the town, is the castle, with its beautiful wooded gardens and grounds.

After securing rooms and the promise of some dinner in a somewhat uninviting-looking hotel, we marched off to inspect the town, which we found to consist of rather narrow streets of thick-walled houses built of grey stone. About every other house was a shop. Such marvellous shops! — narrow and small, but containing everything, and filled with a curious compound smell, suggesting soap, candles, boots and shoes, cheese, blankets, furniture, and hair-oil! In the streets near the harbor "an ancient fish-like smell" prevailed; and no wonder, for in our walk we discovered numbers of barrels of herrings lying on the little wharf waiting to be shipped, and just outside the town we found the sea-beach covered with hundreds of codfish drying in the sun. I suppose people exist who enjoy a meal of dried codfish. Indeed, we were told that the Russian peasant consumes enormous quantities of this dainty, but to my mind, as delicious a fish could be produced from a stewed herring-barrel. The fisher-folk in Lewis, however, pay great respect to the cod, for it yields them a good income. We were told that the fish-curers pay the fishers from ninepence to a shilling for every dried cod.

The first thing that struck us, when we extended our walks into the island, was the absence of men. Everywhere we saw troops of women and girls busy about the houses, working in the fields, driving cattle, or trudging along the road, bearing on their broad shoulders wicker creels filled with peats, or fish, or potatoes. "Are there no men in Lewis?" we naturally asked. "Oh, aye! plenty," was the answer, "but the lads are a' awa' just noo at the east coast feshing." The women did not look at all miserable, however, in their deserted condition. They are broad-shouldered, stalwart creatures, and look fully competent to carry on alone the work of the island. I was delighted with their costume. They wear a short dark-blue woollen skirt, which comes but little below the knees, a red tartan shawl over their shoulders, and a white, full-bordered cap. The married women, at least, wear caps; the unmarried go bare-headed. Most of them have nothing on their legs or feet, and none wear shoes, but a few indulge themselves with long dark-blue woollen stockings without soles. The large brown wicker creel is almost a part of their costume, for they are rarely seen without it. They always work in company. As we passed them, they would stop talking and cast a hurried and critical look at me and my companion, and then resume their conversation, in soft low Gaelic, with some remark, doubtless, on the absurdity of long skirts and balmoral boots. Most of them were busy knitting long blue stockings, as they trudged along with shoulders bent beneath a weight that would make a London porter grumble. The women do nearly all the work on the land, the men considering that after the summer and autumn fishing is done they are entitled to rest all the winter and spring. We were told that in the winter it is quite a common sight to see a row of men leaning all the morning against a house-side, whilst their wives and daughters are busy digging and manuring their small fields, or carrying peats. Before Sir James Matheson built the stone bridges that cross the numberless little rivers, it was a common practice for the women to carry the men across the water on their backs! The authorities, however, have set their faces against such abominable doings, and occasionally it is suppressed by merited chastisement. This scene really happened one evening not very far from Stornoway; would that I had been by to see it! A person of position in the island was passing a ford in his gig, when he saw a woman wading through the water, with her stalwart fisher husband perched on her back. Pursuing the delinquent, and giving him a heavy stroke across the back with his whip, he induced the goodwife to drop her burden in mid-stream!

We soon noticed that there were two distinct types in the island, the Celtic and the Scandinavian. Some of the men might seem to have come direct from Denmark. The red-brown curly hair, the blue eyes, and the bright-colored faces of the Norse race form a curious contrast to the olive skin and jet-black hair of the Celt. You meet with faces of a decided Spanish type. This is due, we were told, to the fact that one of the ships of the Spanish Armada was wrecked on the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

coast of Lewis. Many of the sailors did not return to Spain, but settled down in the island. I met a girl of this type on board the "Clansman." She was a domestic servant in Rothesay, and was going home for a few weeks' holiday. She was very pretty, with an oval face, olive skin, and soft dark eyes. Her manners were dignified and graceful. As she sat and talked to me, and told me of her home on the Atlantic shore, I might have fancied she had come straight from Granada.

The island has a strange charm of color and outline. I felt this charm most forcibly the first time we drove across to Garrynahine. For fourteen or fifteen miles the road runs up and down over the wide-stretching moor. Sometimes the ground is nothing but a stretch of brown moss, broken here and there by the cuttings of jet-black peat, tufts of purple heather, and the waving heads of the cotton-weed. Then the road turns round a shoulder of the hill, and you come upon the blue and glittering water of a little lake, and by the side of it a cluster of huts. The little strips of oats, and barley, and potatoes which surround them seem marvellously green, set as they are amongst the prevailing brown, whilst far away in the south are the blue and purple mountains of Harris. There was something very touching about these clusters of little huts, with their small patches of cultivated land. Everything about them tells of the hard struggle for existence. The ground is very damp, the climate is moist, and, though there is not much snow or frost, there is also very little sunshine. Stone is abundant, but it is not good for building-purposes. Wood there is none except in the castle grounds. Most of the houses are little better than hovels, formed of a rude wall of uncemented stones about six feet high, covered by a roof of thatch, which is tied down with ropes made of twisted heather-stalks. One morning we made an excuse for entering one of these small homes. The gudewife welcomed us, and bade us sit down. The house consisted of one room, about twelve feet wide and twenty feet long. A peat fire burnt in a hole in the middle of the clay floor, some of the smoke finding its way out through a hole in the roof, while the rest escaped through the door and countless thin places in the thatch. Over the fire hung an iron pot that evidently played the part of oven, frying-pan, and boiler to the establishment. On either side of the door was a small window about two feet square. At one end of the room reposed the cow; at the other, behind a partition of boards, was the sleeping-room. A little child about three years of age pattered about the hard floor with bare feet, whilst a baby lay near the fire asleep in a high wooden cradle. In the gentle, hesitating manner of Highlanders who have only learnt English in school, the woman talked to us about her husband, who was away at Wick, fishing, about her children, and about the cow. Then she rose and offered me, with much graciousness, a cup of sweet fresh milk. I thought to myself, as I sat there, that in spite of the apparent squalor and discomfort of such a home, it was a hundred times better than the life of a London back street, and that if I had to choose, I would infinitely prefer my children to grow up amidst such surroundings than amongst the poor of one of our great cities. Their fare would be wholesome, — milk, oat-cake, fish, and potatoes. They would go to church every Sunday, and be sent regularly to school, and their early ambitions would be to drive home the cows, help to cut peat, and be allowed to go out on the loch and fish, — healthier occupations for body and soul than following a Punch and Judy show, or playing pitch-and-toss on a crowded pavement. From all we saw and heard, we were convinced that Sir James and Lady Matheson spare no pains to make the people's lives more healthy and orderly. The regulations of the estate distinctly provide that the abode of each family shall be cut off from the place in which the cow is kept; but the truth is that the prohibition of it will for a long time be baffled by the despotism of physical conditions. The poor people defend themselves by saying that, in the first place, they lodge the cow under their own roof for the sake of warmth. They say that the cow, if kept warm, requires less food, and gives more milk than she otherwise would. They cannot afford to feed it better, nor can they afford a second fire. They give a similar answer when asked why they leave the manure of the cow-house untouched from one month to another. If they were to remove it every day a great quantity of the fertilizing properties would be lost. For the same reason they dislike to build chimneys, for they have found that their thatch, when thoroughly saturated with smoke, makes excellent manure.

Ignorant of all the difficulties of the poor crofters, I asked a highly intelligent islander why the all-powerful Free Church ministers did not boldly preach the gospel of pure air and separate cow-houses. My

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

intelligent islander said the people would be greatly shocked by such a proceeding. The Highland Free-Churchman does not approve of purely practical sermons. This is forcibly brought out in the story of a Highlander, who came out of church one day in a violent state of indignation, because the minister had so far forgotten his duty as to preach a whole sermon against Sandy Bean, for ill-treating his white horse: "As if that wass the Cospel! He said we wass to do unto others as we would they should do to us, — as if horses wass others whatever!"

In another letter, I should like to tell you something of the charm of the coast and sea lochs of Lewis, and the ways and doings of the fisher-folk. I am, Sir, etc.,

ANNIE H. MACDONELL.

From The Popular Science Review.

THE ELECTRIC CONDUCTIVITY OF WATER.

It seems at first sight curious that in the case of so common a substance as water there should be any doubt among physicists as to the power which the liquid possesses of conducting electricity. Not that the subject has by any means been neglected, as the labors of Magnus, Pouillet, Becquerel, Oberbeck, Rossetti, and Quincke abundantly testify. But the results obtained by these several investigators differ so widely among themselves that it is not easy to know which are to be accepted. The figures brought out by Pouillet, for example, are sixty times greater than those deduced by Magnus. Professor Kohlrausch has, therefore, thought it high time that the subject was settled; and after a most carefully conducted investigation, he has published the results of his inquiry in Poggendorf's "*Annalen*" (*Ergänzungsb.* iii. 1877, p. 1). Many substances have their electric conductivity affected to a remarkable extent by the presence of impurities, even when these are present in only minute proportion. Matthiessen showed that copper, for instance, has its conductivity lowered forty per cent., by presence of a mere trace of arsenic. In like manner Kohlrausch has found it necessary to pay scrupulous attention to the purity of the water which he examined, and indeed the discrepancies among the results of previous inquirers may probably be explained by inattention to this point. Having prepared the liquid in as pure a state as the resources of the laboratory can permit, Kohlrausch tested the conductivity by examining a shell of this water enclosed between two hemispherical vessels of platinum nearly fitting one into the other, and serving as electrodes. On passing a current of electricity through this arrangement, it was found that the pure water offered remarkable resistance; in fact its conductivity was only one one-hundred-and-twentieth of that assigned to it by Pouillet. Rain, which is, of course, the purest natural form of water, conducted electricity twenty-five times better than the artificially purified liquid which served as a standard.

A SWEDISH paper just received publishes an interesting article under the heading, "Why is the Climate of Europe growing Colder?" The article states that in the Bay of Komenok, near Koma, in Greenland, fossil and very characteristic remains of palm and other trees have been discovered lately, which tend to show that in these parts formerly a rich vegetation must have existed. But the ice period of geologists arrived, and, as a consequence of the decreasing temperature, this fine vegetation was covered with ice and snow. This sinking in the temperature, which moved in a southerly direction, as can be proved by geological data, *i.e.*, the discovery of fossil plants of certain species, seems to be going on in our days also. During the last few years the ice has increased far towards the south; thus between Greenland and the Arctic Sea colossal masses of ice have accumulated. On European coasts navigators now frequently find ice in latitudes where it never existed before during the summer months, and the cold reigning upon the Scandinavian peninsula this summer results from the masses of ice which are floating in the region where the Gulf Stream bends towards our coasts. This is a repetition of the observations made in the cold summer of 1865. The unaccustomed vicinity of these masses of ice has rendered the climate of Iceland so cold that corn no longer ripens there, and the Icelanders, in fear of a coming famine and icy climate, begin to found a new home in North America.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XX. | No. 1744.—November 17, 1877. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXV.

CONTENTS.

I. WALTER BAGEHOT, ... *Fortnightly Review*, ... 387
II. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXXVII., . . *Harper's Bazar*, ... 406
III. THE MURDER OF THOMAS BECKET. By James Anthony Froude. Part V., . . *Nineteenth Century*, ... 410
IV. DA CAPO. By Miss Thackeray, . . . *Advance Sheets*, ... 422
V. ON THE COMPARATIVE STUPIDITY OF POLITICIANS, ... *Fraser's Magazine*, ... 427
VI. DORIS BARUGH. A Yorkshire Story. By the author of "Patty." Part VI., . . *Good Words*, ... 431
VII. MR. BRYCE'S ASCENT OF MOUNT ARARAT, *Spectator*, ... 443
VIII. CONVALESCENCE, ... *Saturday Review*, ... 446

POETRY.

THE DESERTED GARDEN, ... 386

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

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

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE DESERTED GARDEN.

BEYOND the woods, yet half by woods inclosed,
A tangled wilderness of fair growth lay;
A spot where dreaming poet might have dozed
Into the dawning of a fairy day;
For in its desolation wild reposed
Something that pointed to a past more gay,
Since here and there one found the lingering trace
Of caresome hands in the neglected place.

The once trim walks were coated thick with moss;
Dwarfed were the garden roses, and their glow
From vivid crimson paled to fainter gloss
Nigh broken sun-dial; and the water's flow
Had ceased to murmur in the ancient foss,
Whose slopes were now with purple thyme a-blow;
And on the fragments of the crumbled wall
The golden wall-flower stood like seneschal.

The nut-trees made an archway overgrown,
And midst the boughs the timid squirrel leapt;
At eve the nightingale with mellow tone
Sang with the mourning wind a dirge that crept
Into all hearts — until one heart more lone
Than others, gathered up the strain and wept;
Nor knew if 'twere half joy or wholly grief
That in the sympathetic chord had found relief.

The clouds sent flickering shadows o'er the grass,
As though some spectral life were there upstirred;
And as the fitful breezes onward pass,
A murmur of strange voices might be heard,
As though some unseen quire were chanting mass,
Echoed throughout the grove by plaintive bird;
And still the wanderer listening, asks for whom
The wild amen; For whom the flowers did bloom.

The ancient summer-house with broken vane,
And rotting pillars where the woodbines twine;
And on a cobwebbed solitary pane
In casement, that with colors once did shine,
And shewed the seasons through each differing stain,
Was writ in jaggèd-wise a Latin line,
"*Sic transit gloria mundi;*" and below,
"My Ursula! the world is full of woe."

It read as epitaph above the grave
Of human hopes, all blighted as the space
Around, whose wreck no hand was stretched to save;
Yet that with tender, melancholy grace,
A sermon in that blooming desert gave
To him whose soul had power enough to trace
In the lone scene, so desolate, so lone,
Though man upbuilds, God shapes the crowning stone.

I spake the name a score of times aloud,
"Sweet Ursula," a source of joy and woe!
The glory of a life, the light allowed
To make all nature flush with deeper glow.
Then light put out — then darkness — then a cloud
And agony that nought but love can know —
The bitter memory of a sweetness past,
A gleam of sunshine all too bright to last.

The lazy lilies gleamed with petals white
Upon the pool o'errun with weeds and sedges,
That once shone clear and fair as mirror bright,
With blue forget-me-nots on shelving ledges,
Where water-flags upreared their banners light,
And the marsh-mallow crept along its edges —
But in the water face to face no more
Smiled back as in the happier days of yore.

Ah! could the olden stones a story tell,
How sweet a love-tale might they not reveal
Of mystic Ursula, and what befell
In the fond hopes and doubts that lovers feel,
Till blighted by that sorrowful farewell
That all the beauty of the world did steal;
Shattered the rainbow in fresh-gathered cloud,
And changed the bridal robe to funeral shroud.

Perchance her monument this wildered spot,
Tended by Nature's pitying hand alone,
For one by generations now forgot,
To whom *he* reared no proud sepulchral stone;
But with love's jealousy he willed that not
Another o'er her grave should make his moan,
But he alone through hieroglyphic bloom,
Should haunt the precincts of the loved one's tomb.

Ay, who can tell! For time his seal hath set
On life and all its secrets gone before;
The hearts are dead that never could forget;
The hearts that live, but know the tale no more.
Each hath its bitterness o'er which to fret,
Each hath its joys eclipsing those of yore;
To each its own small world the real seems,
Outside of which is but a land of dreams.

Yet still one loves to linger here and muse,
And conjure up vague theories of the past;
And here a hand to trace; and there to lose
The touch of human life upon it cast;
And still for idle loitering make excuse,
And weave a tale of mystery to the last;
And in the old deserted garden bowers
Find fairer blossoms than 'mongst tended flowers.

Chambers' Journal. JULIA GODDARD.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 / Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From The Fortnightly Review.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

It is inevitable, I suppose, that the world should judge of a man chiefly by what it has gained in him, and lost by his death, even though a very little reflection might sometimes show that the special qualities which made him so useful to the world implied others of a yet higher order, in which, to those who knew him well, these more conspicuous characteristics must have been well-nigh merged. And while of course it has given me great pleasure, as it must have given pleasure to all Bagehot's friends, to hear the chancellor of the exchequer's evidently genuine tribute to his financial sagacity in the budget speech, and Lord Granville's eloquent acknowledgments of the value of Bagehot's political counsels as editor of the *Economist*, in the speech delivered at the London University on the 9th May, I have sometimes felt somewhat unreasonably vexed that those who appreciated so well what I might almost call the smallest part of him, appeared to know so little of the essence of him,— of the high-spirited, buoyant, subtle, speculative nature in which the imaginative qualities were even more remarkable than the judgment, and were indeed at the root of all that was strongest in the judgment,— of the gay and dashing humor which was the life of every conversation in which he joined,— and of the visionary nature to which the commonest things often seemed the most marvellous, and the marvellous things the most intrinsically probable. To those who hear of Bagehot only as an original political economist and a lucid political thinker, a curiously false image of him must be suggested. Certainly if they are among the multitude misled by Carlyle, who regard all political economists as "the dreary professors of a dismal science," they will probably conjure up an arid disquisitionist on value and cost of production; and even if assured of Bagehot's imaginative power, they may perhaps only understand by the expression that capacity for feverish preoccupation which makes the mention of "Peel's Act" summon up to the faces of certain fanatics a hectic glow, or the rumor of paper currencies blanch others with the pallor of true passion. The truth, however, is, that the best qualities which Bagehot had, both as economist and as politician, were of a kind which the majority of economists and politicians do not specially possess. I do not mean that it was in any way an accident that he was an original thinker in either sphere; far from it. But I do think that what he brought to political and economical science, he brought in some sense from *outside* their normal range,— that the man of business and the financier in him fell within such sharp and well-defined limits that he knew better than most of his class where their special weakness lay, and where their special functions ended. This, at all events, I am quite sure of, that so far as his judgment was sounder than other men's — and on many subjects it was much sounder — it was so not in spite of, but in consequence of, the excursive imagination and vivid humor which are so often accused of betraying otherwise sober minds into dangerous aberrations. In him both lucidity and caution were directly traceable to the force of his imagination.

I first met Bagehot at University College, London, when we were neither of us over seventeen. I was struck by the questions put by a lad with large dark eyes and florid complexion to the late Professor De Morgan, who was lecturing to us, as his custom was, on the great difficulties involved in what we thought we all understood perfectly, such, for example as the meaning of 0, of negative quantities, or the grounds of probable expectation. Bagehot's questions showed that he had both read and thought more on these subjects than most of us, and I was eager to make his acquaintance, which soon ripened into an intimate friendship, in which there has been no intermission from that time to this. Some will regret that Bagehot did not go to Oxford, the reason being that his father, who was a Unitarian, objected on principle to all doctrinal tests, and would never have permitted a son of his to go to either of the older universities while those tests were required of the undergraduates. And I am not at all sure that University College,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

London, was not at that time a much more awakening place of education for young men than almost any Oxford college. Bagehot himself, I suspect, thought so. Fifteen years later he wrote, in his essay on Shelley, "A distinguished pupil of the University of Oxford once observed to us, 'The use of the University of Oxford is that no one can overread themselves there. The appetite for knowledge is repressed.'" And whatever may have been defective in University College, London — and no doubt much was defective — nothing of the kind could have been said of it when we were students there. Indeed in those years London was a place with plenty of intellectual stimulus in it for young men, while in University College itself there was quite enough vivacious and original teaching to make that stimulus available to the full. It is sometimes said that it needs the quiet of a country town remote from the capital to foster the love of genuine study in young men. But of this, at least, I am sure, that Gower Street and Oxford Street, and the New Road, and the dreary chain of squares from Euston to Bloomsbury, were the scenes of discussions as eager and as abstract as ever were the sedate cloisters or the flowery river-meadows of Cambridge or Oxford. Once, I remember, in the vehemence of our argument as to whether the so-called logical principle of identity (A is A) were entitled to rank as a "law of thought," or only as a postulate of language, Bagehot and I wandered up and down Regent Street for something like two hours in the vain attempt to find Oxford Street;

And yet what days were those, Parmenides,
When we were young, when we could number friends
In all the Italian cities like ourselves,
When with elated hearts we joined your train,
Ye sun-born virgins, on the road of truth.
Then we could still enjoy, then neither thought
Nor outward things were closed and dead to us,
But we received the shock of mighty thoughts
On single minds with a pure natural joy;
And if the sacred load oppressed our brain
We had the power to feel the pressure eased,
The brow unbound, the thoughts flow free again
In the delightful commerce of the world.

Bagehot has himself described, evidently from his own experience, the kind of life we lived in those days, in one of his articles on Oxford reform. "So too, in youth, the real plastic energy is not in tutors or lecturers or in books 'got up,' but in Wordsworth and Shelley, in the books that all read because all like, in what all talk of because all are interested, in the argumentative walk or disputatious lounge, in the impact of young thought upon young thought, of fresh thought on fresh thought, of hot thought on hot thought, in mirth and refutation, in ridicule and laughter — for these are the free play of the natural mind, and these cannot be got without a college."

The late Professor Sewell, when asked to give his pupils some clear conception of the old Greek sophists, is said to have replied that he could not do this better than by referring them to the professors of University College, London. I do not think there was much force in the sarcasm; for, though Professor T. Hewitt Key, whose restless and ingenious mind led him many a wild dance after etymological will-of-the-wisps — I remember, for instance, his cheerfully accepting the suggestion that "better" and "bad" (*melior* and *malus*) came from the same root, and accounting for it by the probable disposition of hostile tribes to call everything bad which their enemies called good, and everything good which their enemies called bad — may have had in him much of the brilliance and something also perhaps of the flightiness of the old sophist, it would be hard to imagine men more severe in exposing pretentious conceits and dispelling dreams of theoretic omniscience, than Professors De Morgan, Malden, and Long. De Morgan, who at that time was in the midst of his controversy on formal logic with Sir William Hamilton, was, indeed, characterized by the great Edinburgh metaphysician as "profound in mathematics, curious in logic, but wholly deficient in architectonic power;" yet, for all that, his lectures on the theory of limits were a far better logical discipline for young men than Sir William Hamilton's on the law of the unconditioned or the quantification of the predicate. Professor

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Malden contrived to imbue us with a love of that fastidious taste and that exquisite nicety in treating questions of scholarship, which has, perhaps, been more needed and less cultivated in Gower Street than any other of the higher elements of a college education; while Professor Long's caustic irony, accurate and almost ostentatiously dry learning, and profoundly stoical temperament, were as antithetic to the temper of the sophist as human qualities could possibly be.

The time of our college life was pretty nearly contemporaneous with the life of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and the great agitation in favor of free trade. To us this was useful rather from the general impulse it gave to political discussion, and the literary curiosity it excited in us as to the secret of true eloquence, than because it anticipated in any considerable degree the later-acquired taste for economical science. Bagehot and I seldom missed an opportunity of hearing together the matchless practical disquisitions of Mr. Cobden,— lucid and homely, yet glowing with intense conviction,— the profound passion and careless, though artistic, scorn of Mr. Bright, and the artificial and elaborately ornate periods, and witty, though somewhat *ad captandum* epigrams of Mr. W. J. Fox (afterwards M.P. for Oldham). Indeed, we scoured London together to hear any kind of oratory that had gained a reputation of its own, and compared all we heard with the declamation of Burke and the rhetoric of Macaulay, many of whose later essays came out and were eagerly discussed by us while we were together at college. In our conversations on these essays, I remember that I always bitterly attacked, while Bagehot moderately defended, the glorification of compromise which marks all Macaulay's writings. Even in early youth Bagehot had much of that "animated moderation" which he praises so highly in his latest work. He was a voracious reader, especially of history, and had a far truer appreciation of historical conditions than most young thinkers; indeed, the broad historical sense which characterized him from first to last made him more alive than ordinary students to the urgency of circumstance, and far less disposed to indulge in abstract moral criticism from a modern point of view. On theology, as on all other subjects, Bagehot was at this time more conservative than myself, he sharing his mother's orthodoxy, and I at that time accepting heartily the Unitarianism of my own people. Theology was, however, I think, the only subject on which in later life we, to some degree at least, exchanged places, though he never at any time, however doubtful he may have become on some of the cardinal issues of historical Christianity, accepted the Unitarian position. Indeed, within the last two or three years of his life, he spoke on one occasion of the Trinitarian doctrine as probably the best account which human reason could render of the mystery of the self-existent mind.

In those early days Bagehot's manner was often supercilious. We used to attack him for his intellectual arrogance — his ὕβρις we called it in our college slang — a quality which I believe was not really in him at all, though he had then much of its external appearance. Nevertheless his genuine contempt for what was intellectually feeble was not accompanied by an even adequate appreciation of his own powers. At college, however, his satirical "hear, hear," was a formidable sound in the debating society, and one which took the heart out of many a younger speaker, and the contemptuous "How much?" with which in conversation he would meet an over-eloquent expression, was always of a nature to reduce a man, as the mathematical phrase goes, to his "lowest terms." In maturer life he became much gentler and mellower, and often even delicately considerate for others; but his inner scorn for ineffectual thought remained in some degree natural to him, though very reticently expressed, to the last. For instance, I remember his attacking me for my mildness in criticising a book which, though it professed to rest on a basis of clear thought, really missed all its points. "There is a pale whitey-brown substance," he wrote to me, "in the man's books, which people who don't think, take for thought, but it isn't;" and he upbraided me much for not saying

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

plainly that the man was a muff. In his youth this scorn for anything like the vain beating of the wings in the attempt to think clearly, was at its maximum. It was increased, I think, by that which was one of his greatest qualities, his remarkable "detachment" of mind — in other words, his comparative inaccessibility to the contagion of blind sympathy. Most men, more or less unconsciously, shrink from even *thinking* what they feel to be out of sympathy with the feelings of their neighbors, unless under some strong incentive to do so; and in this way the sources of much true and important criticism are dried up through the mere diffusion and ascendancy of conventional but sincere habits of social judgment. And no doubt for the greater number of us this is much the best. We are worth more for the purpose of constituting and strengthening the cohesive power of the social bond, than we should ever be worth for the purpose of criticising feebly — and with little effect, perhaps, except the disorganizing effect of seeming ill-nature — the various incompetences and miscarriages of our neighbor's intelligence. But Bagehot's intellect was always far too powerful and original to render him available for the function of mere social cement, and full as he was of genuine kindness and hearty personal affections, he certainly had not in any high degree that sensitive instinct as to what others would feel, which so often shapes even the thoughts of men, and still oftener their speech, into mild and complaisant, but unmeaning and unfruitful, forms.

Thus it has been said that in his very amusing article on Crabb Robinson, published in this review upwards of eight years ago,* he was more than a little rough in his delineation of that quaint old friend of our earlier life. And, certainly, there is something of the naturalist's realistic manner of describing the habits of a new species, in the paper, though there is not a grain of malice or even depreciatory bias in it, and though there is a very sincere regard manifested throughout. But that essay will illustrate admirably what I mean by saying that Bagehot's detachment of mind, and the deficiency in him of any aptitude for playing the part of mere social cement, tended to give the impression of an intellectual arrogance which — certainly in the sense of self-esteem or self-assertion — did not in the least belong to him. In the essay I have just mentioned, he describes how Crabb Robinson, when he gave his somewhat famous breakfast-parties, used to forget to make the tea, then lost his keys, then told a long story about a bust of Wieland during the extreme agony of his guests' appetites, and finally, perhaps, withheld the cup of tea he had at last poured out, while he regaled them with a poem of Wordsworth's or a diatribe against Hazlitt. And Bagehot adds, "The more astute of his guests used to breakfast before they came, and then there was much interest in seeing a steady literary man, who did not undertand the region, in agonies at having to hear three stories before he got his tea, one again between his milk and his sugar, another between his butter and his toast, and additional zest in making a stealthy inquiry that was sure to intercept the coming delicacies by bringing on Schiller and Goethe." The only "astute" person referred to was, I imagine, Bagehot himself, who confessed to me, much to my amusement, that this was always his own precaution before one of Crabb Robinson's breakfasts. I doubt if anybody else ever thought of it. It was very characteristic in him that he should have not only noticed — for that of course any one might do — this weak element in Crabb Robinson's breakfasts, but should have kept it so distinctly before his mind as to make it the centre, as it were, of a policy, and the opportunity of a mischievous stratagem to try the patience of others. It showed how much of the social naturalist there was in him. If any race of animals could understand a naturalist's account of their ways and habits, and of the devices he adopted to get those ways and habits more amusingly or instructively displayed before him, no doubt they would think that he was a cynic; and it was this intellectual detachment, as of a social naturalist, from the society in which he moved, which made Bagehot's remarks often seem somewhat harsh, when, in fact, they were animated not only by no suspicion of malice, but by the most cordial and earnest friendliness. Owing to this separateness of mind, he described more strongly and distinctly traits which, when delineated by a friend, we expect to find painted in the softened manner of one who is half disposed to imitate or adopt them.

Yet though I have used the word "naturalist" to denote the keen and solitary observation with which Bagehot watched society, no word describes him worse if we attribute to it any of that coldness and stillness of curiosity which we are apt to associate with scientific vigilance. Espec-

* See *Fortnightly Review*, for August, 1869.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ially in his youth, buoyancy, vivacity, velocity of thought, were of the essence of the impression which he made. He had high spirits and great capacities for enjoyment, great sympathies indeed with the old English cavalier. In his essay on Macaulay he paints that character with profound sympathy: —

What historian, indeed [he says], has ever estimated the Cavalier character? There is Clarendon, the grave, rhetorical, decorous lawyer — piling words, congealing arguments — very stately, a little grim. There is Hume, the Scotch metaphysician, who has made out the best case for such people as never were, for a Charles who never died, for a Strafford who could never have been attainted, a saving, calculating North-countryman, fat, impassive, who lived on eightpence a day. What have these people to do with an enjoying English gentleman? Talk of the ways of spreading a wholesome Conservatism throughout the country . . . as far as communicating and establishing your creed is concerned, try a little pleasure. The way to keep up old customs is to enjoy old customs; the way to be satisfied with the present state of things, is to enjoy that state of things. Over the "Cavalier" mind, this world passes with a thrill of delight; there is an exultation in a daily event, zest in the "regular thing," joy at an old feast.

And that aptly represents himself. Such arrogance as he seemed to have in early life was the arrogance as much of enjoyment as of detachment of mind, — the *insouciance* of the old Cavalier as much at least as the calm of a mind not accessible to the contagion of social feelings. He always talked, in youth, of his spirits as inconveniently high; and once wrote to me that he did not think they were quite as "boisterous" as they had been, and that his fellow-creatures were not sorry for the abatement; nevertheless, he added, "I am quite fat, gross, and ruddy." He was, indeed, excessively fond of hunting, vaulting, and almost all muscular effort, so that his life would be wholly misconceived by any one who, hearing of his "detachment" of thought, should picture his mind as a vigilantly observant, far-away intelligence, such as Hawthorne's for example. He liked to be in the thick of the *mêlée* when talk grew warm, though he was never so absorbed in it as not to keep his mind cool.

Bagehot was a Somersetshire man, with all the richness of nature and love for the external glow of life which the most characteristic counties of the south-west of England contrive to give to their most characteristic sons.

This northwest corner of Spain, [he wrote once to a newspaper from the Pyrenees] is the only place out of England where I should like to live. It is a sort of better Devonshire; the coast is of the same kind, the sun is more brilliant, the sea is more brilliant, and there are mountains in the background. I have seen some more beautiful places and many grander, but I should not like to live in them. As Mr. Emerson puts it, "I do not want to go to Heaven before my time." My English nature by early use and long habit is tied to a certain kind of scenery, soon feels the want of it, and is apt to be alarmed as well as pleased at perpetual snow and all sorts of similar beauties. But here about San Sebastian, you have the best England can give you (at least if you hold as I do that Devonshire is the finest of our counties), and the charm, the ineffable, indescribable charm, of the south too. Probably the sun has some secret effect on the nervous system that makes one inclined to be pleased, but the golden light lies upon everything, and one fancies that one is charmed only by the outward loveliness.

The vivacity and warm coloring of the landscapes of the south of England certainly had their full share in moulding his tastes, and possibly even his style.

Bagehot took the mathematical scholarship with his bachelor's degree in the University of London in 1846, and the gold medal in intellectual and moral philosophy with his master's degree in 1848, in reading for which he mastered for the first time those principles of political economy, which were to receive so much illustration from his genius in later years. But at this time philosophy, poetry, and theology had, I think, a much greater share of his attention than any narrow and more sharply defined science. Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth, Coleridge, Martineau, and John Henry Newman, all in their way exerted a great influence over his mind, and divided, not unequally, with the authors whom he was bound to study — that is, the Greek philosophers, together with Hume, Kant, J. S. Mill, and Sir William Hamilton — the time at his disposal. I have no doubt that for seven or eight years of his life the Roman Catholic Church had a great fascination for his imagination, though I do not think that he was ever at all near conversion. He was intimate with all Dr. Newman's writings. And of these, the Oxford sermons, and the poems in the "*Lyra Apostolica*" afterwards separately published — partly, I believe, on account of the high estimate of them which Bagehot himself had given — were always his special favorites. The little poetry he wrote — and it is evident that he never had the kind of instinct for,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

or command of, language which is the first condition of genuine poetic genius — seems to me to have been obviously written under the spell which Dr. Newman's own few but finely chiselled poems had cast upon him. If I give one specimen of these poems, it is not that I think it in any way an adequate expression of Bagehot's powers, but for a very different reason, because it will show those who have inferred from his other writings that his mind never deeply concerned itself with religion, how great is their mistake. Nor is there any real poverty of resource in these lines, except perhaps in the awkward mechanism of some of them. They were probably written when he was twenty-three or twenty-four.

To the Roman Catholic Church.

"Casta inceste." — *Lucretius.*

Thy lamp of faith is brightly trimmed,
Thy eager eye is not yet dimmed,
Thy stalwart step is yet unstayed,
Thy words are well obeyed.

Thy proud voice vaunts of strength from heaven,
Thy proud foes carp, "By hell's art given:"
No Titan thou of earth-born bands,
Strange Church of hundred hands.

Nursed without knowledge, born of night,
With hand of power and thoughts of light,
As Britain seas, far-reachingly
O'er-rul'st thou history.

Wild as La Pucelle in her hour,
O'er prostrate realms with awe-girt power
Thou marchest steadfast on thy path
Through wonder, love, and wrath.

And will thy end be such as hers,
O'erpowered by earthly mail-clad powers,
Condemned for cruel, magic art,
Though awful, bold of heart?

Through thorn-clad time's unending waste
With ardent step alone thou strayest,
As Jewish scape-goats tracked the wild,
Unholy, consecrate, defiled.

Use not thy truth in manner rude
To rule for gain the multitude,
Or thou wilt see that truth depart,
To seek some holier heart;

Then thou wilt watch thy errors lorn,
O'erspread by shame, o'erswept by scorn,
In lonely want without hope's smile,
As Tyre her weed-clad isle.

Like once thy chief, thou bear'st Christ's name;
Like him thou hast denied his shame,
Bold, eager, skilful, confident,
Oh, now like him repent!

That has certainly no sign of the hand of the master in it, for the language is not moulded and vivified by the thought, but the thought itself is fine. There is still better evidence than these lines would afford of the fascination which the Roman Catholic Church had for Bagehot. A year or two later, in the letters on the *coup d'état* to which I shall soon have to refer, there occurs the following passage. (He is trying to explain how the cleverness, the moral restlessness, and intellectual impatience of the French, all tend to unfit them for a genuine parliamentary government.)

I do not know that I can exhibit the way these qualities of the French character operate on their opinions better than by telling you how the Roman Catholic Church deals with them. I have rather attended to it since I came here. It gives sermons almost an interest, their being in French, and to those curious in intellectual matters, it is worth observing. In other times, and even now in out-of-the-way Spain, I suppose it may be true that the Catholic Church was opposed to inquiry and reasoning. But it is not so now and here. Loudly from the pens of a hundred writers, from the tongues of a thousand pulpits, in every note of thrilling scorn and exulting derision, she proclaims the contrary. Be she Christ's workman or Antichrist's, she knows her work too well. "Reason, reason, reason!" exclaims she to the philosophers of this world. "Put in practice what you teach, if you would have others believe it. Be consistent. Do not prate to us of private judgment, when you are but yourselves repeating what you heard in the nursery, ill-mumbled remnants of a Catholic tradition. No; exemplify what you command; inquire and make search. Seek and we warn you that ye will never find, yet do as ye will. Shut yourselves up in a room, make your mind a blank, go down (as you speak) into the depth of your consciousness, scrutinize the mental structure, inquire for the elements of belief, — spend years, your best years, in the occupation, — and at length, when your eyes are dim and your brain hot, and your hands unsteady, then reckon what you have gained. See if you cannot count on your fingers the certainties you have reached; reflect which of them you doubted yesterday, which you may disbelieve to-morrow, or rather make haste, assume at random some essential *credenda*, — write down your inevitable postulates, enumerate your necessary axioms, toil on, toil on, spin your spider's web, adore your own soul, or if ye prefer it, choose some German nostrum; try an intellectual intuition, or the pure reason, or the intelligible ideas, or the mesmeric clairvoyance, and when so, or somehow, you have attained your results, try them on mankind. Don't go out into the byways and hedges; it is unnecessary. Ring a bell, call in the ser-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

vants, give them a course of lectures, cite Aristotle, review Descartes, panegyrize Plato, and see if the *bonne* will understand you. It is you that say *Vox populi, vox Dei.* You see the people reject you. Or suppose you succeed, — what you call succeeding. Your books are read; for three weeks or even a season you are the idol of the *salons.* Your hard words are on the lips of women; then a change comes, a new actress appears at the Théâtre Français or the opera; her charms eclipse your theories; or a great catastrophe occurs; political liberty, it is said, is annihilated. *Il faut se faire mouchard*, is the observation of scoffers. Anyhow you are forgotten. Fifty years may be the gestation of a philosophy, not three its life. Before long, before you go to your grave, your six disciples leave you for some newer master, or to set up for themselves. The poorest priest in the remotest region of the Basses Alpes has more power over men's souls than human cultivation. His ill-mouthed masses move women's souls — can you? Ye scoff at Jupiter, yet he at least was believed in, you never have been. Idol for idol, the *de*throned is better than the *un*throned. No, if you would reason, if you would teach, if you would speculate, — come to us. We have our premises ready; years upon years before you were born, intellects whom the best of you delight to magnify, toiled to systematize the creed of ages. Years upon years after you are dead, better heads than yours will find new matter there to define, to divide, to arrange. Consider the hundred volumes of Aquinas. Which of you desire a higher life than that; to deduce, to subtilize, discriminate, systematize, and decide the highest truth, and to be believed. Yet such was his luck, his enjoyment. He was what you would be. No, no, *credite, credite.* Ours is the life of speculation. The cloister is the home for the student. Philosophy is stationary, Catholicism progressive. *You* call. *We* are heard, etc." So speaks each preacher according to his ability. And when the dust and noise of present controversies have passed away, and, in the interior of the night, some grave historian writes out the tale of half-forgotten times, let him not forget to observe that, profoundly as the mediæval Church subdued the superstitious cravings of a painful and barbarous age, in after years she dealt more discerningly still with the feverish excitement, the feeble vanities, and the dogmatic impatience of an over-intellectual generation.

It is obvious, I think, both from the poem, and from these reflections, that what attracted Bagehot in the Church of Rome was the historical prestige and social authority she had accumulated in believing and uncritical ages for use in the unbelieving and critical age in which we live, — while what he condemned and dreaded in her was her tendency to use her power over the multitude for purposes of a low ambition.

And as I am on this subject, this will be, I think, the best opportunity I shall have to say what I have got to say of Bagehot's later religious belief, without returning to it when I have to deal with a period in which the greatest part of his spare intellectual energy was given to other subjects. I do not think that the religious affections were very strong in Bagehot's mind, but the primitive religious instincts certainly were. From childhood he was what he certainly remained to the last, in spite of the rather antagonistic influence of the able scientific group of men from whom he learned so much, — a thorough transcendentalist, by which I mean one who could never doubt that there was a real foundation of the universe distinct from the outward show of its superficial qualities, and that the substance is never exhaustively expressed in these qualities. He often repeats in his essays Shelley's fine line, " Lift not the painted veil which those who live call life," and the essence at least of the idea in it haunted him from his very childhood. In the essay on " Hartley Coleridge," — perhaps the most perfect in style of any of his writings, — he describes most powerfully, and evidently in great measure from his own experience, the mysterious confusion between appearances and realities which so bewildered little Hartley, — the difficulty that he complained of in distinguishing between the various Hartleys, — " picture Hartley," " shadow Hartley," and between Hartley the subject and Hartley the object, the enigmatic blending of which last two Hartleys the child expressed by catching hold of his own arm, and then calling himself the " catch-me-fast Hartley." And in dilating on this bewildering experience of the child's, Bagehot borrows from his own recollections : —

All children have a world of their own, as distinct from that of the grown people who gravitate around them, as the dreams of girlhood from our prosaic life, or the ideas of the kitten that plays with the falling leaves, from those of her carnivorous mother that catches mice and is sedulous in her domestic duties. But generally about this interior existence children are dumb. You have warlike ideas, but you cannot say to a sinewy relative, " My dear aunt, I wonder when the big bush in the garden will begin to walk about; I'm sure it's a crusader, and I was cutting it all the day with my steel sword. But what do you think, aunt? for I'm puzzled about its legs, because you see, aunt, it has only *one* stalk — and besides, aunt, the leaves." You cannot remark this in secular life, but you hack at the infelicitous bush till you do not wholly reject the idea

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

that your small garden is Palestine, and yourself the most adventurous of knights.

They have a tradition in the family that this is but a fragment from Bagehot's own imaginative childhood, and certainly this visionary element in him was very vivid to the last. However, the transcendental or intellectual basis of religious belief was soon strengthened in him, as readers of his remarkable paper on Bishop Butler will easily see, by those moral and retributive instincts which warn us of the meaning and consequences of guilt.

> The moral principle [he wrote in that essay], whatever may be said to the contrary by complacent thinkers, is really and to most men a principle of fear. . . . Conscience is the condemnation of ourselves; we expect a penalty. As the Greek proverb teachest Where there is shame, there is fear. . . . How to be free from this is the question. How to get loose from this — how to be rid of the secret tie which binds the strong man and cramps his pride and makes him angry at the beauty of the universe, which will not let him go forth like a great animal, like the king of the forest, in the glory of his might, but which restrains him with an inner fear and a secret foreboding that if he do but exalt himself he shall be abased, if he do but set forth his own dignity he will offend ONE who will deprive him of it. This, as has often been pointed out, is the source of the bloody rites of heathendom.

And then, after a powerful passage in which he describes the sacrificial superstitions of men like Achilles, he returns, with a flash of his own peculiar humor, to Bishop Butler, thus: —

> Of course it is not this kind of fanaticism that we impute to a prelate of the English Church; human sacrifices are not respectable, and Achilles was not rector of Stanhope. But though the costume and circumstances of life change, the human heart does not; its feelings remain. The same anxiety, the same consciousness of personal sin, which lead, in barbarous times, to what has been described, show themselves in civilized life as well. In this quieter period, their great manifestation is scrupulosity;

which he goes on to describe as a sort of inexhaustible anxiety for perfect compliance with the minutest positive commands which may be made the condition of forgiveness for the innumerable lapses of moral obligation. I am not criticising the paper, or I should point out that Bagehot failed in it to draw out the distinction between the primitive moral instinct and the corrupt superstition into which it runs, but I believe that he recognized the weight of this moral testimony of the conscience to a divine Judge, as well as the transcendental testimony of the intellect to an eternal substance of things, to the end of his life. And certainly the reality of human free-will as the condition of all genuine moral life, he firmly believed. In his "Physics and Politics," — the subtle and original essay upon which, in conjunction with the essay on the British Constitution, Bagehot's reputation as a European thinker chiefly rests, — he repeatedly guards himself (for instance, pp. 9, 10) against being supposed to think that in accepting the principle of evolution, he has accepted anything inconsistent either with spiritual creation, or with the free-will of man. On the latter point he adds, "No doubt the modern doctrine of the 'conservation of force,' if applied to decision, is inconsistent with free-will; if you hold that force is 'never lost or gained,' you cannot hold that there is a real gain, a sort of new creation of it in free volition. But I have nothing to do here with the universal 'conservation of force.' The conception of the nervous organs as stores of will-made power, does not raise or need so vast a discussion." And in the same book he repeatedly uses the expression "Providence," evidently in its natural meaning, to express the ultimate force at work behind the march of "evolution." Indeed in conversation with me on this subject he often said how much higher a conception of the creative mind the new Darwinian ideas seemed to him to have introduced, as compared with those contained in what is called the argument from contrivance and design. On the subject of personal immortality too, I do not think that Bagehot ever wavered. He often spoke, and even wrote, of "that vague sense of eternal continuity which is always about the mind, and which no one could bear to lose," and described it as being much more important to us than it even appears to be, important as that is; for he said, "When we think we are thinking of the past, we are only thinking of a future that is to be like it." But with the exception of these cardinal points, I could hardly say how much Bagehot's mind was or was not affected by the great speculative controversies of later years. Certainly he became much more doubtful concerning the force of the historical evidence of Christianity than I ever was, and rejected I think entirely, though on what amount of personal study he had founded his opinion I do not know, the apostolic origin of the fourth Gospel. Possibly his mind may have been latterly in suspense

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

as to miracle altogether, though I am pretty sure that he had not come to a negative conclusion. He belonged, in common with myself, during the last years of his life, to a society in which these fundamental questions were often discussed, but he seldom spoke in it, and told me very recently that he shrank from such discussions on religious points, feeling that, in debates of this kind, they were not and could not be treated with anything like thoroughness. On the whole, I think, the cardinal article of his faith would be adequately represented even in the latest period of his life by the following passage in his essay on Bishop Butler: —

In every step of religious argument we require the assumption, the belief, the faith, if the word is better, in an absolutely *perfect* Being; in and by whom we are, who is omnipotent as well as most holy; who moves on the face of the whole world, and ruleth all things by the word of his power. If we grant this, the difficulty of the opposition between what is here called the natural and the supernatural religion is removed; and without granting it, that difficulty is perhaps insuperable. It follows from the very idea and definition of an infinitely perfect Being, that he is within us, as well as without us, — ruling the clouds of the air and the fishes of the sea, as well as the fears and thoughts of men; smiling through the smile of nature as well as warning with the pain of conscience, — "sine qualitate bonum; sine quantitate magnum; sine indigentiâ, creatorem; sine situ præsidentem; sine habitu omnia continentem; sine loco ubique totum; sine tempore sempiternum; sine ullâ sui mutatione mutabilia facientem, nihilque patientem." If we assume this, life is simple; without this, all is dark.

After Bagehot had taken his master's degree, and while he was still reading law in London, and hesitating between the bar and the family bank, there came as principal to University Hall (which is a hall of residence in connection with University College, London, established by the Presbyterians and Unitarians after the passing of the Dissenters' Chapel Act) the man who had, I think, a greater intellectual fascination for Bagehot than any of his contemporaries, — Arthur Hugh Clough, fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and author of various poems of great genius, more or less familiar to the public, though Clough is perhaps better known as the subject of the exquisite poem written on his death in 1861, by his friend Matthew Arnold, — the poem to which he gave the name of "Thyrsis," — than by even the most popular of his own. Bagehot had subscribed for the erection of University Hall, and took an active part at one time on its council. Thus he saw a good deal of Clough, and did what he could to mediate between that enigma to Presbyterian parents, a college-head who held himself serenely neutral on almost all moral and educational subjects interesting to parents and pupils, except the observance of disciplinary rules, and the managing body who bewildered him, and were by him bewildered. I don't think Bagehot and Clough's other friends were very successful in their mediation, but he at least gained in Clough a cordial friend and a theme of profound intellectual and moral interest to himself which lasted him his life, and never failed to draw him into animated discussion long after Clough's own premature death; and I think I can trace the effect which some of Clough's writings had on Bagehot's mind to the very end of his career. There were some points of likeness between Bagehot and Clough, but many more of difference. Both had the capacity for boyish spirits in them, and the florid color which usually accompanies a good deal of animal vigor; both were reserved men with a great dislike of anything like the appearance of false sentiment, and both were passionate admirers of Wordsworth's poetry; but Clough was slightly lymphatic, with a great tendency to unexpressed and unacknowledged discouragement, and to the paralysis of silent embarrassment when suffering from such feelings, while Bagehot was keen, and very quickly evacuated embarrassing positions, and never returned to them. When, however, Clough was happy and at ease, there was a calm and silent radiance in his face, and his head was set with a kind of stateliness on his shoulders, that gave him almost an Olympian air; but this would sometimes vanish in a moment into an embarrassed taciturnity that was quite uncouth. One of his friends declares that the man who was said to be "a cross between a schoolboy and a bishop," must have been like Clough. There was in him, too, a large Chaucerian simplicity and a flavor of homeliness, so that now and then, when the sun shone into his eyes, there was something, in spite of the air of fine scholarship and culture, which reminded one of the best likenesses of Burns. It was of Clough, I believe, that Emerson was thinking (though knowing Clough intimately as he did, he was of course speaking mainly in joke) when he described the Oxford of that day thus: "Ah, says my languid Oxford gentleman, — nothing new, and nothing true, and no

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

matter." No saying could misrepresent Clough's really buoyant and simple character more completely than that; but doubtless many of his sayings and writings, treating, as they did, most of the greater problems of life as insoluble, and enjoining a self-possessed composure under the discovery of their insolubility, conveyed an impression very much like this to men who came only occasionally in contact with him. Bagehot, in his article on Crabb Robinson, says that the latter, who in those days seldom remembered names, always described Clough as "that admirable and accomplished man,—you know whom I mean,—the one who never says anything." And certainly Clough was often taciturn to the last degree, or if he opened his lips, delighted to open them only to scatter confusion by discouraging, in words at least, all that was then called earnestness,—as, for example, by asking, "Was it ordained that twice two should make four, simply for the intent that boys and girls should be cut to the heart that they do not make five? Be content, when the veil is raised perhaps they will make five! Who knows?" *

Clough's chief fascination for Bagehot was, I think, that he had as a poet in some measure rediscovered, at all events realized as few had ever realized before, the enormous difficulty of finding truth,—a difficulty which he somewhat paradoxically held to be enhanced rather than diminished by the intensity of the truest modern passion for it. The stronger the desire, he teaches, the greater the danger of illegitimately satisfying that desire by persuading ourselves that what we *wish* to believe is true, and the greater the danger of ignoring the actual confusions of human things.

> Rules baffle instincts, instincts rules,
> Wise men are bad, and good are fools,
> Facts evil, wishes vain appear,
> We cannot go, why are we here?
>
> Oh, may we, for assurance' sake,
> Some arbitrary judgment take,
> And wilfully pronounce it clear,
> For this or that 'tis we are here?
>
> Or is it right, and will it do
> To pace the sad confusion through,
> And say, it does not yet appear
> What we shall be—what we are here?

This warning to withhold judgment and not cheat ourselves into beliefs which our own imperious desire to believe had alone engendered, is given with every variety of tone and modulation, and couched in all sorts of different forms of fancy and apologue, throughout Clough's poems. He insists on "the *ruinous* force of the will" to persuade us of illusions which please us; of the tendency of practical life to give us beliefs which suit that practical life, but are none the truer for that; and is never weary of warning us that a firm belief in a falsity can be easily generated:—

> *Action will furnish belief*,—but will that belief be the true one?
> This is the point, you know. However it doesn't much matter.
> What one wants, I suppose, is to predetermine the action,
> So as to make it entail, not a chance belief, but the true one.

This practical preaching, which Clough urges in season and out of season, met an answering chord in Bagehot's mind not so much in relation to religious belief, as in relation to the over-haste and over-eagerness of human conduct, and I can trace the effect of it in all his writings, political and otherwise, to the end of his life. Indeed, it affected him much more in later days than in the years immediately following his first friendship with Clough. With all his boyish dash, there was something in Bagehot even in youth which dreaded precipitancy, and not only precipitancy itself, but those moral situations tending to precipitancy which men who have no minds of their own to make up, so often court. In later life he pleased himself by insisting that, on Darwin's principle, civilized men, with all the complex problems of modern life to puzzle them, suspend their judgment so little, and are so eager as they are for action, only because they have inherited from the earlier, simpler, and more violent ages an excessive predisposition to action unsuited to our epoch and dangerous to our future development. But it was Clough, I think, who first stirred in his mind this great dread of "the ruinous force of the will," a phrase he was never weary of quoting, and which might almost be taken as the motto of his physics and politics, the great conclusion of which is that in the "age of discussion," grand policies, and high-handed diplomacy, and sensational legislation of all kinds will become rarer and rarer, because discussion will point out all the difficulties of such policies in relation to a state of existence so complex as our own, and will in this way tend to repress the

* Poems and Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough, vol. i., p. 175.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

excess of practical energy handed down to us by ancestors to whom life was a sharper, simpler, and more perilous affair.

But the time for Bagehot's full adoption of the suspensive principle in public affairs was not yet. In 1851 he went to Paris, shortly before the *coup d'état*. And while all England was assailing Louis Napoleon (justly enough, as I think) for his perfidy, and his impatience of the self-willed Assembly he could not control, Bagehot was preparing a deliberate and very masterly defence of that bloody and high-handed act. Even Bagehot would, I think, if pressed judiciously in later life, have admitted — though I can't say he ever *did* — that the *coup d'état* was one of the best illustrations of "the ruinous force of the will" in engendering, or at least crystallizing, a false intellectual conclusion as to the political possibilities of the future, which recent history could produce. Certainly he always spoke somewhat apologetically of these early letters, though I never heard him expressly retract their doctrine. In 1851 a knot of young Unitarians, of whom I was then one, headed by the late Mr. J. Langton Sanford — afterwards the historian of the great Rebellion, who survived Bagehot barely four months — had engaged to help for a time in conducting the *Inquirer*, which then was and still is the chief literary and theological organ of the Unitarian body. Our *régime* was, I imagine, a time of great desolation for the very tolerant and thoughtful constituency for whom we wrote; and many of them, I am confident, yearned, and were fully justified in yearning, for those better days when this tyranny of ours should be overpast. Sanford and Osler did a good deal to throw cold water on the rather optimist and philanthropic politics of the most sanguine, because the most benevolent and open-hearted, of Dissenters. Roscoe criticised their literary work from the point of view of a devotee of the Elizabethan poets; and I attempted to prove to them in distinct heads, first that their laity ought to have the protection afforded by a liturgy against the arbitrary prayers of their ministers; and next, that at least the great majority of their sermons ought to be suppressed, and the habit of delivering them discontinued almost altogether. Only a denomination of "just men" trained in tolerance for generations, and in that respect at least made all but "perfect," would have endured it at all; but I doubt if any of us caused the Unitarian body so much grief as Bagehot, who never was a Unitarian, but who contributed a series of brilliant letters on the *coup d'état* in which he trod just as heavily on the toes of his colleagues as he did on those of the public by whom the *Inquirer* was taken. In those letters he not only, as I have already shown, eulogized the Catholic Church, but he supported the prince president's military violence, attacked the freedom of the press in France, maintained that the country was wholly unfit for true parliamentary government, and worst of all, perhaps, insinuated a panegyric on Louis Napoleon himself, and declared that he had been far better prepared for the duties of a statesman in gambling on the turf, than he would have been by poring over the historical and political dissertations of the wise and the good. This was Bagehot's day of cynicism. The seven letters which he wrote on the *coup d'état* were certainly very exasperating, and yet they were not caricatures of his real thought, for his private letters at the time were more cynical still. Crabb Robinson in speaking of him used ever afterwards to describe him to me as "that friend of yours — you know whom I mean, you rascal — who wrote those abominable, those most disgraceful letters on the *coup d'état*, I did not forgive him for years after." Nor do I wonder even now that a sincere friend of constitutional freedom and intellectual liberty, like Crabb Robinson, found them difficult to forgive. They were light and airy and even flippant on a very grave subject. They made nothing of the prince's perjury; and they took impertinent liberties with all the dearest prepossessions of the readers of the *Inquirer*, and assumed their sympathy just where Bagehot knew that they would be most revolted by his opinions. Nevertheless, they had a vast deal of truth in them, and no end of ability. I confess even that I should much like to see them republished. There is a good deal of the raw material of history in them, and certainly I doubt if Bagehot ever again hit the satiric vein of argument so well. Here is a passage that will bear taking out of its context, and therefore not so full of the shrewd malice of these letters as many others, but which will illustrate their ability. It is one in which Bagehot maintained for the first time the view (which I believe he subsequently almost persuaded English politicians to accept, though in 1852 it was a mere flippant novelty, a paradox, and a heresy) that free institutions are apt to succeed with a stupid people, and to founder with a ready-witted and

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

vivacious one. After broaching this, he goes on: —

I see you are surprised. You are going to say to me, as Socrates did to Polus, "My young friend, *of course* you are right, but will you explain what you mean, as you are not yet intelligible?" I will do so as well as I can, and endeavor to make good what I say, not from a prior demonstration of my own, but from the details of the present and the facts of history. Not to begin by wounding any present susceptibilities, let me take the Roman character, for, with one great exception — I need not say to whom I allude — they are the great political people of history. Now is not a certain dulness their most visible characteristic? What is the history of their speculative mind? A blank. What their literature? A copy. They have left not a single discovery in any abstract science; not a single perfect or well-formed work of high imagination. The Greeks, the perfection of human and accomplished genius, bequeathed to mankind the ideal forms of self-idolizing art; the Romans imitated and admired. The Greeks explained the laws of nature; the Romans wondered and despised. The Greeks invented a system of numerals second only to that now in use; the Romans counted to the end of their days with the clumsy apparatus which we still call by their name. The Greeks made a capital and scientific calendar; the Romans began their month when the *pontifex maximus* happened to spy out the new moon. Throughout Latin literature this is the perpetual puzzle — Why are we free and they slaves? We prætors and they barbers? Why do the stupid people always win and the clever people always lose? I need not say that in real sound stupidity the English people are unrivalled. You'll have more wit, and better wit, in an Irish street-row than would keep Westminster Hall in humor for five weeks. . . . These valuable truths are no discoveries of mine. They are familiar enough to people whose business it is to know them. Hear what a douce and aged attorney says of your peculiarly promising barrister. "Sharp? Oh! yes, yes; he's too sharp by half. He isn't *safe*, not a minute, isn't that young man." "What style, sir," asked of an East India director some youthful aspirant for literary renown, "is most to be preferred in the composition of official despatches?" "My good fellow," responded the ruler of Hindostan, "the style *as we* like, is the Humdrum."

The permanent value of these papers is due to the freshness of their impressions of the French capital, and their true criticisms of Parisian journalism and society; their perverseness consists in this, that Bagehot steadily ignores the distinction between the duty of resisting anarchy, and the assumption of the prince president that this could only be done by establishing his own dynasty and deferring *sine die* that great constitutional experiment which is now once more, no thanks to him or his government, on its trial; an experiment which, for anything we see, had at least as good a chance then as now, and under a firm and popular chief of the executive like Prince Louis, would probably have had a better chance then than it has now under MacMahon.

During that residence in Paris, Bagehot, though, as I have said, in a somewhat cynical frame of mind, was full of life and courage, and was beginning to feel his own genius, which, perhaps, accounts for the air of recklessness so foreign to him, and which he never adopted either before or since. During the riots he was a good deal in the streets, and, from a mere love of art, helped the Parisians to construct three of their barricades "with as much keenness," he wrote, "as though I had been clerk of the works," notwithstanding the fact that his own sympathy was with those who shot down the barricades, not with those who manned them. He was very much struck by the ferocious look of the Montagnards. "If you want a Satan," he wrote, "any odd time, they'll do; only I hope that *he* don't believe in human brotherhood. It is not possible to respect any one who does, and I should be loth to confound the notion of *our* friend's solitary grandeur by supposing him to fraternize, etc." "I think M. Buonaparte is entitled to great praise. He has very good heels to his boots, and the French just want treading down, and nothing else, calm, cruel, business-like oppression to take the dogmatic conceit out of their heads. The spirit of generalization which John Mill tells us honorably distinguishes the French mind, has come to this, that every Parisian wants his head *tapped* in order to get the formulæ and nonsense out of it. And it would pay to perform the operation, for they are very clever on what is within the limit of their experience and all that can be 'expanded' in terms of it, but beyond, it is all generalization and folly. . . . So I am for any carnivorous government."

Of course that is a gross caricature not only of his maturer mind but even of the judgment of the published letters, and I quote it only to show that at the time when he composed these letters on the *coup d'état*, Bagehot's mood was that transient mood of reckless youthful cynicism through which so many men of genius pass. I do not think he had at any time any keen sympathy with the multitude, *i.e.* with masses of unknown men. And that he ever felt what has since then been

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

termed "the enthusiasm of humanity," the sympathy with "the toiling millions of men sunk in labor and pain," he himself would strenuously have denied. Such sympathy, even when really yearned for, is, indeed, very much oftener coveted than really felt by men as a living motive; and I am not quite sure that Bagehot would have even wished to feel it. Nevertheless he had not the faintest trace of real hardness about him towards people whom he knew and understood. He could not bear to give pain; and when, in rare cases by youthful inadvertence, he gave it needlessly, I have seen how much and what lasting vexation it caused him. Indeed, he was capable of great sacrifices to spare his friends but a little suffering.

It was, I think, during his stay in Paris that Bagehot finally decided to give up the notion of practising at the Bar and to join his father in the Somersetshire bank and in his other business. He thoroughly liked the law; in his friend the late Mr. Justice Quain's chambers, and in those of the present vice-chancellor Sir Charles Hall, he had learnt a good deal that was of great use to him in later life. And in spite of his really large capacity for finance and commerce, there were difficulties in Bagehot's way as a banker and merchant which he felt somewhat keenly. He was always absent-minded about minutiæ. For instance, to the last, he could not correct a proof well, and was sure to leave a number of small inaccuracies, harshnesses, and slipshodnesses in style, uncorrected. He declared at one time that he was wholly unable to "add up," and in his mathematical exercises in college he had habitually been inaccurate in trifles. I remember Professor Malden, in returning one of his Greek exercises, saying to him with that curiously precise and emphatic articulation which made every remark of his go so much farther than that of our other lecturers, "Mr. Bagehot, you wage an internecine war with your aspirates," — not meaning, of course, that he ever left them out in pronunciation, but that he neglected to put them in in his written Greek. And to the last, even in his printed Greek quotations, the slips of this kind were always numerous. This habitual difficulty, due, I believe, to a preoccupied imagination, in attending to small details, made a banker's duties look irksome and formidable to him at first; and even to the last, in his most effective financial papers, he would generally get some one else to look after the precise figures for him. But in spite of all this, and in spite of a real attraction for the study of law, he was sure that his head would not stand the hot courts and heavy wigs which make the hot courts hotter, or the night-work of a thriving barrister in case of success; and he was certainly quite right. Indeed, had he chosen the bar he would have had no leisure for the two or three remarkable books which have made his reputation, which have been already translated into all the literary and some of the unliterary languages of Europe, and two of which are, I believe, used as text-books in some of the American colleges. Moreover, in all probability his life would have been much shorter into the bargain. Soon after his return from Paris he devoted himself in earnest to banking and commerce, and also began that series of articles, first for the *Prospective* and then for the *National Review* (which latter periodical he edited in conjunction with me for several years), the most striking of which he republished in 1858, under the awkward and almost forbidding title of "Estimates of some Englishmen and Scotchmen," — a book which never attracted the attention it deserved, and which has now been long out of print.

I confess I have never understood the failure of that brilliant book. No doubt there are many faults of workmanship in it. Now and then the banter is forced. Often enough the style is embarrassed. Occasionally, perhaps, the criticism misses its mark, or is over-refined. But taken as a whole I hardly know any book that is such good reading, that has so much lucid vision in it, so much shrewd and curious knowledge of the world, so sober a judgment and so dashing a humor combined. Take this, for instance, out of the paper on "The First Edinburgh Reviewers" concerning the judgment passed by Lord Jeffrey on the poetry of Bagehot's favorite poet, Wordsworth: —

> The world has given judgment. Both Mr. Wordsworth and Lord Jeffrey have received their rewards. The one had his own generation, the laughter of men, the applause of drawing-rooms, the concurrence of the crowd; the other a succeeding age, the fond enthusiasm of secret students, the lonely rapture of lonely minds. And each has received according to his kind. If all cultivated men speak differently because of the existence of Wordsworth and Coleridge; if not a thoughtful English book has appeared for years without some trace for good or for evil of their influence; if sermon-writers subsist upon their thoughts; if "sacred" poets thrive by translating their weaker portions into the speech of women; if, when all this is over, some suffi-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

cient part of their writing will ever be fitting food for wild musing and solitary meditation, surely this is because they possessed the inner nature, — an "intense and glowing mind," — "the vision and the faculty divine." But if perchance in their weaker moments the great authors of the "Lyrical Ballads" did ever imagine that the world was to pause because of their verses, that "Peter Bell" would be popular in drawing-rooms, that "Christabel" would be perused in the city, that people of fashion would make a hand-book of the "Excursion," it was well for them to be told at once that it was not so. Nature ingeniously prepared a shrill, artificial voice, which spoke in season and out of season, enough and more than enough, what will ever be the idea of the cities of the plain concerning those who live alone among the mountains; of the frivolous concerning the grave; of the gregarious concerning the recluse; of those who laugh concerning those who laugh not; of the common concerning the uncommon; of those who lend on usury concerning those who lend not; the notions of the world of those whom it will not reckon among the righteous. It said, "This won't do." And so in all times will the lovers of polished Liberalism speak concerning the intense and lonely "prophet."

I choose that passage because it illustrates so perfectly Bagehot's double vein, his sympathy with the works of high imagination, and his clear insight into that busy life which does not and cannot take note of works of high imagination, and which would not do the work it does, if it could. And this is the characteristic of the whole book. How admirably, for instance, in his paper on Shakespeare, does he draw out the individuality of a poet who is generally supposed to be so completely hidden in his plays; and with how keen a satisfaction does he discern and display the prosperous and practical man in Shakespeare,— the qualities which made him a man of substance and a conservative politician, as well as the qualities which made him a great dramatist and a great dreamer. No doubt Bagehot had a great personal sympathy with the double life. Somersetshire probably never believed that the imaginative student, the omnivorous reader, could prosper as a banker and a man of business, and it was a satisfaction to him to show that he understood the world far better than the world had ever understood him. Again how delicate is his delineation of Hartley Coleridge; how firm and clear his study of Sir Robert Peel; and how graphically he paints the literary pageant of Gibbon's tame but splendid genius. Certainly the literary taste of England never made a greater blunder than when it passed by this remarkable volume of essays almost without notice.

In 1858 Bagehot married the eldest daughter of the Right Honorable James Wilson, who died two years later in India, whither he had gone as the financial member of the Indian Council, to reduce to some extent the financial anarchy which then prevailed there. This marriage gave Bagehot nineteen years of undisturbed happiness, and certainly led to the production of his most popular and original, if not in every respect his most brilliant books. It connected him with the higher world of politics, without which he would hardly have studied and written as he did on the British Constitution; and by making him the editor of the *Economist*, it compelled him to give his whole mind as much to the theoretic side of commerce and finance, as his own duties had already compelled him to give it to the practical side. But when I speak of his marriage as the last impulse which determined his chief work in life, I do not forget that he had long been prepared, both for political and for financial speculation, by his early education. His father, a man of firm and deliberate political convictions, had taken a very keen interest in the agitation for the great Reform Bill of 1832, and probably no one in all England knew the political history of the country since the peace more accurately. Bagehot often said that when he wanted any detail concerning the English political history of the last half-century, he had only to ask his father, to obtain it. His uncle, Mr. Vincent Stuckey, too, was a man of the world, and his house in Langport a focus of many interests during Bagehot's boyhood. Mr. Stuckey had begun life at the Treasury, and was at one time private secretary to Mr. Huskisson; and when he gave up that career to take a leading share in the Somersetshire bank, he kept up for a long time his house in London and his relations with political society there. He was fond of his nephew, as was Bagehot of him; and there was always a large field of interests, and often there were men of great eminence, to be found in his house. Thus Bagehot had been early prepared for the wider field of political and financial thought to which he gave up so much of his time after his marriage.

I need not say nearly so much on this later aspect of Bagehot's life as I have done on its early and more purely literary aspects, because his services in this direction are already well appreciated by the public; and the readers of the *Fort-*

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

nightly Review in particular have had unusual opportunities of estimating his powers, both as a student of political phenomena, special and general, and also as an economic thinker. But this I should like to point out, that he could never have written as he did on the British Constitution, without having acutely studied living men and their ways of acting on each other; that his book was essentially the book of a most realistic, because a most vividly imaginative observer of the actual world of politics,— the book of a man who was not blinded by habit and use to the enormous difficulties in the way of "government by public meeting," and to the secret of the various means by which in practice those difficulties had been attenuated or surmounted. It is the book of a meditative man who had mused much on the strange workings of human instincts, no less than of a quick observer who had seen much of external life. Had he not studied the men before he studied the institutions, had he not concerned himself with individual statesmen before he turned his attention to the mechanism of our parliamentary system, he could never have written the book on the British Constitution.

I think the same may be said of the book on "Physics and Politics," a book in which I find new force and depth every time I take it up afresh. It is true that Bagehot had a keen sympathy with natural science, that he devoured all Mr. Darwin's and Mr. Wallace's books, and many of a much more technical kind, as, for example, Professor Huxley's on the principles of physiology, and grasped the great ideas contained in them with a firmness and precision that left nothing to be desired. But after all, "Physics and Politics" could never have been written without that sort of living insight into man which was the life of all his earlier essays. The notion that a "cake of custom" of rigid, inviolable law, was the first requisite for a strong human society, and that the very cause which was thus essential for the *first* step of progress,— the step toward unity,— was the great danger of the second step,— the step out of uniformity, — and was the secret of all arrested and petrified civilizations, like the Chinese, is an idea which first germinated in Bagehot's mind at the time he was writing his cynical letters from Paris about stupidity being the first requisite of a political people; though I admit, of course, that it could not have borne the fruit it did without Mr. Darwin's conception of a natural selection through conflict, to help it on. Such passages as the following could evidently never have been written by a mere student of Darwinian literature, nor without the trained imagination exercised in Bagehot's literary essays: —

> No one will ever comprehend the arrested civilizations unless he sees the strict dilemma of early society. Either men had no law at all and lived in confused tribes, hardly hanging together, or they had to obtain a fixed law by processes of incredible difficulty. Those who surmounted that difficulty, soon destroyed all those that lay in their way who did not. And then they themselves were caught in their own yoke. The customary discipline which could only be imposed on any early men by terrible sanctions, continued with those sanctions, and killed out of the whole society the propensities to variation which are the principles of progress. Experience shows how incredibly difficult it is to get men really to encourage the principle of originality,

and, as Bagehot held, for a very good reason, namely, that without a long accumulated and inherited tendency to *discourage* originality, society would never have gained the cohesion requisite for effective common action against its external foes. No one, I think, who had not studied as Bagehot had in actual life, first, the vast and unreasoning conservatism of politically strong societies, like that of rural England, and next the perilous mobility and impressibility of politically weak societies, like that of Paris, would ever have seen as he did the close connection of these ideas with Mr. Darwin's principle of natural selection by conflict. And here I may mention, by way of illustrating this point, that Bagehot delighted in observing and expounding the bovine slowness of rural England in acquiring a new idea. Somersetshire, he used to boast, would not subscribe £1,000 "to be represented by an archangel," and in one letter which I received from him during the Crimean War, he narrated with great gusto an instance of the tenacity with which a Somersetshire rustic stuck to his own notion of what was involved in conquering an enemy. "The Somersetshire view," he wrote, "of the chance of bringing the war to a successful conclusion, is as follows: — Countryman: 'How old, zir, be the zar?' — *Myself:* 'About 63.' — Countryman: 'Well, now, I can't think however they be to take he. They do tell I that Rooshia is a very big place, and if he doo goo right into the middle of 'n, you could not take he, not nohow.' I talked till the train came (it was at a station), and

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

endeavored to show how the war might be finished without capturing the czar, but I fear without effect. At last he said, 'Well, zir, I hope, *as you do say*, *zir*, we shall take he,' as I got into the carriage." It is clear that the humorous delight which Bagehot took in this tenacity and density of rural conceptions, was partly the cause of the attention which he paid to the subject. No doubt there was in him a vein of purely instinctive sympathy with this density, for intellectually he could not even have understood it. Writing on the intolerable and fatiguing cleverness of French journals, he describes in one of his Paris letters the true enjoyment he felt in reading a thoroughly stupid article in the *Herald* (a Tory paper now no more), and I believe he was quite sincere. It was, I imagine, a real pleasure to him to be able to preach in his last general work that a "cake of custom," just sufficiently stiff to make innovation of any kind very difficult, but not quite stiff enough to make it impossible, is the true condition of durable progress.

I do not myself rate Bagehot's sagacity as a practical politician nearly so highly as I rate his wise analysis of the growth and *rationale* of political institutions. Everything he wrote on the politics of the day was instructive, but, to my mind at least, seldom decisive, and, as I thought, often not true. He did not feel, and avowed that he did not feel, much sympathy with the masses, and he attached far too much relative importance to the refinement of the governing classes. That, no doubt, is most desirable, if you can combine it with a genuine consideration for the interests of "the toiling millions of men sunk in labor and pain." But experience, I think, sufficiently shows that they are often, perhaps even generally, incompatible; and that democratic governments of very low tone may consult more adequately the leading interests of the "dim, common populations" than aristocratic governments of very high calibre. Bagehot hardly admitted this, and always seemed to me to think far more of the intellectual and moral tone of governments than he did of the intellectual and moral interests of the people governed.

Again, those who felt most profoundly Bagehot's influence as a political thinker, would probably agree with me that it was his leading idea in politics to discourage anything like too much action of any kind, legislative or administrative, and most of all anything like an ambitious colonial or foreign policy. This was not owing to any *doctrinaire* adhesion to the principle of *laissez-faire*. He supported, hesitatingly no doubt, but in the end decidedly, the Irish Land Bill, and never belonged to that straitest sect of the economists who decry, as contrary to the laws of economy, and little short of a crime, the intervention of government in matters which the conflict of individual self-interests might fairly be trusted to determine. It was from a very different point of view that he was so anxious to deprecate ambitious policies, and curb the practical energies of the most energetic of peoples. Next to Clough, I think that Sir George Cornewall Lewis had the most powerful influence over him in relation to political principles. There has been no statesman in our time whom he liked so much or regretted so deeply; and he followed him most of all in deprecating the greater part of what is called political *energy*. Bagehot held with Sir George Lewis that men in modern days do a great deal too much; that half the public actions, and a great many of the private actions of men, had better never have been done; that modern statesmen and modern peoples are far too willing to burden themselves with responsibilities. He held, too, that men have not yet sufficiently verified the principles on which action ought to proceed, and that till they have done so, it would be better far to act less. Lord Melbourne's habitual query, "Can't you let it alone?" seemed to him, as regarded all new responsibilities, the wisest of hints for our time. He would have been glad to find a fair excuse for giving up India, for throwing the colonies on their own resources, and for persuading the English people to accept deliberately the place of a fourth or fifth rate European power — which was not in his estimation a cynical or unpatriotic wish, but quite the reverse, for he thought that such a course would result in generally raising the calibre of the national mind, conscience, and taste. In his "Physics and Politics" he urges generally, as I have before pointed out, that the practical energy of existing peoples in the West is far in advance of the knowledge that would alone enable them to turn that energy to good account. He wanted to see the English a more leisurely race, taking more time to consider all their actions, and suspending their decisions on all great policies and enterprises till either these were well matured, or, as he expected it to be in the great majority of cases, the opportunity for sensational action was gone by. He quotes from Clough what

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

really might have been taken as the motto of his political creed : —

> Old things need not be therefore true,
> O brother men, nor yet the new ;
> Ah, still awhile th' old thought retain,
> And yet consider it again.

And in all this, if it were advanced rather as a principle of education than as a principle of political practice, there would be great force. But when he applied this teaching, not to the individual but to the State, not to encourage the gradual formation of a new type of character, but to warn the nation back from a multitude of practical duties of a simple though arduous kind, such as those, for example, which we have undertaken in India, — duties, the value of which, performed even as they are, could hardly be overrated, if only because they involve so few debatable and doubtful assumptions, and are only the elementary tasks of the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the civilization of the future, — I think Bagehot made the mistake of attaching far too little value to the moral instincts of a sagacious people, and too much to the refined deductions of a singularly subtle intellect. I suspect that the real effect of suddenly stopping the various safety-valves by which the spare energy of our nation is diverted to the useful work of roughly civilizing other lands, would be, not to stimulate the deliberative understanding of the English people, but to stunt its thinking as well as its acting powers, and render it more frivolous and more vacant-minded than it is.

In the field of economy there are so many thinkers who are far better judges of Bagehot's invaluable work than myself, that I will say a very few words indeed upon it. It is curious, but I believe it to be almost universally true, that what may be called the primitive impulse of all economic *action*, is generally also strong in great economic *thinkers* and financiers, — I mean the saving, or at least the anti-spending, instinct. It is very difficult to see why it should be so, but I think it *is* so. No one was more large-minded in his view of finance than Bagehot. He preached that in the case of a rich country like England, efficiency was vastly more important than the mere reduction of expenditure, and held that Mr. Gladstone and other great chancellors of the exchequer made a great deal too much of saving for saving's sake. None the less he himself had the anti-spending instinct in some strength, and he was evidently pleased to note its existence in his favorite economic thinker, Ricardo. Generous as Bagehot was, — and no one ever hesitated less about giving largely for an adequate end, — he always told me, even in boyhood, that spending was disagreeable to him, and that it took something of an effort to pay away money. In a letter before me he tells his correspondent of the marriage of an acquaintance, and adds that the lady is a Dissenter, "and therefore probably rich. Dissenters don't spend, *and quite right too*." I suppose it takes some feeling of this kind to give the intellect of a man of high capacity that impulse towards the study of the laws of the increase of wealth, without which men of any imagination would be more likely to turn in other directions. Nevertheless, even as an economist, Bagehot's most original writing was due less to his deductions from the fundamental axioms of the modern science, than to that deep insight into men which he had gained in many different fields. The essay not long ago published in this review,* in which he showed so powerfully how few of the conditions of the science known to us as "political economy" have ever been really applicable to any large portion of the globe during the longest periods of human history, was itself quite a series of studies in social history and in human nature. His striking book, "Lombard Street," is quite as much a study of bankers and bill-brokers as of the principles of banking. Take again Bagehot's view of the intellectual position and value of the capitalist classes. Every one who knows his writings in the *Economist* knows how he ridiculed the common impression that the chief service of the capitalist class — that by which they *earn* their profits — is merely what the late Mr. Senior used to call "abstinence," that is, the practice of deferring their enjoyment of their savings in order that those savings may multiply themselves; and how wholly inadequate he thought it, merely to add that when capitalists are themselves managers, they discharge the task of "superintending labor" as well. Bagehot held that the capitalists of a commercial country do — not merely the saving, and the work of foremen in superintending labor, but all the difficult intellectual work of commerce besides, and are so little appreciated as they are chiefly because they are a dumb class who are seldom equal to explaining to others the

* See *Fortnightly Review* for February and May, 1876.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

complex processes by which they estimate the wants of the community, and conceive how best to supply them. He maintained that capitalists are the great generals of commerce, that they plan its whole strategy, determine its tactics, direct its commissariat, and incur the danger of great defeats, as well as earn, if they do not always gain, the credit of great victories. Now, here again is a new illustration of the light which Bagehot's keen insight into men, taken in connection with his own intimate understanding of the commercial field, brought into his economic studies. He brought life into these dry subjects from almost every side; for instance, in writing to the *Spectator*, many years ago, about the cliff scenery of Cornwall, and especially about the petty harbor of Boscastle, with its fierce sea and its two breakwaters, — which leave a mere Temple Bar for the ships to get in at, — a harbor of which he says that "the principal harbor of Liliput probably had just this look," he goes back in imagination at once to the condition of the country at the time when a great number of such petty harbors as these were essential to such trade as there was, and shows that at that time the Liverpool and London docks not only could not have been built for want of money, but would have been of no use if they had been built, since the auxiliary facilities which alone make such emporia useful did not exist. "Our old gentry built on their own estates as they could, and if their estates were near some wretched little haven they were much pleased. The sea was the railway of those days. It brought, as it did to Ellangowan in Dirk Hatteraick's time, brandy for the men and pinners for the women, to the lonest of coast castles." It was by such vivid illustrations as this of the conditions of a very different commercial life from our own, that Bagehot lit up the dismal science, till in his hands it became both picturesque and amusing.

Bagehot made two or three efforts to get into Parliament, but after an illness which he had in 1868, he deliberately abandoned the attempt and held, I believe rightly, that his political judgment was all the sounder, as well as his health the better, for a quieter life. In 1866 he was very nearly elected for Bridgewater, but was by no means pleased that he was so near success, for he stood to lose, not to win, in the hope that if he and his party were really quite pure, he might gain the seat on petition. He did his very best, indeed, to secure purity, though he failed. As a speaker he did not often succeed. His voice had no great compass, and his manner was somewhat odd to ordinary hearers, but at Bridgewater he was completely at his ease, and his canvass and public speeches were decided successes. His examination, too, before the commissioners sent down a year or two later to inquire into the corruption of Bridgewater was itself a great success. He not only entirely defeated the somewhat eagerly pressed efforts of one of the commissioners, Mr. Anstey, to connect him with the bribery, but he drew a most amusing picture of the bribable electors whom he had seen only to shun. I will quote a little bit from the evidence he gave in reply to what Mr. Anstey probably regarded as home-thrusts: —

42,018. (*Mr. Anstey.*) Speaking from your experience of those streets, when you went down them canvassing did any of the people say anything to you, or in your hearing, about money? — Yes, one I recollect standing at the door, who said, "I won't vote for gentlefolks unless they do something for I. Gentlefolks do not come to I unless they want something of I, and I won't do nothing for gentlefolks, unless they do something for me." Of course I immediately retired out of that house.

42,019. That man did not give you his promise? — I retired immediately; he stood in the doorway sideways, as these rustics do.

42,020. Were there many such instances? — One or two I remember. One suggested that I might have a place. I immediately retired from him.

42,021. Did anybody of a better class than those voters, privately of course, expostulate with you against your resolution to be pure? — No, nobody ever came to me at all.

42,022. But those about you, did any of them say anything of this kind, "Mr. Bagehot, you are quite wrong in putting purity of principles forward. It will not do if the other side bribes"? — I might have been told that I should be unsuccessful in the stream of conversation; many people may have told me that; that is how I gathered if the other side was impure and we were pure, I should be beaten.

42,023. Can you remember the names of any who told you that? — No, I cannot, but I dare say I was told by as many as twenty people, and we went upon that entire consideration.

But my space is well-nigh exhausted, and to leave my subject without giving some idea of Bagehot's racy conversation would be a sin. He inherited this gift, I believe, in great measure from his mother, to whose stimulating teaching in early life he probably owed also a great deal of his rapidity of thought. A lady who knew

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

him well, says that one seldom asked him a question without his answer making you either think or laugh, or both think and laugh together. And this is the exact truth. His habitual phraseology was always vivid. He used to speak, for instance, of the minor people, the youths or admirers who collect round a considerable man, as his "fringe." It was he who invented the phrase "padding" to denote the secondary kind of article, not quite of the first merit, but with interest and value of its own, with which a judicious editor will fill up perhaps three-quarters of his review. If you asked him what he thought on a subject on which he did not happen to have read or thought at all, he would open his large eyes and say, "My mind is 'to let' on that subject, pray tell me what to think;" though you soon found that this might be easier attempted than done. He told me once, at a time when the *Spectator* had perhaps been somewhat more eager or sanguine on political matters than he approved, that he always got his wife to "break" it to him on the Saturday morning, as he found it too much for his nerves to encounter its views without preparation. Then his familiar antitheses not unfrequently reminded me of Dickens's best touches in that line. He writes to a friend, "Tell —— that his policies went down in the 'Colombo' but were fished up again. *They are dirty but valid.*" I remember asking him if he had enjoyed a particular dinner which he had rather expected to enjoy, but he replied, "No — the sherry was bad; tasted as if L—— had dropped his h's into it." His practical illustrations, too, were full of wit. In his address to the Bridgewater constituency, on the occasion when he was defeated by eight votes, he criticised most happily the sort of bribery which ultimately resulted in the disfranchisement of the place. "I can make allowance," he said, "for the poor voter; he is most likely ill-educated, certainly ill-off, and a little money is a nice treat to him. What he does is wrong, but it is intelligible. What I do not understand is the position of the rich, respectable, virtuous members of a party which countenances these things. They are like the man who stole stinking fish; they commit a crime, and they get no benefit." But perhaps the best illustration I can give of his more sardonic humor was his remark to a friend who had a church in the grounds near his house: "Ah, you've got the church in the grounds! I like that. It's well the tenants shouldn't be *quite* sure that the lord's power stops with this world." And his more humorous exaggerations were very happy. I remember his saying of a man who was excessively fastidious in rejecting underdone meat, that he once sent away a red-hot cinder "because it was red;" and he confided gravely to an early friend that when he was in low spirits it cheered him to go down to the bank and dabble his hand in a heap of sovereigns. But his talk had finer qualities than any of these. One of his most intimate friends — both in early life and later in Lincoln's Inn — Mr. T. Smith Osler, writes to me of it thus: "As an instrument for arriving at truth, I never knew anything like a talk with Bagehot. It had just the quality which the farmers desiderated in the claret, of which they complained that though it was very nice, it brought them 'no forrader;' for Bagehot's conversation did get you forward and at a most amazing pace. Several ingredients went to this, the foremost was his power of getting to the heart of the subject, taking you miles beyond your starting-point in a sentence, generally by dint of sinking to a deeper stratum. The next was his instantaneous appreciation of the bearing of everything you yourself said, making talk with him, as Roscoe once remarked, 'like riding a horse with a perfect mouth.' But most unique of all was his power of keeping up animation without combat. I never knew a power of discussion, of co-operative investigation of truth, to approach to it. It was all stimulus and yet no contest."

But I must have done, and, indeed, it is next to impossible to convey, even faintly, the impression of Bagehot's vivid and pungent conversation to any one who did not know him. It was full of youth, and yet had all the wisdom of a mature judgment in it. The last time we met, only five days before his death, I remarked on the vigor and youthfulness of his look, and told him he looked less like my contemporary than one of a younger generation. In a pencil note, the last I received from him, written from bed on the next day but one, he said, "I think you must have had the evil eye when you complimented me on my appearance. Ever since I have been sickening, and am now in bed with a severe attack on the lungs." But the expression of health and youth was really on his face, though it may have been but the last rally of overflowing life in one whom it will always be difficult to associate with age or death. Nor need any one now make the attempt. Possibly, indeed, what I saw may have

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

been that light of youth which Matthew Arnold speaks of as

> A breath of promise and repose
> From the far grave to which it goes.

So at least I like to conceive it. And though we shall none of us see again that buoyant expression of keen and vivid life, — at least with these eyes which year after year learn to weary more in seeking for that which is no longer to be found, — it is something at least, when we close them, to see it, as I trust I may always continue to do, in the vision both of memory and of hope. R. H. HUTTON.

This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), *being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in* THE LIVING AGE *from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

CHAPTER XLV.

FIRE CHIEF.

NEXT morning, as we drove away from Decatur, a cold white fog lay all along the broad valley of the Missouri; but by-and-by the sun drank it up, and the warm light seemed to wake into activity all the abounding animal life of that broken and wooded country that skirts the prairie. There were clouds of reed-birds rising from the swamps as we approached; now and again a mourning-dove quietly flew across; large hawks hovered high in air; and so abundant were the young quail that it seemed as if our horses were continually about to trample down a brood coolly crossing the road. We saw the gopher running into his hole, and the merry little chipmunk eying us as we passed; and at one point we gave a badger a bit of a chase, the animal quietly trotting down the road in front of us. The air was cool and pleasant. Dragon-flies flashed, and butterflies fluttered across in the sunlight; it was a beautiful morning.

And at last we were told that we were on the reservation lands, though nothing was visible but the broken bluffs and the open prairie beyond, and on our right the immense valley of the Missouri. But in time we came to a farm, and drove up to a very well-built house, and here we made the acquaintance of H—— F——, who most courteously offered to act as our guide for the day. He took a seat in our vehicle; and though he was rather shy and silent at first, this constraint soon wore off. And Lady Sylvia regarded our new acquaintance with a great friendliness and interest, for had she not heard the heroic story of his brother, the last chief of the Omahas, "Logan of the Fires"? — how, when his tribe was being pursued by the savage Sioux, and when there seemed to be no escape from extermination, he himself, as night fell, went off and kindled fire after fire, so as to lead the enemy after him; and how he had the proud satisfaction of knowing, when he was taken and killed, that he had saved the life of every man, woman, and child of his followers. We do not wonder that the brother of the hero was regarded with much respect by the Omahas — in fact, there was a talk, at the time of our visit, of the smaller chiefs, or heads of families, electing him chief of the tribe. Indeed, the story reflected some romantic lustre on the peaceful Omahas themselves, and we began to cherish a proper contempt for their neighbors, the Winnebagoes — the broken remnant of the tribe which committed the horrible massacres in Minnesota some years ago, and which, after having been terribly punished and disarmed, was transferred by the government to the prairie land adjoining the Missouri.

But for the time being we kept driving on and on, without seeing Winnebago, or Omaha, or any sign of human life or occupation. Nothing but the vast and endless billows of the prairie — a beautiful yellow-green in the sun — receding into the faint blue-white of the horizon; while all around us was a mass of flowers, the Michaelmas daisy being especially abundant; while the air was everywhere scented with the aromatic fragrance of the may-weed. We had now quite lost sight of the Missouri valley, and were pursuing a path over this open prairie which seemed to lead to no place in particular. But while this endless plain seemed quite unbroken, bare, and destitute of trees, it was not really so. It was intersected by deep and sharp gullies — the beds of small tributaries of the Missouri, and the sides of these gullies were lined with dense brushwood and trees. It was certainly a country likely to charm the heart of a tribe of

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Indians, if only they were allowed to have weapons and to return to their former habits, for it offered every facility for concealment and ambuscade. But all that is a thing of the past, so far as the Missouri Indians are concerned; their young men have not even the chance — taken by the young men of apparently peaceable tribes living on other reservations — of stealing quietly away to the Sioux; for the Sioux and the Omahas have ever been deadly enemies.

The danger we encountered in descending into these gullies was not that of being surprised and having our hair removed, but of the vehicle to which we clung toppling over and going headlong to the bottom. These break-neck approaches to the rude wooden bridges, where there were bridges at all, were the occasion of much excitement; and our friendly guide, who seemed to treat the fact of the vehicle hovering in air, as if uncertain which way to fall, with much indifference, must have arrived at the opinion that Englishwomen were much given to screaming when their heads were bumped together. In fact, at one point they refused to descend in the carriage. They got out and scrambled down on foot; and the driver, with that rare smile one sees on the face of a man who has been hardened into gravity by the life of an early settler, admitted that, if the vehicle had been full, it would most assuredly have pitched over.

At length we descried, on the green slope of one of the far undulations, three teepees — tall, narrow, conical tents, with the tips of the poles on which the canvas is stretched appearing at the top, and forming a funnel for the smoke — and near them a herd of ponies. But there were no human beings visible, and our path did not approach these distant tents. The first of the Indians we encountered gave us rather a favorable impression of the physique of the Omahas. He was a stalwart young fellow; his long black hair plaited; a blue blanket thrown round his square shoulders. He stood aside to let the vehicle pass, and eyed us somewhat askance. The few words that F. addressed to him, and which he answered, were of course unintelligible to us. Then we overtook three or four more, men and women, in various attire; but, altogether, they were better in appearance and more independent in manner than the gipsy-looking Indians we had seen skulking around the confines of the towns, in more or less "civilized" dress, and not without a side-glance for unconsidered trifles. These, we were told, were mostly Pawnees, though the Winnebagoes have in some measure taken to the neighborhood of the towns on the chance of getting a stray dollar by digging. After we passed these few stragglers we were apparently once more on the tenantless prairies; but doubtless the Indians who prefer to live in their teepees out on the plain, rather than accept the semi-civilization of the agency, had taken to the hollows, so that the country around us was not quite the desert that it seemed to be.

But a great honor was in store for us. When it was proposed that we should turn aside from our path and visit the wigwam of Fire Chief, one of the heads of the small communities into which the tribe is divided, some scruples were expressed, for we held that no human being, whether he was a poet laureate or a poor Indian, liked to have his privacy invaded from motives of mere curiosity. Then we had no presents to offer him as an excuse.

"No tobacco?" said our good-natured guide, with a smile. "An Indian never refuses tobacco."

The news of our approach to the wigwam was doubtless conveyed ahead, for we saw some dusky children scurry away and disappear like rabbits. The building was a large one; the base of it being a circular and substantial wall of mud and turf apparently about ten feet high; the conical roof sloping up from the wall being chiefly composed of the trunks of trees, leaving a hole at the summit for the escape of smoke. We descended from our vehicles, and, crouching down, pushed aside the buffalo-skin that served for door, and entered the single and spacious apartment which contained Fire Chief, his wives, children, and relatives. For a second or two we could scarcely see anything, so blinding was the smoke; but presently we made out that all round the circular wigwam, which was probably between thirty and forty feet in diameter, was a series of beds, toward which the squaws and children had retreated, while in the middle of the place, seated on a buffalo-skin in front of the fire, was the chief himself. He took no notice of our entrance. He stared into the fire as we seated ourselves on a bench; but one or two of the younger women, from out the dusky recesses, gazed with obvious wonder on these strange people from a distant land. Fire Chief is a large and powerful-looking man, with a sad and worn face; obviously a person of importance, for he

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

wore an armlet of silver, and ear-rings of the same material, and his moccasins of buffalo hide were very elaborately embroidered with beads and porcupine quills, while the dignity of his demeanor was quite appalling.

"Will you take a cigar, sir?" said the lieutenant, who had vainly endeavored to get one of the children to come near him.

Fire Chief did not answer. He only stared into the smouldering wood before him. But when the cigar was presented to him, he took it, and lit it with a bit of burning stick, resuming his air of absolute indifference.

"Does he not speak English?" said Lady Sylvia, in an undertone, to our guide, who had been conversing with him in his own tongue.

"They don't know much English," said F., with a smile, "and what they do know, they don't care to speak. But he asks me to tell you that one of the young men is sick. That is he in the bed over there. And he says he has not been very well himself lately."

"Will you tell him," said Lady Sylvia, gently, "that we have come about five thousand miles from our homes, and that we are greatly pleased to see him, and that we hope he and the young man will very soon be well again?"

When this message was conveyed to the chief, we rose and took our departure, and he took no more notice of our leaving than our coming. Shall we say that we felt, on getting outside, rather "mean;" that the fact of our being a pack of inquisitive tourists was rather painful to us; that we mentally swore we should not "interview" another human being, Indian or poet laureate, during the whole course of our miserable lives? Our self-consciousness in this respect was not at all shared by our good friend from Omaha, who was driving one of the two vehicles, and who seemed to regard the Indian as a very peculiar sort of animal, decidedly less than human, but with his good points all the same. Was it not he who told us that story about his wife having been one day alone in her house — many years ago, when the early settlers found the Indians more dangerous neighbors than they are now — and engaged in baking, when two or three Indians came to the door and asked for bread? She offered them an old loaf; they would not have it; they insisted on having some of the newly-baked bread, and they entered the house to seize it; whereupon this courageous house-mistress took up her rolling-pin and laid about her, driving her enemy forthwith out of the door. But the sequel of the story has to be told. Those very Indians, whenever they came that way, never passed the house without bringing her a present — a bit of venison, some quail, or what not — and the message they presented with the game was always this: "Brave squaw! Brave squaw!" which shows that there is virtue in a rolling-pin, and that heroism, and the recognition of it, did not die out with the abandonment of chain armor.

We also heard a story which suggests that the Indian, if an inferior sort of animal, is distinctly a reasoning one. Some years ago a missionary arrived in these parts, and was greatly shocked to find on the first Sunday of his stay that these Indians who had taken to agriculture were busily planting maize. He went out and conjured them to cease, assuring them that the God whom he worshipped had commanded people to do no work on the Sabbath, and that nothing would come of their toil if they committed this sin. The Indians listened gravely, and having staked off the piece of ground they had already planted, desisted from work. After that they never worked on Sunday except within this inclosure; but then this inclosure got the extra day's hoeing and tending. When harvest came, behold! the space that had been planted and tended on Sunday produced a far finer crop than any adjacent part, and no doubt the Indians came to their own conclusions about the predictions of the missionary. Anyhow, whether the legend be true or not, the Omahas retain their original faith.

At length we reached the agency — a small collection of houses scattered about among trees — and here there were some greater signs of life. Small groups of Indians, picturesque enough with their colored blankets and their leggings of buffalo hide, stood lounging about, pretending not to see the strangers, but taking furtive glances all the same, while now and again a still more picturesque figure in scarlet pants and with swinging arms would ride by on his pony, no doubt bound for his teepee out on the plain. Alas! the only welcome we received from any of the Indians was accorded us by a tall and bony idiot, who greeted us with a friendly "How?" and a grin. We had our horses taken out, we were hospitably entertained by the agent, a sober and sedate Quaker, and then we went out for a stroll round the place, which included an inspection of the store, the blacksmith's shop, and other

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

means for assisting the Indians to settle down to a peaceful agricultural life.

Our party unanimously came to the opinion — having conversed to the extent of "How?" with one Indian, and that Indian an idiot — that the preference of the Indians for remaining paupers on the hands of the government rather than take to tilling the ground is natural. The Indian, by tradition and instinct, is a gentleman. Of all the races of the world, he is the nearest approach one can get to the good old English squire. He loves horses; he gives up his life to hunting and shooting and fishing; he hasn't a notion in his head about "boetry and bainting;" and he considers himself the most important person on the face of the earth. But the Indian is the more astute of the two. Long ago he evolved the ingenious theory that as his success in the chase depended on his nerves being in perfect order, it would never do for him to attack the ordinary rough work of existence; and hence he turned over to his wife or wives the tending of the horses, the building of the teepees, the procuring of fuel — in fact, all the work that needed any exertion. This is one point on which the English country gentleman is at a disadvantage, although we have heard of one sensible man who invariably let his wife fill and screw up his cartridges for him.

And you expect this native gentleman to throw aside the sport that has been the occupation and passion of his life, and take to digging with a shovel for a dollar a day? How would your Yorkshire squire like that? He would not do it at all. He would expect the government that deprived him of his land to give him a pension, however inadequate, and the wherewithal to keep body and soul together. He would go lounging about in an apathetic fashion, trying to get as much for his money as possible at the government stores, smoking a good deal, and being the reverse of communicative with the impertinent persons who came a few thousand miles to stare at him. And if the government stopped his drink, and would not let him have even a glass of beer — but this is carrying the parallel to an impossibility: no existing government could so far reduce Yorkshire; there would have been such an outburst of revolution as the world has never yet seen.

We set out on our return journey, taking another route over the high-lying prairie land. And at about the highest point we came to the burial-mound, or rather burial-house, of White Cow. When the old chief was dying, he said, "Bury me on a high place, where I can see the boats of the white men pass up and down the river." Was his friendly ghost sitting there, then, in the warm light of the afternoon, amid the fragrant scent of the may-weed? Anyhow, if White Cow could see any boats on the Missouri, his spectral eyes must have been keener than ours, for we could not see a sign of any craft whatsoever on that distant line of silver.

Strangely enough, we had just driven away from this spot when an object suddenly presented itself to our startled gaze which might have been White Cow himself "out for a dauner." A more ghastly spectacle was never seen than this old and withered Indian — a tall man, almost naked, and so shrunken and shrivelled that every bone in his body was visible, while the skin of the mnmmy-like face had been pulled back from his mouth, so that he grinned like a spectre. He was standing apart from the road, quite motionless, and he carried nothing in his hand; but all the same, both our horses at the same moment plunged aside so as nearly to leave the path, and were not quieted for some minutes afterward. We forgot to ask F. if he knew this spectre, or whether it was really White Cow. Certainly horses don't often shy because of the ghastly appearance of a human being.

That night we reached Decatur again, and had some more pelican of the wilderness and prunes. Then the women went up stairs, doubtless to have a talk about the promised addition to our party, and we went outside to listen to the conversation of the tall, uncouth, unkempt fellows who were seated on a bench smoking. We heard a good deal about the Indians, and about the attempts to "civilize" him. From some other things we had heard out there we had begun to wonder whether civilization was to be defined as the art of acquiring greenbacks without being too particular about the means. However, it appears that on one point the Indians have outstripped civilization. The Indian women, who had in bygone years sometimes to go on long marches with their tribe in time of war, are said to have discovered a secret which the fashionable women of Paris would give their ears to know. But they keep it a profound secret; so perhaps it is only a superstition.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE MURDER OF THOMAS BECKET.

By the terms of the peace of Frêteval, the archbishop was to be restored to his estates and dignity. He on his part had given assurances of his intentions with which Henry had professed himself satisfied. Private communications had passed between him and the king, the nature of which is known only to us through the archbishop's representations to his friends. That the reconciliation, however, was left incomplete, is evident both from Becket's conduct and from Henry's. The king had made the return of his favor conditional on Becket's conduct. Either he did not trust Becket's promises, or the promises were less ample than he desired.

Immediately after the interview the king became dangerously ill, and for a month he believed that he was dying. Becket returned to Sens, and sent messengers to England to young Henry announcing his approaching return, and requesting that his estates should be made over at once to his own people. The messengers were instructed privately to communicate with his English friends, and ascertain the state of public feeling. The young king named a day on which the trust should be made over to the archbishop's officials, and advised that the archbishop should remain for a while on the Continent, and endeavor to recover his father's confidence. The messengers reported that he had many staunch supporters, the Earl of Cornwall among them; but they were unanimously of opinion that it would be unwise for the archbishop to reappear at Canterbury so long as the old king's distrust continued. The peace of Frêteval, therefore, was obviously understood to have been inconclusive by all parties. The inconclusiveness was made still more apparent immediately after.

At the beginning of September, Henry had partially recovered. The archbishop sent John of Salisbury and Herbert of Bosham to him to complain of the delay with the estates. He had been watched, perhaps, more closely than he was aware. The king knew nothing as yet of the intended excommunication of the bishops. But he knew Becket's character. He felt it more than probable that mischief was meditated. He said that he must wait to see how the archbishop conducted himself.

Passionate as usual, the archbishop complained to the pope; he intimated that only his Holiness's orders prevented him from revenging his ill-treatment. Prudence, however, told him that if he was to make an effective use of the excommunications which the pope had trusted to him, he must for the present restrain himself. Twice again he saw the king at Tours, and afterwards at Amboise. Henry was reserved, but not unkind. The archbishop had professed a wish for peace. If his behavior after his return to England proved that he was in earnest in these professions — if he remained quietly in his province, and made no further disturbances — the king said that he was prepared to show him every possible kindness.

The king needed no more complete justification of his suspicions than an expression which Becket used in relating this conversation to his friend Herbert. "As the king was speaking," he said, "I thought of the words: 'All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'" It is evident on the face of the narrative that the king never gave the conscious sanction to violent measures against the bishops, which Becket pretended afterwards that he had received. In answer to his complaints at Amboise, Henry may have told him that the rights of the see of Canterbury should be assured, and that, if those rights had been impaired, satisfaction should be made to him. To this last conference, and to some such words as these, the Count of Blois may have referred in his letter to the pope. But Becket and his friends put a construction upon the promises which none knew better than they that Henry did not intend. It is as certain that Becket's own professions were no less equivocal — that when he spoke of peace he was thinking only of a peace of which he was to dictate the terms, and that he had already determined to reopen the war on a new stage on the instant of his return to his cathedral.

But the return was now determined on, be the consequences what they might. The English bishops had their friends among the cardinals. In the course of the autumn it became known in England that the archbishop had applied for censures against the bishops, and that the pope had granted them. They advised the king to insist that Becket should bind himself by some more explicit engagements before he should be allowed to land, that he should be examined especially as to whether he had received any letters of excommunication from Rome, and that if he were in possession of such letters he should sur-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

render them. Henry preferred to trust to the archbishop's honor, or to the watchfulness of the wardens of the ports. He was weary of the struggle. Doubtless he had his misgivings, as the bishops had; but he had made up his mind that the experiment should be tried, with, on his part at least, a faithful discharge of his own engagements.

The archbishop had gone to Rouen in November to settle accounts with creditors who had advanced him money. He had meant to see Henry once more, but Henry wrote to say that the delay of his return had led to disquieting rumors which ought not to continue. He desired the archbishop to go back to Canterbury at once; and that he might be subjected to no inconvenience on landing, he sent John of Oxford, whose person was well known, to accompany and protect him. John of Oxford's instructions were, after seeing Becket safe at Canterbury, to go on to the young king and give orders for the immediate restoration of the property of the see.

The die was cast. The archbishop resolved to go. There was abundant dissatisfaction in England. In the spring of this very year, the king had been obliged to suspend the sheriffs in every county, and ultimately to remove many of them, for extortion and oppression.* The clergy were lukewarm in his interests; but there were better reasons for relying upon the nobles. The king had thrust a bridle in their mouths, restraining what they called their liberties, and many of them, as was afterwards proved, were ready to make common cause with the Church against the crown. The archbishop was perfectly right in expecting to find among the laity a party who would stand by him. He went once more to Sens to take leave of his entertainers. After an affectionate parting with Lewis and the queen of France, retaining still his old taste for magnificence, he rode down to the coast with an escort of a hundred cavaliers, and there once more, separated from him but by a few hours' sail, lay the white cliffs of England.

It was thought likely, if it was not known for certain, that Becket would bring with him letters from the pope, and the introduction of such letters, if to the hurt of any English subject, was against the law, without a written license from the king. The duty of the wardens of the ports was to search the persons and the baggage of any one whom there was ground for suspecting, and on reaching the coast Becket learned that the three prelates who were to be excommunicated, the sheriff of Kent, Sir Ranulf de Broc, and Sir Reginald de Warenne, one of the council of the young king, were waiting for him at Dover to ascertain whether he was the bearer of any such explosive missile. The future martyr was not select in his language. "Archdevils," "priests of Baal," "standard-bearers of the Balaamites," "children of perdition," were the common phrases with which he described the unfortunate bishops who were thus trying to escape their sentences. To outwit their vigilance, a day or two before he meant to sail, he sent over a boy in a small vessel whose insignificant appearance would attract no attention. The boy or nun (for there is reason to suppose that the bearer was a woman disguised) presented himself suddenly before the Archbishop of York in St. Peter's Oratory at Dover, placed the letter of suspension in his hands, and disappeared before he had time to learn its contents. In the same hour, and by the same instrument, the still more terrible letters of excommunication were served on the bishops of London and Salisbury. Their precautions had been baffled. The shots had been fired which opened the new campaign, and the mark had been successfully hit. Sir Ranulf de Broc searched the town with a drawn sword for the audacious messenger, but the messenger had vanished.

It would have gone ill with Becket had he landed in the midst of the storm which the delivery of the letters instantly kindled. The ground of the censures was the coronation of the young king. To excommunicate the bishops who had officiated was to deny the young king's title to the crown. The archbishop had come back then, it seemed, to defy the government and light a civil war. The next morning, when he and his friends were examining the vessel in which they were about to embark, an English boat ran into the harbor. Some one leaped on shore, and, coming straight to Herbert, told him that if the archbishop went to Dover he was a dead man; the excommunications had set the country on fire. A rapid council was held. Several of the priests were frightened. The certain displeasure of the king was admitted with a frankness which showed how little Becket really supposed that Henry would approve what he had done. Becket asked Herbert for advice. Herbert, always the worst ad-

* Benedict.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

viser that he could have consulted, said that they must advance or fall into disgrace. Let the archbishop go boldly forward, and he would tread the dragon under his feet. The worst that could befall him was a glorious martyrdom.

Much of this fine language may have been an afterthought. The archbishop, when a choice of conduct lay before him, was certain to choose the most rash. He decided, however, to avoid Dover, and on the morning of the 1st of December he sailed up the river to Sandwich, with his cross raised conspicuously above the figure-head of his ship. Sandwich was his own town. The inhabitants were lieges of the see, and a vast and delighted crowd was gathered on the quay to receive him. The change of destination was known at Dover Castle. Sir Reginald de Warenne, the sheriff of Kent, and Ranulf de Broc, had ridden across, and had arrived at Sandwich before the archbishop landed. John of Oxford hurried to them with the king's orders that the archbishop was to be received in peace. They advanced in consequence without their arms, and inquired the meaning of the excommunication of the bishops. To their extreme surprise, they were told that the letters had been issued with the king's knowledge and permission. To so bold an assertion no immediate answer was possible. They pointed to his train, among whom were some French clergy. Strangers coming into England without a passport were required to swear allegiance for the time of their stay. The sheriff said that the priests must take the usual oath. Becket scornfully answered that no clerk in his company should take any oath at all. He declined further conversation, and bade them come to him after two days to the palace of Canterbury if they had more to say.

Becket passed the remainder of the day at Sandwich. The next morning he set out for his cathedral. Seven years he had been absent, and for all those years his name had been a household word in castle and parsonage, grange and cabin. In England people sympathize instinctively with every one who opposes the crown, and between Sandwich and Canterbury Becket was among his own tenants, to whom he had been a gentler master than Ranulf de Broc. The short winter day's ride was one long triumphal procession. Old men, women, and children lined the roads on their knees to beg his blessing. Clergy came at the head of their parishioners with garlands and banners. Boys chanted hymns. Slowly at a foot's pace the archbishop made his way among the delighted multitudes. It was evening before he reached Canterbury. He went direct to the cathedral. His face shone as he entered, "like the face of Moses when he descended from the mount." He seated himself on his throne, and the monks came one by one and kissed him. Tears were in all eyes. "My lord," Herbert whispered to him, "it matters not now when you depart hence. Christ has conquered. Christ is now king." "He looked at me," says Herbert, "but he did not speak."

Strangely in that distant century, where the general history is but outline, and the colors are dim, and the lights and shadows fall where modern imagination chooses to throw them, and the great men and women who figured on the world's stage are, for the most part, only names, the story of Becket, in these last days of it especially, stands out as in some indelible photograph, every minutest feature of it as distinct as if it were present to our eyes. We have the terrible drama before us in all its details. We see the actors, we hear their very words, we catch the tones of their voices, we perceive their motives; we observe them from day to day, and hour to hour; we comprehend and sympathize with the passions through the fierce collision of which the action was worked out to its catastrophe. The importance of the questions which were at issue, the characters of the chief performers, and the intense interest with which they were watched by the spectators, raise the biographies and letters in which the story is preserved to a level of literary excellence far beyond what is to be found in all contemporary writings.

The archbishop slept in his desolate palace. No preparations had been made for him. The stores had not been laid in. The barns and byres were empty. Ranulf de Broc had swept up the last harvest, and had left the lands bare. In the morning (December 3) De Warenne and the sheriff reappeared with the chaplains of the three bishops. They had been led to hope, they said, that the archbishop would come home in peace. Instead of peace he had brought a sword. By scattering excommunications without notice, he was introducing confusion into every department of the realm. The very crown was made dependent on the archbishop's will. The law of England was reduced to the archbishop's edicts. Such an assumption could not and would not be allowed. The

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

excommunication of the bishops was a direct blow at the authority of the young king. For the archbishop's own sake they advised him, and in the king's name they commanded him, to take the censures off, or a time might come when he would regret his violence too late to repair it.

Until the issue of the sentences against the three bishops, Alexander had not committed himself to any positive act in Becket's favor, and it had been to compromise the papacy distinctly in the quarrel that the pope's letters had been thus immediately discharged. Becket answered that the excommunications had been issued by the supreme pontiff, and that he could not undo the work of his superior. He admitted, with exasperating satire, that he was not displeased to see his Holiness defend the Church with his own hands. To punish men who had broken the law was not to show contempt of the king. He had himself complained to the king of the bishops' conduct, and the king had promised that he should have satisfaction. For the rest he acknowledged no right in the king or any man to challenge his conduct. He bore the spiritual sword, and did not mean to shrink from drawing it against sinners, whatever might be the inconvenience. If the bishops would take an oath to submit to any sentence which the pope might pass upon them, he would strain a point and absolve them; without such an oath, never.

The answer was carried to Dover. Foliot and the bishop of Salisbury were willing, it was said, to have sworn as Becket prescribed. The archbishop declared that he would spend the last farthing that he possessed rather than yield to such insolence. The young king was at Winchester.* De Warenne hastened to him to report Becket's behavior, and probably to ask instructions as to what the bishops should do. They crossed eventually to the old king's court in Normandy, but not till after a delay of more than a fortnight at Dover. Obviously the conduct which they were to pursue was carefully canvassed and deliberately resolved upon. Becket himself, too, found it prudent to offer explanations, and sent the prior of Dover after De Warenne to Winchester to report the archbishop's arrival, and to ask permission for him to present himself. From the rapidity with which events now passed, the prior must have ridden night and day. Young Henry being still under age, the archbishop's messenger was received by his guardians, whom he found in towering indignation. The excommunication was regarded as an invitation to rebellion, and had Henry died in August there undoubtedly would have been rebellion. "Does the archbishop mean to make pagans of us, with his suspensions and curses?" they said; "does he intend to upset the throne?" The prior asked to be allowed to see the young king himself. He assured them that the archbishop had meant no injury to him. No one in the realm besides his father loved the prince more dearly. The displeasure was only that other hands than those of the primate had placed the crown upon his head. He repeated the story that the old king knew what was to be done to the bishops. He trusted that the young king would not refuse to receive a person who only desired to do him loyal service.

The court was evidently perplexed by the confident assertions with respect to Henry. The Earl of Cornwall advised that Becket should be allowed to come; they could hear from himself an explanation of the mystery. Geoffrey Ridel, the archdeacon of Salisbury, happened, however, to be present. Ridel was one of Henry the Second's most confidential advisers, whom Becket had cursed at Vezelay and habitually spoke of as an archdevil. He had been intimately acquainted with the whole details of the quarrel from its commencement, and was able to affirm positively that things were not as Becket represented. He recommended the guardians to consult the king before the archbishop was admitted; and the prior of Dover was, in consequence, dismissed without an answer.

The archbishop had committed himself so deeply that he could not afford to wait. His hope was to carry the country with him before the king could interfere, or at least to have formed a party too strong to be roughly dealt with. The prior of Dover not having brought back a positive prohibition, he left Canterbury professedly to go himself to Winchester: but he chose to take London in his way; it was easy to say that he had been long absent; that his flock required his presence; that there were children to be confirmed, candidates for the priesthood to be ordained — holy rites of all kinds, too long neglected, to be attended to. There was no difficulty in finding an excuse for a circuit through the province; and the archiepiscopal visitation assumed the form of a military parade.

* Not Woodstock, as is generally said. William of Canterbury, with special reference to localities, says Wintonia.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Few as the days had been since he had set his foot on the English shore, he had contrived to gather about him a knot of laymen of high birth and station. *Quidam illustres*, certain persons of distinction, attended him with their armed retainers, and, surrounded by a steel-clad retinue with glancing morions and bristling lances, the archbishop set out for London a week after his return from the Continent. Rochester lay in his way. Rochester Castle was one of the strongholds which he had challenged for his own. The gates of the castle remained closed against him, but the townsmen received him as their liege lord. As he approached Southwark the citizens poured out to greet the illustrious churchman who had dared to defy his sovereign. A vast procession of three thousand clergy and scholars formed on the road, and went before him chanting a *Te Deum;* and this passionate display had a deliberate and dangerous meaning which every one who took part in it understood. To the anxious eyes of the court it was a first step in treason, and in the midst of the shouts of the crowd a voice was distinguished, saying, "Archbishop, 'ware the knife!"

It was on December 13 that Becket reached London Bridge. He slept that night close by, at the palace of the old Bishop of Winchester. His movements had been watched. The next morning Sir Jocelyn of Arundel and another knight waited on him with an order from the court at Winchester to return instantly to Canterbury, and to move no more about the realm with armed men. The archbishop had not ventured so far to be frightened at the first hard word. He received Sir Jocelyn as a king might receive a rebel feudatory. With lofty fierceness he said he would go back at no man's bidding, if Christmas had not been so near when he desired to be in his cathedral.* "May I not visit my diocese?" he demanded. "Will the king drive off the shepherd that the wolf may tear the flock? Let God see to it!" Arundel said that he had come to deliver the king's commands, not to dispute about them. "Carry back, then, my commands to your king," said the archbishop.† "Your commands!" Arundel retorted; "address your commands to those of your own order." Turning sternly to the young lords in the archbishop's suite, he bade them remember their duties, and rode off with his companions.

To obey was to lose the game. Instead of obeying, the archbishop went on to Harrow, a benefice of his own into which an incumbent had been intruded by the crown. From Harrow he sent for the old abbot of St. Albans, and despatched him to Winchester with a list of complaints. At the same time, and to learn the strength of the party at court which he supposed to be ready to stand by him, he sent a monk — apparently William of Canterbury, who tells the story — on a secret and dangerous mission to the Earl of Cornwall. The monk went disguised as a physician, Becket bidding him write word how things were going. The words in which he gave the order show his intention beyond possibility of question. The pretended physician was to go *velut alter Cushy*, and Cushy was the messenger who brought word to David that the Lord had avenged him of his enemies, and that the young king Absalom was dead.*

The Earl of Cornwall was well-disposed to Becket, but was true to his king and his country. When the rebellion actually broke out three years after, the Earl of Cornwall's loyalty saved Henry's crown. He was willing to befriend the archbishop within the limits of law, but not to the extent upon which Becket counted. He received the disguised monk into his household; he examined him closely as to the archbishop's intentions. He would perhaps have allowed him to remain, but a servant of the young king recognized the man through his assumed character as one of Becket's immediate followers two days after his arrival. The earl bade him begone on the instant, and tell his master to look to himself; his life was in peril.

The abbot of St. Albans had travelled more slowly. The discovery was a bad preparation for his reception. Sir Jocelyn of Arundel had brought back Becket's insolent answer, and the open disobedience of the order to return to Canterbury could be construed only as defiance. To the alarmed guardians it seemed as if an insurrection might break out at any moment. The abbot found the court at Breamore, near Fordingbridge, in Hampshire. He was admitted, and he presented his schedule of wrongs, which, after all, was trifling. The archbishop's clergy were forbidden to leave the realm. He had

* "Spiritu fervens respondit se nullatenus propter inhibitionem hanc regressurum, nisi quia tunc jam festus tam solemnis urgebat dies quo ecclesiæ suæ abesse noluit."

† "Si et mandata mea regi vestro renunciaturi estis." — William of Canterbury.

* 2 Samuel xviii. 31.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

been promised restitution of his property, but it had been given back to him in ruins. His game had been destroyed; his woods had been cut down; his benefices were detained from him. As a last outrage, since his return Sir Ranulf de Broc had seized a cargo of wine which he had brought over with the old king's permission. The vessel in which it had arrived had been scuttled, and the crew had been incarcerated. God was injured when his clergy were injured, the abbot said, and in Becket's name he demanded redress.

The abbot had spoken firmly, but in language and manner he had at least recognized that he was a subject addressing his sovereign. A priest in his train, with Becket's own temper in him, thundered out as the abbot had ended: "Thus saith the lord primate, 'Let man so think of us as ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God. If justice be not done as right demands, ye need not doubt that we will do our part and use the powers which God has committed to us.'" The fierce message was delivered amidst scowling groups of knights and nobles. Hot youths clenched their fists and clutched their dagger-hilts. A courtier told the bold priest that, but for the honor of the king's presence, he should suffer for his insolence. Sir Reginald de Warenne, who was present, said, "The bows are bent on both sides." The Earl of Cornwall, fresh from his conference with Becket's secret messenger, muttered, "Ere Lent there will be wild work in England."

The archbishop was still at Harrow when the abbot came back with an account of his reception. Many things the abbot must have been able to tell him which have been left unrecorded. Thus much, at any rate, must have been made plain — that the archbishop could not count on any immediate armed intervention. For the moment, at least, he would be left to face alone the storm which he had raised. The best that he could now hope to effect would be to bury himself and his enemies in common ruin. He foretold his fate to the abbot, and, resisting entreaties to spend Christmas at St. Albans, went back to Canterbury, where he had still work before him which could be accomplished only in his own cathedral.

The story now turns to Henry's court in Normandy. Between Southampton and the Norman coast communications were easy and rapid; and the account of the arrival of the censured bishops, with the indignant words which burst from the king at the unwelcome news which he heard from them for the first time, is an imperfect legend in which the transactions of many days must have been epitomized.

The bishops did not leave England till the 20th or 21st of December,* and before their appearance the king must have heard already not only of the excommunications and of the daring misuse of his own name, but of the armed progress to London, of the remarkable demonstration there, of the archbishop's defiance of the government, of the mission of the abbot of St. Albans, of the threats of the priest, and of the imminent danger of a general rebellion. During the first three weeks of this December many an anxious council must have been held in the Norman court, and many a scheme talked over and rejected for dealing with this impracticable firebrand. What could be done with him? No remedy was now available but a violent one. The law could not restrain a man who claimed to be superior to law, and whose claims the nation was not prepared directly to deny. Three centuries later the solution would have been a formal trial, with the block and axe as the sequel of a judicial sentence. Ecclesiastical pretensions were still formidable under Tudors, but the State had acquired strength to control them. In our own day the phantom has been exorcised altogether, and an archbishop who used Becket's language would be consigned to an asylum. In Becket's own time neither of these methods was possible. Becket himself could neither be borne with, consistently with the existence of the civil government, nor resisted save at the risk of censures which even the king scarcely dared to encounter. A bishop might have committed the seven deadly sins, but his word was still a spell which could close the gates of heaven. The allegiance of the people could not be depended upon for a day if Becket chose to declare the king excommunicated, unless the pope should interfere; and the pope was an inadequate resource in a struggle for the supremacy of the Church over the State. It was not until secular governments could look popes and bishops in the face, and bid them curse till they were tired, that the relations of Church and State admitted of legal definition. Till that time should arrive the ecclesiastical theory was only made tolerable by submitting to the

* Herbert says that they arrived at Bayeux *paucis diebus ante natalem Domini.*

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

checks of tacit compromise and practical good sense.

Necessities for compromises of this kind exist at all times. In the most finished constitutions powers are assigned to the different branches of the State which it wonld be inconvenient or impossible to remove, yet which would cause an immediate catastrophe if the theory were made the measure of practice. The crown retains a prerogative at present which would be fatal to it if strained. Parliament would make itself intolerable if it asserted the entire privileges which it legally possesses. The clergy in the twelfth century were allowed and believed to be ministers of God in a sense in which neither crown nor baron dared appropriate the name to themselves. None the less the clergy could not be allowed to reduce crown and barons into entire submission to themselves. If either churchman or king broke the tacit bargain of mutual moderation which enabled them to work together harmoniously, the relations between the two orders might not admit of more satisfactory theoretic adjustment; but there remained the resource to put out of the way the disturber of the peace.

Fuel ready to kindle was lying dry throughout Henry's dominions. If Becket was to be allowed to scatter excommunications at his own pleasure, to travel through the country attended by knights in arms, and surrounded by adoring fools who regarded him as a supernatural being, it was easy to foresee the immediate future of England and of half France. To persons, too, who knew the archbishop as well as Henry's court knew him, the character of the man himself who was causing so much anxiety must have been peculiarly irritating. Had Becket been an Anselm, he might have been credited with a desire to promote the interests of the Church, not for power's sake, but for the sake of those spiritual and moral influences which the Catholic Church was still able to exert, at least in some happy instances. But no such high ambition was to be traced either in Becket's agitation or in Becket's own disposition. He was still the self-willed, violent, unscrupulous chancellor, with the dress of the saint upon him, but not the nature. His cause was not the mission of the Church to purify and elevate mankind, but the privilege of the Church to control the civil government, and to dictate the law in virtue of magical powers which we now know to have been a dream and a delusion. His personal religion was not the religion of a regenerated heart, but a religion of self-torturing asceticism, a religion of the scourge and the hair shirt, a religion in which the evidences of grace were to be traced not in humbleness and truth, but in the worms and maggots which crawled about his body. He was the impersonation not of what was highest and best in the Catholic Church, but of what was falsest and worst. The fear which he inspired was not the reverence willingly offered to a superior nature, but a superstitious terror like that felt for witches and enchanters, which brave men at the call of a higher duty could dare to defy.

No one knows what passed at Bayeux during the first weeks of that December. King and council, knights and nobles, squires and valets, must have talked of little else but Becket and his doings. The pages at Winchester laid their hands on their dagger-hilts when the priest delivered his haughty message. The peers and gentlemen who surrounded Henry at Bayeux are not likely to have felt more gently as each day brought news from England of some fresh audacity. At length, a few days before Christmas, the three bishops arrived. Two were under the curse, and could not be admitted into the king's presence. The Archbishop of York, being only suspended, carried less contamination with him. At a council the archbishop was introduced, and produced Alexander's letters. From these it appeared not only that he and the other bishops were denounced by name, but that every person who had taken any part in the young king's coronation was by implication excommunicated also. It is to be remembered that the king had received a positive sanction for the coronation from Alexander; that neither he nor the bishops had received the prohibition till the ceremony was over; and that the prohibitory letter, which it is at least possible that the king would have respected, had been kept back by Becket himself.

The Archbishop of York still advised forbearance, and an appeal once more to Rome. The pope would see at last what Becket really was, and would relieve the country of him. But an appeal to Rome would take time, and England meanwhile might be in flames. "By God's eyes," said the king, "if all are excommunicated who were concerned in the coronation, I am excommunicated also." Some one (the name of the speaker is not mentioned) said that there would be no peace while Becket lived. With the fierce impatience of a man baffled by a problem which he

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

has done his best to solve, and has failed through no fault of his own, Henry is reported to have exclaimed: "Is this varlet that I loaded with kindness, that came first to court to me on a lame mule, to insult me and my children, and take my crown from me? What cowards have I about me, that no one will deliver me from this low-born priest!" It is very likely that Henry used such words. The greatest prince that ever sat on throne, if tried as Henry had been, would have said the same; and Henry had used almost the same language to the bishops at Chinon in 1166. But it is evident that much is still untold. These passionate denunciations can be no more than the outcome of long and ineffectual deliberation. Projects must have been talked over and rejected; orders were certainly conceived which were to be sent to the archbishop, and measures were devised for dealing with him short of his death. He was to be required to absolve the censured bishops. If he refused, he might be sent in custody to the young king, he might be brought to Normandy, he might be exiled from the English dominions, or he might be imprisoned in some English castle. Indications can be traced of all these plans; and something of the kind would probably have been resolved upon, although it must have been painfully clear also that, without the pope's help, none of them would really meet the difficulty. But the result was that the knights about the court, seeing the king's perplexity, determined to take the risk on themselves, and deliver both him and their country. If the king acted, the king might be excommunicated, and the empire might be laid under interdict, with the consequences which every one foresaw. For their own acts the penalty would but fall upon themselves. They did not know, perhaps, distinctly what they meant to do, but something might have to be done which the king must condemn if they proposed it to him.

But being done unknown,
He would have found it afterwards well done.

Impetuous loyalty to the sovereign was in the spirit of the age.

Among the gentlemen about his person whom Henry had intended to employ, could he have resolved upon the instructions which were to be given to them, were four knights of high birth and large estate — Sir Reginald Fitzurse, of Somersetshire, a tenant in chief of the crown, whom Becket himself had originally introduced into the court; Sir Hugh de Morville, custodian of Knaresborough Castle, and justiciary of Northumberland; Sir William de Tracy, half a Saxon, with royal blood in him; and Sir Richard le Breton, who had been moved to volunteer in the service by another instance of Becket's dangerous meddling. Le Breton was a friend of the king's brother William, whom the archbishop had separated from the lady to whom he was about to be married on some plea of consanguinity. Sir William de Mandeville and others were to have been joined in the commission. But these four chose to anticipate both their companions and their final orders, and started alone.* Their disappearance was observed. An express was sent to recall them, and the king supposed that they had returned. But they had gone by separate routes to separate ports. The weather was fair for the season of the year, with an east wind perhaps; and each had found a vessel without difficulty to carry him across the Channel. The rendezvous was Sir Ranulf de Broc's castle of Saltwood, near Hythe, thirteen miles from Canterbury.

The archbishop meanwhile had returned from his adventurous expedition. The young king and his advisers had determined to leave him no fair cause of complaint, and had sent orders for the restoration of his wine and the release of the captured seamen; but the archbishop would not wait for the State to do him justice. On Christmas eve he was further exasperated by the appearance at the gate of his palace of one of his sumpter mules, which had been brutally mutilated by Sir Ranulf de Broc's kinsman Robert. "The viper's brood," as Herbert de Bosham said, "were lifting up their heads. The hornets were out. Bulls of Bashan compassed the archbishop round about." The Earl of Cornwall's warning had reached him, but "fight, not flight," was alone in his thoughts. He, too, was probably weary of the strife, and may have felt that he would serve his cause more effectually by death than by life. On Christmas day he preached in the cathedral on the text "Peace to men of good will." There was no peace, he said, except to men of good will. He spoke passionately of the trials

* Mandeville came afterwards to Canterbury, and being asked what he had been prepared to do if he had found the archbishop alive, he said "that he would have taken the archbishop sharply to task for his attacks upon his sovereign: if the archbishop had been reasonable, there would have been peace; if he had persisted in his obstinacy and presumption, beyond doubt he would have been compelled to yield." Mandeville, indisputably, had direct instructions from the king. ("Materials," vol. i., p. 126.)

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of the Church. As he drew towards an end he alluded to the possibility of his own martyrdom. He could scarcely articulate for tears. The congregation were sobbing round him. Suddenly his face altered, his tone changed. Glowing with anger, with the fatal candles in front of him, and in a voice of thunder, the solemn and the absurd strangely blended in the overwhelming sense of his own wrongs, he cursed the intruders into his churches; he cursed Sir Ranulf de Broc; he cursed Robert de Broc for cutting off his mule's tail; he cursed by name several of the old king's most intimate councillors who were at the court in Normandy. At each fierce imprecation he quenched a light and dashed down a candle. "As he spoke," says the enthusiastic Herbert, "you saw the very beast of the prophet's vision, with the face of a lion and the face of a man." He had drawn the spiritual sword, as he had sworn that he would. So experienced a man of the world could not have failed to foresee that he was provoking passions which would no longer respect his office, and that no rising in England would now be in time to save him. He was in better spirits, it was observed, after he had discharged his anathema. The Christmas festival was held in the hall. Asceticism was a virtue which was never easy to him. He indulged his natural inclinations at all permitted times, and on this occasion he ate and drank more copiously than usual.

The next day Becket received another warning that he was in personal danger. He needed no friends to tell him that. The only attention which he paid to these messages was to send his secretary Herbert and his crossbearer Alexander Llewellyn to France, to report his situation to Lewis and to the Archbishop of Sens.* He told Herbert at parting that he would see his face no more.

So passed at Canterbury Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 26th, 27th, and 28th of December. On that same Monday afternoon the four knights arrived at Saltwood. They were expected, for Sir Ranulf with a party of men-at-arms had gone to meet them. There on their arrival they learned the fresh excommunications which had been pronounced against their host and against their friends at the court. The news could only have confirmed whatever resolutions they had formed.

* One of his complaints, presented by the abbot of St. Albans, had been that his clergy were not allowed to leave the realm. There seems to have been no practical difficulty.

On the morning of the 29th they rode with an escort of horse along the old Roman road to Canterbury. They halted at St. Augustine's Monastery, where they were entertained by the abbot elect, Becket's old enemy, the scandalous Clarembald. They perhaps dined there. At any rate they issued a proclamation bidding the inhabitants remain quiet in their houses in the king's name, and then, with some of Clarembald's armed servants in addition to their own party, they went on to the great gate of the archbishop's palace. Leaving their men outside, the four knights alighted and entered the court. They unbuckled their swords, leaving them at the lodge, and, throwing gowns over their armor, they strode across to the door of the hall. Their appearance could hardly have been unexpected. It was now between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. They had been some time in the town, and their arrival could not fail to have been reported. The archbishop's midday meal was over. The servants were dining on the remains, and the usual company of mendicants were waiting for their turn. The archbishop had been again disturbed at daybreak by intimation of danger. He had advised any of his clergy who were afraid to escape to Sandwich; but none of them had left him. He had heard mass as usual. He had received his customary floggings. At dinner he had drunk freely, observing, when some one remarked upon it, that he that had blood to lose needed wine to support him. Afterwards he had retired into an inner room with John of Salisbury, his chaplain Fitzstephen, Edward Grim of Cambridge, who was on a visit to him, and several others, and was now sitting in conversation with them in the declining light of the winter afternoon till the bell should ring for vespers.

The knights were recognized, when they entered the hall, as belonging to the old king's court. The steward invited them to eat. They declined, and desired him to inform the archbishop that they had arrived with a message from the court. This was the first communication which the archbishop had received from Henry since he had used his name so freely to cover acts which, could Henry have anticipated them, would have barred his return to Canterbury forever. The insincere professions of peace had covered an intention of provoking a rebellion. The truth was now plain. There was no room any more for excuse or palliation. What course had the king determined on?

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The knights were introduced. They advanced. The archbishop neither spoke nor looked at them, but continued talking to a monk who was next him. He himself was sitting on a bed. The rest of the party present were on the floor. The knights seated themselves in the same manner, and for a few moments there was silence. Then Becket's black restless eye glanced from one to the other. He slightly noticed Tracy; and Fitzurse said a few unrecorded sentences to him, which ended with "God help you!" To Becket's friends the words sounded like insolence. They may have meant no more than pity for the deliberate fool who was forcing destruction upon himself.

Becket's face flushed. Fitzurse went on: "We bring you the commands of the king beyond the sea; will you hear us in public or in private?" Becket said he cared not. "In private, then," said Fitzurse. The monks thought afterwards that Fitzurse had meant to kill the archbishop where he sat. If the knights had entered the place, thronged as it was with men, with any such intention, they would scarcely have left their swords behind them. The room was cleared, and a short altercation followed, of which nothing is known save that it ended speedily in high words on both sides. Becket called in his clergy again, his lay servants being excluded,* and bade Fitzurse go on. "Be it so," Sir Reginald said. "Listen then to what the king says. When the peace was made, he put aside all his complaints against you. He allowed you to return, as you desired, free to your see. You have now added contempt to your other offences. You have broken the treaty. You have allowed your pride to tempt you to defy your lord and master to your own sorrow. You have censured the bishops by whose ministration the prince was crowned. You have pronounced an anathema against the king's ministers, by whose advice he is guided in the management of the empire. You have made it plain that if you could you would take the prince's crown from him. Your plots and contrivances to attain your ends are notorious to all men. Say, then, will you attend us to the king's presence, and there answer for yourself? For this we are sent."

The archbishop declared that he had never wished any hurt to the prince. The king had no occasion to be displeased if crowds came about him in the towns and cities after having been so long deprived of his presence. If he had done any wrong he would make satisfaction, but he protested against being suspected of intentions which had never entered his mind.

Fitzurse did not enter into an altercation with him, but continued: "The king commands further that you and your clerks repair without delay to the young king's presence, and swear allegiance, and promise to amend your faults."

The archbishop's temper was fast rising. "I will do whatever may be reasonable," he said, "but I tell you plainly the king shall have no oaths from me, nor from any one of my clergy. There has been too much perjury already. I have absolved many, with God's help, who had perjured themselves.* I will absolve the rest when He permits."

"I understand you to say that you will not obey," said Fitzurse; and went on in the same tone: "The king commands you to absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated without his permission (*absque licentiâ suâ*)."

"The pope sentenced the bishops," the archbishop said. "If you are not pleased, you must go to him. The affair is none of mine."

Fitzurse said it had been done at his instigation, which he did not deny; but he proceeded to reassert that the king had given him permission. He had complained at the time of the peace of the injury which he had suffered in the coronation, and the king had told him that he might obtain from the pope any satisfaction for which he liked to ask.

If this was all the consent which the king had given, the pretence of his authority was inexcusable. Fitzurse could scarce hear the archbishop out with patience. "Ay, ay!" said he; "will you make the king out to be a traitor, then? The king gave you leave to excommunicate the bishops when they were acting by his own order! It is more than we can bear to listen to such monstrous accusations."

John of Salisbury tried to check the archbishop's imprudent tongue, and whispered to him to speak to the knights in private; but when the passion was on him, no mule was more ungovernable than Becket. Drawing to a conclusion, Fitzurse said to him: "Since you refuse to do any one of those things which the king requires of you, his final commands are that you and your clergy shall forthwith depart out of this realm and out of his

* Laicis omnibus exclusis.

* He was alluding to the bishops who had sworn to the Constitutions of Clarendon.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

dominions, never more to return.* You have broken the peace, and the king cannot trust you again."

Becket answered wildly that he would not go — never again would he leave England. Nothing but death should now part him from his church. Stung by the reproach of ill-faith, he poured out the catalogue of his own injuries. He had been promised restoration, and instead of restoration he had been robbed and insulted. Ranulf de Broc had laid an embargo on his wine. Robert de Broc had cut off his mule's tail, and now the knights had come to menace him.

De Morville said that if he had suffered any wrong he had only to appeal to the council, and justice would be done.

Becket did not wish for the council's justice. "I have complained enough," he said; "so many wrongs are daily heaped upon me that I could not find messengers to carry the tale of them. I am refused access to the court. Neither one king nor the other will do me right. I will endure it no more. I will use my own powers as archbishop, and no child of man shall prevent me."

"You will lay the realm under interdict, then, and excommunicate the whole of us?" said Fitzurse.

"So God help me," said one of the others, "he shall not do that. He has excommunicated over-many already. We have borne too long with him."

The knights sprang to their feet, twisting their gloves and swinging their arms. The archbishop rose. In the general noise words could no longer be accurately heard. At length the knights moved to leave the room, and, addressing the archbishop's attendants, said, "In the king's name we command you to see that this man does not escape."

"Do you think I shall fly then?" cried the archbishop. "Neither for the king nor for any living man will I fly. You cannot be more ready to kill me than I am to die. . . . Here you will find me," he shouted, following them to the door as they went out, and calling after them. Some of his friends thought that he had asked De Morville to come back and speak quietly with him, but it was not so. He returned to his seat still excited and complaining.

"My lord," said John of Salisbury to him, "it is strange that you will never be advised. What occasion was there for you to go after these men and exasperate them with your bitter speeches? You would have done better surely by being quiet and giving them a milder answer. They mean no good, and you only commit yourself."

The archbishop sighed, and said, "I have done with advice. I know what I have before me."

It was four o'clock when the knights entered. It was now nearly five; and unless there were lights the room must have been almost dark. Beyond the archbishop's chamber was an ante-room, beyond the ante-room the hall. The knights, passing through the hall into the quadrangle, and thence to the lodge, called their men to arms. The great gate was closed. A mounted guard was stationed outside with orders to allow no one to go out or in. The knights threw off their cloaks and buckled on their swords. This was the work of a few minutes. From the cathedral tower the vesper bell was beginning to sound. The archbishop had seated himself to recover from the agitation of the preceding scene, when a breathless monk rushed in to say that the knights were arming. "Who cares? Let them arm," was all that the archbishop said. His clergy were less indifferent. If the archbishop was ready for death they were not. The door from the hall into the court was closed and barred, and a short respite was thus secured. The intention of the knights, it may be presumed, was to seize the archbishop and carry him off to Saltwood, or to De Morville's castle at Knaresborough, or perhaps to Normandy. Coming back to execute their purpose, they found themselves stopped by the hall door. To burst it open would require time; the ante-room between the hall and the archbishop's apartments opened by an oriel window and an outside stair into a garden. Robert de Broc, who knew the house well, led the way to it in the dark. The steps were broken, but a ladder was standing against the window, by which the knights mounted, and the crash of the falling casement told the fluttered group about the archbishop that their enemies were upon them. There was still a moment. The party who entered by the window, instead of turning into the archbishop's room, first went into the hall to

* "Hoc est præceptum regis, ut de regno et terrâ quæ ipsius subjacet imperio cum tuis omnibus egrediaris; neque enim pax erit tibi vel tuorum cuiquam ab hâc die, quia pacem violâsti." These remarkable words are given by Grim, who heard them spoken. After the deliberate fraud of which Becket had been guilty towards the pope in suppressing the inhibitory letter addressed to the Archbishop of York, Alexander might perhaps have been induced at last to approve of such a measure.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

open the door and admit their comrades. From the archbishop's room a second passage, little used, opened into the south-west corner of the cloister, and from the cloister there was a way into the south transept of the cathedral. The cry was, "To the church. To the church." There at least there would be immediate safety.

The archbishop had told the knights that they would find him where they left him. He did not choose to show fear, or he was afraid, as some thought, of losing his martyrdom. He would not move. The bell had ceased. They reminded him that vespers had begun, and that he ought to be in the cathedral. Half yielding, half resisting, his friends swept him down the passage into the cloister. His cross had been forgotten in the haste. He refused to stir till it was fetched and carried before him as usual. Then only, himself incapable of fear, and rebuking the terror of the rest, he advanced deliberately to the door into the south transept.* His train was scattered behind him, all along the cloister from the passage leading out of the palace. As he entered the church cries were heard from which it became plain that the knights had broken into the archbishop's room, had found the passage, and were following him. Almost immediately Fitzurse, Tracy, De Morville, and Le Breton were discerned, in the dim light, coming through the cloister in their armor, with drawn swords, and axes in their left hands. A company of men-at-arms was behind them. In front they were driving before them a frightened flock of monks.

From the middle of the transept in which the archbishop was standing a single pillar rose into the roof. On the eastern side of it opened a chapel of St. Benedict, in which were the tombs of several of the old primates. On the west, running, of course, parallel to the nave, was a lady chapel. Behind the pillar steps led up into the choir, where voices were already singing vespers. A faint light may have been reflected into the transept from the choir tapers, and candles may perhaps have been burning before the altars in the two chapels — of light from without through the windows at that hour there could have been none. Seeing the knights coming on, the clergy who had entered with the archbishop closed the door and barred it. "What do you fear?" he cried in a clear, loud voice. "Out of the way, you cowards! The church of God must not be made a fortress." He stepped back and reopened the door with his own hands, to let in the trembling wretches who had been shut out among the wolves. They rushed past him, and scattered in the hiding-places of the vast sanctuary, in the crypt, in the galleries, or behind the tombs. All, or, almost all, even of his closest friends, William of Canterbury, Benedict, John of Salisbury himself, forsook him to shift for themselves, admitting frankly that they were unworthy of martyrdom. The archbishop was left alone with his chaplain Fitzstephen, Robert of Merton his old master, and Edward Grim, the stranger from Cambridge — or perhaps with Grim only, who says that he was the only one who stayed, and was the only one certainly who showed any sign of courage. A cry had been raised in the choir that armed men were breaking into the cathedral. The vespers ceased; the few monks assembled left their seats and rushed to the edge of the transept, looking wildly into the darkness.

The archbishop was on the fourth step beyond the central pillar ascending into the choir when the knights came in. The outline of his figure may have been just visible to them, if light fell upon it from candles in the lady chapel. Fitzurse passed to the right of the pillar, De Morville, Tracy, and Le Breton to the left. Robert de Broc and Hugh Mauclerc, another apostate priest, remained at the door by which they entered. A voice cried "Where is the traitor? Where is Thomas Becket?" There was silence; such a name could not be acknowledged. "Where is the archbishop?" Fitzurse shouted. "I am here," the archbishop replied, descending the steps, and meeting the knights full in the face. "What do you want with me? I am not afraid of your swords. I will not do what is unjust." The knights closed round him. "Absolve the persons whom you have excommunicated," they said, "and take off the suspensions." "They have made no satisfaction," he answered; "I will not." "Then you shall die as you have deserved," they said.

They had not meant to kill him — certainly not at that time and in that place. One of them touched him on the shoulder with the flat of his sword, and hissed in his ears, "Fly, or you are a dead man." There was still time; with a few steps he

* Those who desire a more particular account of the scene about to be described should refer to Dean Stanley's essay on the murder of Becket, which is printed in his "Antiquities of Canterbury." Along with an exact knowledge of the localities and a minute acquaintance with the contemporary narratives, Dr. Stanley combines the far more rare power of historical imagination, which enables him to replace out of his materials an exact picture of what took place.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

would have been lost in the gloom of the cathedral, and could have concealed himself in any one of a hundred hiding-places. But he was careless of life, and he felt that his time was come. "I am ready to die," he said. "May the Church through my blood obtain peace and liberty! I charge you in the name of God that you hurt no one here but me." The people from the town were now pouring into the cathedral; De Morville was keeping them back with difficulty at the head of the steps from the choir, and there was danger of a rescue. Fitzurse seized him, meaning to drag him off as a prisoner. He had been calm so far; his pride rose at the indignity of an arrest. "Touch me not, thou abominable wretch!" he said, wrenching his cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. "Off, thou pander, thou!"* Le Breton and Fitzurse grasped him again, and tried to force him upon Tracy's back. He grappled with Tracy and flung him to the ground, and then stood with his back against the pillar, Edward Grim supporting him. Fitzurse, stung by the foul epithet which Becket had thrown at him, swept his sword over him and dashed off his cap. Tracy, rising from the pavement, struck direct at his head. Grim raised his arm and caught the blow. The arm fell broken, and the one friend found faithful sank back disabled against the wall. The sword, with its remaining force, wounded the archbishop above the forehead, and the blood trickled down his face. Standing firmly, with his hands clasped, he bent his neck for the death-stroke, saying in a low voice, "I am prepared to die for Christ and for his Church." These were his last words. Tracy again struck him. He fell forward upon his knees and hands. In that position Le Breton dealt him a blow which severed the scalp from the head and broke the sword against the stone, saying, "Take that for my Lord William." De Broc or Mauclerc — the needless ferocity was attributed to both of them — strode forward from the cloister door, set his foot on the neck of the dead lion, and spread the brains upon the pavement with his sword's point. "We may go," he said; "the traitor is dead, and will trouble us no more."

Such was the murder of Becket, the echoes of which are still heard across seven centuries of time, and which, be the final judgment upon it what it may, has its place among the most enduring incidents of English history. Was Becket a martyr, or was he justly executed as a traitor to his sovereign? Even in that supreme moment of terror and wonder, opinions were divided among his own monks. That very night Grim heard one of them say, "He is no martyr, he is justly served." Another said, scarcely feeling, perhaps, the meaning of the words, "He wished to be king and more than king. Let him be king, let him be king." Whether the cause for which he died was to prevail, or whether the sacrifice had been in vain, hung on the answer which would be given to this momentous question. In a few days or weeks an answer came in a form to which in that age no rejoinder was possible, and the only uncertainty which remained at Canterbury was whether it was lawful to use the ordinary prayers for the repose of the dead man's soul, or whether, in consequence of the astounding miracles which were instantly worked by his remains, the pope's judgment ought not to be anticipated, and the archbishop ought not to be at once adored as a saint in heaven. J. A. FROUDE.

* "Lenonem appellans." In extreme moments Becket was never able to maintain his dignity.

[*Published by arrangement with* HARPER & BROTHERS.]

DA CAPO.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER I.

COLONEL BAXTER'S RETROSPECTIONS.

IT is a curious experience to come back in after-years to an old mood, and to find it all changed and swept and garnished; emotionless, orderly now: are the devils of indifference and selfish preoccupation those against which we are warned in the parable? Perhaps it is some old once read and re-read letter which has brought it all back to you; perhaps it is some person quietly walking in, followed by a whole train of associations. Who has not answered to the call of an old tune breaking the dream of to-day? Is the past past if such trifles can recall it all vividly again, or only not present?

One day Colonel Baxter, an officer lately returned from abroad, came up to the door of an old house in Sussex, and stopped for an instant before he rang the bell. The not-present suddenly swept away all the fabric of the last few years. He stopped, looking for a little phantom of five years

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

before, that he could still conjure up, coming flitting along the terrace, gentle, capricious, lovely Felicia Marlow, as he remembered her at eighteen, and not so happy as eighteen should be. The little phantom had once appealed to him for help, and it had needed all Colonel Baxter's years of service, all his standing in the army, all the courage of a self-reliant man, and all the energies of his Victoria Cross and many clasps to help him to withstand the innocent entreaty of those two wild gray eyes which had said, "Help me! Help me!" The story was simple enough, and one which has been told before, of a foolish little creature who had scarcely been beyond the iron scrolls of the gates of Harpington Court, who had been promised to her cousin, the only man she had ever seen, and who, suddenly finding a world beyond her own, had realized the possibility of a love that was not her cousin James's old familiar, every-day, ever-since-she-could-remember mood.

Colonel Baxter had seen the world and travelled far beyond Harpington, but, nevertheless, he too had been carried away by the touching vehemence of this poor little victim to circumstances, and felt that he could give his whole life to make her more happy. Only, somehow, it was not for him to make her happy. That right then belonged to James Marlow, who was Baxter's friend, and one of the best and most loyal of men.

Baxter walked up to the gates one day, and stopped to remember how Felicia had looked when she found them closed at the time of the old squire's death. But the place was changed. A new spirit seemed to have come over the periwinkle avenue. There were bright flowers in tubs at intervals along the road; a couple of gardeners were at work in the sunshine, chipping, chopping, binding up all the drifts and wreaths, carefully nipping away all the desolate sweetness, and carrying it off in wheelbarrows. Gay striped blinds were sprouting from the old diamond windows; Minton china twinkled on the terrace; the stone steps had been repaired and smartened up somehow; a green trellis had been nailed against the walls. It was scarcely possible to see in which of these trifling signs the difference lay, but it was unmistakable. Once more an old feeling seemed to come over the man as he tramped along the gravel walks with long even strides — a feeling of hopeless separation, of utter, and insurmountable distance: all this orderly comfort seemed to come only to divide them. In the old days of her forlorn negligence and trouble Felicia had seemed nearer, far nearer, than now. When he had come back after James's death, he had thought it wrong to obtrude his personal feelings. He was then under orders to rejoin his regiment. When he went to India, he had written an ambiguous little message to Felicia Marlow, to which no answer had come; he had been too proud to write again; and now that he was home once more, an impulse had brought him back to her door. And he had listened to the advice of a woman whom he had always trusted, and who told him that he had been wrong and proud, and that he had almost deserved to lose the woman he loved.

A very pert housemaid with a mob-cap opened the door, and to Colonel Baxter's inquiry replied that Miss Marlow was abroad, travelling with friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bracy and Mr. Jasper Bracy, from Brayfield. She was not expected? Oh dear, no; all letters were to be sent on to the hotel at Berne. "Here is the foreign address," says the housemaid, going to a table and coming back with a piece of paper.

A minute ago it had been on Baxter's lips to ask her to give him back a letter which he had posted himself only the day before, addressed to Miss Marlow, at Harpington, not to the Falcon Hotel, at Berne. But the sight of her writing, of a little flourish to the F, touched him oddly. When the lively housemaid went on to say that a packet was just a-going, and Baxter saw his own letter lying on the hall table, he gave the maid a card, and asked her to put it in as well, and thoughtfully turned on his heel and walked away. Then he stopped, walked back a few steps once more along the terrace to a side window that he remembered, and he stood for an instant trying to recall a vision of that starry, dim evening when the iron gates were first closed, and he had waited while Felicia flitted in through that shuttered window. He still heard her childish, sweet voice; he could remember the pain with which he left her then; and now — what was there between them? Nothing. Baxter thought as he walked away that Felicia had been more really present this time in remembrance than the last time when he had really seen her, touched her hand, and found her at home indeed, but preoccupied, surrounded by adulating sympathizers, dressed in crape, excited, unlike herself, and passionately sobbing for James's death. Yes, she had once loved him better than that. It was not Felicia

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

whom he had really seen that last time. He *must* see her again, her herself. She would get his letter; but what good was a letter? It had a voice, perhaps, but no eyes, no ears. The Hôtel du Faucon at Berne was not a very long way off. Before he left the terrace Baxter had made up his mind to go there.

I wrote this little story down many years ago now. The people interested me at the time, for they were all well-meaning folks, moving in a somewhat morbid atmosphere, but doing the best they could under difficult circumstances. There was the young couple, who had been engaged from childhood, without, as I have said, much knowledge of anything outside the dreary old home in which fate had inclosed their lives. There was an old couple, whose experience might have taught them better than to try and twine hymeneal garlands out of dead men's shoes, strips of parchment, twigs and dried leaves off their genealogical tree, with a little gold tinsel for sunshine. The saving clause in it all was that James Marlow truly loved his cousin Felicia; but this the old folks scarcely took into account, and it was for quite different reasons that they decreed the two should be one. And then came human nature in the shape of a very inoffending and unconscious soldier, a widower with one child, a soldier of fortune without a fortune, as he called himself; whereas James Marlow, the hero of this little tragedy (for it *was* a tragedy of some sort), was the heir to the estate, and a good man, and tenderly attached to his cousin. But, nevertheless, the little heroine's heart went away from mousy old Harpington, and flashed something for itself which neither grandmother nor grandfather had intended, and which Felicia herself did not quite understand. James Marlow, perhaps, of them all, was the person who most clearly realized the facts which concerned these complicated experiences.

Felicia found out her own secret in time, in shame and remorse; and James, who had found it out, kept silence, for he too had a secret, and knew that for him a very short time must break the solemnest engagements. He did full justice to Felicia's impulsive, vivid-hearted nature — to the honesty of the man she preferred to himself.

The three had parted under peculiar circumstances. James had been sent abroad by the doctors as his last chance for life, and before he went he had said something to Felicia, and Baxter not one word. The captain, as he was then, was faithfully attached to James. He went abroad with his friend, and remained with him while he lived, and tended him in those journeys, and administered those delusive prescriptions which were to have cured him. The air was so life-giving, the doctors spoke so confidently, James himself was almost deceived at one time.

His was a wise heart, and a just one consequently. If he had lived, he would have done his part to make those he loved happy, even though their own dream of happiness should not include his own. But he had no chance from the first, except, indeed, that of being a good man, and knowing the meaning of a few commonplace words, such as duty, love, friendship. From a child he was always ailing and sensitive. When he found that his happiness (it had been christened Felicia some eighteen years before) was gone from him, it made him languid, indifferent; his pulse ebbed away; not even African sun could warm him. He would have lived if he could, but he was not sorry to die; and when he found he was dying, he sent a message home to his "sweet happiness" — so he spoke of her.

Baxter had come back to England with his heart sore for his friend's loss, and neither he nor Felicia, who had been wearying and pining to see him again, could find one word except words of grief. In those days it had seemed to them both that it would be wronging James's memory to speak of their own preoccupations at such a time — so little do people with the best hearts and intentions trust each other or those who have loved them most. Baxter had not come to Harpington, but to London, where Felicia was staying with her aunt in Queen's Square. The old butler showed him up the old staircase, looked round, and then went to the window and said, "Miss Felicia, you are wanted. Here is Colonel Baxter."

She had come into the room to speak to him, stepping across the window-sill from the balcony, where she had been sitting. How well he remembered it, and the last time they had been there together! That was in the evening, and Jem had been alive. Now it was morning, and Felicia wore her black dress — a burning autumn morning, striking across the withered parks in broad lines of dusky light. They flooded through the awnings, making the very crape and blackness twinkle. But Felicia's face somehow put out the light; it was pale and set and wan. There was no appeal in it now. She frightened Baxter for a moment; then, when he saw her

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

hands tremble, a great longing came to him to hold them fast, to be her help and comforter once more, and to befriend this forlorn though much-loved woman. He talked on quickly to hide his emotion. He gave her the few details she wanted.

"Jem told me to come and see you," he concluded. "He thought I might perhaps be your friend, Felicia," said Baxter, "and he sent you his love."

Baxter turned pale, and his voice faltered; he hardly knew how to give the remainder of James's message, which was to tell Felicia that James sent them both his blessing: perhaps he might have gone on, but the door opened, and another Miss Marlow came bustling in — Aunt Mary Anne, a stout, beaming, good-natured, and fussy lady, with many bugles and ornaments and ear-rings, and a jet-bespangled bonnet, rather awry, and two fat black kid hands put out.

"Here he is! Here is our captain. How is he? They told me you were here. How glad I am to see you! You two poor dears have been having a sad talk, I dare say. Well, it is a good thing got over. You don't look well, Baxter; you must come and let us nurse you up." And then, as she grasped Colonel Baxter's hands, "I am not your only friend here, as I dare say you suspect. Jem, dear fellow, he knew all about it: we must make the best of what is left us. Eh, Felicia?" said the fat lady, who hated anything in the shape of grief, and only tolerated its bugles and lighter ornaments. "No, we won't speak of the past — better not; but tell us how long you can stay." And the old aunt, who took things so easy, began to wink and nod at the poor little passionate-hearted girl, to whom all this seemed like some horrible mockery — like ribald talk in a sacred place. Felicia and Baxter both began to shrink before the old lady's incantations. Felicia had wiped her tears, and stood silent and dull. Baxter was cold, vexed, and ajar. He saw Felicia's averted looks; his own face grew dark. He could not remain in London, he said; he had not yet been to his own home. His little girl was at Brighton, with his cousin Emily. And while Miss Marlow the elder, disappointed in her well-meant efforts to cheer up the young people, was remonstrating and scolding, and threatening to appeal to Flora Bracy, whoever she might be, Baxter stood looking abstractedly at Felicia, and Felicia drew herself away farther and farther.

"Perhaps you will let me hear from you, when you can see me again," said Baxter, taking leave, with some sudden change of manner.

"Yes, yes; you shall hear from us," cried Miss Marlow the elder, giving him a friendly tap on the shoulder; young Miss Marlow dropped her eyes with a sigh, and did not speak. And so he had walked away, and out into the street, disappointed. It had not been the meeting he had hoped; it had not been the meeting Felicia hoped. They had neither of them made a sign to the other. Baxter thought of Felicia day after day; Felicia thought of Baxter. "You sly thing! I know you will write to him as soon as you get back, though you won't let me write now," her aunt used to say; and Felicia would shake her head.

"It seems to me that, for dear James's sake, you ought to show him some attention," says the old lady.

Was it indeed for James's sake only, or for her own, that Felicia wished to see Baxter? This was a question she could never answer. She went back to Harpington, and day after day Felicia put off writing; and Baxter was too proud to go unsummoned. And then a thousand chances and less generous feelings intervened, and time went on, and on, and on; and James might have never lived for all the good his self-sacrifice had brought about to the two people he held most dear.

CHAPTER II.

FELICIA'S RETROSPECTIONS.

In the first part of my story I have described how Felicia lived at Harpington with her grandmother, old Mrs. Marlow, the original match-maker — a strange and somewhat stony-faced old lady, who did not seem always quite in her right mind. Her presence frightened people away. She seemed to have been, years before, frozen by some sudden catastrophe, and to be utterly indifferent to everything that happened now. She had no love for Felicia. It was almost as if she resented the poor child's very existence. Felicia's betters were gone; her grandfather, her father, her mother, her young aunts and uncles — a whole blooming company, had passed away. What business had Felicia to live on, to gather in her one little hand all the possessions which for years past had been amassed for others?

Sorrow for the dead seemed to take the shape of some dull resentment against the living in this bitter woman's mind. All Felicia's grace and loving readiness failed to touch her. Fay did her best, and kept

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to her duty as well as she knew how. It was a silent duty, monotonous, ungrateful; it seemed like gathering figs of thorns or grapes of thistles to try and brighten up this gloomy woman. Felicia knew there was one person who would gladly, at a sign from her, respond to the faintest call; but, as I have said, some not unnatural scruple withheld her from sending for him. She hoped he would come to her, but *she* would move no finger, say no word, to bring him. She kept the thought of him, as she had done all these years, shyly in the secret recesses of her heart. She was so young that the future was still everything — the present mattered little. Young people seem to have some curious trust in their future consciences, as older ones look back with sympathy to their past selves.

After all, it was not very long before Felicia saw Aurelius again; but not in the way she had hoped to see him. She had ridden into L—— on some commission for her grandmother — I think it was a sleeping draught that the old lady fancied. It was a lovely autumn afternoon; old Caspar snuffed the fresh air; young Felicia sprang into her saddle with more life and spirit than she had felt since their trouble had fallen upon them. Old George was there to follow in his battered blue livery. He opened the gates when Felicia had not jumped down before him. The two jogged along the country lanes together, old George's blear eyes faithfully fixed on Caspar's ragged tail. The road was delightful; white drifting wreaths of briony seemed to lie like foam upon the branches; ivies crept green along the ditches, where the very weeds were turning into gold and silver, while the branches of the trees overhead were also aglow in the autumnal lights. It was a sweet, triumphant way. The girl's spirit rose as she cantered along between the garlands that spread on either side of it. There is one place where the road from Harpington crosses the road to L——, just where an old mill stands by a stream, with its garden and farm buildings. The fence was low, and as Felicia peeped over she could see a garden full of sweet clustering things mingling with vegetables, white feathery bushes, and bowers of purple clematis, and here and there crimson fiery tongues darting from their stems along the box-lined paths, and yellow roses against the walls. The place was well cared for and seemed full of life, and rest too. She could hear a sound of horses and of voices calling and dogs barking in the mill yard beyond the garden. The flowers seemed all the sweeter for the busy people at work. Felicia began to build up one of her old fancy pieces as she lingered for a moment by the hedge; perhaps some day they might walk there together, and he would look down into her face and say, "The time has come, the time has come." Then she started, blushed up, tightened old Caspar's rein again, and set off once more, riding quickly past the old sign-post that pointed to Harpington with one weather-beaten finger, and to L——, whither she was going. There was a third road leading to the downs — it was only a continuation of the Harpington lane.

The mill was nearly an hour's ride from L——, that pretty old country town, with its bustle of new things cheerfully mixing up with the old, its many children at play, and its many busy people stirring among the old gables and archways, and its flocks making confusion in the market.

Felicia left old Caspar to be cared for at the inn, while she went off upon her shopping, being, girl-like, delighted with the life and bustle of the place. She herself was perhaps not the least pleasant sight there, as she darted in and out of the old doorways and corners, holding up her long skirt, and looking out beneath the broad brim of her dark beaver hat. It was late before she had done. The town clocks were striking six as they turned their horses' heads towards Harpington. There is a long level stretch of road at the foot of the hill, with poplars growing on either side, and tranquil horizons between the poplar stems. Felicia trotted on ahead; old George jogged after her, pondering upon his crops and the price of wheat, which he had been discussing in the bar of the Red Lion.

Evening was falling: the oxen looked purple in the light, as they stood staring across the fences at the road and the horses, and slowly tossing their white horns. The shadows under the trees were turning blue, the evening birds were flying across the sky — a tranquil, dappled sky, with clouds passing in fleecy banks, while the west spread its crimson wings. All the people were crossing and recrossing the paths to the villages beyond the fields; in one place Felicia could see the boats gliding along the narrow river. Then they came to the old mill at the cross-roads. The garden was resplendent with clear evening light: the great cabbages seemed dilating and showing every vein; each tendril of the vines, wreathed along the wooden palings, stood out vivid

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and defined. As Felicia advanced, urging old Caspar along, she saw a figure also on horseback coming along the road from Harpington. It was but for a moment, but in that moment Felicia seemed to recognize the rider — his square shoulders, the slouch of his broad hat. He crossed the highway, and took the lane leading to the downs: he did not look to the right or to the left. Felicia's heart gave a throb. She suddenly slashed old Caspar into a canter, and reached the corner where she thought she had just seen Baxter pass. She looked up and down. "Did not somebody go by, George?" Felicia said, turning round to the old gardener. "I can see no one in the lane. It must 'a been a ghost," said old George, starting, "or maybe it wer' a man that leapt the fence onto yon field: ther'll be a short cut along by that thar way," says George, who had followed his master, the late squire, along many a short cut and long road. Felicia said no more; she turned Caspar's head toward home, and the old horse stepped out, knowing his way back to Harpington. The way seemed very long. The road was dusty and bare; the garlands seemed to have lost their fragrant bloom. Her grandmother was up when she got back. Tea was laid in the parlor, and the windows were open on to the terrace.

"There has been some one to see us," said Mrs. Marlow. "That Baxter was here. He is going away again to India. Have you got me my sleeping-draught?"

"Did he leave *no* message for me — nothing?" said Felicia.

"He left his card," said the old lady. "Take care, don't shake the bottle; what are you about! I want a good night's rest. That man talked about James; he upset me. I had to send him away. He would have kept me awake at night if I had let him talk on any longer." And then Mrs. Marlow hobbled off to her old four-post bed, crumpling up Baxter's card in her fingers. "I *must* see you once more," he had written upon it; "send me one line." Mrs. Marlow threw the card into her fireplace. Felicia never saw the pencilled words. She was left alone — quite alone, she said to herself, bitterly. He had left her no word, he was gone without a thought of her, and everything seemed forlorn once more.

Old Mrs. Marlow survived her grandson for a year, half imbecile, never quite relenting to the poor little granddaughter, and then she too passed away, and Felicia inherited the old house and the broad stubble-fields and the farmyards and haycocks, among which she and her cousin James had both grown up together. And now Felicia belonged to that sad company of heiresses with friends and a banker's account, and consideration and liberty, in place of home and loving interest and life multiplied by others.

She came; she went; she travelled abroad. She was abroad when Baxter came to Harpington for the second time in vain. He had been in India hard at work, and little Felicia had been leading her own life for the last three years. Everything seemed to be hers except the things which might have made everything dear to her. She had scarcely been conscious of any want; she was never alone, never neglected. Events came by every post, twopenny pleasures, sixpenny friendships, and favors asked and cheap thanks returned. All this had not improved her, and yet she was the same Felicia, after all, that Baxter remembered so fondly as he walked away from the door.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ON THE COMPARATIVE STUPIDITY OF POLITICIANS.

We owe an apology to a very respectable class of persons for the apparent, but we trust only apparent, and certainly involuntary, discourtesy of the thesis to which we invite attention. The late Mr. Mill, in a well-known passage, called the Conservatives the stupid party. We do not call them so, nor their opponents. All we venture to assert of both is, that in a universe of graduated intelligence they are not highest in the scale. The great majority of even prominent politicians have just the gifts which make a man conspicuous in a town council or a board of guardians; physical energy, moral persistency, and ideas on a level with those of their fellows. Miss Martineau in her very candid autobiography has recorded her sense of the mental and moral inferiority of the political men with whom, during her period of lionizing in London, she was brought into contact, as compared with the men of letters, and still more with the men of science, whose acquaintance she made. She observed in the politicians a much lower type of mind and character, expressing itself even in a certain vulgarity of manners, the lowest point being reached in all these particulars by the Whig aristocracy of the day.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

The Whig aristocracy, in virtue, perhaps, of the phenomena which Miss Martineau noted, has almost ceased to play any active part in public affairs. In the struggle for political existence it has been pretty nearly crushed out. Such titular chieftainship as used, let us say, up to the time of Lord Althorp to be accorded to its members is Macmahonian. Not ability and eloquence, but the conspicuous lack of them, dictated a choice rather of a figure-head than of a leader. But no doubt there is such a thing as a force of stupidity which is often more powerful in human affairs for the moment than any other. When intellectual dulness is united with moral rectitude, as it frequently is, the combination is pretty nearly irresistible. Either without the other is a power of the first magnitude. Both together are fate.

We do not suppose that there has been any great change for the worse in the talent of the great families, from the time when the English government first became their special business and almost their property. It would be ungenerous and even unjust to think so. Their imaginary superiority in earlier generations was probably due to the fact that they themselves supplied their own standard of comparison. They were measured against each other. In a company of dwarfs a diminutive man seems a giant. If from the political history of the last century and a half we withdraw the names of Walpole, of the Pitts, of Fox, Burke, Canning, Brougham, Peel, Cobden, Bright, Gladstone, and Disraeli, and two or three more, we take away almost all that gives it distinction. In spite of the earldoms of Orford and Chatham, and the barony of Holland, the Walpoles, the Pitts, and the Foxes no more belonged to the aristocracy than Lord Beaconsfield does, or than Richard Burke would have done if the fates adverse to Marcellus had permitted him to be Lord Beaconsfield. The Marquis of Rockingham and the Duke of Portland are fair specimens of the aristocratic statesmanship of England. Lord Shelburne, Lord Grey, Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston, and the late Lord Derby rose as much above that level as the old Duke of Newcastle fell below it. The abilities of Addington, which were ludicrously below par in a middle-class politician, would have given him a very decent place among the old families if he had belonged to them.

We refer to these things now, because the rule of the great families has done something to lower the standard of political eminence and ability in England. They flourished under a system of very restricted competition, a competition so restricted as to amount to little more than an arranged participation in the great affairs of state. Of course, they themselves were prevented from developing such capacities as they had by the absence of the proper stimulus to exertion. It would be as reasonable to expect commercial enterprise and skill under trade monopolies as the highest political capacity under a system of political privilege. When the buyer is obliged to take such articles as the seller chooses to give him, they are not likely to be of the first quality, or the most reasonable price. If the rulers of a people nominate themselves, they are just as little likely to be very exacting in the articles of virtue and capacity. When these qualities were wanted, some plebeian person, some Burke or Barré, was looked for to supply such of them as he possessed; and, unfortunately for human nature, the self-respect which declined to wait upon my Lord Rockingham or my Lord Shelburne was seldom found. If oratory was wanted, the plebeians had it in readiness; but oratory as a rule was seldom wanted. A nominated House of Commons, whose opinions were dictated by their patrons, did not need to be persuaded. Hence probably, to some extent, the low standard of speaking which prevails in the House of Commons, and in which (whatever the exceptional divergencies) it falls below every other great Parliamentary assembly. It is a bequest from the time when good speaking was a superfluity for the purposes of government, and when it was regarded mainly as the accomplishment of political adventurers — needful in a Burke, unnecessary in a Rockingham. Hence there is a tradition of bad speaking in the House of Commons. The defects of elocution and delivery, and the absence of taste and style, which are noticeable in the speeches delivered from the benches of ministers and ex-ministers in the two Houses of Parliament, amaze foreigners acquainted with the legislative assemblies of other countries. They are a tradition of the age when a great lord did not need to acquire either grace of speech or force of thought. It was sufficient for him to indicate the line which he took, and his party troubled themselves as little as he did about the reasons; or if from any cause they wanted them, some dependant was at hand to supply the arguments which his patron, from indolence or incapacity, was unable to afford. A cynical

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

politician, more remarkable himself for the keenness of his thought than the graces of his oratory, is said to have declared that a certain speech listened to with attention from the son of a duke would not have been tolerated from the son of a marquis. The distinction, perhaps, is too finely cut, but this rule of judgment comes down from our political history, and unfortunately is not yet obsolete. What has been said of oratory applies to administration. In the absence of anything like competition among the ablest men, and of a career open to talent, the proper stimulus to skill and industry was wanting. Great peers and wealthy country gentlemen untrained to business, aided by adventurers bent upon serving themselves rather than the country, and using the ill-rewarded drudgery of hopeless clerks, were poor instruments for the conduct of affairs. As their tenure of office was to a great extent independent of capacity, it developed capacity to a correspondingly slight extent. A lofty ambition, an ardent nature, a consciousness of powers seeking and delighting in their full discharge, have no doubt at all times furnished orators and statesmen of the highest rank to England. But the great names and stirring conflicts of Walpole and Pulteney, of Chatham, of Wyndham, of Burke, of Fox and Pitt, disguise from us the gulf of intellectual poverty beneath this glittering and splendid surface.

In the long prevalence of an aristocratic monopoly, diminished now, but not altogether done away with, and subsisting still in its effects even more powerfully than in itself, one of the special causes, as we have said, of the comparative stupidity of politicians in England may be discerned. But the evil is inherent in the very conditions of what are called practical politics. The real development of mind is to be sought in what Mr. Arnold calls its disinterested play in science and art. Discipline in the methods of research after truth, familiarity with the highest conceptions of the universe, delight in the most perfect forms of expression, whether they take the shape of literature or of the plastic and imitative arts, these are the feeders and purifiers of the mind. The artist, including the author as well as the sculptor, the painter, and the actor, and the man of science, live, so far as they are true to their work, in the society of nature and of its great interpreters. They are constantly in the presence of their betters. The statesman lives habitually in the society of county and borough members; or, if we restrict our view to the intimate associations of the Cabinet, of men little if at all above these intellectually. In other words, the finest mind is habitually in the presence of its inferiors, whose ideas and impulses are to it what his daily beer was to Mr. Justice Maule, the instrumentality with which he brought himself down to the level of his work. He must think their thoughts and speak their language. To be over their heads, to be, as a dexterous politician said of a great philosopher, too clever for the House of Commons, to have nobler and farther-reaching conceptions than they, is to commit the sin for which there is no Parliamentary forgiveness. It is sometimes said that the House of Commons is wiser than any single member; a saying which, according as it is interpreted, is either an absurdity or a truism. It may mean, what is indisputable, that the whole is greater than the part, or, what is impossible, that the average is higher than the elements which raise it. The House of Commons can only be wiser than some particular member by following the guidance of some other member who on that particular occasion is wiser than he; that is to say, it is wiser than one of its less wise members. The saying, however, is intended to affirm the position that intellectual superiority is not the truest guide in politics, or in other words that politicians, in so far as they are successful, are comparatively stupid, a position which we are far from disputing. On the contrary, we affirm it as a truth of observation and experience, and are at the present moment doing our best to account for it. As regards the proposition itself, it means simply that the House of Commons knows its own mind, such as it is, and, whatever the worth of that knowledge, better than any single member of it; and as a rule the average member who is in sympathy with it will interpret it better than the member of much higher powers who is above its level. But it is only wiser than its wisest members in the sense in which the field may be said to be wiser than the farmer, or the ocean than the navigator; that is to say, in no intelligible sense at all. Like nature, if it is to be commanded it must be obeyed; and the necessity of understanding it is by confusion of thought taken for its understanding of itself.

The inferior society in which politicians live, inferior in intelligence and cultivation, and the necessity of adapting their own thoughts and aims to those of the ordinary minds and characters they have to in-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

fluence, brings about the decline and deterioration of men of originally fine endowments. It either prevents these qualities from developing, or stunts them where they have a certain degree of growth. Their "nature is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." This evil is in part qualified by another. It is chiefly the second-rate order of minds and characters that betake themselves now to politics in England — minds already on the level to which superiority needs to be reduced before it can be effective. For this reason, probably, whenever an occasion demands a hero in politics, he has been seldom found in the walks of professional statesmanship. The national crisis which asks for a deliverer, finds him not among those who have been deteriorated and dwarfed by the ordinary work and associations of politics, but in a man who has lived among nobler ideas and associations, and cultivated a larger and more liberal nature. The practice of affairs is, no doubt, a discipline of some value; but nearly everything depends on what the affairs are. To manage the House of Commons, to get bills through committee, to administer a public office, does not seem usually to be good training for very difficult business. When a considerable emergency occurs there is almost invariably a break-down of the departments. The true discipline of public business is to teach men readiness in action and fertility in resources. Its ordinary effect is to harden them in routine, which suits poorly enough even the common round and the daily task of business, and which is a hindrance and which may be ruin when necessities, transcending precedents and rules of office, have to be encountered. The fact is that the training of affairs, invaluable as it is, seldom bears its proper fruit, unless the affairs are a man's own, or when the consequences of failure are sure to come upon him in a rapid and crushing manner. The merchant or capitalist, whose ventures depend upon his personal vigilance; the engineer who has to deal with overwhelming physical forces, the military commander who has to contend at once with the not always benevolent neutrality of nature and the watchfulness of human enemies, cannot afford to take things easily. Action is forced upon them; they must either succeed or conspicuously fail. In politics, usually, the state of things is entirely different. The demand is rarely made for heroic measures; the prudence which is taught is that rather which shuns difficulty and dreads failure, than that blending of caution and audacity which finds in the way of seeming danger the true path of safety. The education of practice in Parliamentary politics is therefore for the most part an education in the arts of inaction, evasion, and delay. The blame of doing nothing is usually less than the blame of doing amiss. A great writer, whose instinctive sagacity was often wiser than the elaborated reflections of more painful thinkers, embodied the characteristic weakness of political training in England, when he made "How not to do it" the aim of our statesmen. Lord Melbourne's "Can't you leave it alone?" gave expression to the same paralysis of action in excessive caution and prudence. Politics of this sort will attract feeble minds and characters, or will enfeeble those naturally stronger. The oratory which they foster will be that of mystification, amusement, and excitement. Acquaintance with political philosophy or economic science will be felt to be wholly superfluous. Even that empirical knowledge of his age and country, and of the assembly in and through which he rules, which are essential to every practical statesman, will be little more than the charlatan's or demagogue's acquaintance with the foibles and passions of popular sentiment and opinion. The admiral who boasted that he brought his ships home uninjured from seas in which he had not encountered the enemy, and the Frenchman whose achievement it was to have kept himself alive during the French Revolution, represent the prevalent aims of modern statesmanship. A ministry exists to keep itself in existence; if the ship, without going anywhere or doing anything, can be kept afloat, that is held to be all that can be required. This *fainéant* policy does not require any high range of intellect. Men of the first order will seek careers which afford ampler scope to capacity. If they betake themselves to public life, which affords them no opportunity of great public work, there is danger of their devoting their energies to their own private and personal ends. Or merely to establish a character for "honesty" will often prove enough to repose on. A picture, a statue, or a poem, does not receive additional value from the fact that its author is a very pleasant and straightforward sort of fellow; but "honest Jack Althorp's" statesmanship rested entirely on this basis of character; and a late Parliamentary leader has been commended on the ground that "there is not the making of a lie in him." A career in which char-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

acter may be a substitute for capacity must, from the nature of the case, be pursued on a lower intellectual level than those in which intelligence and cultivation and general or special knowledge are absolutely essential.

The natural and almost necessary inferiority of politicians as a class, is compatible with the unsurpassed intellectual and moral greatness of statesmanship of the highest class. Men are not wanting in the history of any country, least of all in that of ours, and they have representatives among us now, who have found or made work for themselves to do which taxes the very highest gifts, and in the doing of which the very humblest and most commonplace allies and instruments acquire a sort of transfiguration. Their appearance and exertions mark the high-water point in the national life, an epoch of brief but fruitful work, an epoch of civil heroism. But the languor comes after the exertion; and in such a period of languor we seem now to be plunged. Even the men who counted for much when they followed a great leader, become mere cyphers when the figure which stood at their head is removed.

Apart from these singular cases of moral and intellectual ascendency, the gifts which make a Parliamentary leader are just those which make a man popular in society. The cheerful animal spirits and vigorous gaiety of temperament which characterized Lord Palmerston, or the amusing qualities of a public entertainer which marked Charles Townshend (not to seek for living illustrations), are what it most relishes — the quailties which make a first-rate host in a country house, or an amusing diner-out in town. H.

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

BOOK IV. — MOTHERHOOD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RALPH BURNESTON'S BROTHER.

TOWARDS the end of the autumn holidays, Ralph Burneston, having chosen to travel all night, electrified first the village and then the Hall by arriving in a flood of morning sunshine. His first inquiry was for the housekeeper; and by her he was admitted to Mrs. Burneston's sitting-room, and introduced to his baby brother. "Turn its face this way, Faith. Well, it's not so very ugly for a baby, and, thank God, it's not like the Barughs. I was afraid it would have red hair, like that terrible old farmer. There; take your rubbish away."

Ralph walked to the window, quite unheeding the "Hush! hush!" "Whisht! whisht!" which had accompanied his survey of his little brother; for Faith had gone into the dressing-room and taken the baby from the cradle in the absence of the nurse.

Faith looked down at the child and then at Ralph; and then she said, in a low tone, "It's as like yersel', Master Ralph, as it can be; it's a Burneston, ivvery spit on't." She turned to carry the infant away.

"Let's have another look," Ralph said. "Poor little devil! What a funny thing to think I was such another little chap! By Jove! it's laughing at me. I think I like having a brother, Faith, after all. You see he won't interfere with me at all."

Faith glanced at the half-open door of communication, but Mrs. Burneston was still lying asleep on a sofa in the bedroom within.

"I'll close the inner door, sir," she said. "I ought to have done it sooner. The missis is asleep yonder." But Ralph was examining the baby's hand.

"How pretty its hand is! And look! don't move, Faith; its jolly little fingers have caught hold of me! Poor little chap! I suppose there was more fuss made when I was born, wasn't there? It must be horrid to be a second son, and to feel you've no land. A second son's a nobody, Faith, I can tell you; and it's worse for this poor little thing because his mother had no fortune of her own. Poor little chap! he'll have to earn his living and marry a rich wife. But I'll take care of him. There, that'll do; take it away."

Spite of her adoration for Ralph, Faith had a woman's natural feeling of worship for babies, and she resented the pitying manner in which the heir of Burneston seemed to regard his unconscious brother.

"It's a reeal shame that 'tis, honey," she said, as she laid the infant again in his cradle, "when ye's sike a beauty 'at waaz nivvers seen. Whisht! whisht! ye mun be a gude bairn, as gude as ye's bonny." And she stood patting the little soft roll till it sank into sleep again.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Faith!"

The housekeeper started. Mrs. Burneston was calling her from the bedroom. Faith went in and found her young mistress sitting up and quite awake.

"I shall leave my room to-day," Doris said, "and I believe nurse is going away in a few days. I have called you in here, Mrs. Emmett, to ask you if you will take the superintendence of the nursery into your own hands. There are the two nursemaids, but I cannot trust baby to strangers. I can trust him fully to you, if you are willing to accept this charge. It need not interfere with your other duties."

Faith stood stupefied. Her intercourse with her young mistress had been simply official. Doris never spoke to her except about her duties, and Mrs. Emmett cherished the belief that if she gave the shadow of an excuse the new mistress would gladly get her dismissed. It took her several minutes to reconcile this flattering mark of confidence with Mrs. Burneston's previous cold reserve. She seemed to see some plan in it to make her lose her place, but Doris gave her no time for hes itation.

"I want you, please, to make up your mind at once," she said. "If you refuse, of course it will not affect your position here, but I prefer that baby should be under your charge; while he is young he will, of course, require more of your personal superintendence, but I will take care that there shall be few visitors, so that you may not be overtaxed; and it seems to me you are quite competent to train baby's nurses in your own ways."

Faith's vanity was appeased. It was such a revelation to find that her young mistress, who had never praised anything but her jams, had really been studying her and appreciating her all this while. For these few moments she almost forgave Doris for having married the master of the Hall. She made a ceremonious curtsy.

"Ah'll be fain to do t' best ah can to please yey, ma'am," she said; "an' fer t' babe, onybody wad be fain to take tent o' sike a bonny bairn."

"Very well; I am glad you think so; then you can take possession of the nurseries as soon as you like. Now send Burnell to me, please."

Doris smiled, and then, as soon as Faith had departed, she crossed her large room to the smaller one where the infant lay sleeping. Bending over it she kissed it passionately. She startled herself by her vehemence. "How I love it!" she smiled; "but I suppose every woman loves her child more than she can love in any other way. I feel that Philip and every one else — father even — are nothing now, compared to this precious little one. Oh, my darling! — my own, own sweet baby!" Again she kissed it fondly.

She had planned long ago, and settled it with her husband, that Faith should, if possible, rear her child. Her notion was that an old servant was far more likely to train it as she wished it to be trained than a new-comer who felt no interest in the Burneston's. She knew that her own and her mother's nursery traditions could not be trusted; and "early habits are so important," Doris had said to herself in the long solitary hours she had lately passed. The difficulty had been how to speak to Faith on such a subject; but Doris's quick ears had heard not only Ralph's loud speeches, but also the soft crooning over her babe when the housekeeper thought herself quite alone with it.

And now her difficulties were ended, and the future safety of her baby seemed secured; for though she disliked Faith and shrank from her, she respected her qualities and felt full trust in them; yet instead of feeling soothed and relieved, it seemed to Doris as if all aim had gone out of her life.

Her husband had taken her to London, and she had soon become aware of her own deficiencies, but these did not crush her into shyness and *mauvaise honte.* She was greatly admired, and at first her husband watched her anxiously, wondering what the effect of so much worship would produce; but it did not turn his young wife's head. She was pleased to find that spite of her shortcomings her power was so absolute, and her feeling of gratitude to her husband gained strength as she reflected that but for him she might have been like some hidden gem in an unexplored mine.

"I can never thank you enough, dear," she said to him one day while they were in London. "Suppose you had not married me, I must have pined for want of a congenial atmosphere."

He was deeply touched; for Doris rarely gave him a glimpse of her inner feelings.

"I had my reward when you married me; and if you will always love me, my darling, I can wish for nothing more."

Doris smiled, but she thought that she could give him far greater happiness by studying and perfecting herself in all the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

duties of her position, and making herself really fit to be mistress of Burneston.

Sometimes Philip Burneston had marvelled at his wife's persevering pursuit of pleasure. She would never refuse an invitation if there were any possible means of accepting it, and was most dutiful in returning calls, and in attending concerts, fancy bazaars, and flower-shows; and yet she seemed to take no real interest in these amusements, but to fulfil engagements as a matter of daily routine.

At a lecture at the Royal Institution they met Gilbert Raine. The meeting between the two old friends was at first stiff on both sides; but Doris received Mr. Raine most graciously, and before the end of the evening Gilbert was conquered.

"Good-night, old fellow," he said, as he and Burneston stood together a moment, after putting Doris into her carriage. "I congratulate you heartily; you have won a prize. She is quite charming."

Next day he dined with the Burnestons; and he was greatly struck with the intelligence and interest shown by Doris about some plans for the improvement of the property.

"Philip was right after all," he said, as he went home to his rooms. "That girl has some sense, and right feeling too. She don't care a fraction for all the fashion and rubbish, compared with her home duties. And yet, from the way people talk about the beautiful Mrs. Burneston, I expected to find her head completely turned. It's a wonderful piece of luck for Phil as it has turned out."

But Doris had learned one fact in London, which had been unknown to her secluded existence, and that was, the position of a younger son in such a family as the Burnestons. She had consoled herself by remembering that at the time of her marriage her father had told her that she, and any children she might have, were provided for. But she had shrunk from the contemplation of any pecuniary advantage, and had not asked any questions.

Ralph's pity for her baby had not only revived the feeling of dislike which he had created on her wedding-day, but had filled her with misgivings. Was it then quite impossible that out of all these large estates some part could be settled on her boy? But this was not all. During these days of enforced solitude her thoughtful mind had gone back to its old habit of planning the future — a habit which first her foreign journey, and then her busy London life, had greatly checked, and now Ralph's words called up vividly a picture, which as yet had only foreshadowed itself dimly. She saw herself left a young widow, turned out of the Hall by her husband's son, before she had attained the position which she had resolved to make for herself. What chance would she have, she asked herself, of rearing her child as Ralph's equal? — for Doris had an almost slavish belief in the value of surrounding influences, as a means of culture.

She stood, looking down at the sleeping baby, with a troubled face.

"It will be worse for him," she thought, "to be reared here at first accustomed to luxury, and all this charming outer life, and then to have to give most of it up; and yet" — the far-off, questioning gaze in those deep liquid eyes grew intense — "what else can happen? Whenever his father dies, he and I must leave the Hall — we can never live here dependent on Ralph — unless," — a bright gleam of hope spread from lip to brow, irradiating the lovely face, and bringing the color on the delicate skin, — "unless" — but the vision she was contemplating disturbed her serenity, the light faded out of her face, and she frowned, as if in rebuke of herself.

Then she leant over her babe and kissed it. "I must know soon," she said, "how my boy is provided for; but I will be very kind to Ralph, he is baby's brother, and it must be my fault if we don't get on well together."

CHAPTER XXV.

AN EMPTY HEAD IS THE DEVIL'S WORKSHOP.

Doris was not impulsive or imaginative, she was specially realistic and practical; and yet that night, when she was alone, she felt that she had deceived herself.

She had said it must be her own fault if she did not get on well with Ralph; and a careless observer would have pronounced her manner towards her stepson kind and pleasant. But Ralph was not at ease with her; he had not forgiven her for marrying his father. His stiff, indifferent greeting roused Doris's pride.

He had addressed all his conversation to the squire, and when she joined in the talk he became cold and polite, and seemed to lose all interest in what was going forward. Doris had grown colder and colder, and when at dinner-time the lad made some disparaging remarks on farmers, she flushed scarlet. Then by a great effort she checked her anger.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"After all, perhaps I misjudge him," she thought, "he possibly considers that I now belong to his own class, and speaks without reflecting or wishing to pain me. I will not dislike him."

She turned to Ralph, and forcing one of her sweet, rare smiles, she began to question him about his school life. He answered her courteously, but this was evidently not a successful topic, and she changed to their own journey, and told him some of the wonders she had seen in Rome and Florence. It seemed to her that if George had so enjoyed this kind of talk, this better-taught youth must surely feel still more interest in it.

His father had always refused to take Ralph abroad with him, and the lad listened, but with ill-concealed indifference, to her descriptions; and then he asked her how she had liked Ascot, and whether she did not think riding in the Park the chief enjoyment of London life.

"I liked it at first," she said, "but I soon wearied of it — it grew so monotonous. We used to prefer long rides a little way out of London."

Ralph's eyes opened widely.

"Awfully slow I should think," he said, "one can do that in the country; in fact, it's the only thing a lady can do. I can't fancy how people can go on living in a place like this for weeks together without hunting and shooting to look forward to," he ended with an impatient groan.

Mr. Burneston had kept silence in the hope that Doris and Ralph were making acquaintance, but he looked up at the sudden change in his son's voice.

"You used to be happy enough here," he said, smiling.

"Yes, when I was a little chap I did not know any better. Ridley says there have been no birds this year worth speaking about, and this is not a hunting country. I really don't see what a fellow's to do," he added discontentedly.

"You may ride my horse, if you like, for a change," said Doris. "She is such a pretty creature. I have named her Thekla."

Ralph brightened a little. "I will go and look at her this evening;" and then he added, "But how about wet days? my father is no hand at billiards, and I suppose you can't play at all?"

Doris laughed.

"No, I have never learned to play; you shall teach me. But don't you ever read?"

Ralph shook his head and looked contemptuous.

"Hate it. I am bored quite enough with books at Eton, thank you. I like a sporting paper well enough, but I can't bear the sight of a book. But don't you trouble about me, Mrs. Burneston," he said politely. "I will find some way of amusing myself. Now I am going to see the mare."

Doris felt a glow of self-respect. How inferior in every quality but personal beauty was this lad to her own brother; and as she thought of George and the interest he had shown in all she told him, it seemed to her that she had not thoroughly appreciated her brother.

"You will soon get on with Ralph, I see," said Mr. Burneston, far too happy in having his wife down-stairs again to suspect discord. Since his marriage, life had been gilded, little worries and vexations had no power over his facile temper.

"I hope so," and then she added slowly, "though I'm afraid there is not much sympathy between us."

Her husband smiled admiringly. "You are too good about everything, child," he said, "and so you expect too much of others. Ralph is quite a lad, and has to learn like every one else; but don't you trouble about it, my pet, the world will teach him all that is necessary. A boy cannot be reared like a girl, remember."

Doris sighed, but she did not attempt to dispute her husband's wisdom. As yet her faith in his judgment was implicit. It was a powerful proof of her belief in her surroundings that she failed to see the strong mental likeness between Ralph Burneston and her husband.

Her new life had been hitherto so varied that there had been no want of subjects of talk. Once only in that first visit of Mr. and Mrs. Boothroyd she had been pained by some words spoken by Mr. Burneston in regard to a woman's education, but she had soon forgotten these. She found in her husband the refinement of speech and manner which she so highly valued, and he seemed to her so superior to any one else that she was quite satisfied. Mr. Raine's talk had fascinated her and roused her curiosity, but his abrupt, eccentric manner weakened the wish she had felt for a longer talk with him.

"Come and say good-night to baby," she said to her husband, and they left the room together.

Meantime Ralph sauntered to the stables, but not finding any of the men about, he changed his mind and went out beside the river.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

The evening promised rain, there was a red glow in the east, and the clouds seemed to be in a hurry to change their quarters, careering from one part of the sky to the other as if they were playing "puss in the corner."

As Ralph walked on looking at the water, he saw a fish dart to the surface.

"By Jove," he said, "that's an idea! I'll have some fishing, and I'll get that fellow Ephraim Crewe to come with me; he's the only chap in the village who knows anything, unless it's old Sunley, and he's such a pragmatical old fool."

He turned up the steep street and soon reached Crewe's farm.

Mrs. Crewe came out, red as a peony with delight, and full of apologies and curtsies.

"It's maist unfortnit," she said, "bud Ephraim hes ghen to Redcar fer twae ur mebbe three deays, an' ah donnut look fer 'im then, Maister Ralph — bud appen it's fer t' fishin', awd Sunley's sprack at 't."

Ralph was tired with his journey, and it seemed to him that everything was going cross. It was all the fault of this foolish marriage. His father had not been much of a companion formerly, but he had been better than no one.

"Now," he murmured, "I suppose we shall have to go into the drawing-room after dinner instead of getting a smoke in the evening. It's a most awful bore; if she were a lady it would be different, but I can never be at my ease with a person of that kind, there's no counting on what she may say or do."

It was lighter at the top of the hill than it had been beside the river, and before he reached Church Farm, Ralph saw that old Sunley was not in his usual place outside the cottage door. His chair even was not there, and a fresh burst of impatience rose to the lad's lips.

"By Jove!" he said angrily, "it's beyond bearing, everything is against me; so seldom as I come to Burneston, they might all be ready to do what they can."

Sunley's door was fast shut, it was evident he was absent. The next door stood wide open, but Ralph had always avoided Mrs. Duncombe; he had a horror of deafness, and he turned away hastily from the cottage door.

Something, he could hardly tell what, caught his ear; he stood still listening; was it the wind among the fir branches? No, the air was calm and still spite of the restlessness among the clouds overhead. Then he thought the sound might be made by the rustle of the pigs among the straw of Church Farm yard, and he turned at once to the white gate.

There was not a pig to be seen; the only living creatures were the black and white ducks dipping their broad yellow beaks into the horse-pond as they swam merrily round it. Ralph looked on to the gate leading into the garden of the farmhouse. He remembered that George Barugh had formerly been a sort of amusement to him in his holidays. "But I was only a boy then," said this man of seventeen. "I should find the poor fellow dull enough now. What could have possessed my father to make that poor homely lad his brother-in-law? By-the-bye, I must have it clearly understood that I am not to be thrown in the way of those Barughs."

As his eyes rested on the farmhouse he saw figures in the garden, and next minute a woman came forward to the gate.

Ralph remembered her at once.

"Good evening, Mrs. Swaddles," he said. "Where's Shadrach? He can fish, can't he?"

Mrs. Swaddles curtsied, and came out into the yard.

"Gude een, sir." Mrs. Swaddles curtsied again, and then she shook her untidy golden locks. "Bud Shadrach's nae t' yam, he 'es gehn wiv Farmer Crewe an' Maister Sunley tu Redcar, sir, tu seea t' booat reeace."

"Confound Redcar!" Ralph said angrily; then his eye wandered back to the garden, where another slight figure stood in the shadow of the porch. "Who's that standing there?" he said carelessly.

Mrs. Swaddles grinned. She was still a young woman, but the action showed how fat her double chin was.

"Wheea, sir," she said, "yey kens Rase; sheea 's bahded i' t' village thruf t' tahme ut her faything and mudher deed, an' left her tu Missis Duncombe; an' that war u matter o' sexteen year sin."

"Rose Duncombe?" A small, freckled, fat face, seen years ago, rose up in Ralph's memory, and recalled an early disgust. "Oh, yes," he said, turning his eyes away, "I remember her."

But the figure had come through the gate. Rose saw that the young squire was going away without speaking to her, and she was determined to get the chance of speaking to him.

"Good evenin', sir," she curtsied; but there was a pout on her lips at his indifference. As he turned round the pout vanished into a blush and dimpling smiles, that made Rose look her prettiest. The

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

young man gave a slight start, and held out his hand to her.

"Why, I ought to have known you," he said, as recognition flashed on him. "How could I be so stupid? I saw you in church, Rose, on the wedding-day, but I couldn't make you out afterwards. How's Mrs. Duncombe? I'll go in and see her."

Full of sudden interest in the deaf woman, he was ready to lead the way to her cottage.

"Gran'mother's a-bed, sir," said Rose; "but I'll tell her you was so good as to ask for her. She'd be proud to see you, sir." And her blue eyes gazed at him full of admiration.

Ralph felt flattered. Rose was prettier than he had thought her.

"Has Shadrach still got that terrier, Mrs. Swaddles?" he said, catching at an excuse for lingering. "Fury he used to call her, I think?"

"Yey meeans Pickles, sir; yey called t' awd lass yursel'. Sheeas gitten fower poops, an' thur as likely as can be." Then, as Ralph turned back towards the farmhouse, she added, "Coom in an' sit ye doon, sir, an' ah'll sheea yu t' poops."

She bustled in first, conscious that the room was in disorder, for Rose had just been lecturing her on untidy ways. Rose was a sort of queen to Sukey Swaddles. At first the girl had turned up her nose at these successors of the Barughs, for Shadrach was only the vicar's head man; but by degrees Sukey's flattery and respectful ways had grown pleasant to Rose, and she had taken to visiting Mrs. Swaddles, to the infinite disgust of Joseph Sunley.

Ralph slackened his pace. Rose held back to let him pass through the gate, which she kept open.

"You have grown so pretty, Rose," — Ralph blushed like a girl — "that it is no wonder I did not know you." He looked at her, and Rose blushed too.

"I knew you, sir," she said, in a low voice. "I sud ha' known you anywhere."

"Should you?" Ralph's dignity as a man felt reproved. "Well, I've altered a good deal though. I'll come and see your grandmother to-morrow," he said. "Is she as deaf as ever?"

"She's a good deal deafer," said Rose, sighing. And she raised her eyes piteously, and looked into Ralph's.

There was nothing in the words, and yet they both felt that a bond was established between them. That exchange of complaint and sympathy had given them a new interest to their lives; days perhaps is a truer rendering; for Ralph's notion of life was how to make each day as "jolly" as possible; while Rose's creed arrived at the same result by an inverse process. She wanted to be free from each day's work, and each day's trouble in making her grandmother hear.

The gaze lasted an instant, and then the youth said, "Let me hold the gate," and took it from her plump fingers.

A glow of pleasure spread over Rose's face as she went into the house. She was proud Mrs. Swaddles should see the young squire's politeness to her.

"Theer's Pickles, sir." Mrs. Swaddles pointed to a basket in a corner of the dim room, from which came a murmur of sobbing and yelping; but at the sound of footsteps Pickles jumped out, and ran, first sniffing, and waggling her tail and body, and then with a prolonged whine of welcome, to introduce herself to Ralph. Sukey immediately sprawled beside the basket and produced four creatures something like large white maggots, with pink toes and noses, snuffling in the uninteresting fashion of very young puppies.

"Wad ye hev twae on 'em, sir, ur mair? An ye will Shadrach 'll be reet doon fain."

"No, thank you." Ralph looked disgusted. "Put them back, Mrs. Swaddles. They're regular mongrels; not one of them a scrap like the mother. I should drown them if they were mine."

"Massy! droon 'em! Tu think o' that noo." Mrs. Swaddles put back the puppies, and stood upright. Her hair had come unfastened with her exertions, and streamed over her shoulders in roughened abundance. But she stood still, unconscious of this accident, one dirty finger in her mouth, pondering Ralph's words.

"Well, good-night." He had been looking at Rose, regardless of Mrs. Swaddles's dismay at the doom he had pronounced on the puppies; and now he nodded to the dishevelled creature and turned to the door. "You're coming my way, arn't you?" he said to Rose. He spoke very low, without looking round. Sukey Swaddles roused up, pushed the hair out of her eyes, and spoke out suddenly, —

"Waaz ah tu say tu Shadrach 'at 'e mun droond yal t' poops?"

Ralph laughed. "He can do just as he likes. If they were mine they'd be drowned to-night."

He looked for Rose, but she had slipped out and away. He could not see her anywhere, though he loitered through the farmyard. When he reached the gate,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

he saw that the door of Mrs. Duncombe's cottage was now closed.

"She's a nice, well-behaved little girl," he thought. "She doesn't choose to be seen walking about the village with me."

"Good-night, Mrs. Swaddles. Don't forget the fishing."

"What an extraordinary difference there is in men's minds," said this man of seventeen, as he walked down the hill again. "I might just as well fall in love with this girl, and want to marry her; for she's prettier than Mrs. Burneston, and it seems to me my father married his wife entirely for her looks. I don't believe in her manners. I expect they're put on."

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR AT THE CAIRN.

THE sun has set, and a broad grey mist is rising fast from the valley, blotting out the villages and farmsteads that lie cradled beside the river and the tall trees that mark its course; blotting out, too, the form of the hills across the valley till their tops grow confused with clouds in a grey expanse bordered by luminous red, and this as it mounts changes to pale green, across which steal narrow leaden-hued cloud lines.

The day has been very hot, so hot that George — who has been rather ailing of late — has feared to expose himself to the glare of sunshine on the unsheltered moor, and this evening he has strolled out to the highest point near the farm, a weird, desolate spot, where a heap of black grit stones, piled one on another, seem to record some crime enacted there: this is really the Cairn. All around stretches the wild moor, strewn here and there with long layers of greystone which rise up in abrupt crags at the edge of the weird platform, where valleys yawn between the Cairn and the still loftier hills miles away. These hills rise sharply from the purple line of moor and the mist which rises also from the valleys on this side of it; but the mist here does not shroud human life and dwellings as it does on the other side; even in broad noonday glare all is desolate, one stretch of purple heather or bare brown moor and faint blue hills beyond.

George loved this vast solitude; he was often glad to get away from his mother's weak, purposeless talk, and although he was now able in many ways to share his father's work, still he had to husband his strength and often to take complete rest.

As the long leaden clouds spread westwards he turned to go home; he was two miles from the farm, and it would be almost dark before he reached it, but still he lingered.

"'Twad do Doris a sight o' good to come up here, body and mind too," he said, "'twad blow away t' mists o' self-conceit an' worldliness she's gettin'. I's feared she's sorely changed. She did ought to ha' cum an' seen father long since. Well, maybe t' babe 'll work a blessed change."

He longed sorely to see his little nephew, but Doris had not sent a second invitation to the Cairn. She had written from time to time putting off her promised visit — but only a few days ago, she had written to her mother saying she hoped, when baby was old enough to travel, to take him to see his grandparents, and this promise had healed the soreness which taxed even John Barugh's faith in his beautiful child.

George wondered what would happen about the child's bringing up; his simple mind went directly to truths without being turned aside by the zigzags circumstances seem to create for some others.

"Doris sud be like Hannah," he said, "all mothers sud; she sud give her little one to the Lord from t' first, an' make it t' child's first thought to love our dear Lord an' seek him in ivery person an' ivery place. I'd like to hev a little chap to train fer God; an' yet it's an awesome thought, fer one 'ood hev to live fair up to one's teachin', young uns is so sharp."

He sighed as he began to descend the rocky, rugged path that led him beside the edge of a narrow gorge, dark and deep, with frowning crags bristling on either side. George was pondering the often pondered puzzle, why resolves are so strong in theory, so weak in practice; why he failed so signally in practising what he preached. "There's a way out of it," he said at last. "We shall find Him if we watch for his light to guide us. Ah's ower apt to trust to my own light."

He looked back at the lofty expanse of moor. In the distance, a large bird, a speck in the fast deepening gloom, rose from the Cairn and swooped slowly away, as if it rested on its wings. "That's how ah should rest," he said. "He's awllys by me, with me, in me, — if ah'll only rest on him, an' let him guide my will and my tongue. Good Lord, deliver me."

He raised his hat and stood still.

But it behoved him to give up reverie and walk with real care, for the blocks of grit just here were so overgrown with brakes and gorse that more than once he had nearly fallen over them. A little stream came down from the hills at this point and leapt to a lower level in a double thread of glistening water.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

At last he reached the bottom of the descent. Here was a sort of glen on the moor itself, formed by a spur of rock that overhung the great valley below; through this wild nook the little stream from the hills rushed noisily, half hidden by the rich tufts of heather and cloudberry, which nestled on huge grey boulders in the stream itself; breaks of tawny yellow on the banks, where the outer garbing had been rent away, were varied with tufts of bent whitening round the edge.

As George drew near this noisy chattering brook he saw some one seated on the huge block of stone which served as a bridge across it; it was not his father, the figure was smaller, and seemed to crouch. A stranger was such a new sight at the Cairn that the lad quickened his steps with a feeling of expectation.

"Hollau, lad! yey've come doon fra t' cloods, hev yey? Yer mudher sehs, sehs sheea, mah lad's oop at t' Cairn, yey mun needs gan yer weays an finnd un'. And ah sehs, 'Neea. Ah'll bahde tiv e' comes; patience iz a deeal better than brokken beeans' — sae theer noo."

George was breathless, partly from his rapid descent, and also from the surprise of seeing Joseph Sunley seated as quietly on the heather-crowned boulder as if he were sitting in his own armchair opposite Church Farm at Burneston, with one of the farm dogs beside him.

"Why, Mr. Sunley," he gasped, "who'd ha' thought o' seein' ye hereabouts?"

"Woonkers!" — Sunley waved his hand in his usual fashion, as if he wished to put aside all other thoughts and opinions than his own — "there's a mint mair thowt on an' kenned than sike as yey can think uv 'at gans meeasin' aboot at yal inds t' deea thruf."

"What is it?" — George's sympathies roused at once. "Has aught happened at t' Hall to my sister or t' babe?"

"Neea, neea." Sunley looked discontented. "T' missis an' t' bairn's lahkely eneeaf; bud ah's ha' thowt, George, at thèer waaz yan nearer tiv' yu i' t' village than at t' Hall."

There was a sly inquiry in his small, half-shut eyes which set George's ears tingling and made his heart beat. He looked away across the moor.

"Ye mun tell me going along, Mister Sunley," he said, crossing the brook as he spoke, "fer darkness is gaining on us o' t' moor, an' we find it none so easy to win back to t' Cairn without a light."

Sunley got up stiffly, and then he gave as arcastic look at George.

"It mun be telled, lad; nobbut ye ken' yal, ye'd be fain to lisen tiv't at yance; bud t' yoong yallus thenks they'r reet, an' 'at t' awd fooalks gans toitlin' an' toiterin' aboot at yaal inds wivoot onny wut. Yis, yis, ah knaws t' ways on 'em," he added pettishly, and then walked on in silence.

George waited, but Mr. Sunley was really huffed. He had heard of George's visits to the rector of Steersley, and it seemed to him that he, the acknowledged mentor and guide of the youth of Burneston, was completely superseded by "an awd craw 'at can't sae mich as fire a gun off."

"How d'ye find my father and mother?" George said at last.

"Ah seeas neea chaange," Joseph said sullenly; but as they went along the straight path across the moor, which he knew must soon bring them to the farmhouse, he made a dead stop and laid his hand on George's arm. "Ah's nane comed sae far to see aither yan at' ither. Ah's comed tu seea yersel', an' tu talk wi' yey aboot what's yur ain business," he said reproachfully, but with a keen look in his small eyes. He knew that an appeal to the lad's feelings was irresistible.

"It's reet kind on ye then, Mister Sunley, an' I'm sorry I was not indoors when ye cam; nut but what mother wad see to ye better than I could ha' done."

Sunley waved his hand.

"Yur mudher's yallays menseful," he said; "theer's neea takking her unawares. Eh, lad, yey sud seea t' mummacks at t' farmhoose noo; t' lass theer's nowt bud a trail-tangs. Ah has tell'd Rase sae mair an yance an' yance ageean. Ah misses ye sairly, mah lad."

George's interest quickened.

"I don't think Rose would find much to say to Mrs. Swaddles," he said. "She seemed to me a slovenly, stupid woman."

Sunley stopped and slapped George's shoulder. "Yey's sed it, lad. Them's t' wods 'at fits her. Sheea's a fondy, an' ah tell'd Rase she'd best keep aloof; bud neea, neea, sheea'd ha' sedd ah war a meddlin' awd fogrum. Waes me, lad; she's gangin' tu rewin her ain gate." He drew in his breath and shook his head.

George grew suddenly pale, but it was now too dusk for the sexton to note the change.

"Ah dizn't ken hoo mich store ye set by Rase," he said, "bud sheea'll gang to rewin, lad, if it's 'at sheea's nut guided."

"What do you mean?" George had recovered the first shock, and he remembered the old man's prejudices. "Ye're apt to be hard, Mr. Sunley; a lass with such a face as Rose has will always have

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

admirers;" then the uneasiness he really felt got beyond control. "What's the matter? Speak out, I'd liefer ye'd say it oot, an' ha' done wi' 't. Has aught happened?"

"Tell 't oot! gently, lad, that's jist what ah can't deea; there's nowt deean yit, nobbut theer's mich harm owerkestin, bud theer's t' yoong lad, Ralph, littin' an' lattin' efter Rase, an' sheea thenks a deal o' 'im, ah knaws. Sheea's a fond feeal an' maks leeght o' mah warnin's, bud mebbe, lad, sheea'd hearken to ye."

George felt struck as if some one had dealt him a heavy blow; he knew that this was far more serious than any village flirtation. It seemed to him that he had himself put this idea into Rose's head. He walked on, bewildered, in silence, and Sunley did not disturb him. The old man was tired out with his journey and anxious to get to bed.

At last George spoke.

"I'll not meddle with Rose, Mister Sunley; after all it's not her fault if that foolish lad misbehaves himself, for he seeks her. Rose is not one to run after any man; don't you take notice about it to father nor mother neither, an' I'll get t' young fellow sent away from Burneston."

Sunley was surprised at his calmness, though George's caution pleased him.

"Yis," he said, "ye're reet, lad, t' leeast sed seeanest mended; oot o' seeght is maist times out of mahnd wi' t' lasses. Hallau," as the dog ran forward with a joyful bark, "theer's t' fayther."

They had reached the farm without seeing how near they were, and in the gloom there suddenly appeared the tall farmer, standing in front of the low stone wall which ran round the farmhouse and buildings.

"Hey, Maister Sunley," John called out; "ah thowt ye war a streayed sheep, an' ah war comin' efter yu wiv t' collie."

At supper his mother rallied George about his silence. He had made no attempt to revisit Burneston, and she had begun to hope he had given up Rose. Now she feared that Joseph Sunley had brought some message which had rekindled his love.

"Lit t' lad be, missis." Sunley never let slip the chance of snubbing a woman. "Nae doobt he's weary wi' sae mich clahmin', bud ah's fain tu seea he can clahm reet weel, he's fahne an' hearty noo."

George laughed.

"Well," he got up and nodded to the three, "I'm real tired now, an' so I guess is Mr. Sunley. Good night t' ye all."

Dorothy sat silent, her lips pressed together; her motherly instinct told her that fatigue was not George's motive for withdrawing so early. She waited a short time and then went up the old oak staircase and tapped at his bedroom door. This was made, like the floor and walls of the long dark gallery, of oak planks, and through the chinks came the glimmer of George's light.

No answer; she waited and then lifted the heavy latch.

"Stop — I'm comin'," George said; "don't come in, mother."

He came to the door without his candle — he did not want her to know that he was writing — and she could not see his face.

"George, lad," she said tenderly, "you're in trouble; tell your mother what 't is."

He waited; then he said, —

"I cannut tell it, an' ye cannut help me, mother, in the way you means. I must keep my trouble to myself, thank you." He stopped.

Dorothy gave a smothered sob.

"Eh, George," she said sadly, "once was a time when your mother was more to ye than she's come to be lately."

In the dark she felt his arm round her neck and his hearty loving kisses.

"You war nivvers dearer than ye are, mother mine. Why, I cud nivver love you enough for all your goodness to me, bud this trouble's not all my own." Then more cheerfully he added, "But you can help me in a way, an' it's a powerful way, too, mother; pray for me that I may be guided to do right and not seek after my own will."

Dorothy sighed heavily.

"Eh, lad," she said, "ye don't know what ye're askin'. What good can the prayer of such as me do you?"

He kissed her yet more fondly.

"Shall I tell ye what Mr. Hawnby told me?" he said reverently; "he said, 'There's nothing like a mother's prayers, lad, remember that, and it may help to keep you in mind how much you owe your mother.'"

CHAPTER XXVII.

A WARNING.

Doris had earnestly battled with her dislike to Ralph, but day by day, in spite of her efforts, it grew stronger; when her husband praised Ralph she had to make an effort to repress the harsh judgment that rose to her lips. And yet all the time she knew that she was unjust, unreasonable, that in Ralph's position she should not have behaved as well as he did. She had not once complained, but she won-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

dered her husband did not notice the complete indifference with which his son treated her. Ralph was never rude, but he made Doris feel that he did not want her, and that she came between him and his father.

But these thoughts only came to her in Ralph's presence, and these two rarely met except at meals. Her baby so engrossed the young mother that Mr. Burneston already complained that she thought of no one else.

She gave up its management implicitly to Faith Emmett, but she would sit gazing at it lying in its cradle, dreaming out its brilliant future, dreaming out, too, the part she would play of perfect motherhood. No child had ever been loved as she would love her little Philip. It was a great joy to Doris that her child could bear his father's name.

Faith was secretly aggrieved by Mrs. Burneston's long visits to the nursery, although if Doris had been less devoted the housekeeper would have railed at her want of motherly love. She was taken by surprise one morning when Doris came up sooner than usual after breakfast, and instead of sitting there with the child in her arms, only paid a short visit and then went on to her room.

She had scarcely spoken, and there was a frown on her delicate face and a slight flush. Faith noticed, too, that she was more than ever erect and stately.

"She ha' bin hevin' wods wi' Ralph. I kenned it wad be seeaner or later, an' noo we sal seea which side t' squire'll tak atween 'em. My wod, if it comes aboot 'at he turns ageean his first-born!"

It was a long time since such a dire gleam had shot from the yellow eyes; it seemed to reach little Phil, for he turned uneasily in his cradle, but Faith did not heed him. Her keen wits were divining how to discover what had chanced at breakfast-time to upset the methodical ways of her mistress.

But when, at the appointed time, she went down to give her orders to Mrs. Hazelgrave, Faith could only gather that Mrs. Burneston had received a letter that morning which she had read to herself, and that, instead of lingering to chat over the morning's news with the squire, she had put the letter in her pocket and left the room.

As Mrs. Emmett went up-stairs again by the back way, she caught a glimpse of the tall, slender figure of her mistress crossing the courtyard dressed for walking.

"Theer's somm'at oop oot o' t' common," the housekeeper thought.

A letter from George had greatly troubled Doris. He had hesitated what to do; first he thought he would go and speak to Rose, fearing to be a means of stirring family strife at the Hall, but he could not bring himself to seek her again, and yet it seemed to him that he ought to consider her happiness before that of any one else.

"She cannot love sike a lad as that yet," he said, "but she'll be dazed an' flattered with his nonsense, an' maybe she'll go on to earnest while he's only sporting an' trifling just because he's nothing to do. I'll be bound 'tisn't Rose's fault, but for all that I must take some note on't, as Mr. Sunley says she heeds ne'er a one but me; an' settin' all else apart, I'm bound to hev a care of her."

So after long and painful thought he decided to write to Doris. He felt that the squire would have considered his interference presumptuous.

In his letter he asked Doris not to speak of him in the matter. Rose would, doubtless, get over this folly, but she would not forget or forgive the person who took Ralph Burneston's company and flattery away from her; and George had still a too painful remembrance of her sudden anger with him when they last met, to run the risk of again provoking it.

Perhaps the vexation Doris felt as she read the letter was more caused by her brother's evident love for Rose than by Ralph's misconduct; it was secretly pleasant to feel that she had not misjudged her husband's son, and that he really did not deserve her esteem. Yet, spite of the bias which her jealousy gave to her judgment, she shrank from this pleasure as from something evil. No, if she could manage any other way she would be generous to Ralph, and she would keep this matter from her husband.

"He would be so very much annoyed," she thought, "and George is very good to say he wishes to try to prevent family discord; and yet his goodness amounts to silliness. Why does he ask me to deal tenderly with Ralph? He says it is because the boy has had no mother. I wonder why sons set so much more store by the good they learn from mothers than daughters seem to do. Is it because they see so much less of the mother's daily life? And yet in my case and George's this has been reversed, and, according to this reasoning, it is I who ought to think I owe much to my mother." There was an incredulous smile on her lip as she ended.

She had taken the longer way round by the vicarage instead of going up the steep

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

village street. As yet she had not lived long enough at the Hall to feel at her ease with the people of Burneston. But, instead of shortening this long walk by crossing the glebe field and coming out opposite Rose's cottage, either through Church Farm or by the churchyard, she went on along the avenue, as the road was called at this point from the grand old trees on either side of it, and then followed the dusty cross-road on the right which brought her past the church on to the Steersley highroad, opposite Rose's cottage.

She hated Church Farm, and above all she hated the vision which that glebe-field gate always recalled; the sunny, golden-starred meadow, and the girl swinging, with lilac pinafore and sun-bonnet and long sun-burnt arms, and then blushing under Mr. Burneston's gaze. There was an entire contradiction in her mind when she looked back at her life, as at something gone forever, though the contradiction was as unconscious as the look over her shoulder which had then created her brilliant future life.

She was not ashamed of having been that girl, but she hated to think that her refined husband could have conceived a sudden passion for her as she then was. She always turned from this thought resolutely; it seemed to her that if she dwelt on it Philip Burneston must sink in her esteem, for mere personal beauty was in Doris's eyes contemptible, a quality that might belong to the most uncultivated; and yet she rejoiced in the remarkable loveliness of her child, "For he is lovely," she thought, "even the doctor said, 'What a wonderfully pretty baby!'"

"Yes," she said pensively, as at last she paused before the stone cottages, "My boy will be quite as handsome as Ralph, but oh, how superior he shall be in everything else!"

On the doorsill she stopped a few seconds to recollect herself.

"I hope Philip will not be vexed with me for this interference; but no, — he will see that I wished to spare him vexation, and more than once he has asked me to go and see Rose and her grandmother, and — and — I have always shrunk from it and have felt vexed that he asked me to go."

This was all that troubled Doris, only the fear of vexing her husband, not the dislike to having thoughts unshared by him, to speaking words unknown to him, to acting without being sure that he would approve the action; but from a child she had depended on herself for judgment and had drawn others to depend on her; doubt of her own wisdom was the last doubt likely to trouble her.

The inner door was not close shut; she went into the little entrance and tapped.

"Come in, please." And then Rose pulled the door open, keeping herself hidden behind it with a glad, expectant look on her bright face.

"Good morning." Mrs. Burneston spoke gently, but she did not smile.

When she saw who her visitor was, Rose grew red and shy. She curtsied, and then set a chair for Mrs. Burneston, but without any of the pretty deftness usually as much a part of her as her pink and white face was. The quiet dignity and stately grace of her visitor completely took away her wits.

"How is your grandmother? Is she at home?" Doris spoke graciously, but she too felt a strange shyness creeping over her. Now that she was face to face with the offender she scarcely knew how to speak of the offence.

"She's at home." Rose had nearly said "ma'am" in her fluttered surprise. "But for two weeks or so she's been ill in bed, and t' doctor says she'd best keep there, she's stiff all one side."

Doris knew little of illness and had a shrinking from nursing, but it seemed to her that this was a case which called for her aid.

"Does Mr. Spencer know?" she said; "he always tells me about sickness in the village, and he has said nothing about your grandmother. I will send up some jelly and beef tea; but you ought to let Mr. Spencer know, he would call and see her, or Mrs. Riccall would."

Doris's voice had been more natural in these last words, and the tone seemed to Rose to bridge the chasm which separated her from her old acquaintance. Her courage came back.

"Thank you, Mrs. Burneston, but —" she tossed her fair head — "there's time enough, an' maybe gran'mother's in no hurry to see t' vicar. She couldn't heer a word he said — nor no one else, as to that."

Doris looked severe; her merciful intentions towards Rose were checked by this pertness.

"Rose," she said gravely, "I will not go up and see your grandmother to-day, but I want to speak to you about something: I want to caution you. I am told that young Mr. Burneston comes to see you, you must not encourage his visits. You" — she hesitated, "you will get talked about."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

There was a pause. Rose sat quite still, but stripes of bright color flew across her throat and face; she quivered and throbbed with passion, and yet clenched her plump fists to keep in any expression of it; her sharp wits even then told her to mind what she said. Doris waited anxiously for her answer.

"Thank you, ah'm sure," said Rose at last with contemptuous emphasis, and getting up from her chair, "for being so very thoughtful over me, Mrs. Burneston; ah thought you'd forgotten there was such a person as me living; but ah fancy ah'm equal to take care of myself, come what may; ah've had to do it all along."

Doris flushed under the girl's insolent glance.

"You are wrong," she said haughtily; "I give you this warning as a friend; I hoped that it might have been managed quietly, but perhaps I had better speak to your grandmother." She looked on to the door which shut out the ladder staircase leading to the room above.

Rose moved quickly to the door, and set her back against it.

"You'll not see gran'mother wi' my leave, Mrs. Burneston, an' ye'll find it none so easy to see her without. You may be missis at t' Hall, but ye're not missis here. Why, ah'm ashamed on ye, Missis Burneston; if" — she grew deeply red — "a lass do chat with a lad odd times, what harm's done, ah'd like to know?"

"Yes" — Doris spoke with unusual eagerness, and her frown relaxed — "if it were a lad of your own class, Rose, I agree with you, though even then a girl should not flirt and get herself talked about. You have been always fond of admiration, but this is quite different; setting all other objections aside, you are injuring your own happiness in encouraging this acquaintance, and you know very well that you can end it at once if you choose."

Going up to the cottage Doris had resolved not to be over earnest, and not to provoke the girl's anger. She fancied that the shock of discovery would shame Rose, and that she would be ready to promise anything, and now she felt that she had made a false step in treating the matter so seriously.

Rose looked at her with a curling lip, and eyed her from head to foot with slow, concentrated scorn.

"You'd best let me be," she said; "ah've been trying to keep my tongue quiet, but it'll have its will, in spite of gran'mother, if you tice me on to 't. You're a lady now, and ah suppose have all you want, Mrs. Burneston, an amusement belike for every hour o' the day; but if you'd stayed just plain Doris Barugh, ah'd like to ask, if you'd found a sudden pleasure come to your life without any seekin' of your own, if you'd hev cast it from you just because it didn't please some one who had no heart in her body to feel for your feelin's?"

"Rose, hush! you forget yourself." Doris raised one hand reprovingly, as to an angry child.

This was the spark the pent-in smouldering anger had wanted. Rose's arms fell suddenly straight, her pink fists doubled tighter than ever, this time in fury, not self-restraint, and her eyes lightened in a sudden blaze.

"You may think what you please, and do what you please, but ye'll not come here doin' missis ovver me, Doris Burneston. What sud you, who have given up father, mother, an' brother, fer money an' a grand hoose and fine claise, know about what makes me happy or sad? Ah misdoubted yu awllays, an' when ah looked on yur face on yur marriage morn, ah knew what ye were doin'. Ah knew there was no love in you; your heart was still an' clot-caud all thro'. Ah had serrowed fer yur father before, but then ah serrowed fer yur husband. Whya, fra' t' time ah was that high" — she held her outspread hand level with her waist — "ah worshipped the ground he walked on, an' so wad any lass who could love; there's few like him. An' now there's Ralph, his livin' image, an' he comes an' cheers up my dull, sad life with a kind word an' a kind look, till ah begins to coont t' hoors till he comes again, an' lo! walks in you, madam, an' says, ''Tisn't proper, Rose, you'll be talked of.' Talked of, posh! — wha's been mair talked of than you yourself? an' *you* don't feel soiled with it; an' yet ah'd hev mair pity an' less shame fer a lass 'at lost her name fer givin' her heart than ah'd hev for one with nae heart in her body, unless it's a heart full o' self. No — ah'll say all ah've gitten to say; you needn't hush at me. Whya, if you knew hoo to love, ye'd not begin by telling me to take care o' myself; ye'd say harm might come to him. Not you" — she shook her head vehemently — "you never did think o' any one's feelings but your own. Just t' same," she laughed angrily, "when George an' ah wanted to play, you wur awllays thinkin' o' something else."

Disgust and surprise had kept Mrs. Burneston silent and still, but at this allusion to the days she hated a bright color flew into her face, and she looked sternly at Rose.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"You seem to have lost your senses, Rose Duncombe," she said. "I cannot talk to you at all, but I shall find some other way of stopping this acquaintance."

She walked slowly to the door, opened it, and passed out into the road.

Rose gasped once or twice, and then, clasping her hands over her face, she burst into passionate crying — such crying as Doris had never known. Shuddering sobs that made her whole body quiver as they came, and then hot streaming tears, that fell through her fingers and wetted the front of her gown.

Suddenly she looked up, and pushed her hair off her swollen, disfigured face.

"Ah hate her, ah deea, that's sear; but ah've been a rare fool. How could ah own up 'at ah cared for Ralph? and then ah promised gran'mother ah'd never be unmenseful to Doris; but it's served her right, that it has. But still there's no good in it, it's like cutting off my nose to get revenge on my face; an' it's givin' the proud, stuck-up thing such a peg ovver me. What fur dew ah let my tongue run away so? Well," she began to dry up her tears, "no ane 'll be the wiser, that's one comfort; nothing ah said 'll see daylight, it'll stick too much in my lady's throat, except it's that bit about the lad." She hid her hot face again. "Oh," she moaned, "to say what ah'm not sure o', just to flout her to own ah care fur a lad who has not said he loves me! An' ah deean't love him — ah only likes to see him. Whatever would George say? Ah hevn't thought o' him."

She burst into fresh tears. These lasted longer and fell more silently. Rose was conscious of a new feeling, or, to speak more truly, Doris's words had torn away the veil which the girl's careless vanity and love of admiration had wrapped round her inner feelings. Perhaps Rose had never felt so humble, so little absorbed in self, as in the hour after her visitor's departure.

"George said how 'twould be," she sighed very sadly; "he has said it over and over. 'Rose,' he said, 'if ye go on flirtin' about wiv t' lads t' day 'll come when ye'll be caught.' Why sud ah care so much to see Master Ralph? He only cares for me because there's no one else he cares to talk to — or who's so pretty as me. And if he did love me, where'd be the use? he couldn't wed me, and ah wouldn't wed with him if he'd ask me. Ah'd be too proud to do what Doris did; an', besides, ah sud die of it like a bird in a cage. She was always fit for a cage; she never was wild an' free. Ah had enough o' that cage work when ah was teachin'. No, it can do Ralph no harm, and me none either. Ah won't turn my back on him and let him think ah don't care for him, just to please her — so there noo!"

From The Spectator.

MR. BRYCE'S ASCENT OF MOUNT ARARAT.

FROM the plain of the Araxes, where the Armenians place the lost Paradise of man, rises an extinct volcano, of immeasurable antiquity, its peak seventeen thousand feet high, soaring suddenly from the platform, which is but two or three thousand feet above the sea; its snow-line at the elevation of fourteen thousand feet, treeless, waterless, solemn, and solitary, one of the sublimest objects on the face of the earth. It is Ararat, the mountain of the Ark, the ancient sanctuary of the Armenian faith, the centre of the once famous kingdom, now the cornerstone of three great empires. "On the top of its lower peak, Little Ararat, the dominions of the czar, the sultan, and the shah, the territories of the three chief forms of faith that possess western and northern Asia, converge to a point. When in 1828 the Czar Nicholas defeated the Prussians and annexed the territory round Erivan, his advisers insisted on bringing Ararat within the Russian territory, on account of the veneration wherewith it is regarded by all the surrounding races, and which is reflected on the sovereign who possesses it." No mountain save Sinai has such sacred associations, and Sinai itself has less of legendary lore attached to it. Persians, Tartars, Turks, and Kurds regard the mountain with reverence as genuine as that of the Christian races, for its majesty, its solitariness, and because they all believe in the deluge and in the patriarch, "faithful found." They are all equally persuaded that "Massis" is "inaccessible;" they are not to to be convinced by any testimony, not that of Parrot, of Aftonomof, or of Abich — who respectively ascended Ararat in 1829, 1834, and 1845 — of General Choazk and his party, and the Englishmen who ascended in 1856; and it now appears that they reject that of Mr. Bryce, who performed, in September of last year, the extraordinary feat of ascending the mountain of the Ark, alone.

The narrative of Mr. Bryce's ascent fills one with wonder and delight, fires one's imagination like an astronomic discovery,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and communicates to one something of the thrill and awe of the loneliness and immutability of the scene on which the solitary man gazed, when he stood on the little plain of snow which forms the summit of Ararat, "with a vividly bright green sky above it, and a wild west wind whistling across it, clouds girdling it in, and ever and anon through the clouds glimpses of far-stretching valleys and mountains away to the world's end." It was only from dawn till dark, but an immeasurable experience, one of those which seem to free the spirit from bonds of time and space, lay between those boundaries, for him who left on the plain and on the lower slopes of the mountain scenes such as they had witnessed from immemorial time, — the nomad Kurds "watering their flocks at the spring, pitching their goat's-hair tents in the recesses of the lonely rocks, chanting their wildly pathetic airs, with neither a past to remember nor a future to plan for," — and who climbed, with body and mind strained to the utmost pitch of exertion and excitement, to that platform of eternal snow, to stand, a feeble solitary, exulting, cowering atom in the vastness, between the cloud-veil of Ararat and the light-flooded sky.

Mr. Bryce had set out on the ascent from Aralykh, with a companion and an escort of six armed Cossacks, accompanied by an interpreter; but the Cossacks failed them early in the undertaking, having no notion of the importance of time, no notion of carrying baggage, and a propensity, perfectly good-humored, but ruinous to the purpose of the expedition, to sit still, smoke, and chatter. The interpreter was obliged to abandon the party at Sardarbulah, or "the Governor's Well," the only high permanent camping-ground on the mountain, and the one spot in all the landscape where there are trees. With their companions the travellers had thenceforth no means of communication, and they were at their mercy completely, yet they felt no fear of them, and incurred no danger from either Kurds or Cossacks, only after a certain point both became equally useless as guides, for the former never go higher on the mountain than the limits of pasture, and the latter have no motive to go nearly so high. When they had reached a height of twelve thousand feet, and everything lay below them, except Little Ararat opposite, and the stupendous cone that rose from where the friends were sitting, its glittering snows and stern black crags of lava standing up perfectly clear in a sea of cloudless blue; when they had noted the landmarks carefully, and agreed to meet about nightfall at that spot, having a notion that the Cossacks, who were now widely scattered about the slope, would at least bring them safely down into the plain, the travellers parted, and Mr. Bryce commenced his solitary ascent of the awful peak, held by the Armenians to be guarded by angels from the profaning foot of man, and by the Kurds to be the haunt of jinn who take vengeance on mere human disturbers of their devil's revelry. At eight o'clock he started, carrying with him his ice-axe, some crusts of bread, a lemon, a small flask of cold tea, four hard-boiled eggs, and a few meat lozenges, on the perilous journey, whose dangers were of that most formidable kind, the unknown, and climbing away to the left along the top of a ridge, came to a snow-bed, lying over loose, broken stones and sand, so fatiguing to cross that he almost gave in on the far side of it. There he found solid rock, however, and the summit of the Little Ararat began to sink, and that meant real progress. At ten o'clock he was looking down upon its small flat top, studded with lumps of rock, but bearing no trace of a crater. Up to this point one Cossack and one Kurd had accompanied him — they were mightily amused by the ice-axe, and curious as to its use — but the Kurd stopped now, shivering on the verge of a long, treacherous snow-slope, in which steps had to be cut; and afterwards the Cossack, who had crossed the snow-slope, looked up at the broken cliff above them which had then to be scaled, and shook his head. Mr. Bryce made him understand by pantomime that he was to return to the bivouac below, bade him farewell, and set his face to the great peak, Little Ararat now lying one thousand feet below the eye. He climbed the crags which had appalled the Cossack, and emerged on a straight slope of volcanic stones, which rolled about so that he slipped down nearly as much as he went up; and here the breathlessness and fatigue became extreme, owing to the thinness of the air; and "the practical question was whether, with knees of lead, and gasping like a fish in a boat, he would be able to get any farther." There was no rashness in Mr. Bryce's great courage. He sat down, ate an egg, and resolved that when three o'clock should come, or he should come to a "bad place," he would turn back, let the summit be ever so near. And as there is no more brag about his story than there was rashness in his courage, he says simply that, such was the exhaustion of his legs and his lungs, the bad place

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

or three o'clock would have been almost welcome.

Going on again, he turned and got on another rock-rib, working his laborious way over toppling crags of lava, until perhaps the grandest sight of the whole mountain presented itself. At his foot was a deep, narrow, impassable gully, in whose bottom snow lay, where the inclination was not too steep. Beyond it a line of rocky towers, red, grim, and terrible, ran right up towards the summit, its upper end lost in the clouds, through which, as at intervals they broke or shifted, one could descry, far, far above, a wilderness of snow. Had a Kurd ever travelled so far, he might have taken this for the palace of the jinn. Then came the struggle between the imagination, longing to feast itself upon the majesty and the wonder of the scene, and the exigencies of the tremendous task of the ascent; Mr. Bryce found that the strain on the observing senses seemed too great for fancy or emotion to have any scope. This was a race against time, in which he could only scan the cliffs for a route, refer constantly to his watch, husband his strength by morsels of food taken at frequent intervals, and endeavor to conceive how a particular block or bit of slope would look when seen the other way in descending. Climbing on and on, sometimes erecting little piles of stones to mark the way, like Poucet without his brothers; so absorbed that the solemn grandeur of the scenery impressed him less than on many less striking mountains, the solitary traveller consumed the precious hours until he found himself at the top of the rock-rib, and on the edge of a precipice, which stopped farther progress in that direction, but showed him, through the clouds which floated around him — real clouds, not generally diffused mist — the summit barely one thousand feet above him. To accomplish that distance, he had to choose between two courses, both almost impracticable; the first was to return to the long slopes of rolling stones which he had deserted, get up the cliffs at the top, and so on to the upper slopes of rock or inclined snow which lead to the summit. This involved a renewal of the terrible labor he had already found almost unendurable. The second was to turn back and descend into a vast snow-basin, lying south-east of the summit, and whose northwest acclivity formed, in fact, its side; which was so steep as to require step-cutting, and a "likely place for crevasses." The hours were wearing on; a night upon the mountains would probably mean death to the brave man (whose clothing was insufficient even for the day-time, for his overcoat had been stolen on a Russian railway); the decision had to be quickly taken. He decided for the snow-basin, retraced his steps from the precipice, climbed into the basin along the border of a treacherous ice-slope, and attacked the friable rocks, so rotten that neither feet nor hands could get firm hold, floundering pitiably, because too tired for a rush. All the way up this rock-slope, where the strong sulphureous smell led Mr. Bryce to hope he should find some trace of an eruptive vent, it was so "delightfully volcanic," but where he only found lumps of minerals and a piece of gypsum with fine crystals, he was constantly gazing at the upper end of the toilsome road for signs of crags or snow-fields above. But a soft mist-curtain hung there, where the snow seemed to begin, and who could tell what lay beyond? The solitude must indeed have been awful then, for everything like certainty and calculation had ceased. From the tremendous height, Little Ararat, lying he did not know how many thousands of feet beneath him, looked to the climber like a broken obelisk. And he could only imagine the plain, a misty, dream-like expanse below. Did he dare to think of the human life, of the peaceful tents, the cheerful fires, the voices away there in the depths of distance, as he stood alone amid the eternal snow, with mists to the left and above him, and a range of black precipices which shut in the view upon the right, and just below him clouds seething like waves about the savage pinnacles, the towers of the palace of the jinn, past which his upward path had lain? Only one hour was before him now; at its end he must turn back,— if, indeed, his strength could hold out for that other hour. He struggled on up the crumbling rocks, now to the right, now to the left, as the foothold looked a little firmer on either side, until suddenly the rock-slope came to an end, and he stepped out upon the almost level snow at the top of it into the clouds, into the teeth of the strong west wind, into cold so great that an icicle enveloped the lower half of his face at once, and did not melt until four hours afterwards. He tightened in his loose light coat with a Spanish neck-scarf, and walked straight on over the snow, following the rise, seeing only about thirty yards ahead of him in the thick mist. Time was flying; if the invisible summit of the mountain of the Ark were indeed far off now, if this gentle rise stretched on and on, that summit must

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

remain unseen by him who had dared and done so great a feat that he might look from its sacred eminence. He trailed the point of the ice-axe in the soft snow, to mark the backward track, for there was no longer any landmark, all was cloud on every side. Suddenly he felt with amazement that the ground was falling away to the north, and he stood still. A puff of the west wind drove away the mists on the opposite side to that by which he had come, and his eyes rested on the Paradise plain, at an abysmal depth below. The solitary traveller stood on the top of Mount Ararat, with the history of the world spread beneath his gaze, and all around him a scene which reduced that history to pigmy proportions, and man himself to infinite littleness.

Mr. Bryce has given to the world a wonderful word-picture of that amazing and awful spectacle, of that "landscape which is now what it was before man crept forth on the earth, the mountains which stand about the valleys as they stood when the volcanic fires that piled them up were long ago extinguished;" but he could not tell us what were his thoughts, his feelings there, what the awe and yearning that came over him in that tremendous solitude, where "Nature sits enthroned, serenely calm, and speaks to her children only in the storm and earthquake that level their dwellings in the dust." His vision ranged over the vast expanse, within whose bounds are the chain of the Caucasus, dimly made out, but Kazbek, Elbruz, and the mountains of Daghestan visible, with the line of the Caspian Sea upon the horizon; to the north, the huge extinct volcano of Ala Göz, whose three peaks enclose a snow-patched crater, the dim plain of Erivan, with the silver river winding through it; westward, the Taurus ranges; and north-west the upper valley of the Araxes, to be traced as far as Ani, the ancient capital of the Armenian kingdom, the great Russian fortress of Alexandropol, and the hill where Kars stands, — peaceful enough when the brave climber looked out upon this wonderful spectacle. While it was growing upon him, not indeed in magnificence, but in comprehensibility, "while the eye was still unsatisfied with gazing," the mist-curtain dropped, enfolded him, and shut him up alone with the awful mountain-top. "The awe that fell upon me," he says, "with the sense of utter loneliness, made the time pass unnoticed, and I might have lingered long in a sort of dream, had not the piercing cold that thrilled through every limb recalled me to a sense of the risks delay might envolve." Only four hours of daylight remained, the thick mist was an added danger, the ice-axe marks were his only guide, for the compass is useless on a volcanic mountain like Ararat, with iron in the rocks. The descent was made in safety, but by the time Mr. Bryce came in sight of the spot, yet far off, where his friend had halted, "the sun had got behind the south-western ridge of the mountain, and his gigantic shadow had fallen across the great Araxes plain below; while the red mountains of Media, far to the south-east, still glowed redder than ever, then turned swiftly to a splendid purple in the dying light." At six o'clock he reached the bivouac, and rejoined his friend, who must have looked with strange feelings into the eyes which had looked upon such wondrous sights since sunrise. Three days later, Mr. Bryce was at the Armenian monastery of Etchmiadzin, near the northern foot of Ararat, and was presented to the archimandrite who rules the house. "This Englishman," said the Armenian gentleman who was acting as interpreter, "says he has ascended to the top of Massis" (Ararat). The venerable man smiled sweetly, and replied with gentle decisiveness, "That cannot be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible."

From The Saturday Review.

CONVALESCENCE.

During a severe illness, when the patient is not harassed by pain or fever, he occasionally experiences sensations not far removed from pleasure. His very prostration may have a certain charm about it. Rest and repose being at such times the highest objects of his ambition, when he obtains them, he feels a contentment nearly allied to actual enjoyment. Some people are of opinion that even death itself, apart from the diseases which cause it, is probably an agreeable process. On the other hand, the first dawn of recovery has its pleasures. It is like waking on a summer's morning after a long night's sleep. But, however delightful the transition from death to life, it heralds a period of weariness and distress almost exceeding the sufferings of the illness itself. A parallel may be found in the case of minor ailments. For instance, when the blood has been accidentally prevented from circulating freely in one of our limbs, no inconvenience is experienced; but when the vital fluid reflows, great discomfort and

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

pricking sensations succeed. Again, the act of fainting is said to be far from unpleasant, while the resuscitation is disagreeable or even distressing. So in severe illness there may be periods of pseudo-pleasure, while the restoration to health may be irksome in the extreme. Returning strength seems almost too rough and rude a friend for the poor weak body; and, if its first tenders of assistance are welcome, we are tempted to wish that it would not be quite so energetic in its later advances. Our bodies during convalescence become bones of contention between strength and weakness, each of which struggles hard for the mastery. It is disheartening, after a rapid advance, to find that we had overrated our powers, and to be thrown back for a week or two. As we begin to walk about a little, we become more keenly sensible of our great weakness than we were when still lying in bed; and when we throw ourselves down for rest upon an easy-chair or a couch, we draw unfavorable comparisons between their comfort and that of our bed. It would be like striking our flag to return to the latter place of repose; and we therefore remain wearily on the sofa or armchair until the happy moment arrives when we can respectably ensconce ourselves between the comfortable sheets. During convalescence reading must of necessity form our chief amusement; but our brains and eyes soon weary of it. And then, in our books and newspapers, we read of those who are, or have been, up and doing; and this makes our own enforced idleness the more painfully apparent. Everybody seems to be at work except ourselves. Perhaps it strikes us that our confinement to the house is a capital opportunity for working up some foreign language, or cultivating some art or science. We set to work valiantly, but the grammar proves quite beyond our strength, the pencil will not bring the lines into drawing, and the scientific problem makes our heads ache. The idea occurs to us that at any rate we can write a light satire, and that such an occupation will cheer and amuse us. This attempt, however, is an utter failure; all our efforts to summon sparkling wit and effervescence result in miserable unsuccess, and in place of a brilliant squib we produce a few vapid pages, while a deep gloom settles upon us instead of a spirit of fun and banter. We pipe unto our wit, but it will not dance. The black demon of disgust with the world and with ourselves hovers round us. In this stage, to what depths may we not sink? Perhaps even to attempts at poetry or musical composition. There are no limits to human folly. The patient who is sane enough in mind to be aware that he has no special genius will probably long for society. Yet, when his friends come to visit him, he soon becomes intensely wearied. The callers' very anxiety to amuse without fatiguing him makes them stilted and awkward, while he has not sufficient vital energy to keep the ball of conversation rolling about conventional nothings. The convalescent host is an object richly deserving of pity. Trifles which, at ordinary times, would scarcely occur to his mind, now press upon him almost more heavily than the question of his eternal salvation. The society of his guests causes him weariness and vexation of spirit rather than pleasure and gratification. When, utterly tired out, he has asked permission to go to bed, as he leaves the smoking-room he perceives a peculiar expression on his friends' faces, and a significant interchange of glances, which plainly means, "Poor fellow, he is not long for this world." The minor arrangements for sending to meet or despatching his visitors, the disposition of a shooting-party, or the management of an entertainment of any sort or description, are enough to bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

The appetite of the convalescent is fitful and capricious; yet his friends insist upon stuffing him at all sorts of odd hours, as if he were destined to fill a tureen *de foie gras*. Between breakfast and luncheon he must swallow some raw meat juice and a glass of wine; at three P.M. he must take some strong jelly; between dinner and bedtime he has to face beef-tea, and during the night-watches he is dosed with Liebig's Extractum Carnis. An attack of biliousness soon follows, which has to be relieved by cooling but unpleasant medicines. The doctor tells him that he never intended him to be overfed in such a manner, and reads him a long lecture on the incapability of the stomach to respond to too frequent calls upon its energies. In place of being overgorged, he is now overtonicked, until a buzzing in the head and sudden deafness demand rest for the system from medical pick-me-ups. There is yet one more torture in store for him. He is sent abroad. According to the time of year, a German watering-place or an Anglicized town in the south of France is selected as the scene of his banishment. The necessary arrangements before leaving home harass him beyond measure. Even were he in good health, they would

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

prove a considerable burden. Wearied out by these preliminary worries, he starts upon a long and tiring journey, reaching his destination more dead than alive. To be treated like a child by his courier humiliates and annoys him; yet he is perfectly helpless in his hands. Likely enough, wet weather or the mistral hails his arrival. Sad, indeed, is then his lot. Confined to the house, as he lies all day in his one sitting-room, he wishes himself back in his comfortable English home, with its choice of rooms and domestic interests. Such meditations upon his personal comforts and discomforts, and the increase or decrease of his health, are apt to engender in his disposition that spirit of selfishness and egotism which too frequently becomes a parasite of the invalid.

But unfortunately the convalescent himself is not the only sufferer. His relatives and attendants who may be taking care of him have also a bad time of it. When he was very ill, there was a certain excitement in nursing him; and watching every symptom that presented itself caused an intense and perpetual interest. The very dependence of the patient upon his nurses afforded the latter some gratification. It won the heart of the female attendant to see the great stalwart man owing every comfort and necessary to her tender watchfulness and delicate hands. The fact of having a strong man under despotic discipline, and reduced to the feebleness of a baby a month old, has charms for certain feminine minds. It is sweet to the weaker sex to have the power, by raising a finger, to silence in an instant the voice of one who in health can move the hearts of thousands by his oratory; and it is delightful to the fair governante to have full authority to scold, or even punish by a curtailment of reading or conversation, the wayward patient whose utterances as a judge, examiner, or critic, are usually received with awe and fear. But, besides these pleasures of despotism during serious illness, there is an excitement in the constant and marked changes, and the rapid succession of hopes and fears. In convalescence, however, there is none of this stimulative interest; the process of restoration to health is gradual and gently progressive, and the only excitement is an occasional relapse, which is caused, as a rule, by some imprudence on the part of the invalid. The gentle patient who, in the extremity of his illness, was so passive and so grateful for the least service, is converted into a testy and irritable hypochondriac, who resents the least interference and yet is discontented unless constantly attended to. His constant employment is to do nothing, and compel as many people as possible to assist him in this nugatory occupation. His occasional relapses are very disheartening to his poor attendants, and yet he generally seems to attribute them in some degree to their neglect. They dare not explain and argue out the whole state of the case to him, lest he should become wearied and feverish, and the ill-deserved odium has to be patiently endured. He becomes wilfully wayward. His nurse flatters herself that he is safe in his own room, when suddenly he appears on the terrace, although a keen easterly wind is blowing, and he adds insult to injury by appearing immensely pleased with himself, and indulging in a little chaff at his duenna's expense. During the relapse which follows this piece of imprudence, he suffers from a fit of overwhelming depression, when his attendant has to devise means of amusing and enlivening him, instead of indulging in richly merited "I told you so's." He will be fidgety and restless, and take the most capricious and unaccountable likes and dislikes to people, places, and things; evincing a sudden antipathy towards a doctor who is managing his case with great ability, loathing a watering-place, just as every arrangement has been satisfactorily made there for his comfort, and taking an invincible aversion to a wine or rare article of food, a stock of which has just been laid in at his especial request. If he is fanciful about his food, he is absolutely obstinate about his medicines, and when he has left the neighborhood of his doctor, he refuses to take the tonic which he used to swallow so obediently. If he has been suffering from gout, he will insist upon drinking port and champagne, and tasting all sorts of "curious" and unwholesome wines. If he has been ailing from poverty of blood, he will take a sudden whim about total abstinence, and drink nothing but water. After an attack of gastric fever, richly-made dishes will form his favorite food; while after an illness which necessitates the most nourishing of diets, he will be seized with a mania for fasting or vegetarianism.

Altogether convalescence is a trying period both for nurses and patients, especially after severe illnesses. It is an uninteresting, unsympathetic, and uncomfortable probation, and severely tests the temper, patience, and endurance both of the victims of disease and the victims of invalids.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XX. | No. 1745.—November 24, 1877. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXV.

CONTENTS.

I.	PRE-CHRISTIAN DISPENSARIES AND HOSPITALS,	*Westminster Review,*	451
II.	DA CAPO. By Miss Thackeray. Part II.,	*Advance Sheets,*	462
III.	LORD CHANCELLORS AND CHIEF JUSTICES SINCE LORD CAMPBELL. By Rev. F. Arnold,	*New Quarterly Review,*	469
IV.	GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXXVIII.,	*Harper's Bazar,*	486
V.	THE RESTORATION OF THE ANCIENT SYSTEM OF TANK IRRIGATION IN CEYLON,	*Nature,*	489
VI.	ERICA. Translated for *The Living Age* from the German of	*Frau von Ingersleben,*	495
VII.	THE BLACK MUSEUM,	*Spectator,*	501
VIII.	WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT,	*Leisure Hour,*	504
IX.	A FEMALE DETECTIVE,	*European Mail,*	510
X.	THE MENNONITE COMMUNISTS,	*Pall Mall Gazette,*	512

POETRY.

THE ANGELS' GREETING,	450
DEAD, YET SPEAKING. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman,"	450
BIDE A WEE, AND DINNA FRET,	450
GATHERED ROSES. By F. W. Bourdillon,	450

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

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

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE ANGELS' GREETING.

Come to the land of peace!
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul away,
The sounds of weeping cease.

Fear hath no dwelling there!
Come to the mingling of repose and love,
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove
Through the celestial air.

Come to the bright and blest,
And crown'd forever! Midst that shining band,
Gather'd to heaven's own wreath from every land,
Thy spirit shall find rest.

Thou hast been long alone:
Come to thy mother! On the Sabbath shore,
The heart that rock'd thy childhood, back once more
Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left:
Come to thy sisters! Joyously again,
All the home voices, blent in one sweet strain,
Shall greet their long bereft.

Over thine orphan head
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough:
Come to thy father! It is finish'd now;
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode,
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,
And, oh! bright victory, death by love no place.
Come, spirit! to thy God.

School and Home.

DEAD, YET SPEAKING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"I have been dying for years; now I shall begin to live." These were almost the last words of the Rev. James Drummond Burns, minister of the Presbyterian Church at Hampstead, who died of consumption abroad, in 1865, deeply beloved and lamented.

Dead, and alive again. Alive to us,
Who through the long, long lapse of years still mark
The after-glow thy sunset luminous
Threw back upon our dark.

Alive to God, and to his work divine,
Though in what sphere we know not, nor need know:
Content to follow those dear steps of thine,
And where thou goest to go.

The blessings of the happy and at rest,
The sorrowful, and those whose sorrows cease,
Blossom, like April daisies, on thy breast,
Sleeping the sleep of peace!

But far beyond all sound of earthly strife,
Or silent slumber 'neath this long-green sod,
Thou art passed, triumphant, into perfect life,
The soul's true life in God.

Sunday Magazine.

BIDE A WEE, AND DINNA FRET.

Is the road very dreary?
Patience yet!
Rest will be sweeter if thou art aweary,
And after night cometh the morning cheery,
Then bide a wee, and dinna fret.

The clouds have silver lining,
Don't forget;
And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining;
Courage! instead of tears and vain repining,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

With toil and cares unending
Art beset?
Bethink thee, how the storms from heaven descending
Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bending,
And bide a wee, and dinna fret.

Grief sharper sting doth borrow
From regret;
But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow
Unfit us for the present and the morrow?
Nay; bide a wee, and dinna fret.

An over-anxious brooding
Doth beget
A host of fears and fantasies deluding;
Then, brother, lest these torments be intruding,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

Leisure Hour. S. E. G.

GATHERED ROSES.

Only a bee made prisoner,
Caught in a gathered rose!
Was he not 'ware, a flower so fair
For the first gatherer grows?

Only a heart made prisoner,
Going out free no more!
Was he not 'ware, a face so fair
Must have been gathered before?

Spectator. F. W. B.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From The Westminster Review.

PRE-CHRISTIAN DISPENSARIES AND HOSPITALS.*

FEW movements of recent times have acquired more popularity than the "Saturday" and "Sunday" Hospital Fund. The terrible fact of pain and suffering appeals to our common humanity, and awakens the deepest feelings of sympathy in the hearts of rich and poor alike: "*Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.*"

The movement has also called forth some inquiry as to the origin of hospitals, and Jews and Christians both contend for the honor of having given the first hospital to mankind. The impression that hospitals are a Christian innovation is much more widely spread than persons competent to judge of its legitimacy might suppose. Canon Farrar, in a "Life of Christ" which has acquired some popularity, says, "Amidst all the boasted civilization of antiquity there existed no hospitals, no penitentiaries, no asylums." Professor Lightfoot stated, at the opening of a hospital last year, that hospitals were "a creation of Christianity." It may, therefore, be of some interest to trace the history of the rise of hospitals in the nations of antiquity; and to show that they have not been confined to any one age or nation, and that they are the natural outcome of that tender compassion for suffering humanity which is characteristic of all civilizations and of every cultured religion.

The hospital is simply the development of the dispensary, which is a necessary requirement of the medical officer appointed and paid by the State for the relief of the sick poor. Some room is required by the medical officer in which to see his patients and dispense the drugs, and this room naturally developed into the hospital ward, where the patients could be continuously under his eye, and be more carefully attended than in their own homes. It is therefore in the medical officer appointed and paid by the State that we are to find the earliest germ and first idea of the vast network of hospitals which has spread over the civilized countries of the world.

These medical officers were an institution in Egypt from a remote antiquity, for in the eleventh century B.C. there was a college of physicians in the receipt of public pay, and regulated by law as to the nature and extent of their practice. At Athens, in the fifth century B.C., there were physicians elected and paid by the citizens; there were also dispensaries in which they received their patients, and we find mention made of one hospital. In the fourth century B.C. an edict was promulgated in India by King Asoka commanding the establishment of hospitals throughout his dominions; and we have direct proof that these hospitals were flourishing in the fifth and in the seventh centuries A.D. There was probably a leper-house outside the walls of Jerusalem; and medical officers were attached in early times to the temple, and in later times to the synagogues. Among the Romans under the empire, physicians were elected in every city in proportion to the number of inhabitants, and they received a salary from the public treasury. And the ancient Mexicans had hospitals in the principal cities "for the cure of the sick, and the permanent refuge of disabled soldiers." Army surgeons are of very remote antiquity, for we read of them in Homer; and they won the admiration of Plato, because "they were heroes as well as physicians;" but there is no notice of the military hospital before the reign of Hadrian. Hospitals exclusively for the treatment of the insane are of comparatively modern growth, and are first found among the Mohammedans; they afterwards spread among Christian countries, *the earliest being found in Spain, the country most influenced by Mohammedan thought.**

* 1. *Mélanges Égyptologiques: La Médecine des Anciens Egyptiens.* Par F. CHABAS. Chalon-sur-Saone. 1862.

2. *Œuvres d'Hippocrate: Introduction.* Par E. LITTRE. Paris. 1839.

3. *Travels of Fa-Hian from China to India.* By S. BEAL. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

4. *Voyages des Pèlerins Buddhistes.* Par STANISLAS JULIEN. Paris. 1853.

5. *Histoire des Médecins Juifs Anciens et Modernes.* Par E. CARMOLY. Bruxelles. 1844.

6. *Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms in der zeit von August bis zum Ausgang der Antonine.* Von L. FRIEDLANDER. Leipzig. 1869.

* *Desmaisons, Des Asiles d'Aliénés en Espagne,*

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

It was around the temples that the early medical schools centred, for it was natural to regard the "divine art of healing" as a gift of the gods.* It is Brahma who writes the Ayur-Veda, the science of life; it is Æsculapius who appears in human form at Epidaurus and extends his saving right hand over all the earth to heal the souls that are in error and the bodies that are diseased; † and Prometheus in the midst of his sufferings declares that he has gifted mankind with the true science of medicine.‡ The priests were the first physicians; and on the walls of the temples of Egypt and of Greece were suspended the observations and the votive tablets of the cures they effected. These tablets are very curious, because they are a strange medley of rational medical treatment with the superstition of charms and incantations; and they are most important, because they not unfrequently enable us to trace the rise of scepticism in the charm and incantation, and the struggle between the waning power of the priest and the increasing skill of the physician.

The Babylonians and Assyrians alone, among the great nations of antiquity, had no physicians. The sick man was laid on a couch in the public square, and the passers-by were required to ask him the nature of his disease, so that if they or any of their acquaintance had been similarly afflicted, they might advise him as to the remedies he should adopt.§ This custom commended itself to Herodotus, who thought it almost as wise as their other custom of selling the girls of the village in marriage, so that the "fairer maidens portioned off the plainer." As a consequence, incantations to drive out the evil spirit of disease were in much request, and the nature of their operation may be gathered from the following tablet:—

"God shall stand by his bedside; those seven evil spirits he shall root out and expel from his body; those seven shall never return to the sick man."*

(1.) Egypt claimed the invention of medicine.† This claim is partially recognized in Homer, when Polydamna gives medicinal herbs to Helen in Egypt, "a country producing an infinite number of drugs, and where the physician possesses knowledge above all other men;" ‡ and is fully endorsed by M. Chabas after a careful comparison of the medical papyrus at Berlin with the best medical works of Greece and Rome.§

The extreme antiquity of medical science in Egypt may be inferred from the fact that the medical papyrus at Berlin, fourteenth century B.C., contains the copy of a treatise on inflammation (*ouchet*) which was found "written in *ancient* writing, rolled up in a coffer under the feet of an Anubis in the town of Sokhem (Letopolis), in the time of his sacred Majesty Thot the Righteous. After his death it was handed on to King Snat on account of its importance. It was then restored to its place under the feet of the statue, and sealed up by the sacred scribe and wise chief of the physicians." ‖

Medical science attained so high a degree of perfection in Egypt, that there were specialists in the different branches of the art, and the physician was only allowed to practise in his own branch. There were oculists and dentists, those who treated mental disorders, and those who investigated obscure diseases—*οἱ δε τῶν ἀφανεῶν νούσων*.¶ There are medical papyri which treat of these several diseases. In the Hermaic books a whole chapter is devoted to diseases of the eye, and mummies have been found in Thebes with their teeth stopped in gold.** Athothos, son and successor to Menes, the first king of Egypt, wrote a book on anatomy.†† The

Paris, 1859. W. E. H. Lecky, Hist. of European Morals, ii. 85 *sq.*

* Cicero, Tusc. Dis., iii. 1. Pliny, Nat. Hist., xxix. 1.

† Emp. Julian contr. Christ.

‡ Æsch., Prometheus, 476 *sq.*

§ Herod. i. 197, iii. 129. Strabo, xvi. c. 1.

* H. F. Talbot, Assyrian Talismans and Exorcisms. Cf. St. Matthew, xii. 45.

† Pliny, Nat. Hist., vii. 56.

‡ Od. iv. 229.

§ *Mélanges Egypt., La Médecine des Anciens Egyptiens.*

‖ Ibid.

¶ Herod., ii. 84. See Sir G. Wilkinson's valuable note; also Ancient Egyptians, iii. 388–397.

** A skeleton was found at Quito with false teeth secured with gold wire.—Bollaert, Antiquities of N. Granada, p. 83.

†† Manetho, quoted in Brugsch, *Histoire d'Egypte.*

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

medical papyrus at Berlin contains a treatise on midwifery, and not less than one hundred and seventy prescriptions for the cure of diseases, of which the diagnosis is carefully recorded.* In these treatises diseases are regarded as enemies, not simply to be cured, but to be attacked, destroyed, driven forth; † a vestige, apparently, of the ancient superstition that diseases were devils which possessed the patient.

To guard the people against quacks and the rash experiments of young doctors, the Egyptian physicians were required to follow the rules laid down in the medical treatises preserved in the principal temple of each city; the idea being that the old must be better than the new.‡ Aristotle, however, says that they were allowed to alter the orthodox treatment; yet if they did so, it was at their peril, as their own lives were forfeit for the life of the patient.§ This rule, when followed, secured the physicians of Egypt from the accusation which Pliny brings against the profession in his day: "It is at the expense of our perils that they learn, and they experimentalize by putting us to death. The physician is the only person allowed to kill with impunity, the blame being thrown on the sick man who is dead and gone." ‖

In Egypt, about the eleventh century B.C., there was a college of physicians,¶ who seem to have belonged to the sacerdotal caste, as did also the embalmers who are styled "physicians" in Genesis. They were not confined to one sex; the sculptures confirm Exodus i. 15 that women practised medicine.

The physicians were the paid officers of the State, and we may therefore conclude that they were required to treat the poor gratuitously; ** and as they were not likely to attend the sick in their own houses, except in extreme cases, we may further assume that, as in the case of Athens, there were official houses to which the sick poor repaired at fixed times, which correspond to our medical dispensaries. Although paid by the State, they were allowed to receive fees.* This care for the sick poor is a trait of character we might naturally expect from a people on whose sarcophagi we meet with inscriptions which tell how the deceased "succored the afflicted, gave bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, shelter to the outcast; that he opened his doors to the stranger, and was a father to the afflicted."

In the time of Herodotus "every place in Egypt was full of doctors," whence Pliny concluded that no country was so unhealthy; yet Herodotus says that few countries were so salubrious, which he attributes to the uniformity of the climate.†

Although the older papyri show that the medical treatment of disease was rational, *post-mortems* even being made to discover the source of disease,‡ yet charms and incantations were by no means excluded; and dreams were granted to devout souls who had consulted physicians in vain, and the votive offerings of arms, ears, eyes, etc., which still adorn the ancient temples,§ show how readily the superstitious element found its place in Egypt, as it afterwards did in Greece and Rome,‖ and as it does to this day in many European Christian countries.

There is a curious inscription in the temple of the god Chonson at Thebes, which points to a struggle between reason and faith, between the skill of the physician and the prayer of the priest. Ramses XII. summons before him the "scribe of the houses of life," and orders him to select one who shall be "a man of an intelligent heart and skilful fingers," that he may be sent to cure the young princess of Bouchten. She is the "little sister" of the royal wife, and bears the Semitic name Bentrash. The physician fails to cure the damsel, for she is possessed with

* Translated by Brugsch, *Notice raisonné d'un Traité médical datant du XIVme Siècle avant notre ère*; and Chabas, *Mélanges Egypt.*, i.
† Chabas, i. 79.
‡ Diod. Sic., i. 82.
§ Pol., iii. 11.
‖ Nat. Hist., xxix. 1.
¶ Brugsch, *Hist d'Egypte*, c. ix.
** Sir G. Wilkinson in Herod., *loc. cit.*

* Diod., i. 82. † Herod., ii. 84.
‡ Pliny, xix. 5.
§ Wilkinson gives some of these *ex votos* in vol. iii., p. 395.
‖ Friedländer, iv. 239.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

an evil spirit. Then the god Chonson is sent from Thebes to Bouchten in a great barge, escorted by five smaller barges on the river, and by nobles, with the god's chariot and horses, along the banks. When the god arrives, he communicates to the princess "his virtue of life," and the evil spirit comes forth.* We, unfortunately, only possess the priests' version of the story; but it points to a rivalry between the rational science of the physicians and the superstitious faith of the priests.

The fame of the medicine of Egypt spread to all lands. Cyrus the Persian hears of it, and sends to King Amasis of Egypt for an oculist.† Darius the Great had at his court "certain Egyptian physicians, whom he reckoned the best-skilled physicians in the world." ‡ The Hebrew prophet Jeremiah says, "O virgin daughter of Egypt, in vain shalt thou use many medicines; thou shalt not be cured." § It lasted until the time of the Antonines, so that Galen, the "wonder-worker," thought it no small gain to have studied in the schools of Alexandria; ‖ and it is preserved to our own day, wrapped up like one of its own mummies, in the words *chemistry*, *alchemy*, which tell us that the cradle of medical science was in the land of the great god Chemmis, who had given to Egypt its ancient name, Chemi.¶

(2.) A story told by Herodotus of the Egyptian physicians at the court of Darius will serve to carry us from the school of Egypt to the schools of Greece. One day,** when mounting his horse, Darius sprained his foot. The Egyptian physicians thought it was a dislocation, and put the king to such pain by the violence of their treatment, that for seven days and seven nights his sleep went from him. On the eighth day some of the courtiers told him of a Greek prisoner among the slaves of Oroetes, named Democedes, who came from the famous medical school of Crotona. In such haste was Democedes summoned into the king's presence, that he appeared "just as he was, clanking his fetters and wearing his rags." He reversed the treatment of the Egyptians, and cured the king. From that day no one stood so high in the favor of Darius as Democedes. He also cured of a sore in the breast Atossa, daughter of Cyrus and wife to Darius, and she rewarded him by aiding him to make his escape to Greece; whence he returned to Crotona, and married the daughter of his fellow-townsman, Milo the Wrestler, who had carried off the prize six times at the Olympic and seven times at the Pythian games (sixth century B.C.). Crotona was celebrated quite as much for her athletes as for her physicians; indeed, it was a proverb that the last among the wrestlers of Crotona were the first among the other Greeks.* This is a point of extreme interest; the same place that produced the best trainer of athletes would naturally produce the best physician,† because the healthy condition of the man's body was the aim of both; and as the trainer would soon learn not to trust in charms and incantations as preparations for the games, so would the physician learn to distrust charms, and to strive after a rational system of medicine. The physicians of Crotona would have agreed with Plato that the art of the physician was to cure the sickness and the wounds of men of good constitutions only, and to leave the weak and sickly to their fate; and applaud him when he quoted the tradition that Asclepius had been struck by lightning because he so far forgot the sacred obligations of his art as to allow himself to be bribed to heal a rich man who was at the point of death. Indeed Plato complained of what he call "our present system of medicine" as being calculated to "educate diseases," and as opposed to the old practice of the guild of Asclepius. He lays the blame at the door of Herodicus, a trainer who had a sickly constitution: "He, by a happy combination of training and doctoring, found out the way of torturing, first and principally himself, and secondly the rest of the world, by the invention of a lingering death." ‡ Plato might laugh at Herodicus, nevertheless he was the master of Hippocrates, the "Father of Medicine" — fifth century B.C.

All medical science before the time of Hippocrates was, says Pliny, "lost in the densest night; he was the first to compile a code of medical precepts," § derived

* Brugsch, *Hist. d'Egypte.*, c. ix., Berlin, 1859.
† Herod., iii. 1.
‡ Herod., iii. 131, 132.
§ Jer. xlvi. 11.
‖ Friedländer, lib. ii., c. 4.
¶ Chabas, Papyrus Hierogl., p. 55. For some time in England there were two ill-omened days in each month called "Egyptian days," supposed to be prescribed by the Egyptians as unwholesome for bleeding (Dean Stanley's Westminster Abbey, p. 53, n.).
** Herod., iii. 131.

* Strabo, vi. 1, 13.
† Aristotle, in Grote's History of Greece, iii. 342-344, ed. 1862. *Œuvres d'Hippocrate*, Introd. pp. 22, 23, Littré.
‡ Rep., iii. 406, ed. Jowett. Cf. the Jewish saying, "Death is better than a continual sickness." (Ecclus. xxx. 17.)
§ Nat. Hist., xxix. 2, xxvi. 6.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

partly from the traditions of the family of the Asclepiadæ to which he belonged,* and partly from the study of the votive tablets in the great temple at Cos.† Dion Cassius says that Democedes of Crotona and Hippocrates of Cos were the two most distinguished physicians of antiquity.‡ Galen tells us that the Asclepiadæ founded the three great medical schools of Rhodes, Cnidos, and Cos. These were Doric settlements,§ and we find that their influence survived as late as the fifth century B.C. by the use of the Doric dialect both in medical conversation and prescriptions,‖ and also in the prose oracles given at Delphi, which were so largely consulted by the sick.¶

At Athens, in the time of Plato, we find that some of the physicians were elected by the people and paid from the public treasury. Socrates, for instance, speaks of one "desiring to obtain a medical appointment from the government" (*ἰατρικὸν ἔργον*),** and there was a technical term applied especially to physicians who practised with a public salary, *δημοσιεύειν*.†† These State physicians, after they had been elected in the *Ecclesia* or other assembly,‡‡ appear to have appointed slave doctors under them to attend on the poor, while they attended on the rich, and either by their own or the eloquence of some friendly rhetorician §§ persuaded the patient to drink the medicine or to submit to the knife and the hot iron. Indeed this system of *persuasion* as a part of the medical art became at last ridiculous: "Foolish fellow! you are not healing the sick man, you are educating him; and he does not want to be made a doctor, but to get well;" ‖‖ and in the next generation it was completely exploded; for as Aristotle says, the duty of a physician is simply to prescribe.¶¶

Very different is the offhand manner in which the slave doctors treated their patients; they waste no words with them, but run about from one patient to another, and dose them as they think proper; or they "wait for them *in their dispensaries*," *ἐν τ. ἰατρείοις*.* This passage clearly shows that there were at Athens, in the fifth century B.C., dispensaries to which the sick poor repaired to be treated for their diseases; not indeed by the most skilful physicians, but by physicians paid by the State to look after their ailments. These dispensaries varied in number according to the prevalence of disease: "Where diseases increase in a State, then *ἰατρεῖα* are always being opened." †

The temples of Asclepius were, however, the schools in which the students who had taken the noble Hippocratic oath studied, partly from the votive tablets, and partly from the treatment of the patients who resorted thither. That patients did resort to the temples is evident from an amusing scene described by the slave who attended Plutus when he went to the temple to be cured of his blindness. When night came on, all were commanded to keep silence, and not to move should they hear the god passing before the altars. The slave peeps through a hole in his threadbare cloak, and sees the priest "consecrate into a sack" the offerings of cakes and dried figs made by the sick.‡ Afterwards there followed the mixing of the drugs with the pestle and mortar, and the anointing the eyes with the ointment. The patients were of both sexes, for it was an old woman whose savory posset excited the cupidity of the slave Cario.§

There is one, though we regret to say only one, hospital (*παιώνιον*) mentioned in Greek literature, and that only by one author, the comic poet Crates, middle of fifth century B.C. It was situated probably in the Piræus — *ἐπὶ τῆς θαλάσσης*.‖

The State physicians did not receive private fees, but their State emoluments may be guessed by the pay of Democedes before he was carried prisoner to the kingdom of Darius. He fled from his father, who was a celebrated physician of his day at Crotona, and came to Ægina, where his skill caused the State to hire him at £243, 15*s*. a year; in the next year the Athenians engaged him at £406, 15*s*; in the next, Polycrates obtained him for £487, 10*s*.¶ The first payment made to him by Darius was a pair of golden fetters, to remind him, perhaps, that although

* Littré, *Œuvres d'Hippocrate*, Introd.
† Strabo, xiv. ii. 19. Cf. viii. vi. 15.
‡ Dion Cassius, xxxviii. 18.
§ C. Müller, The Dorians, i. 114. The Rhodians spoke Doric in the time of Tiberius. (Sueton., Tib., 56.)
‖ "*Medicos dorice loquentes.*" — Meineke, Frag. Com. Græc., ii. 249.
¶ C. Müller, On the Doric Dialect, ii. 439.
** Xen., Mem. iv. ii. 5.
†† Liddell and Scott, Lex.
‡‡ Gorg., 456.
§§ Ibid.
‖‖ Laws., 857.
¶¶ Pol., iv. 2.

* Laws., 720.
† Rep., 405.
‡ Cf. Hist. of Bel and the Dragon, c. i.
§ Aristophanes, Plutus.
‖ Meineke, Comic. Græc. Frag. Θηρ ii. "Hujus noscomei publica fortasse auctoritate constituti, nullus præterea scriptor memoriam servavit" (vol. ii., p. 239).
¶ Boeckh, Public Economy of Athens, i. 160, London, 1828.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

he would now be laden with honors and wealth, yet he was to remain a prisoner, exiled from his native land.

(3.) Hitherto we have met only with State physicians and dispensaries, and but one hospital; it is to India we must turn to see a system of hospitals spreading over the country.

When Brahma took compassion on the weakness and suffering of mankind, and wrote for them the commentary on the Vedas, he devoted one treatise to the science of medicine. Hence it was that the ancient Hindus ascribed to the medical art a divine origin, and that the Brahmans were the first physicians. Fragments only of this Ayur-Veda remain, but they are sufficient to show an advanced knowledge of the art, in that they treat both of surgery and the practice of medicine.*

Soon after the conquests of Alexander the Great, Megasthenes the Greek was sent on an embassage to the court of Sandrocothes, where he resided for some years. Among his notes, preserved by Strabo, we find that "next in honor to the Sramans were the physicians, for they apply philosophy to the study of the nature of man; . . . they cure diseases by diet rather than by medicinal remedies." † The grandson of Sandrocothes was the celebrated King Asoka, 325–282 B.C., one of the greatest monarchs who ever graced a throne. He embraced the religion of Buddha, and almost immediately afterwards promulgated a series of edicts, some score of which still exist inscribed on pillars and graven in the living rock. Among these there occurs the following, as translated by Mr. Prinsep: "Everywhere within the province of Piyadasi (Asoka), the beloved of heaven, as well as in the parts occupied by the faithful, . . . and moreover within the dominion of Antiochus the Greek [the Bactrian kingdom], . . . everywhere the heaven-beloved Piyadasi's double system of medical aid is established — both medical aid for men and medical aid for animals — together with medicaments of all sorts which are suitable; . . . and where they are not, they are to be prepared, and to be planted, both root-drugs and herbs." ‡ There is also a legend that Asoka, seeing how people often died from diseases and sores which were at first simple and easily cured, established public dispensaries at the four gates of Patna.§ In the year 400 A.D., seven hundred years after Asoka's edict, the Chinese pilgrim, Fa-Hian, visited India, and casually mentions in his "Travels" that he found hospitals in complete working order at Asoka's own city of Patna: "The nobles and landowners of this country have founded hospitals in the city, to which the poor of all countries, the destitute, the cripples, the diseased, may repair for shelter. They receive every kind of requisite help gratuitously. Physicians inspect their diseases, and according to their cases order them food and drink, decoctions and medicines, everything, in fact, which may contribute to their ease. When cured, they depart at their own convenience." *

Two hundred and fifty years later (648 A.D.), another Chinese pilgrim, Hiouen-Thsang, visited India, and mentions hospitals at several places. At the Port of the Ganges "les rois qui aiment à faire le bien, y ont établi une *maison de bienfaisance*, qui est pourvue de mets recherchés et de médicaments de tout genre, pour donner l'aumône aux veufs et aux veuves, et secourir les orphelins." Elsewhere he says: "Les grands personnages des cinq Indes . . . ont établi des maisons de bienfaisance, où l'on distribue des boissons, des vivres, et des médicaments pour secourir les pauvres et les malades." "Il y avait jadis dans ce royaume une multitude de maisons de bienfaisance, où l'on secourait les malheureux." † These houses were *hospices* as well as hospitals at the time of Hiouen-Thsang's visit.

At the commencement of the present century there still flourished at Surat a hospital set apart for the treatment of animals. It covered twenty-five acres, and was divided into courts and wards for the accommodation of the dumb patients. When an animal broke a limb, or was otherwise disabled, the owner brought it to the hospital, where it was received without regard to the caste or the nation of its master, and was treated with the greatest care; and, if need be, found a peaceful asylum for the infirmities of old age.‡ "If proper inquiry were directed to this building," says Mr. Prinsep, "I dare say it would be discovered to be a living example — the only one that has braved twenty centuries — of the humane acts of Asoka,

* T. A. Wise, Review of the History of Medicine, vol. i., London, 1867.

† India, xv. i. 36.

‡ Edict. II.

§ Spiers, Ancient India, p. 319.

* Fa-Hian's Travels from China to India, Beal's transl., p. 107.

† *Mémoires sur les Contrées Occidentales, par Hiouen-Thsang*, in A.D. 648, translated by Stanislas Julien, ii. 231, 190; iii. 174, 215. Paris, 1857.

‡ Hamilton's East India Gazetteer. Surat is a very ancient town, for it is mentioned in the Ramayana. Scavoneur, Voyages, ii. 489.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

recorded at no great distance on a rock in Guzrat."

Further investigation will doubtless bring to light many other instances of this wise and compassionate edict of Asoka having been put in force over the whole country; for, quite recently, Major Kittoe (1852) found, in the course of his excavations at Sarnath, "a large quadrangle or hospital, with pestles and mortars, etc."*

The great interest of these hospitals lies not only in the large-hearted toleration which opened them "to the poor of all countries," and in the liberality which supplied "help to all gratuitously," first fruits of that noble-minded charity which knows no distinction of race or creed in the presence of suffering humanity, and which found so tender an illustration in Christ's story of the good Samaritan, but also in the fact that these hospitals are an evolution such as we might naturally expect from the teaching of the religion of Buddha, which Asoka had adopted. The central point round which all the ethics of Buddhism revolve — the doctrine which imparts to it so great a vitality and strength — is the law of self-sacrifice carried to the point of complete devotion, so that a man should lay down his life for his fellow-men, and in certain extreme cases for the lower animals. Moreover, the problem of existence which Buddha endeavored to solve is the way by which mankind may be saved from disease, decay, and death. The life of the founder was in itself the highest ideal of his religion, for Buddha was manifested in the form of man because his exceeding love moved him with compassion for the sons of men; † and he left the home of his reputed father to live among the poor and wretched, in order that he might bring back those who have wandered from the right way, that he might enlighten those who are living in darkness and gloomy error, and that he might remove from the world all sources of pain and suffering and sorrow.‡

(4.) On passing from the East to the extreme West, we find that the ancient Mexicans had hospitals in the principal cities, "for the cure of the sick, and for the permanent refuge of disabled soldiers." Surgeons were placed over them, who were "so far better than those in Europe," says the old chronicler Torquemada, "that they did not protract the cure in order to increase the pay."*

This care for the sick and disabled might naturally be expected from a people who were accustomed to hear the form of absolution which followed on the confession of their sins close with the words: "Clothe the naked, feed the hungry, whatever privations it may cost thee; for remember their flesh is like thine, and they are men like thee;" † and who worshipped God as "the merciful and long-suffering, the enjoiner of charity." ‡

(5.) The history of medicine may be traced with tolerable clearness in the Hebrew nation.

So long as diseases were regarded as put upon and taken off men by Jehovah — as, for instance, in the passage, "I will put none of these diseases upon thee that I put upon the Egyptians, for I am Jehovah that healeth thee," § — the priests, as his representatives, were the physicians to afflict and to cure. The fame of King Solomon as a physician still holds its place in the traditions of the East, and the Talmud assigns to him a "volume of cures." After his time, when the priestly power declined before the majesty of the prophetic, the influence which medical skill gives among a rude people was eagerly grasped by the prophets, and medicine was taught in their "schools." Their sacred scriptures record that the prophets struck men with two of the most terrible diseases of the nation, leprosy and blindness, and that they cured the sick, and even raised the dead to life. At a prophet's word a king's hand is withered as he stands before the altar surrounded by his court; at the same word the hand is restored to its former strength. The decline of the healing power among the priests is probably marked by the chronicler's lament that King Asa, in his disease, "sought not to Jehovah, but to the physicians."

On the return of the exiles from Babylon, the medical art passed into the hands of the new power in the State — the scribes. They raised the dignity of the physician to a high pinnacle, and the knowledge of medicine became an essential qualification for membership in the Great Sanhedrim: "Honor a physician with the honor due unto him for the use

* Cunningham's Archl. Survey of India, i. 125.

† Catena of Buddhist Scriptures, by Rev. S. Beal, p. 15.

‡ Romantic History of Buddha, Beal, p. 143.

* Prescott, History of Conquest of Mexico, i. 40.

† Ibid.

‡ Kingsborough, Antiquities of Mexico, ix. 179.

§ Exod. xv. 26. Carmoly translates, "L'Éternal est *le Médecin* du peuple." (*Histoire des Médecins Juifs*, Bruxelles. 1844.)

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

which ye may have of him; for the Lord hath created him. . . . He shall receive honor of the king." * The art reached its fullest development among the Essenes, a Jewish sect who lived an ascetic life, ruled by love to God and man. They studied the sacred books for the service of God, and medicine for the service of man.

The surgeon and the physician are treated as distinct functionaries in the Mishna.† We read of surgery in the Book of the Prophet Ezekiel, and curiously enough in connection with Egypt: "I have broken the arm of Pharaoh king of Egypt; it shall not be bound up to be healed, to put a roller to bind it." ‡ Rollers to bind are used to this day. The apothecary's trade is frequently mentioned; for instance, "The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth; . . . with such doth he heal men and taketh away their pains; of such doth the apothecary make a confection." § Josephus mentions female physicians.‖

Physicians had from early times been a necessity to the nation. Manetho's account of the Hebrew slaves in Egypt is that they were driven away by the king because they defiled the land with their leprosy. This disease became so identified with the nation, not only in their neighbors' eyes but in their own, that to the question asked in the Talmud, "What is the name of the Messias?" the answer is, "The Leper." ¶ This singular identification of the Messiah with the characteristic disease of the people obtained a place among the Christian legends of the Middle Ages. When, for instance, St. Francis d'Asissi dismounts from his horse to succor a leper, he finds in the leper the Christ.** This strange idea was probably founded on the Vulgate rendering of Isaiah liii. 4, "*Nos putavimus eum quasi leprosum.*" The ceremonial observances which required the lepers to "show themselves to the priest," assume a knowledge of medicine in some officials connected with the priestly order. Accordingly we find that physicians were in later times attached not only to the temple but also to the synagogues. They were elected, as were the Greek State physicians, by the voice of the people, to whom they were responsible.* The physicians in all times, whether priests, prophets, or scribes, received fees † — in early times, "bread and cakes and honey" from the poor, camel-loads of stuffs, with gold and silver from the rich; in later times, "such things as were commanded."

The contagious nature of leprosy required that the wretched patients should dwell apart from the abodes of men; so we read of them herded together in miserable groups prowling about the outer gates of cities, or wandering over the country, always raising their weird cry, "Unclean, unclean!" and standing afar off when they saw their fellow-men approaching. It is possible that houses may have been erected for their accommodation outside the city walls of some of the larger towns. Of one such house we read, but as in the case of ancient Greece, of one only, the "several house" into which King Uzziah retired when the "leprosy mounted into his forehead," and the priests with indecent haste thrust out from the sacred precincts of the temple the sorrow-stricken leper who himself "hasted to go out." Ewald, Gesenius, and other great scholars, see in this "several house," or "house of separation," or "free house," a hospital corresponding to the leper hospitals of later times. It may have been in this house of separation that some leper wrote the touching "prayer of grievous complaint," in which he cries aloud to Jehovah: "I am counted with them that go down into the pit, free among the dead. Lover and friend hast thou put from me, thou hast made me an abomination unto them. I am shut up, I cannot come forth." ‡

Care for the sick, a characteristic of the Jews to this day, is what we might look for in the nation whose sacred writings inculcate as the highest religion love to God and love to man; and whose greatest rabbis taught, "Be not slow to visit the sick, for that shall make thee to be beloved," § and raised the kindly act towards the sick man to the dignity of a deed done to God, for "the glory of God hovers over the couch of the sick." ‖

* Ecclus. xxxviii. 1.
† R. J. Wunderbar, ***Biblisch-Talmudische Medicin***, Leipzig, 1865.
‡ Exod. xxx. 21. Nothing can exceed the skill with which the limbs of the Egyptian mummies are bound.
§ Ecclus. xxxviii. 4, 7, 8.
‖ Vita, 37, ἡ ἰατρίνη, ed. Haverc.
¶ Pearson, Creed, iv. 266 n.
** Stephen's Eccl. Biog., p. 64.

* Rev. A. L. Green's letter to "Jewish World," October 1875.
† In Exod. xxi. 9, the LXX. reads ἰατρεῖα. May not this word which, as we have already seen, occurs in Plato, have reference to dispensaries, similar to those with which the Seventy were familiar in Alexandria?
‡ Ps. lxxxviii.
§ Ecclus. vii. 35.
‖ Talmud.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

(6.) The elder Pliny tells us that for six hundred years the Romans had shown a repugnance to the art of medicine, and he boasts that medicine is the only one of the arts of Greece which Romans refuse to cultivate. It was on this account, he says, that the temple of Æsculapius was built, in the first instance, outside the city walls, and was afterwards removed to an island in the Tiber. Plutarch revenges himself by saying that the temple was built in imitation of the famous temple at Epidaurus, which was situated at a distance of five miles from the city for the sake of the fresh air and change of scene.

Pliny is probably correct in stating that in the earlier days of the republic physicians were unknown, and that for some time afterwards they were confined to foreigners, chiefly Greeks and Egyptians,* and to slaves. The first physician who came from Greece to Rome, in 219 B.C., had a surgery (*taberna*) provided for him at the public cost, at the Acilian crossway; the Romans called him *vulnerarius*, the wound-curer; but he hacked and cauterized his patients so mercilessly, that his name was changed to *carnifex*, the executioner.† Cato hated the Greek physicians because they spoke of the Romans as "barbarians" and "clodhoppers;" and he became possessed with the idea that they meant to poison the Romans wholesale with their drugs. The use of Latin by physicians in our day in their prescriptions may be a survival of the idea which is by no means confined to Pliny's time, that "people lose confidence in that which is intelligible to them;" for, as he says, even the few Romans who studied medicine thought it necessary to write their prescriptions in Greek, for "if they should attempt to treat of the disease in any other language, they will certainly lose all credit, even with the ignorant who do not know a word of Greek." Slaves skilled in medicine were attached to all the great houses, and Justinian allows the maximum price of sixty gold pieces to be paid for both male and female.‡

Pliny accuses the physicians of extreme avarice. Indeed, their gains were so large that skilled artisans — bootmakers, carpenters, tanners, and even gravediggers — became doctors, and unsuccessful doctors sank back into the humbler trades.

* Nat. Hist., xxix. The oculists, whose names we find on their seals, were most of them of Greek origin. (Teuffel, Hist. Rom. Lit., i. 45.)
† Nat. Hist., xxix. 6.
‡ Code, vii. 7, 1, 5.

Nuper erat medicus, nunc est vespillo Diaulus.
Quod vespillo facit, fecerat et medicus.*

Their charlatanism, bad manners, and ignorance were so great, that Galen says the greater part of them could read only with difficulty, and he counsels his colleagues to be on their guard lest they should make grammatical blunders when conversing with their patients; and he moreover complains that at the bedside of the patient the rival doctors so far forget themselves that they abuse each other, put out their tongues, and even come to blows.† Pliny laments that there is no law to punish their ignorance, and he chuckles over the well-known epitaph, "*Turbâ medicorum perii.*" Under those circumstances, one is not surprised to find *ex votos* of arms and legs, ears and eyes, and tablets commemorative of successful dreams, adorning the temples both at Rome and in the provinces. One tablet reminds us of the story of the cure of the young Egyptian princess by the god after the failure of the physicians; it is the tablet of a blind slave at Rome to Minerva Medica, the "good goddess," for the restoration of sight: "After he had been given up by the physicians, he was cured by the grace of our lady and the use of her medicines." ‡ It was this superstitious element which caused the miraculous cures of the Emperor Vespasian at Alexandria to be attested by many among the great multitude who beheld them, even after the Flavian line had become extinct, and nothing was to be gained by falsehood.§

Physicians and surgeons followed each their own functions; and we read of specialists, oculists, dentists, aurists (*auricularii*), etc.; there were court physicians, among whom we read of one who was above the others (*supra medicos*); and women (*medicæ*) were employed for diseases of women and children.

In the time of the Antonines we read of a "chief of the physicians," ἀρχίατρος.‖ *Archiatri populares* were provided for every city according to its size; they formed a college of physicians, and seem to have held a sort of examination of persons qualified to practise. They were elected by a vote of the citizens, and received a salary from the public treasury. They were required to treat all the sick

* Martial.
† Com. in Hipp. iv. 9, quoted by Friedländer.
‡ Friedländer, iv. 235–241.
§ Tacitus, Hist., iv. 81.
‖ A title which St. Jerome applies to Christ, Hom. in St. Luc., xiii.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

who came to them free of charge, but they were appointed primarily for the sake of the poor.*

It is, however, at Epidaurus that we find a house which was one of the noblest expressions of the tender feeling and gentle sympathy with suffering humanity which in the second and third centuries of our era were becoming such marked characteristics of the cultivated Roman gentleman. Many cultured Romans took the same tour as that described by Livy: Æmilius Paulis went to Athens, "filled with the decayed relics of ancient grandeur;" thence to Corinth, with its beautiful views and busy modern life; and thence to Epidaurus, famous for its temple of Æsculapius, "then rich in offerings, which the wealthy had dedicated to the deity in acknowledgment of the remedies which had restored them to health, but *now*," he adds sorrowfully, "filled only with their traces, showing whence they have been torn away." † As the tourist of the time of the Antonines approached the walls which surrounded the temple, the sacred grove, and the massive buildings (whose ruined mounds to this day attest their former magnificence ‡), he would see a house built before the entrance to the gate to shelter the aged, and the delicate women, who were forbidden to tarry within, lest the sacred precincts should be defiled by those who were entering and by those who were leaving life. That house had been erected by the emperor Antoninus, who won from the Roman senate and people that most touching of all the titles of antiquity, the Pius.§

(7.) We read of military surgeons as early as the time of Homer. "In those days," says Plato, "the sons of Asclepius were heroes as well as physicians; for when the arrow of Pandarus wounded Menelaus, they sucked the blood out of his wound, and sprinkled soothing remedies (Il. iv. 218): these remedies they thought to be enough to heal any man whose constitution was healthy and sound." ‖ The State physicians of Egypt were forbidden to take fees when attached to the army in time of war.¶ Cyrus employed surgeons to march with his army; so did the Spartans. Among the Romans, soldiers dressed each other's wounds until the time of Augustus, when we first hear of military surgeons. The German wives and mothers "did not fear to search for and to count the gashes" of the wounded heroes whom they had accompanied to the battle.*

It is not, however, until the reign of Hadrian that we find the military hospital, which is called *valetudinarium*. It was under the control of the prefect of the camp, whose duty it was to see that the surgeons visited their patients.† These *valetudinaria* were always attached to the winter quarters, and those generals who visit the sick and wounded are applauded.‡

We have already seen that the ancient Mexicans had hospitals for the care of the sick, and as a refuge for disabled soldiers, institutions which may have foreshadowed our Chelsea Hospital and Les Invalides at Paris.

The most remarkable instance of a military hospital was one in Ireland. The palace of Emania was founded about 300 B.C. by the princess Macha of the Golden Hair, and continued to be the chief royal residence of Ulster until 332 A.D., when it was destroyed. To this palace were attached two houses,— one the house in which the Red Branch Knights hung up their arms and trophies; the other, in which the sick were cared for and the wounded healed; this latter was called by the expressive name, *Broin Bearg*, the House of Sorrow.§ The institution of the house of sorrow spread through Ireland under the influence of Christianity, and the ancient laws sanction the right of distress to provide for the sick "a physician, food, proper bed-furniture, and a *proper house*." ‖

(8.) Such was the progress made by some of the great nations in the noble effort to ameliorate the condition of the sick and suffering, when, towards the close of the fourth century after Christ, Christianity inspired the world with the enthusiasm of humanity. A noble Roman lady, Fabiola, devoted her princely patrimony to build, in a salubrious quarter near the city, a house for the reception of the sick and the infirm who were found homeless and without shelter in the streets. This,

* Dumas, *Des Secours Publics en usage chez les Anciens*, p. 136, Paris, 1813.

† Lib. lxv. 27, 28.

‡ The sacred character is preserved in its name of *Hieron*, the sanctuary; and the village is called *Koroni*, evidently from Koronis, the mother of Asclepius.

§ Pausanias, ii. 27. Champagny, *Les Antonins*, tom. ii., p. 183.

‖ Rep., iii. 406.

¶ Diod., i. 82. In the smaller temple at Aboo Simbel, in Nubia, a surgeon is seen dressing a wound in the foot of a soldier. (Edwards, A Thousand Miles up the Nile, p. 438.)

* Tacitus, Germ., 7.

† Fl. Vegetius, *De Re Milit.*, ii. 10.

‡ Dumas, *Des Secours Publics*, iv. 1.

§ Sir W. Wilde, Note on Census for Ireland, Part iii., Parl. Papers, 1854, vol. lviii.

‖ Sanchus Mor, p. 123, Dublin, Thom, 1865.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

says St. Jerome, was the first νοσοκομεῖον.* The fame of this institution spread throughout the Roman Empire, "from the Egyptians and the Parthians to the isles of Britain." The work was carried on by St. Basil, who built outside the walls of Cæsarea in Cappadocia, probably on the site of an earlier hospital,† the massive pile of buildings which, says St. Gregory Nazianzen, "rose to view like a second city, the abode of charity, the treasury into which the rich poured of their wealth and the poor of their poverty. Here disease is investigated (φιλοσοφεῖται) and sympathy proved." No building of antiquity seemed to him to equal this hospital, not even "Thebes with its hundred gates, nor the walls of Babylon, nor the pyramids of Egypt, nor the Colossus of Rhodes, nor the tomb of Mausoleus." "My brother's hospital," he says, "is a tabernacle of witness to the world, like unto that of Moses." ‡

St. John Chrysostom found at least one hospital already existing when he went to Constantinople, and he built many more on the plan of the *Basileas*. We may form some idea of the number of hospitals at Alexandria from a law of Honorius which mentions no less than six hundred nurses, *parabolani*,§ who were placed at the disposal of the bishop for the nursing of the sick — "*ad curanda debilium ægra corpora*."

Noble ladies like Fabiola gave themselves up to the work of nursing the sick. The empress Placilla visited the sick in their own homes and in the public hospitals, she stood at the bedside, she tasted the broth, handed the food, washed the cups, and performed other offices with her own hands, such as the meanest servants ordinarily did.‖ The aged bishop of Carthage, Deogratias, having sold the church plate to ransom the captive Christians, lodged them in two large churches, and every hour by night and day he visited them, with the physicians, and went from bed to bed to know of what each stood most in need.¶ In the great plague at Alexandria (A.D. 260–268) many of the brethren nursed the sick in the height of the disease; they saved many by their care, who rose from their beds to life, while they themselves fell struck by the plague unto the death: "They saved others, themselves they could not save." * This work of the Christians excited the emulation of the emperor Julian: "These impious Galileans give themselves to this kind of humanity;" and although he thought their motive base, yet † he orders Arsacius to "establish abundance of hospitals in every city, that our kindness may be enjoyed by strangers, not only of our own people but of those who are in need." ‡

To the great hospital at Cæsarea there was attached a "house of separation" for the lepers, of whose wretched condition St. Gregory of Nyssa gives such an appalling account. They wandered in troops over Cappadocia in search of food, and exposed to the inclemency of the seasons. They resembled corpses before death. Clothed in rags, supported by a staff fastened with a string, not to the hands, which had been eaten away by disease, but to the stumps of the arms which were left, driven from the towns and the assemblies of men, tracked as hunters track wild beasts, they did not dare even to approach the wells and fountains on the roadside to quench their burning thirst. "Basil it was who persuaded men not to scorn men, nor to dishonor Christ the Head of all by their inhumanity towards human beings." §

Most if not all of these early Christian institutions were *hospices* as well as hospitals — the home of the stranger no less than the home of the sick. It is interesting to note the difficulty of finding a word to express these new buildings. St. Jerome uses a Greek word, νοσοκομεῖον, for the house built by the gentle lady who herself *cared for the sick* whom she received. St. Basil evidently felt a difficulty in finding a name for his institution. In one letter he speaks of it as the support of the poor, πτωχοτροφεῖον,‖ in another as a place of lodging, καταγώγιον,¶ open to strangers passing through the country, and to those who need (θεραπείας) peculiar treatment by reason of the state of their health; while Sozomen falls back upon its popular name, *Basileas*, "that most famous lodging for the poor founded by Basil, from whom it received the appellation which it still retains." ** It was reserved

* Ep. 77, c. 6 ("*prima omnium* νοσοκομεῖον *instituit*").
† See Ep. 94, ad Heliam.
‡ Orat. 20, ed. Colon.
§ Cod. Just., i. 3, 18. Strictly speaking, nurses in infectious diseases, for they *cast themselves* into hazard of their lives with a recklessness which is divine.
‖ Theod., Hist. Eccl., v. 18.
¶ Victor, Utic., De Pers. Vand.

* Euseb., Hist. Eccl., vii. 22. Cave, Primitive Christianity, III. ii. 390.
† Frag. 305, Rheinwald, *Kirchliche Archäologie*.
‡ Epist. 49.
§ A. Tollemer, *Des Origines de la Charité Catholique*, Paris, 1863. Martin-Doisy, *Histoire de la Charité*, Paris, 1848.
‖ Ep. 176.
¶ Ep. 94.
** Hist. Eccl., vi. 34.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

for later times to take one of the most sacred ideas of ancient days, hospitality, and inspiring it with the spirit of Christianity to enshrine it for future ages in the home which is open to all who are suffering from sickness and from pain: "Go out into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind, . . . that my house may be filled."

Thus we see that the glory of Christianity does not lie in having originated the idea of hospitals, but in having seized it, like the runners the torch in the ancient games, and carried it forward with brighter flame and more intense enthusiasm. The fame of Fabiola and St. Basil has been immortalized by St. Jerome and the Gregorys; the edict of Asoka is graven with a pen of iron in the rock, a living witness to the noble thoughts of his kingly mind; the house of sorrow, which was built within the ancient *rath* that exists to this day, speaks of the tenderness of the princess Macha; but no trace remains of the names and titles of the men and women who built the solitary hospital on the seashore in the Piræus, who founded the house of separation for the lepers in Judæa, and the home for the disabled soldiers in Mexico; or of those, even more illustrious, who in ancient Egypt conceived the idea of the physician paid by the State to tend the poor — an idea which contains the germ that has borne fruit in the vast network of hospitals which are rapidly spreading over the continents of Europe and America. Their names may be forgotten, but their deeds are immortal; they have joined

that choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

A Jewish legend, preserved in the Haggadah, tells us that Abraham wore upon his breast a jewel "whose light raised those who were bowed down and healed the sick;" and that when he died it was placed in heaven, where it shone among the stars. Countless as the stars of heaven and as the sand on the sea-shore are the men and women of all countries and of all creeds who have worn next their heart the patriarch's jewel of light.

[*Published by arrangement with* HARPER & BROTHERS.]

DA CAPO.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE TERRACE AT BERNE.

THERE is a stone basin full of water in an old city in Switzerland, over which a shady stream of foliage waves against the sun. The city arms are emblazoned upon the stone, and the flood of green overflows its margin. In the autumn the leaves glow, gleam, change into flame or ashes, tendrils hang illumined over the brimming fountain, which reflects the saffron and the crimson overhead. The townswomen come and fill their brazen pans and walk away leisurely, swinging their load and splashing the footway. The sloping street leads to a cathedral, of which the bells come at stated hours, suddenly breaking the habitual silence, and echoing from gable to gable.

A young English lady passing by one autumn day went and stood for an instant by the fountain, leaning over its side. The naiads, in their Sunday bodices and well-starched linen, who were already there filling their brazen cans, watched her with some interest, and looked curiously at the stranger's bright, startled eyes, her soft grey felts and feathers, and her quick, all-pervading looks. They themselves were of the placid, broad-faced, broad-shouldered race of naiads who people Switzerland, who haunt the fountains, who emerge from châlets and caves with sparkling cups in their hands, who invite you to admire their fresh watercourses through kaleidoscopes of various tints.

There is a certain sameness, but an undeniable charm, about Swiss maidens, especially on Sundays, when they put on their pretty silver ornaments, plait their shining tails of hair, while their fresh and blooming faces certainly do credit to their waters. Felicia had been standing interested and absorbed for some minutes. She was watching the stream flow on; wondering whether life hard won in the Bernese valleys would not be more satisfying on the whole than it seemed to her day by day, flowing, unheeded, in her own lonely and luxurious home. Presently she caught a whispered comment from one nymph to another, "She is not alone; here is the company coming from the Falcon to find her." Then Miss Marlow started, looked up, hastily turned away,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and began walking determinedly away along the street. She had come out to avoid her company — that was the truth. For a week she had been travelling with them and glad to be in their society; but that morning a letter had reached her from home which had strung her to some other key, and which made her want to be alone for a little to realize her own mind, to hear her own voice, and listen to that of an old friend speaking across five years. Was Baxter right when he thought that a letter was nothing? His letter certainly had a voice for Felicia. They had never had one word of explanation before or since they parted. There had been no promise given on either side; and yet she had considered herself in some implied way bound to this absent person whom she had not seen twenty times before James Marlow died, and who had not come back to her, except once with a shy, cruel, stiff message.

Felicia flitted away, as preoccupied as Baxter himself had been with certain events of former years. The houses on either side of the street stood upon their arches, the broad roofs cast their shadows, the quaint turrets turned to daily domestic use protruded from the corners, pigeons flew whirring across her footsteps. The street was called the *Street of the Preachers*. Felicia spelled it out, written high against a gable, and as she read the words, all the cathedral chimes began preaching overhead, sounding, vibrating, swinging through the air; the sunlight broke out more brightly, doors opened, and figures passed out on their way to the cathedral, from whence a little procession came slowly to meet her. It was headed by a sleeping baby lying peacefully frilled and pinned on to a huge lace pillow, with a wreath of silver flowers round its little head. On its placid little breast a paper was laid with a newly-bestowed name carefully written out, with many simple-minded flourishes.

A little farther on a closed house opened, and a tall and solemn-looking personage issued forth, some quaint ghost of a past century, with a short Geneva gown, and a huge starched ruffle round his chin, walking with a deliberate step. The apparition crossed the piazza, passed under the statue (it seemed to be brandishing a bronze sword in its country's defense, against the scattered and mutilated wreaths that lay on the steps at the horse's feet); then the cathedral doors opened wide to receive this quaint ghost of another time and faith. It passed on with one or two people who had been standing round about. The bells gave a last leap of welcome, and then were silent, and the doors closed with a solemn bang.

Felicia noted it all, interested in spite of herself and her own abstractions. Sometimes in our perplexities the lives of other people seem to come to reassure us. Have they not, too, been anxious, happy, died, lived, walked from house to house, stood outside and inside cathedral porches, as little Felicia stood now, staring at the saints over the doorway? It was a whole generation of ornamental sanctities, all in beatitude no doubt, and independent of circumstances: some were placidly holding their heads in their hands, some contemplating their racks, others kneeling on perilous ledges. Felicia was no saintly character, but she had gone through a certain gentle martyrdom in her life, short as it was. Now she took a letter out of her pocket, and looked at it throughtfully, and read it once again. It had been sent on to her from her own house, and had been waiting for her at the hotel when she arrived that morning, with a pile of bills, invitations, demisemiquavers of notes, in the midst of all of which this chord suddenly sounded:

"My dear Miss Marlow, — I have thought it possible that you have understood the reason which has prevented me from troubling you all this long time, and which made me wish for some sign from you, before I again asked to see you. Before I left England it seemed to me more and more difficult to see you, or to come unasked to Harpington without probable misconstruction. In India one report reached me after another, and some not unnatural feeling prevented a proud man from wishing to appear to put himself into competition with a crowd of others, whose personal advantages seemed undeniable; and I remained, sorry and disappointed, and knowing that it was my own fault that I had not seen you once more. I now think that for many reasons, my own peace of mind being one of them, this indefinite estrangement between two old friends should not continue. I am at home again for six months, and staying at the Cottage with Lucy and my cousin Emily Flower. I shall come to-morrow to see you, and to hear from your own lips upon what terms you would wish henceforward that we should meet.

"Believe me always

"Faithfully yours,

"A. H. Baxter.

"The Cottage, Harpington."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

It was a difficult letter to read: was it very difficult to answer? Felicia was both hurt and touched — hurt by the long mistrust and doubt which were implied by this delay, touched by this long-delayed confidence. If the writer had only come to her, as James had no doubt intended him to do, helped her in her hours of loneliness and sorrow, proved himself the stay and comfort for which she had longed, how happy they might have been all this time! If instead of speculating anxiously, comparing his advantages with those of others who were nothing to her, he had but forgotten himself for her, how different these last few years would have seemed to her, how much less sad, less drearily gay, less noisy, less confused! She had had a right to be hurt, to give no sign. Did he deserve forgiveness now? If he had really loved her, would he have treated her so cruelly? or did he only think that she loved him? Her eyes filled with tears — tender, angry drops that she impatiently dashed away.

Felicia walked on beyond the cathedral gates to the terrace close by — a delightful autumn garden for children and old people, with a wide valley and a line of distant hills beyond the walls. All the leaves were falling from the trees, and the brown chestnuts were dropping with the sudden swift gusts of wind; the country flushed with a bright tumult of sunshine and clouds; the river rolled with a full silver rush; the streets below were piled up against the very foot of the dizzy terrace walls; as seen from the high cliff, the Bernese men and women seemed like toys for children to play with — tiny figures that passed and re-passed, intent upon their Lilliput affairs, upon rolling a barrel or turning a wheel, or upon piling a stack of wood; in windows and garrets, upon terraces and outstanding balconies, everywhere, people were occupied, passing and re-passing. The whole business of their microscopic life seemed scarcely so important as the children's game on the cathedral terrace: they were shouting as they ran, and picking up dry leaves and brown shining chestnuts that fell from the trees.

Felicia was standing against the terrace wall, still reading her letter, still thinking over the meaning of its somewhat abrupt sentences. They were not unlike Baxter's own way of speaking, stiff, abrupt, melting now and then for an instant, and then repelling again. The girl covered her eyes with her hand, trying to recall the vivid past more vividly. She was changed, this she knew, since those childish days when her whole heart's emotion had overpowered her so easily, and she had appealed in vain against her cruel condemning fate; she wanted something more now than she had wanted then; she had learned to mistrust her own impulses as well as those of the people she lived with. She wanted to trust as well as to feel; she wanted proof as well as the expression of good-will. Poor little Felicia, it was not for nothing that she had been an heiress all this while, warned, flattered, surrounded, educated by cruel experience. All that was past now in her short life seemed suddenly in existence again, came as a wave in between her and the man she had loved; it seemed to float them asunder as she conjured up his image; and so it happened, by some curious chance, that they met. As she wiped her eyes, her heart seemed to cease beating for an instant. What extraordinary realization was this? Who was this coming across the shadow of the chestnut-tree? Felicia, looking up with a start, found herself face to face with a tall man who had slowly followed her all this time; the hand that had written the letter was held out to her, and the letter seemed to take voice and life, and to say, "It is I; don't look frightened." The strangest things cease to be strange after a moment. Miss Marlow was accustomed to face possibilities, and as for Colonel Baxter, had he not followed her all the way from the fountain?

"Is it really you?" she said, looking more lovely than he had ever seen her look before.

Colonel Baxter smiled admiringly, and held out his hand. Miss Marlow flushed crimson, and looked up into his face an instant before she took it. He was altogether unaltered; he did not look older, he did not look gladder. He was moved, but less so than she was; his dark face seemed pale, somehow, and thin. She could not see very clearly, she was too much troubled and excited.

First meetings are curious things: all the long habit of separation seems still to be there; all the long days that have come to divide, the very anxieties and preoccupations that have made the time so heavy, now seem to thrust themselves in between those who have yearned for each other's presence, and the absent are come home at last; but as people are not all gone when they first depart, so they are not always quite come when they meet after long separation.

"I have just been reading your letter,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Colonel Baxter," said Felicia, quietly, and regaining her composure.

"I heard you were abroad from your housekeeper," said Colonel Baxter, "and I thought that — that I might as well follow my letter," he said, with an odd expression. All this time he had been so afraid of what Felicia might think; and now she was there before him, more charming, more beautiful even than he had remembered her. His scruples were all forgotten; they seemed unkind, almost cruel. Her eyes fell beneath his look; her face changed; a dazzle of sunlight came before his eyes. It may have been the falling leaves, the wind stirring among the branches; it may have been his own long-pent emotion; but it seemed to him suddenly as if he could read what was passing in her mind, as if some vibration had swept away all outward conventional signs. He was a silent man usually, not given to much expression, but at this moment the feeling that had long been in his heart overmastered everything else. What was her money to him at that instant, or his own disadvantages? He even tried to remember them, but he could not recall one single impediment between them.

"You do not know what a struggle it has been to me to keep away! Can you forgive me?" he said, going straight to the point — ignoring all he had meant to say, to explain, to withhold.

"I do not quite forgive you," said Felicia, smiling with tears, and once more responding to this new never-forgotten affection, by some instinct against which she could not struggle. As they stood there a swift western gale began to blow; the leaves showered from the trees; the chestnuts dropped over the terrace and beyond the wall; the children scampered through the changing lights. What had not happened in this moment's meeting? "No, I can't quite forgive you," repeated Miss Marlow. "Where have you been all this time? What have you been doing? What were you thinking of?"

He could scarcely answer for a minute, though he looked so calm. He was more really overcome, perhaps, than she was. He was blaming himself unsparingly, wondering at his pride, the infatuation which had kept them apart; wondering at her outcoming pardoning sweetness and welcome. Baxter, who had been imbittered by various mischances; Felicia Marlow, whose pretty little head had been somewhat turned of late by the dazzling compliments and adulations which she had met with, had both forgotten everything in the present, and met each other with their best and truest selves, surprised by the chance which seemed at last to have favored them. Details did not exist for either of them. At that minute Felicia felt that the future was there facing her with the serious and tender looks. Baxter also thought that at last, leaving all others, she had come straight to him, confiding with perfect trust. With a silent triumph, almost painful in its intensity, he held her hand close in his.

"Nothing shall ever come between us again," he said. "Nothing — no one." Was fate displeased by his presumption? As he spoke, a cheerful chorus reached them from behind, a barking of dogs, a chatter of voices. Felicia, blushing, drew her hand away from Baxter. A scraping of feet, and in one instant the couple seem surrounded — ladies, gentlemen, parasols, a pug-dog. "Here you are; we saw you from the place. Why did you run away?" cries a voice. Felicia, with gentle confusion, began to name everybody: "Mrs. Bracy, Mr. Jasper, Mr. Bracy, Miss Harrow. Dear Mrs. Bracy, you remember our James's friend, Colonel Baxter?"

"We have met in Queen's Square," said Mrs. Bracy, with her most graciously concealed vexation. Had she not brought Felicia abroad expressly to avoid colonels of any sort?

CHAPTER IV.

BEARS IN THEIR DENS.

BAXTER found it almost impossible to adjust himself suddenly to these unexpected circumstances, to these utter strangers, complacently dispersing his very heart's desire — so it seemed to him.

The results seemed so very small, compared to the intolerable annoyance inflicted upon himself. His was not the best nor the most patient of tempers, and he would gladly have dropped Mr. and Mrs. Bracy, Mr. Jasper, and Miss Harrow too, over the terrace at a sign from Felicia. But she gave no sign; she seemed — could it be? — almost relieved by their coming. In one instant all his brief dream, his shelter of hope, seemed shaken, dispersed: not one of these people but came in between him and her; they did it on purpose. Couldn't they see that they were in the way? I am not sure that Mrs. Bracy did not do it on purpose. She took the colonel in at a comprehensive glance. Cold, clear, that look seemed to him to be a wall of well-polished plate-glass let down between him and Felicia, who had in some

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

confusion accepted Mr. Bracy's arm, and was already walking away and leaving Baxter to his fate. "We are going to the bears," cried Mr. Bracy, over his shoulder. "Flora, are you equal to the walk, my love? Jasper, take care of your aunt. What are you looking at?"

Jasper started at this address. He had been standing motionless, gazing up at the sky, and he now turned round. He was a young man about five or six and twenty, peculiar in appearance, and curiously dressed; his hair was frizzed out something in the same fashion as his aunt's own locks. He wore an orange cravat; a blue linen shirt; rings upon his fore-fingers; buckles to his shoes; a silver pin was fastened to his wide felt hat. He was handsome, with one of those silly expressions which come from too much intelligent detail.

"I beg pardon," said he. "That amber cloud floating in ultramarine called me irresistibly;" and he pointed and stood quite still for an instant, as actors do at the play, who have, of course, to emphasize their movements as well as their words. Felicia had no great sense of humor, and to her Jasper Bracy's performance was most serious and important. Baxter could hardly help laughing; at least he might have laughed if he had been less disturbed.

Mrs. Bracy was a lady of about fifty; she must have been handsome once. Her dark hair was nearly black; her features still retained a somewhat regal dignity of hook and arch; her brow was shiny, and of the same classic proportions as her conversation.

"Do you wish to see the bears? Do you not agree with me, Colonel Baxter, that it is a cruelty to keep such noble animals in durance vile?" said Flora, turning to Aurelius, who looked very black and brown, and likely to growl himself.

"What do you say to a study from the life, my dear aunt?" said Jasper, joining in. "Some friends of mine are going to Poland bear-shooting next month. I should be glad to join them, and to make a few sketches from the dead carcass."

"Jasper, do not talk of such horrible necessities," said his aunt. "My husband must show you some lines I wrote upon 'Living Force restrained by the Inert,'" continued she, with a roll of her glossy eyes, "which bear upon the stern necessities of fate. Colonel Baxter, you do not seem to catch my meaning."

Felicia, who was a few steps ahead, turned at this moment, hearing Mrs. Bracy's remonstrances; and the kind gray eyes beamed some little friendly signal to the poor disconcerted colonel, who tried to overmaster his ill-humor and to attend to the authoress's quotations, and abruptly asked what was meant by "the inert."

"Bars, bars," said Flora; "those bars of circumstances that weigh upon us all; upon you, I dare say — upon myself, what is *this* but a bar, through which no woman can pass?" and she held up her fat finger, with the wedding ring which Mr. Bracy had doubtless placed there.

While Mrs. Bracy, now well launched in metaphor, revelled on from sentence to sentence, Baxter's attention wandered; he was watching the slight, graceful figure ahead, flitting over the stones by Mr. Bracy's dumpy little form, only he listened when Felicia's friend began to speak of Felicia. They had left the terrace by this time, and were walking down a shady side street. "Dear child," Mrs. Bracy was saying, and she pointed to Felicia with her parasol; "those who have her welfare at heart must often wonder what fate has in store for one so strangely gifted. You may think what an anxious charge it is for *me*, who am aware of all Felicia's exquisite refinement and sensitiveness of disposition. I have known her from childhood, although circumstances at one time divided us" (the circumstances being that, until three years before, Mrs. Bracy had never taken the slightest notice of little Felicia). "There are many persons who, from a subtle admixture of feelings, are attracted by our sweet heiress," continued the lady. "I will not call them interested, and yet in my heart I can but doubt their motives. You, Colonel Baxter, will, I am sure, agree with me in despising the mercenary advances of these — shall I call them — soldiers of fortune." Aurelius could hardly force himself to listen to the end of Mrs. Bracy's tirade, and gave her one black angry look, then suddenly strode on two or three steps, joined Felicia, and resolutely kept by her side. She looked up, hearing his step; but though she smiled, she continued silent. She would not — indeed she could not — talk to Baxter about indifferent subjects. Just at that moment she wanted to breathe, to collect her nerves and her mind. One vivid impression after another seemed to overcome her. Aurelius attracted and frightened her too; he seemed to have seized upon her, and half willingly, half reluctantly, she had let herself be carried away. It was a new Aurelius, a new Felicia, since that moment upon the terrace. Mr. Bracy rattled on with his usual good

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

humored inconsequence. Mrs. Bracy caught them up at every opportunity. Jasper, who prided himself upon his good-breeding, showed no sign of the annoyance he may perhaps have felt at the unexpected advent of this formidable arrival, for it was to charm Felicia that these strange attitudes and ornaments were assumed, and that Jasper sang his song. By degrees Felicia's composure returned. She was able to talk and be interested as the others were, to look at the dresses of the peasant people, at the little children in their go-carts, at the streams above the bridge and below it, at the green river rushing between the terraces and the balconies; she was able to throw buns to the bears, and to laugh when they rolled over on their brown woolly backs, with crimson jaws wide stretched; she was still a child in some things, and when she caught sight of the colonel's face she almost resented his vexed look. Why didn't he laugh at the bears' antics? Poor fellow! Mrs. Bracy's conversation might well account for any depression on his part. She seemed to scintillate with allusions.

Fortune-hunters? Felicia's rare delicacies of feeling, and her own deep sympathies, which enabled her and her only to know what would be suited to that young creature's requirements: she seemed to have taken such complete stock of the poor little thing that Aurelius wondered what would be left for any other human being. He knew it was absurd to be so sensitive. He might have trusted the woman who had loved him for years and years; but at this moment Mrs. Bracy's monotonous voice was ringing in his brain.

It seemed to him, notwithstanding all his experience and long habit of life and trust in Felicia, that he had been a fool. Was he to subject himself to this suspicion for any woman's sake? Had he placed his hopes upon some one utterly and entirely beyond his reach? Was not that the refrain of it all? Did Felicia mean him to bear alone? She did not seem to interfere; she avoided him; and yet surely they had understood each other when they had met only a few minutes ago. He could endure it no longer. He came up to Miss Marlow and said abruptly, "I am going back to the hotel now; will you come with me?"

"We are all coming," said Felicia, looking eagerly around; "don't leave us."

"I cannot stand your friend's conversation any longer," said Aurelius, not caring who heard him. "She is the most intolerable woman."

Felicia seemed to be gazing attentively at the bears, as she bent far over the railing. "You should not speak like that," she said, very much annoyed. "They are all so kind to me. What do you want?"

"I want to see you," he said, standing beside her. "I want to talk to you; and I wonder you don't see how cruelly you are behaving, keeping me in this horrible suspense."

"One more sugarplum, my Felicia, to give your four-footed friends," here says a voice just behind them, and a fat hand is thrust between them with a peppermint between the finger and thumb.

Baxter turned angrily away. "This is unbearable," he muttered.

Felicia looked after him reproachfully. He walked straight off; he crossed the place; he never looked back; he left her feeding the bears with sugarplums — left her to Mrs. Bracy, pointing out the advantages of national liberty, and the tints of the mountains, to Felicia, to Miss Harrow, to any one who would listen. Jasper, his aunt knew by experience, was not a good listener; he would compose himself into an attitude of profound attention, but his eye always wandered before long.

I suppose Felicia wanted a little time to think it all over, and to understand what had happened, and that was why she took no decisive step concerning her new lover. A curious feeling — surprise and confidence and quiet expectancy — seemed to have come over her. Baxter's impatient words had startled her. It was something she was unprepared for. Was this love, this sudden unaccustomed rule? — was she in future to be at another person's call? She had not taken the colonel's character into account; she had never thought about his character, to tell the truth, only that he had come, that the story of her youth had begun again. He had come, as she knew he would, and she had all but promised to be his wife. She did not want to go back from her word; but she wanted to wait a little bit, to put off facing this terrible definite fact a little longer, now that it had come so near. She had got into a habit of waiting. He ought to be happy: what more could he want her to say? And she wanted to be happy also, to rest and enjoy her happiness, and not to be carried breathless away by his impatient strength of will.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

CHAPTER V.

THE FALCON HOTEL.

THE Falcon, at Berne, is a quiet, old-fashioned place, very silent and restful, and reached by flights of white stone steps. There are echoes, panels, galleries, round an old court, and a kitchen which is raised high above the ground. You can see the cook's white cap through a gable window, and taste the cook's good cheer in a panelled dining-room, at the end of a long empty table.

Now and then you hear a piano's distant flourishes, and if you go to the windows, you see a sleepy old piazza, and the serious people sauntering by, and your bedroom windows across the street.

Aurelius, who was moodily passing the deserted dining-room, was seized upon by Mr. Bracy, who had come in to order some refreshments. "Do you dine with us at the *table d'hôte?*" said the little gentleman. "There is no one else. My wife finds that absolute quiet is necessary to her. The afflatus is easily startled — easily startled away. I have known Flora lose some of her finest ideas through the inopportune entrance of a waiter or the creaking of a door. I myself one night thoughtlessly attempted to whistle that chorus out of 'Faust' (after all, who is there like Gounod in these days?), but the result was distressing in the extreme. I shall never forget watching the subsequent wandering about the room in a vain attempt to recall the interrupted thoughts."

"Do you live in this part of the house?" interrupted Aurelius.

"Come and see our rooms; we are opposite: the ladies are gone up to the top of the house to watch the sunset," said the friendly little man. "Charming girl, your friend Miss Marlow; so is Georgiana Harrow — a person of rare amiability of disposition. Ah! here is the waiter. At *quel heur table d'hôte* to-day?"

Aurelius left Mr. Bracy absorbed in the various merits of private and public refections, and crossed the street, and went in at the arched door opposite, and walked up the stone flights of the opposite house, now darkening with all the shadows of evening; he climbed straight up with steady footsteps to the upper story, and there, through an open door, he saw, as he had hoped, some heads crowding together and looking through an open window at a faint azure sky and all its dying daylights. Mrs. Bracy was busily pointing out each tint in turn. Jasper was criticising the colors, and comparing them with various bits of blue and red rag which he produced from his pockets. Miss Harrow was listening in admiration.

One person had heard Baxter's footsteps, and Felicia, guessing by some instinct that it was Aurelius, slipped unnoticed out of her corner and turned quietly to meet him, with all the evening's soft radiance shining in her eyes. Her sweet truthful look of welcome touched him and reassured him not a little. He forgot his irritation; for the moment he did not speak, neither did she; he could not waste this happy minute in reproach, and indeed he knew, as she did, that the whole company would surround them at the first spoken word. As they stood side by side, silent, leaning against the wall, the shadows came deeper, the little room was full of peace, and a sort of tranquillizing evening benediction seemed to fall upon their hearts; he could hear her quick, gentle breath, though her head was turned away. It was no idle fancy, no vague hope, taking shape in his imagination. Felicia was there, and she did not repulse him, and met him with a welcome of her own.

"Why, Colonel Baxter, have you been here all this time?" cries Mrs. Bracy, suddenly wheeling round and facing the two as they stood in the dusky corner.

Felicia came to dinner that day looking prettier than ever, and happier than they had seen her yet, although the young heiress was, on the whole, a cheerful traveller. At home she might be silent and oppressed; but abroad the change, the different daily colors and words, the new and altered ways and things, all amused her and distracted the somewhat hypochondriacal phantoms which had haunted her lonely house — home it could scarcely be called. Baxter might have been happy too had he so chosen, if he had accepted the good things as they came to him, with patience and moderation, and not wished to hurry and to frighten his happiness away. But although that five minutes' unexpressed understanding in the garret had soothed his impatient soul, the constant society of Mr. and Mrs. Bracy, the artistic powers of Mr. Jasper, the cultivated observation of Miss Harrow — all seemed to exasperate his not very easy temper. He was very much in earnest, he felt that his whole happiness was at stake. And to be treated to a few sugarplums, when he was asking for daily bread, was not a system calculated to soothe a man of Aurelius's temper. Felicia was kind, gay, in her most childish

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

mood, that evening. Jasper, who seemed to be on the most excellent terms with her, kept up an artistic conversation about the poignant painters of the present age, as opposed to the subtle school of philosophic submission, while Mrs. Bracy, on the other side, asked the colonel many questions about the Vedas, and the dreamy Orient, and the moral cultivation of the Zenanas.

The only other people at the table were some Germans, one of whom was recounting to the others a colossal walk he contemplated across his plate of cutlets and brown potatoes, — the little Scheidegg, the waterfall of Lauterbrunnen, the dizzy height of Mürren, to be reached that same evening. "It is a colossal expedition," says the athlete, with a glance at the company. "Pfui! Pfui!" cry the others, with a sort of admiring whistle.

Mrs. Bracy was preparing to take a parting leave of the colonel that evening; but as Felicia said good-night, Baxter held her hand, and said, quite simply, before them all, "Is this good-by, Felicia? may I not come to Interlachen with you?"

"Why not," said Felicia, demurely, "if you have time to spare? We are going by the early train. They say the lake of Thun is lovely."

"I am sure Colonel Baxter will prove a delightful and most unexpected addition to our party," cried Mrs. Bracy, not without asperity. "Interlachen is a charming place; it is more suited for invalids like myself, who cannot attempt real mountain expeditions, than for *preux chevaliers;* but if your friend will be content, dearest Felicia, to potter with my old husband — forgive me, Egbert — we will escort him to the various pavilions round about the hotel."

"I have no doubt I shall be well looked after," said Colonel Baxter, with a somewhat ambiguous gratitude, as he bowed good-night, and walked off with a candle. Felicia's consent had made his heart leap with silent gladness; he no longer minded Mrs. Bracy's gibes. His bedroom was in the same house as the Bracys' apartments. It was on the ground-floor, and the windows opened on a rustling and beshadowed garden, where lilac-trees waved upon the starry sky, and striving poplars started ghost-like and dim; close shrouds of ivy veiled the walls. Felicia's window was lighted up, and as Baxter paced the walks, smoking his cigar, and watching the smoke mounting straight into the air, he caught her voice from time to time, and the mellifluous accompaniment of Mrs. Bracy's contralto notes; he could not hear their conversation, but a word or two reached him now and then as he walked along. Presently something made him wince, alone though he was, dark and solitary as the garden might be; he ceased to puff at the cigar; for an instant he listened. "My money, my money," Felicia was repeating; "I know that people think I am rich;" and then the steps Felicia also had been listening to, and which somehow she had identified with Baxter — the steps went away and came no more, and the garden was left quite solitary and dark, with its thick shrubs, and silent lilac-trees, and strange night dreams.

"Good-night, dear Mrs. Bracy," says the girl, starting from her seat. "How shall I thank you for all your kindness to me? Don't be anxious; I am *sure* no one here ever thinks about my fortune, or about anything but being good to me." But alas! Baxter was not there to hear her.

From The New Quarterly Review.

LORD CHANCELLORS AND CHIEF JUSTICES SINCE LORD CAMPBELL.

BY REV. F. ARNOLD.

THERE are no works of legal biography that have enjoyed a greater degree of popularity, both with the profession and the public, than Lord Campbell's volumes on the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors and the Lord Chief Justices." There is in existence a large body of destructive criticism on the work, and some measure of personal hostility was mingled with the sifting processes of criticism. Lord Campbell has been described as a "gentleman of the press," but he was as little of a man of letters as any such gentleman could be. For the finer and more delicate shades of criticism, for the highest work of imaginative minds, he had a kind of color-blindness. His book on Shakespeare's sonnets was so absurd, that it may be doubted how far it was seriously written. But when criticism has done its best and its worst on "Lord Chancellors and Chief Justices," volumes which our libraries could ill spare, it is easy to form a conception of a much better work on the subject, but it is extremely unlikely that such a book will ever be produced. By no one, moreover, could such a work be more appropriately written, than by one who had himself been both lord chief justice of England and lord high chancellor.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

It cannot but be of the highest interest and utility that there should be some record of the lives of our greatest magistrates, and it may be hoped that at some future time some ex-chancellor may find employment for his leisure in continuing Lord Campbell's labors to a later date. Lord Campbell closed the chief justices with Lord Tenderden, and the chancellors with Lord Lyndhurst. Since the death of Lord Tenderden, we have only had three chiefs of the queen's bench, including the present illustrious holder of the office. But there has been a rapid succession of chancellors, holding office not for life, but only for the brief term of party supremacy. A great lawyer takes the seals only very late in life, and so many and rapid have been the changes of ministry and their re-combinations, that the average duration of a chancellor's office, so different to the days of Thurston and Eldon, is only for a very few years. Since Lyndhurst we recall the titles of Cottenham, Truro, St. Leonards, Cranworth, Chelmsford, Campbell, Westbury, Hatherley, Selborne, Cairns. We propose, somewhat on the method of Mr. Fox's well-known work, to sketch out briefly the outlines of judicial biography since Lord Campbell's time. It will be more convenient if we first speak of the chief justices, beginning with Lord Denman.

A recent biography of Lord Denman has been published by a great Indian magistrate, Sir Joseph Arnould, who enjoyed his intimacy from the very earliest days. It fully confirms the deep-seated impression of the intrepidity, honesty, and natural nobility of Denman's character. The story of his early love and gradual progress is one of the most touching narratives of legal biography. One of the most unique portions of the work is the account, mainly furnished by the present Mr. Justice Denman, of his early efforts at the bar, and the pleasantries of the circuit mess. There have been great judges who have said that they were never so happy as in these merrymakings of the bar, when one man would be fined because the court paid him a compliment, and another because he declared that the lot of an auctioneer was preferable to that of a barrister. The greatest chancellor has in his time been a junior counsel, just as the humblest curate may have risen to be archbishop. The circuit stories are pleasant, and form a natural though perhaps incongruous prelude to the graver cares of public life. We take a few instances of the mock circuit court proceedings which one learned judge has procured for another: —

1807. July 14, Lincoln. Mr. Denman was presented for wearing nankeen trousers at a circuit court.

1808. April 4, Warwick. Mr. Denman presented Mr. Dayrell for saying in open court that no wise man would ever dream of going to law.

Also Mr. Justice Vaughn, for puffing the attorneys of Notts in open court by saying, "There are in this county in particular several most respectable attorneys." For this heinous offence a fine of one guinea was imposed and paid.

1810. August 20, Leicester. Mr. Perkins presents Mr. Denman for accommodating an attorney, named Hobbs, with a seat at the green table (appropriated to the use of the bar), to the inconvenience of the said Perkins.

Mr. Denman presents Mr. Reynolds for dancing with seven attorneys' daughters at Derby ball. One guinea.

Also Mr. Copley (Lord Lyndhurst) for an arrogant puff of himself in placing himself in competition with Lord Kenyon, saying in open court, "Which is right, Lord Kenyon or I." One guinea.

Also Mr. Holt, for travelling the circuit in stage-coaches, and without a servant. One guinea.*

We should observe that there is a very interesting lecture extant on going the vacation circuit, by Sir John Taylor Coleridge, which might be compared with these reminiscences.

Lord Denman was not eminent for legal power and attainments as other chiefs have been, or even as the two Parkes — "Green Park" and "St. James's Park." But he was steadfastly supported by a bench of judges, which made his court a strong court, and to which he was linked on terms of the utmost confidence and affection. In one or two points he touches closely the general history of the country. He was one of the remarkable group of counsel engaged on behalf of Queen Caroline, every one of whom arrived at high distinction. It was his lot to be brought into personal collision with George the Fourth himself, who, on account of the famous allusion to Tigellinus, conceived the bitterest hostility against him. It was only the good offices of the Duke of Wellington which, even in a limited degree, could set the matter right. In the famous Stockdale case the conflict was substantially between himself and Sir Robert Peel. It was a remarkable case that the chief justice should be opposed to the premier, the Queen's Bench to the House of Commons,

* Sir Joseph Arnould's "Life of Lord Denman."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the law of the land to the voice of Parliament. Such a collision was fraught with most dangerous consequences.

Very curious instances of the ways of putting things may be found in the different versions of Denman's promotion by his fond biographer, Sir Joseph Arnould, and the now familiar "Gruncher," Mr. Greville. According to the biographer, everybody was intensely delighted; it was only the old "mumpsimus" party who murmured, and "time was soon to show that since the days of Lord Holt no better appointment of a chief magistrate had ever been made in England." Mr. Greville, in the "Memoirs," puts the matter somewhat ill-naturedly, but still with substantial truth. Three other men were named; it might be argued that each was a better man, but in each case there was an insuperable difficulty. Lord Lyndhurst was by far the ablest man, but he had broken with Lord Grey on the Reform Bill, and had put himself out of competition. Scarlett was a Whig of forty years, but he had now broken off with the Whigs. James Parke — the future Lord Wensleydale — was one of the best of judges, but there was no political motive for his elevation. "So that, every rival being set aside, Denman, by one of the most extraordinary pieces of good fortune that ever happened to man, finds himself elevated to this great office, the highest object of a lawyer's ambition. His legal qualifications are admitted to be very inferior to those of his predecessors. He made a very bad judge, but was personally popular for his high and honorable moral character."

We next come to Lord Campbell. His friends, especially Lord Brougham, made every effort to procure the chiefship for him, and he was a man who would never be slow to urge his own claims to any appointment he coveted.

"I was born," said Lord Campbell, when once addressing an Edinburgh audience, "within the sound of the Castle guns." He was born at the Manse of Cupar, another instance in which manse and parsonage have contributed something of the best bone and sinew of the country. He came to London, an adventurer, on the top of the mail-coach, at the time when the fast mail-coach was considered a wonderful achievement. Like Mr. Disraeli, he was "a gentleman of the press." In these days, the bar and the press often look askance upon one another, and a scribbling barrister is supposed to tread the path of professional perdition. It was quite otherwise with Campbell. He reported the proceedings of the court for the papers, and in the same published a series of masterly reports which were accepted as of the greatest value by the profession at large. His literature, therefore, was exactly in the way of his profession, giving precision to his eloquence and increasing his stores of information. In addition to these, he collected a large number of cases, which he labelled "bad law," and threw into a separate drawer. It would be interesting to many to examine these cases, but they perished in the great Temple fire. The time came when he thought that for professional purposes he might aspire to Parliamentary honors. He stood for Stafford. There is a tradition that the ladies of Stafford are lovely specimens of the human race, and Campbell, with elephantine playfulness, attempted to flatter them, but his flattery was too clumsy for the taste of Stafford. He afterwards stood for Edinburgh. "Gentlemen, electors of Edinburgh, and fellow-countrymen, here is *plain John Campbell* before you as a candidate for the high honor of your suffrages. . . . I must say that I think it rather hard on me to say that if I had been merely *plain John Campbell* I might have been elected, and that all hopes of my ambition being crowned with success must be forever extinguished by *the eminence to which I have had the good fortune to attain.*" He obtained the seat, and was afterwards succeeded by Macaulay. His profound good opinion of himself was a matter of scoff to the bar. But Campbell had some sort of right to entertain such an opinion, for there was hardly a man at the bar who came up to him. He led the Oxford circuit, but could say, like Follett, that there was hardly an assize town in England where retainers had not led him. He had a wonderful faculty in conciliating the flow of fees. Some one shrewdly said that if plain John undertook to dance, he would not dance so well as Vestris, but he would certainly get a higher salary. There was a wonderful adroitness about the man. When he prosecuted the Chartists, it was objected by the defence, not without reason, that there was a time when he was little better than a Chartist himself, and that he was responsible for much of the Chartist movement. But the only notice was a somewhat grim smile from the shrewd lawyer. If he had transgressed against the law he might be prosecuted as well as any other man, but the question immediately before the jury was that of the guilt or innocence of the prisoners at the bar.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

It was as a law lord that Lord Campbell now found his place and work, and did useful service, though he confesses that he had very factiously helped to throw out some good bills. Lord Palmerston used to say, "What is one man's faction is another man's action;" but if there is such a thing as party faction, it is hard to see how any man could be more liable to the imputation than Lord Campbell. He found a worthier mode of beguiling and solacing his days in the legal historical biographies which he compiled. We have to go back many generations, and it is not till we come to the time of Lord Clarendon, that great "chancellor of human nature," that we find any legal lord who has contributed so largely to literature, who has both written history and lived history, as Campbell. It is, perhaps, from some kind of sympathy that Lord Campbell lingered so long over his life of Clarendon, and delineated it with loving pains. It is almost ludicrous, at the first sight, to compare the grand, simple, pathetic figure of Clarendon, in his grandeur under his reverses and exile, with the smug, prosperous, well-contented chancellor. To use a phrase of Carlyle's, the one had a heart to be satisfied even as the other had a stomach to be filled. Though Clarendon is so far removed from us, we have from his memoirs and scattered papers an insight into his character and motives, such as we do not possess in the case of the distinguished Scotchman. To a great degree, in his later volumes, Campbell, like Clarendon, was writing a history of his own times. It is not so much in any regular narrative, as in incidental touches and stories, that both bring out their own story and the story of their age. Both their works are marred with inaccuracies, though Clarendon's inaccuracy has been greatly exaggerated by semi-political writers, which critics of the Dryasdust species, who prefer the shell of history to its spirit, have denounced with absolute ferocity. Both of them rendered a little more than justice to themselves, and a little less than justice to their opponents. Lord Campbell had none of Clarendon's Dantesque power of portraiture, none of his cheerful piety or severe wit; his gallery has not that living aspect, warm with light and color, which belongs to the incomparable Clarendon portraits. Only once or twice, when he dealt with a Thurlow or Ellenborough, is he able to bring the real man before us. But, like Clarendon, he has a thorough genuine love of writing, and concentrates history on the events of his own day. It is a true saying, that every man is a debtor to his profession; and in tracing the biographical annals of the law, Lord Campbell has adequately discharged this debt, and has helped to make the public at large interested and familiar with our legal institutions. It is in his latest volumes, where he has drawn oftenmost on his own memory and experience, that he gives us the personal details which are most useful in the construction of history.

The final volume of the "Lives of the Chancellors," the volume containing the lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, was, in some respects, a shameful production. It did some injury to these chiefs, but most of all it did injury to his own memory.

Perhaps of all the lawyers who have held those highest judicial offices of which we are speaking, there was no man so utterly destitute of any approximation to genius as Lord Campbell. But at the same time there is none who so decidedly left his mark on the judgment seat and on the legislation of the country. He was a man capable of stern continuance to very severe labor. He studied hard. His intellect was alike massive and acute. His tenacity of purpose was invincible. Allowing for natural prejudice and favoritism for himself, his relations, and his party, he was a fairly honest man, as times went. He presided, and took a manifest pleasure in presiding, at some of the most important trials of our time. He presided at Palmer's trial, and during his summing up, that remarkable poisoner is stated to have expressed a wish to put some strychnine down his throat. Palmer's brother published a pamphlet bitterly attacking him, and he was actually weak-minded enough to be chagrined by this attack. A man whose brother was hanged might be allowed to say anything. Since, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn has shown himself keenly sensitive, even to an amusing extent, to the attacks make by the supporters of the Kenealy and Orton delusions. Lord Campbell presided on the great conspiracy case, the trial of Dr. Bernard, and is said to have been visibly chagrined by the abrupt verdict of the jury. But he had read our history but poorly if, in the case of a political trial, in which foreign influence was supposed to have been at work, he had reckoned upon any other verdict. Some laws which Lord Campbell placed on the statute-book are among the best known and most popular pieces of legislation. Such is the law which has made the railroad companies pecun-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

iarily responsible for death or accident through the negligence of their servants. This law, though it sometimes bears hard on the companies, has worked so large an amount of good, that, in spite of the immense Parliamentary interest of the railways, it will probably never be repealed or materially modified. By making accidents costly, it has given the travelling public a large additional safeguard against accident, and by it compensations have saved many families from ruin or distress. His act for the suppression of immoral literature has worked very usefully, although the debates on it were pronounced to be hardly fit for publication. He also earnestly promoted all schemes for the improvement of the law, though he probably invited Lord St. Leonards' criticism, that lawyers were tampering with a wonderful system of jurisprudence which they only imperfectly understood.

As a common law judge he gave very great satisfaction. He had a great tendency to long evening sittings, which, at the present time, have very properly gone entirely into disuse. His own iron constitution was susceptible of any amount of work. He was at the assizes at Warwick on a certain Sunday, when Parliament had been prorogued the previous day. The officiating clergyman, not knowing the fact, began the prayer for the high court of Parliament. Lord Campbell stood up in his pew and cried out, "There is no Parliament sitting." The clergyman was confused, and not catching what was said, began the prayer again. "I tell you, sir," called out the chief justice, "there is no Parliament sitting." The chief justice was not thought to have acted in good taste. He might have been charged with brawling in church. His enemies used to say that there was a kind of restlessness about him, a wish to be sensational, a desire to be popular, which was not very healthy. As a judge he would calmly overrule the verdict of a jury. In a heavy commercial case he practically overruled the verdict of the jury, for he told one of the prisoners that his conscience only permitted him to impose a fine of a shilling. The mental idiosyncrasies of judges greatly vary. Some judges form very clear definite opinions on each case that comes before them, and are hardly to be distinguished from advocates. A certain judge once said that he had only lost two cases since he had been raised to the bench. Other judges simply present each side of a case, and unless a conviction is forced upon their mind, do not think it necessary to arrive at one. Some judges consider themselves bound to give full effect to the verdict of a jury, but others will seek to overrule it. Lord Campbell was not a man who, if he could help it, would allow the verdict of a jury to stand in the way of his own opinion.

He was essentially a pleasant man, and enjoyed rank and wealth without laying too much stress upon them. He might be seen, when lord chancellor, on the knife-board of an omnibus, ready to enter into cheerful conversation with any one who offered. The great substantial rewards which he secured were precisely the kind, perhaps the only kind, of recompense for which he would care. He seemed at last, like a very aged but still effective chief justice, to have very much passed out of the sphere of practical politics. But having worn the S.S. collar, he was eventually destined to ascend the marble chair. When Lord Palmerston formed his ministry, it was generally supposed that Sir Richard Bethell would at length obtain the supreme object of a lawyer's ambition. There were other claims, but Bethell's claim seemed first. To the astonishment of politicians, Lord Campbell came forward and boldly claimed the woolsack as his due. The claim was allowed. It was felt that the ultimate goal of legal ambition was very fairly his. It was also felt that it was hardly probable that he would long delay the claims of younger men. He retained the seals for two years, and though there was not time for him to place the same impress on the Court of Chancery as he had on the Queen's Bench, yet he holds his own with any common-law lawyer who has ruled as chief in equity.

His death was awfully sudden, and in accordance with a predilection which he had expressed for a sudden death. A certain number of the *Times* has a threefold mention of him. There is a mention of his attending a Cabinet council; in another column he hears a case in Chancery, but reserves judgment; in a further column we have an account of his death. He had entertained a party of gentlemen at dinner, and at night had retired to his room, where he was found dead in his chair. As Lord Bacon says, "A healthy old man is a tower undermined." So sudden a death caused a little consternation for the moment, but the gap was at once filled. In England, no public man is absolutely necessary. There was a certain vice-chancellor who had a pet phrase which he was constantly producing, for the delight of the bar who elected his

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

court. The phrase was, "What does it signify?" When he died, one of his bar suggested that his tombstone might bear the inscription, "Here lies Vice-Chancellor ———. What does it signify?" In the case of each of us it signifies very little. In the particular case of Lord Campbell, he was succeeded as chancellor by one of the greatest equity lawyers this country has ever known, and as chief justice of the queen's bench, he has been succeeded by Sir Alexander Cockburn, who has made a still greater name, and who, in a still greater degree, has made his impress on the mind of the country.

Cockburn was one of a small cluster of great luminaries of this age whom that little legal college on the Cam, Trinity Hall, has given to the country. He went the Western Circuit, and so, in a sense, belongs to that roll of great lawyers, extending back to the days of Fortescue and Glanville, of whom Devonshire makes boast. He is one of those barristers who made the beginning of their fortunes at quarter sessions. Unfortunately for barristers, quarter sessions are not now what they once were. Even Sir William Follett once attended the Exeter sessions, and it was Sir William Follett who loudly prophesied the future eminence of Alexander Cockburn. He soon rose from cases which collected knots of rustics and country town idlers, to cases where the magnitude of the interests arrested the attention of the country. It became known that in complicated cases he could speak with a sweetness and lucidity which charmed judge and jury for hours together. He became engaged in the heaviest common-law cases of the time — such a case as when he rolled back the vindictive tide of popular prejudice against McNaughton, the murderer of Drummond, and, as it seemed, the intended murderer of Peel; such a case as when he rolled back the profoundest prejudice against his own uncle, then dean of York, whose semi-simoniacal dealings with preferments had so nearly cost him his own preferment. Those, too, were days when counsel took their fees without demurring, and faithfully did their work for which they were paid — when barristers did not undertake to be in several places at the same time, and it became necessary to fee them, if only that they should not appear on the other side.

There have been few young barristers about whom report has had more to say than him who was once young Cockburn. He will long be a tradition of the Western Circuit. His Exeter doings will not pass out of the recollection of Devonshire. He was looked upon as a careless genius who could do, by the mastery of genius, what cost humbler men an infinity of labor. There has always been an affectation at the bar, which even now has not quite died out, of consummate talent being able to dispense with labor. Of course it is only an affectation and impossibility. It lingers at the university. But the apparently idle men, who lounge about all day, have a habit of sitting deep into the night, and so overcoming arrears. From the first, Mr. Cockburn was a brilliant and dashing barrister, who seemed to have a prescience of coming greatness about him. There is no doubt that he was compelled, not by an indolence of his own, but through the force of circumstances, to master very difficult cases in a very short time. Even in very heavy criminal cases, the attorneys would not deliver briefs until the grand jury had found a true bill. The object, of course, was to save the fee, in the case of an ignoring of the bill. That would be so much gain for the defence, or so much lost for the attorney. A grand jury may have returned, and we believe did return, a true bill the last thing one night, and a great trial for murder come on the first thing next morning. For a barrister of Mr. Cockburn's *calibre*, the time for preparation would be quite sufficient. Indeed, cases of much swifter preparation are not uncommon, and we are afraid that cases of no preparation at all are not unknown. The other day a well-known barrister had to go into court with a heavy case. "I have not had time to look at my brief," he calmly said to the solicitor. "Give me just ten minutes, and I will explain everything," said the solicitor. And in that time the case was perfectly understood. A well-known Oxford man one day saw a favorite pupil, as he was, within an hour, about to take his place in the school for his final examination. "I'm in for 'Butler's Analogy,'" said the man, "and have not had time to read it through." "All Butler's governing ideas," mildly remarked the tutor, "are reducible to four. You can learn them in a quarter of an hour, and you must manipulate them as well as you can." The man passed a capital examination in Butler. It is possible enough to get up a case with great promptitude; but the chief justice, with his deep thoughtfulness and immense stores of learning, never trusted to promptitude what he could secure by care and study.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The distinctive political character he assumed was somewhat remarkable at that time. Devonshire, in his time, was a thoroughly Tory county. Mr. Cockburn was a thorough Liberal. He was a thorough despiser of everything that was merely conventional. In the now vanished piazza of the Exeter assize court amid the throng of country people, he would stop in wig and gown at an old woman's stall, and take his cup of tea or coffee, to the admiration of the groundlings. He has been known, as a young barrister to whom fees were of consequence, to return his fees when his sympathies were strongly enlisted in a case. He was remarkable for the perfect fearlessness and intrepidity which he exhibited; he was thoroughly straightforward, uniformly friendly and sincere. He soon showed that a brilliant and amusing man can be learned and deep. Occasions arose when he showed great powers of argumentation, great powers of eloquence; whenever an occasion arose worthy of his powers he made astonishing efforts which soon raised him to the highest rank both in the crown and *nisi prius* courts.

He naturally belonged to the order of men who seek for political distinction and the highest offices in their profession. Sir Alexander's Parliamentary *début* was made on the occasion of the great Don Pacifico debate. On this occasion the whole Parliamentary and official career of Lord Palmerston was impeached, and Mr. Anstey's philippics were seconded by the vehement eloquence of Lord Stanley. Lord Palmerston made the greatest speech of the debate, the greatest speech of his life — a speech which lasted nine hours; lasted from the dusk of evening to the dawn of morning on a midsummer day; filled the most part of two pages of the *Times*; and, Sir Robert Peel said, "made the House proud of the man who delivered it." But the next great speech of the debate was made by Mr. Cockburn; it was on the fourth night that he made his memorable speech. It can be said, we believe, of this speech, what cannot be said of more than one or two in our recollection, that it not only changed opinions but that it also changed votes. Lord Palmerston, it will be remembered, had demanded full indemnity from the Greek government for wrongs done to Don Pacifico, a British subject, though a Portuguese by birth. He joined issue not unequally with Gladstone himself, and boldly maintained Lord Palmerston's *Civis Romanus* doctrine. The speech was remarkable for the gorgeous rhetoric, the incisiveness, epigram, boldness, and astonishing eloquence. It was weakest when he went into the subject of the political combinations supposed to be involved by the coming vote on the fate of the ministry.

This speech was, in every point of view, a very great success. Sir Alexander's Parliamentary fame was now established. In a few months' time he was solicitor-general. He gained the first rung of State promotion, and we believe that he has refused the highest — the chancellorship — just as he has refused barony and earldom. It does not seem, however, that he made any great Parliamentary speech at all approaching this great speech. In time he became attorney-general in succession to Bethell. Then he was made chief justice of the common pleas. It was the case of a man being pitchforked upstairs. He did not want to become a judge. "As attorney-general and your member," he told his constituents at Southampton, "I have nothing more to wish for." "The senate," said Lord Russell, "has lost one who would have been its chief luminary, and the bench has gained a man who will be its enduring pride and ornament."

Just a few words on that remarkable legal career, which was closed by this well-merited elevation. The case of Palmer, which we have used before, again recurs. The opening speech was worthy of the great *procureur du roi*, a great minister of justice. The cross-examination of a certain wretched attorney was of a terrific character, but the reply on the whole case was as marvellous a speech as that great speech in the House of Commons. The place swarmed with barristers who came to hear their chief, and witness one of the finest examples of oratory. Palmer's great reliance had been on the fervid eloquence of his advocate, Serjeant Shee — poor Wilkins, who was to have undertaken the case, was in hiding at Boulogne — but even Shee's eloquence was overshadowed by Mr. Attorney's. Palmer's case had some very remarkable features beyond the sensational element. The intellectual problem, considered apart from the moral conviction, is more difficult than might be thought for. Mr. Fitzjames Stephens, in his "General View of the Criminal Law," gives a careful summary of the evidence. On the trial, Serjeant Shee took the unusual course of declaring his personal conviction of the innocence of the prisoner. Charles Phillips had incurred great obloquy for doing the same

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

in Courvoisier's case. But Mr. Phillips actually knew at the trial that Courvoisier was guilty; while the late Mr. Justice Shee believed, to the last day of his life, that Palmer was innocent. While Lord Campbell was summing up, Palmer handed Serjeant Shee a note, still extant: "I am satisfied with your exertions on my behalf, as I am satisfied that you have done all that mortal could do." In his reply, Cockburn expressed that he was satisfied both of the genuineness and the mistakenness of such a conviction. It is interesting to recollect that it was Serjeant Shee who subsequently, on behalf of the bar, made a famous panegyric on the chief justice. Sir Alexander, however, has been heard to say that the greatest compliment ever paid to him was by Palmer. Like Arthur Orton, Palmer had a habit of writing on little bits of paper, and flinging them over to his solicitor. One of these fell into Sir Alexander's hands at a final period of the trial, when there could be no doubt about a conviction. Palmer had written, "It is the riding that's done it," in reference to the irresistible torrent of eloquence with which the great counsel for the crown had swept away every hope from him.

Comparing him as chief justice with his predecessors — with Mansfield, with Tenterden, even with Lord Campbell — we perceive that he has taken a broader range. On several great public occasions he has stood forward in a national, we might say a cosmopolitan, character. The charge and summing-up of the lord chief justice to the grand jury in the case of Governor Eyre, he thought worthy of being reproduced in a separate form. Another remarkable step which he took was to publish a letter to the lord chancellor in 1868, protesting against the judges being called upon to try election petitions. It cannot be said that the evils which the chief justice anticipated have been verified by the result. He did Christendom an international service by acting as an arbitrator in the Alabama dispute, and his publication on the matter showed that this country was morally guiltless, and had been mulcted in an unjust penalty. But his greatest effort was on the trial of Arthur Orton, "the claimant" of the Tichborne property, the most remarkable *cause célèbre* of the kind in this or any other country. In this case, Sir Alexander, at the final stage of the trial, undoubtedly imported something of the advocate into the character of the judge. Perhaps, all things considered, his charge in that case is one of the finest exhibitions of judicial eloquence and power that our age has witnessed. The chief justice has been exposed to an immense amount of insolence and obloquy by Kenealy and his followers. To say the truth, we are astonished that he showed himself so sensitive to these attacks. He made an amount of rejoinder, he exhibited an amount of wounded feeling, which were hardly in keeping with his great name and his high place.

We are surprised that Lord Campbell never undertook the life of Earl Cottenham. It is a sort of biography, with its remarkable forensic luck, which, we should have thought, would have had great charms for him. Cottenham was twice chancellor; he was altogether chancellor for nine or ten years — the only chancellor, since Eldon, who has been made an earl. The other law lords disliked him; it was truly said, "His offence was rank." He was a man of great ability, but luck is the predominant element in his career. The English bench has been famous for its wranglers and classics, but Christopher Pepys took no honors among his contemporaries at Cambridge. The son of a master in chancery, to whose baronetcy he eventually succeeded, he had a natural affinity for the equity bar. He had the advantage of the best of tutors in Mr. Tidd and the great Romilly. His practice in Chancery, for many years, was not at all remarkable. But then came the great rise. He had been returned member in 1831, and again after the Reform Bill, for boroughs which, despite reform, were substantially in the gift of Lord Fitzwilliam. He was late in taking a seat in Parliament, but once in Parliament, nothing could exceed his assiduity in voting with his party. He was never a politician till he took office, and then he became a politician with a vengeance.

His rise was gradual and prosperous. He was solicitor-general when the mastership of the rolls became vacant. As we have seen, Campbell was attorney-general, and greatly desirous of the mastership. But an equity man was absolutely necessary. The Whigs have few great lawyers; great lawyers naturally seem to take to the Conservative side. Thus, Sir Christopher Pepys became master. When Sir Robert Peel's short-lived ministry of 1834 came to an end, instead of the great seal being handed back to Brougham, it was put in commission, and the first commissioner was Sir Christopher Pepys. The appointment was an awkward one. It was asked in the House of Commons

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

whether it was a safe precedent to allow Sir Christopher Pepys, the chief commissioner — in point of fact, lord chancellor — to sit in the House of Commons as master of the rolls. Sir Edmund Sugden actually went so far as to write a pamphlet on the subject, pointing out that a whole century had elapsed since there had been any such precedent. Pamphlets, letters, remonstrances, and even threats of Parliamentary inquiry abounded, and Lord Melbourne found it necessary to appoint a chancellor, and that chancellor became Lord Cottenham. Thus Pepys, a man, comparatively speaking, of very inferior abilities, succeeded in cutting out Campbell, a far abler man, from the rolls, and Brougham, a man of true genius, from the woolsack.

A better chancellor might have been found in Harry Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale; but Bickersteth, with rare moderation and disinterestedness, had refused to be solicitor-general, and later refused to be chancellor. Bickersteth tried hard at the rolls, where he succeeded Pepys, to make a useful reform by refusing to refer matters to a master which he could settle for himself. He found himself checked and hampered, however, by Lord Cottenham's principles and procedure. Bickersteth once said on the subject of Chancery reforms, "I am determined not to put myself forward as the attacking party, but I am willing to march side by side with the lord chancellor; I will not take upon myself the odium of the assault, and leave the chancellor the grace." Lord Cottenham, however, was always falling into the rear. He was sure that if Chancery reform required any money, not a farthing would be granted. Indeed, a Whig lawyer, when he gets into office, is as conservative as the most Conservative lawyer could be. Pepys seems to have had a real love of technicalities, and it may be said of Lord Melbourne's second chancellor under the Reform Act that he was thoroughly opposed to the most useful and necessary direction which reform might take.

As lord chancellor he proved even an abler judge than he could ever have been expected to prove. He always stood in great dread of Lord Brougham, who, deprived of the woolsack, to which he always had the strongest claim, was a lion robbed of its whelp. Lord Campbell says that Cottenham stood in much awe of Brougham's sarcasm, and would rather have submitted to any insult than enter into a personal encounter with him. Old officials of the Court of Chancery look back upon his reign as very good times, when things were done in a sound, orderly fashion, and the Radical chancellor was a man who possessed very considerable obstinacy of character; and once or twice he laid down false principles of law which nearly threw the commercial world into convulsion, and which he would only retract with the greatest difficulty and after the lapse of years. When once he had taken a false view of a case, it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be persuaded to look upon it in any other light. In the case of other judges, it was said that he rather upset judgments than overruled them. One most estimable judge had to complain bitterly of the insulting terms in which a decision of his had been overruled. It is reported of a very eminent practitioner in Chancery, now a still more eminent judge, that when a client was urging him with the utmost anxiety to apply for a re-hearing of a cause in which the lord chancellor had just delivered a very decided judgment under a palpable misconception of the facts of the case, he refused to make any such application, adding, "And I tell you more, sir — that if an angel were to come down from heaven to ask the lord chancellor to reconsider his opinion after such a judgment as he has just given, he would most probably commit him for a contempt." No judge would ever less submit to the slightest suspicion of being "bamboozled;" and as soon as any argument was advanced which he thought ranked under that category, he would embody it pithily in a short sentence or two, and place it before its astonished author, whether in silk or in stuff, to his utter discomfiture. "It is very awkward," observed one of the counsel most frequently employed in his court, "he just puts it to you shortly, and asks, 'Is that your argument?' adding quietly, 'I only want to know, that's all,' and then when he sees he is right, he sinks back in his chair, and it is all over."

Harry Bickersteth was not far wrong when he spoke of others doing the work, and Lord Cottenham getting the grace of it. On one occasion Lord Cottenham moved an amendment in his Drainage Bill, and made no allusion to Lord Langdale, who had sat up three or four hours the previous night, framing that very amendment. "You see," said Lord Langdale, on that occasion, "how public history differs from private truth." When Cottenham gave up the great seal at Buckingham Palace, it was delivered to Lord

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Langdale as the first of three commissioners.

It is curious that so little public attention was drawn to the chancellor, who for two prolonged terms filled the office, filled it for a longer time than Brougham, Campbell, Truro, St. Leonards, Chelmsford, all put together. One reason of the silence about Lord Cottenham, perhaps, was that it was found that there was very little human interest about the man. It was all hard steady business. He was never seen to show the slightest pleasantry, and if he smiled, it was a haughty smile; a little like a certain judge who fixed his countenance in a certain pose of contemptuous indifference. He was too fond of reversing judgment whenever he could see his way to do so, and lawyers hold that he is to be taxed with some terrible blunders. He was a great stickler to forms and precedents, thoroughly attached to the old system of the court, and with little heart for any legal reforms. He knew little or nothing of public law or the law of other countries, but with one department of our own law he was thoroughly familiar. It was for this reason, perhaps, that Lord Kingsdown used to declare that he never knew the House of Lords better managed than when Lord Cottenham sat alone on the woolsack, hearing appeals during his first chancellorship. Once only his court became a scene of general attraction. The late prince consort came into court to ask for protection against a publisher who had pirated some of his etchings. Lord Cottenham very properly took the matter in the direct legal way, and saw nothing remarkable in the husband of the queen becoming a humble suitor in one of her own courts.

A curious question relating to the office of lord chancellor arose as to the close of his second chancellorship. He became very ill, but was apparently unwilling to relinquish the seals. Lord Langdale suggested that the great seal might be handed over temporarily to somebody else, who might attend to legal business, without disturbing the political status and duties of the chancellor. Lord Cottenham wrote to say that he was almost well, and altogether disagreed with such a doctrine. Lord Langdale called on him. He found him pale and thin, but otherwise much better and in good spirits. He got better through the long vacation — that blessed long which has brought rest and healing to so many a wearied lawyer. But the amendment did not last. To all, except himself, he was evidently breaking up. But he did not like to admit it, did not like even to receive any assistance in discharging the functions of his office. He was a man who had always been very jealous of his authority, and who could never forgive any interference with it.

He resigned at last, in June, 1850, and went abroad. But he went abroad too late, and died at the baths of Lucca in the following April.

The career of Thomas Wilde, Lord Truro, has always been pointed out as a very remarkable one. He was of a legal family, and another member of it became Lord Penzance. He began life as an attorney, and attained to middle age before he felt that his position was too cramped for his energies, and he became a barrister. His career is a striking instance of what can be done by perseverance and a rooted purpose. Like Demosthenes he had an impediment in his speech, but he overcame it in a peculiar way. He formed a list of synonyms, and substituted them for the words which he could not pronounce. He was one of the great group of lawyers whose names and fortunes were made by the memorable trial of Queen Caroline, in 1820. The poor lady was so pleased with him that she made him one of her executors. He obtained the lead in the Common Pleas, being found in every case, and being noted for the thoroughness of his work. Clients thought themselves lucky who secured him; judges were pleased to listen to him; and Lord Tenterden happily said that he had "industry enough to succeed without talent, and talent enough to succeed without industry."

Copley, afterwards Lord Lyndhurst, one day came down to Exeter, specially retained. He watched Rele, the leader of the circuit — how quickly once famous leaders of circuits pass out of memory! — but observing Wilde, he quoted, —

Proximos illi tamen occupavit,
Pallas honores.

He took up the famous Serjeant Wilkins, whose brilliant career is quite a tradition with the English bar. Wilkins almost began his career by singing his songs and telling his stories at public houses in the evenings, and far on into the nights, and then sending the hat round. He helped Serjeant Wilde in a Parliamentary contest, and from that time the serjeant was his firm friend. But no amount of genius, or ability, or friendship, could save Wilkins from utter ruin. "I was, on one occasion," writes a gentlemen, "dining with

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Charles Kemble, the actor, who was very deaf. He inquired of me how Wilkins and Jones were getting on at the bar (they had both been actors), and he threw a long speaking-trumpet across the table. I told him they were both in the hands of Jews and attorneys. He replied, in a loud voice, that it was all up with them."

Sir Thomas Wilde once had an illustrious client, and he fell in love with her. This was Augusta Emma d'Este, the daughter of the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray. He had strenuously tried to legitimate the marriage, but it was ineffectual. Various stories have been constructed on the theory of the barrister marrying his client, and a certain learned counsel's attempt to do so led to a memorable law-suit. Before this second marriage, Sir Thomas had become attorney-general. He only held the office for a few months, and five years later, when he was again appointed, he only held it for a few days. In 1850, he became chancellor, and was only chancellor for nine months. He will best be remembered for his work in the Common Pleas, where his great forensic triumphs were won, and where he presided as chief justice for four years.

Campbell says that there was a combination between Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, to drive Lord Truro from the woolsack. Truro did not care for law reforms, and showed plainly that he did not care, which, of course, made a possibility of his becoming unpopular. After he was appointed, Brougham insisted on hearing the Scotch appeals. He declared that they involved the deepest intricacies of Scotch law, and he advised Lord Truro to get up as much Scotch law as he could during the long vacation. Lord Truro, according to Lord Campbell, knew as little of Scotch law, as he did of the law of Japan. He says of Truro — Towran, as he used to be familiarly styled in the courts — that during his short chancellorship he displayed much honesty and discrimination in his judicial appointments." Lord Brougham, on the contrary, declared "that Jonathan Wilde had become a courtier; and, having married the queen's cousin, laid all his patronage at the queen's feet." To the last, Brougham used to talk of "Jonathan Wilde," and "Tom, the queen's cousin." The fact is that, considering his brief tenure of office, he effected some remarkable reforms, both in the Court of Chancery and in the common-law courts. The solicitors were delighted with his success, and placed his portrait in the hall of the Incorporated Law Society, while his widow, the royal cousin, gave his library to the House of Lords.

His successor, Edmund Burtinshaw Sugden, was only chancellor in England for ten months. But he had been previously chancellor in Ireland for four years. At the present time Ireland has given England a chancellor of matchless power — one of the many contributions which Ireland makes to England's greatness. The recent death of Lord St. Leonards at the advanced age of ninety-five reminded the public of his marvellous faculties and wonderful career. Like Lord Tenterden, he was the son of a hairdresser, though on a larger scale than the poor Canterbury barber; but by indomitable energy and legal gifts of a peculiar kind, he gained the topmost niche in the legal temple of fame. He was the greatest conveyancer of his age. In the knowledge of all the intricacies of the law of real property he almost stood alone. It was his endeavor, at the outset, also to establish his reputation by legal works, and fifty years after he endeavored to popularize this knowledge for the public good. His "Letters to a Man of Property on Buying, Selling, etc., Estates," half a century later were re-issued as a "Handy Book of Property Law." Hardly any man of property felt safe until he had submitted his titles to Sugden's inspection. His practice was something enormous. For ten years he was simply a conveyancing counsel. He was overloaded with abstracts to inspect and deeds to settle. His business was so crushing that he resolved to abandon it, and confine himself to the courts. Then he came into the Court of Chancery, but in all-important litigation he was as much sought for as a pleader as formerly as a conveyancer. It was once said in the House of Commons by a member who became a judge that there were not more than six persons who were acquainted with the law of real property. It was at one time declared that there was no one practising at the Chancery bar who knew it except Sir Edmund Sugden. O'Connell, with whom he had once some sharp brushes in the House of Commons, said that if there was a man in England who knew all law, Sugden was that man. A curious case once occurred to the great lawyer, which is one of the stock stories of the court. He mistook the side on which he was to act. It was the case of King *v.* Turner, vice-chancellor's court, Jan. 26, 1829. Messrs. Horne and Pemberton were heard on one side. Mr. Sugden followed, con-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

curred in the argument of his learned friend, and said the law was quite clear.

Vice-Chancellor. — "Then Mr. Sugden is with you, Mr. Horne."

Mr. Horne said the argument of his learned friend was, to his great surprise, on his side; but his learned friend happened to be on the other. (Great laughter.) Mr. Sugden consulted his junior and seemed not a little disconcerted. He owned he was mistaken. What he had said, however, was said in all sincerity; and he never would for any client, be he whom he may, argue against what he thought a settled rule of law. As his learned friends had differed on the present point, he hoped his honor would decide it without reference to what had fallen from him. The vice-chancellor promised he would do so. It is rather curious, too, that Sugden should have made the admission. A less honest lawyer would have said that he was simply stating his opponent's case with a view to answer it.

Between Sugden and Brougham there were repeated "rows in court." Sometimes Sugden distinctly got the better; sometimes it was otherwise. Lord Brougham would write his letters while listening to the address of counsel. We have seen judges deliberately reading newspapers while counsel have been making their speeches. But on this occasion Sugden was addressing judge and jury, not a jury alone. Sugden stopped short in the middle of a sentence. "Go on, Sir Edmund, I am listening to you," said Brougham. "I observe that your lordship is engaged in writing, and not favoring me with your attention." The chancellor neatly stopped him. "I am signing papers of mere form. You may as well say that I am not to blow my nose or to take snuff while you speak." On this occasion the laugh was against Sir Edmund. But on other occasions the laugh was all on his side. Sugden hated Brougham. Towards a chancellor whom he liked he could be as sweet as summer. We think it was Lord Cottenham who actually fell asleep. Sir Edmund immediately paused. The cessation of sound had the customary effect of awakening the chancellor. "Why don't you go on, Sir Edmund?" "I thought your lordship might be looking over your notes," was the bland response. This would please Lord Cottenham, who was very liable to doze, and hated anybody noticing it. Sugden took his revenge on Brougham in the famous *bon-mot*, that it was a pity he did not know a little law, and then he would have a smattering of everything. To a man of his great knowledge, a discursive mind like Lord Brougham's would be very distasteful, and they were also separated by many political and personal differences.

Sugden was solicitor-general in 1820, and twice lord chancellor of Ireland. At the age of seventy he became lord chancellor of England. He was then created Baron St. Leonards of Slaugham, in Sussex. During his lifetime, whenever the Conservatives had their brief and sudden accession to power, we believe it was customary to offer the seals to Lord St. Leonards. But the old man preferred Boyle Farm. But now Boyle Farm is brought into Chancery litigation. He composed a will, which is supposed to have been the model of a will which a man of real property should make — a model exemplar will, which should put into concrete shape the true doctrine of wills — and for want of some ordinary precautions which a clerk or housekeeper might have taken, alack! the will of wills is gone!

In following the career of Lord Cranworth, there is one special point of view which is thereby suggested. When he was chancellor, there were more than a dozen men who, from a legal point of view, would have made better chancellors. "Consider what we have endured from dear Cranny," wrote a Cabinet minister when the fitness of Lord Chelmsford's subsequent appointment was in question. Robert Monsey Rolfe's prosperous career was due rather to manners and morals than to ability and attainments. He was a cousin of Lord Nelson, and, like Nelson, born in a country vicarage. He did fairly at the bar, got some acquaintance, though an equity man, with criminal law as a recorder, and though a rare, was thought a gentlemanlike and pleasing speaker in the House. There was some surprise, however, that a man so little known should be appointed solicitor-general. He did his duty quietly but effectively, and, like other solicitors-general hardly indicated by fame for the heights of the law — the Liberals had once quite a rapid succession of such men — he was glad to take a *puisne* judgeship. His qualifications, however, had been underrated by the world, and probably, in his modesty, by himself. He was much more distinguished on the bench than he had ever been at the bar. We have sometimes heard of a barrister making his fortune in a single trial. But it was so with Robert Rolfe. The trial was that of Rush for the murder of the Jermyns, and he drew the attention of the whole country

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

by his patience, temper, firmness, impartiality, and knowledge of the law. When he was raised to the peerage, it was said that his title ought not to be Cranworth, but Kilrush. The year following the trial the great seal was put in commission, and he was third commissioner. He now reverted from common law to equity. He became vice-chancellor, not without a public suspicion that he might have forgotten his equity practice. Even Lord Truro plucked up heart of grace, and reversed one of his earliest decisions. Rush's trial was in 1849; in 1850 Lord Cranworth became vice-chancellor; in 1851 lord justice; in 1852 lord chancellor. His opinions in time came to be held in the highest respects by Chancery lawyers; he was beloved by the bar, and was a most popular speaker of the House of Lords. He was a most conscientious, careful, painstaking judge, and a most amiable man, but a man more destitute of high intellectual calibre than perhaps any who had held his high office. He came after Sugden, and in his second term of office after Lord Westbury — an isthmus uniting two continents.

Another instance of the remarkable rise of a common lawyer to the marble chair was that of Frederick Thesiger, who, as a midshipman, was present at the second bombardment of Copenhagen in 1801. His father lived at St. Vincent's, and as he became heir to some property there, he went out to the island, as he used to say, "to make his father's acquaintance." It was thought that he had better qualify himself for the bar of the little island, and so returned to London. But the eruption of a volcano blew his estate into the air, and as the counsel in whose chambers he studied said it would be a shame that he should go back to the West Indies without trying his fortune in England, he started fair for the woolsack. All his lifetime he has been a singularly prosperous and popular man. The sessions paved his way for the assizes, and the assizes brought him business in the Westminster Courts. It was noticed of the young barrister that whenever his leader was absent he was always found ready and equal to taking his place. He had the leading business in an immense number of *causes célèbres*. He was counsel for Hunt, an accessory of Thurtell's for the murder of Weare. When in stuff, after these trials, he won in an ejectment case at Chelmsford, relating to the right to some unenclosed strips of land by the highway — a success to which he always attributed his subsequent advance, and which caused him to choose his title of Chelmsford. He defended Lord Ferrars in the ridiculous action brought for breach of promise against the earl by Miss Smith. He was also successful in unmasking the impostor who claimed to be the son of Sir Hugh Smith, and entitled to the very large family estates. This was the most remarkable "claimant" of our days until he was overshadowed by a still more notorious one. He compromised, as counsel, the famous action of Swynfen *v.* Swynfen, and when Mrs. Swynfen brought an action in consequence, the principle was sustained that no action could lie, and that counsel were irresponsible. Sir Thomas Wilde was a competitor of his. Wilde defeated him at Woodstock, and defeated him in becoming chief justice, Sir Nicholas Tindal having died just two days before Sir Robert Peel went out of office. He has been twice chancellor, but only for brief tenures on each occasion, but he is one of the most estimable and popular of law lords.

Another common-law chancellor succeeded, in the person of Lord Campbell, and then Bethell came to his rights. The career of Lord Westbury is very remarkable, and one which would have given full employment to all Lord Campbell's story-telling propensities. Like Bishop Philpotts, and, we believe, Dr. Jowett, the present master of Balliol, he was only a boy in jackets when he gained an open scholarship at Oxford. It was through his Oxford connection that he obtained his first great triumph at the bar. A suit in Chancery had been instituted against Brasenose College by a nobleman in the east of England. If his suit should be successful, the interests of the college would be overcast to a most serious extent. An eminent authority, however, advised the principal and fellows to give way, or at least consent to a compromise. The master of the college, Dr. Gilbert, the late Bishop of Chichester, then bethought himself of the gifted student, who had indeed been the most distinguished *alumnus* of the college, and whom he himself had examined for his degree, and made Mr. Bethell counsel, or one of the counsel, for the college. He was then a young and untried lawyer, but he earnestly represented to the college that they ought not to give way, and the event abundantly justified his advice. Practice rapidly flowed in upon him. Through the promotion of Wigram and Knight-Bruce, he made his way rapidly to the front, and became the leader of the Court of Chancery. For twenty years there was hardly a case in

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Chancery of any importance in which he was not interested. For five-and-thirty years he was a prominent figure in all the equitable *causes célèbres* of the country.

He was late in entering the House of Commons, but the very year after he entered he became solicitor-general, Sir Alexander Cockburn being attorney. A few years later he became attorney, when Sir Alexander became chief of the common pleas. It must certainly be said for him that he put his mark upon the statute book. He gave Mr. Gladstone the greatest help in his Succession Duty Bill — an act which was accepted with resignation by the peers, but which excited the liveliest disgust in the bosom of eldest sons — for not even Mr. Gladstone could make the intricate technical points clear to the House of Commons. He had a very large part in the legislation which followed the Oxford University Report. But he differed altogether from his former friend and leader, Mr. Gladstone, in his Divorce Act, a bill which excited the strongest opposition in the minds of the High Church party, and of which the good effects have been extremely problematical. It may be questioned also whether the law of limited liability, which he had so great a part in settling, has not been more mischievous than salutary for the commercial interests of the country. Finally, his statement of the law of conspiracy, and the Conspiracy Bill which he introduced, had the effect of ejecting both himself and his party from office. It may be doubted, after all, whether his services to his party were in point of fact very great or essential. He was intensely self-conscious, and the self-consciousness would creep out in a small and ludicrous way. One vacation it is said he visited like an ordinary traveller the romantic little town of Porlach, and the next astonished landlady and tourist by inscribing his name "Westbury, Lord High Chancellor of England."

Certainly Lord Westbury was not an amiable man. His words were sweeter than honey yet were they sharp as swords. Men writhed beneath the irony of his tone, and contemptuous expression of lip and eye. One barrister was so far irritated that he struck him in court, and we need hardly say that that barrister's professional career was henceforth closed. He it was who told Bishop Wilberforce that a man "might smile and smile again and be a villain." He it was who contemptuously alluded to "what a noble lord had called his mind." It was an interesting study to look at Lord Westbury hearing appeals in the House of Lords, and listening to the other law lords giving judgment. The head was posed backward inimitably, and the countenance wore a fine expression of disgust and contempt. On one occasion when a case in which he was concerned came on before two learned judges, he happened not to be present, and a junior was called on to speak. Bethell came in and wanted to be heard. The opportunity of "taking a rise" out of the terrific unpopular barrister was not to be lost. "Oh, no, Mr. Bethell," said one of the judges, "it is quite unnecessary to call upon you, your junior has put the whole case before us very properly and at great length." "Then your lordships decline to hear me?" "We merely think that it is quite unnecessary, Mr. Bethell." The discomfited counsel gathered up his papers and left the court in a huff. "Look at him, look at him," quoth one of the judges in the greatest glee to the other, as both enjoyed great happiness from seeing him annoyed.

We do not enter into the miserable stories of the Westbury scandals. Not since the days of Macclesfield, to go no farther back, had the conduct of a great magistrate been similarly impugned. The House of Commons voted a resolution, practically of "no confidence," and his resignation followed. His farewell speech presented two good points — a promise, which was not left unredeemed, of doing good work as a private member, and a much-needed expression of regret, if by inadvertency or want of courtesy he had given pain to any member of their lordships' house. He was succeeded by Lord Cranworth once more. Here, again, we see the remarkable special characteristic of Rolfe, the moral gifts which in his case have been as fruitful and striking as any merely intellectual gifts. Lord Westbury never returned to office, and the fiasco of his will, like that of Lord St. Leonards, made the merriment of the law courts.

One great charm in studying the lives of illustrious chancellors and chief justices, is to watch the gradual steps by which great lawyers have achieved their position, and the lowly origin from which they sprung. Take the instance of the parentage of Lord Hatherley, who said once in the House of Lords that he had no ancestral honor. His father, Matthew Wood, worked as a child in a serge-manufactory, was bound chemist and druggist at Exeter, and was afterwards chemist and hop-merchant in London. He became alderman, sheriff, lord mayor, and the first of

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the city members. The conspicuous part which he took in the defence of Queen Caroline is matter of history. He performed another public service, not equally well known, when, being dissatisfied with a sentence of execution passed upon three criminals, he inquired into the case, discovered the perjury of the witnesses, and saved the lives of the men. A curious history connects Sir Matthew Wood with the famous Jemmy Wood, the miser of Westgate Arms, Gloucester. Lord Hatherley has obligingly informed us that there was no connection between the families, that his father never sought the acquaintance of Jemmy Wood, but Jemmy Wood sought the acquaintance of Sir Matthew because he sympathized with his defence of Queen Caroline. In the event, after an immense amount of extensive litigation, Sir Matthew took a quarter of million under the will of the old miser. In the property was included the old ivy-mantled dwelling-house of Hatherley Court, with the surrounding estates, which has given a title in the peerage to the ex-chancellor.

Sir William Page Wood contributed to Mr. Fox's "Judges of England" many autobiographical details which make the final chapter one of the most interesting of his work. He took part in a school rebellion at Winchester, which was not repressed without the aid of the military. The penalty was expulsion, and he refused the escape which was offered him on account of his high standing in the school. He tells us how he had formed an order of Milton and Shakespeare knighthood at the school, and how close was his intimacy with his illustrious schoolfellow, Dean Hook. He enumerates the remarkable advantages he enjoyed in the way of society. During the two years of his father's mayoralty he associated with men of all parties at the Mansion House; for two years he lived at Geneva, then a great intellectual centre; he made a sojourn at Paris, a sojourn in Italy, where he knew Mezzofanti, and in London he was familiar with the highest literary society. He relates how he nearly lost his fellowship through the supposed radical character of a prize essay, and how he was offered by the editor of the *Times* full employment if he chose to write for the press. His mind, however, was fixed upon the bar, and he lived to attain the summit of his profession. He tells us that when practising at the equity bar, Lord Lyndhurst with natural courtesy gave him encouragement, and Sir John Leach, we presume with natural rudeness, administered a rebuff. For a long time he practised both at the equity bar and the Parliamentary bar, before committees of both houses of Parliament. He found himself forced, however, to make his election, and elected in favor of Chancery business. Both before and after his elevation to the bench, he worked hard on numerous commissions connected both with the law and with the Church. Much of our most beneficial legislation connected with both is due to his exertions. Like other ex-chancellors he has had a great deal to do with arbitration business. Long ago he was selected by Lord Cranworth to act, with Lord Wensleydale and Sir Lawrence Peel, as arbitrators between her Majesty and the king of Hanover in reference to certain crown jewels left by that king. He came to the bar the inheritor of an immense fortune, the inheritor of a great political name. He had the additional distinction of being a fellow of Trinity. Nevertheless, for twenty-eight years he labored assiduously at the bar without obtaining any special distinction. Then the blushing honors came thick upon him. In rapid succession he became Q.C., M.P., and solicitor-general. Most barristers regard the last honor, so immensely lucrative, as the first great prize of the profession, and the stepping-stone to the loftiest distinctions; but he resigned the much-coveted post with a careless magnificence. It was a wealthy and lofty position, but it was not a comfortable one. He resigned because he found that to be solicitor-general "entailed upon him so large an amount of late work, and so interfered with his duties of domestic life and comforts of home, that he felt bound to relinquish his honorable position." It is not often that a barrister in the full flush of success can permit himself to be actuated by such considerations.

For fifteen years he was vice-chancellor. Then the Conservatives, from whom he was always thoroughly alienated in politics, made him lord justice. Lord Justice Selwyn, a short time earlier, had obtained a similar post, and by right of prior appointment would be the senior judge. Sir Jasper Selwyn insisted, however, that Sir William should take his seat first, and so obtain precedence. He was not an attractive judge, so far as oratory went, or indeed the arrangement of sentences and thoughts. But the judicial mind has never been more finely manifested. He was of a serene, passionless temperament, im-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mense learning, keen judgment, and the most absolute impartiality. In the same year in which he was made lord justice, he was appointed, towards its close, lord chancellor. "I never had the least hope that I should ever occupy the high and distinguished position which I now hold," he has said, in one of those civic speeches, in which, at times, he became autobiographical. He held the position on account of the noble self-abnegation of Roundell Palmer. With the great prize of the profession at his feet, he allowed a scruple to stand in the way of his promotion, on the subject of the Irish Church disestablishment and disendowment. It was a noble example, which did much to raise the moral dignity of the bar, and even to elevate the public taste of the country. Sir William Wood was a lawyer whose moral and religious sense was as tender and delicate as Sir Roundell's. They had both, for instance, been for many years Sunday-school teachers. They had both written religious or devotional works. But Sir William Wood had not the slightest objection to legislation, which has proved the severest shock of our day to many religious minds, and which, to a mind like Sir Roundell Palmer's, was contrary to the rights of property and the principles of justice. It was scarcely expected that the new chancellor would prove any material addition to the debating power of the House of Lords. But in his great speech on the Irish Church Bill, Lord Hatherley more than enhanced his reputation. The *Times*, in a leader, thus characterized the speech: "It may appear strange to many, that casting about for the phrase which should most naturally and justly express the especial characteristic of Lord Hatherley's speech, we should say that it was pre-eminently the speech of a gentleman. Yet this is the simple truth. With no conscious art affecting to lend it grace, it was a rare mixture of delicacy and power. Its severity was proportionate to its dignity." It was this essentially "gentlemanly" character which Lord Hatherley peculiarly sustained during his somewhat long tenure of office. Every one was sorry for the physical misfortune which incapacitated him for office; but at the same time every one rejoiced that Roundell Palmer was chancellor at last.

We regret that our closing limits permit us to deal only very slightly with the great name of Lord Selborne. His is one of the great historical names of the equity courts, and except Lord Westbury, even if that exception is to be allowed, no practise has been so continuously large. But Lord Selborne is not a mere lawyer, as was Bethell. More than Bethell himself he was a law reformer, one who, in a special way, has made the question of law reform his own; although his brief tenure of office hardly brought the full development of his plans within the scope of practical politicians. Roundell Palmer has established a great ethical, as well as a great legal and great political reputation. He is one of the few great English lawyers who is also a great publicist. He is scholar, poet, critic. In early life, at Oxford, there were two distinguished young men, one of whom was intended for the Church, and the other for the bar. But the intended clergyman felt the keenest intellectual interest in the arena of this world's struggles, and became a barrister; whilst the intended barrister was absorbed in the other world's interests, and became a clergyman. As we heard the story, the names were those of Roundell Palmer and John Henry Newman. Before he became chancellor he had the opportunity of performing a great public service. He went out to Geneva as counsel for England, in the international arbitration case of the "Alabama." It was calculated that his fees would amount to about thirty thousand pounds; but we are informed that he refused to receive this, or any, remuneration for his services. He derived his title from the village of Selborne, associated with Gilbert White's most pleasant chapters of "Natural History," where he purchased an estate. It was characteristic of him that he built a church and schools, before he would build a house for himself; and the genial speech in which he addressed his friends and neighbors, when he really did get into his house, was "a very pretty bit" of legal biography. Lord Selborne seems now in that state of professional inaction which is the normal condition of an ex-chancellor; but he is sure to profitably employ his well-earned leisure, and if health be spared, may be safely regarded as the great chancellor of the future.

The late Lord Justice Rolt, following the example of Pemberton Leigh, drew up an autobiography of himself. It has some interesting references to Lord Cairns, his great competitor. "Cairns came, on taking silk, into Vice-Chancellor Wood's court, and of course soon got abreast of me there. For a very little time, if at all, did Cairns, towards the close of his brilliant career at the bar, get ahead of me in the business of the court." Rolt was de-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

lighted to become lord justice. "Cairns had not long before succeeded Knight-Bruce as lord justice, and the new Court of Appeal was universally spoken of as one that would do justice to the judicial power and dignity of the Court of Chancery, and was not unworthy of its best times." This was his first judicial dignity. It had been deservedly won by a career of great splendor and honor at the bar. But great as that legal career has been, it will probably be looked upon at a future day as inferior to his political career. Hugh Cairns, like Mitford and Grant of a preceding generation, was a real statesman and a great member of Parliament. He might, even with a greater show of reason than Mr. Walpole, have forsaken the legal for the political career. Amid the prevailing feebleness that now has so long characterized the great law officers of the crown, the recollection of what Hugh Cairns was in the House of Commons comes back with a sense of startling contrast and surprise. Those were days in which Cairns would speak for hours late into the night, and the House was awaked by his commanding eloquence.

There is no case in which more rapid success has been obtained at the bar, or in which a lawyer has won a peerage at an earlier age. We regret to hear that in the case of the chancellor a great drawback has been a somewhat weak state of health. We hear of him at Torquay and other localities affected by pulmonary patients. It was this which induced him years ago to surrender the office of attorney-general, and become one of the lord justices, a loss which a stronger government than that which then existed must have contemplated with dismay. When Mr. Disraeli first became premier, he displaced Lord Chelmsford from the woolsack, and made Lord Cairns his chancellor. Henceforth Lord Chelmsford retires into comparative obscurity, and Cairns is more than ever to the front. The term of his chancellorship was not long. He went out with his party on the question of the Irish Church, and those who heard his speeches are not likely ever to erase them from their memory. A longer term of office now seems open to him than has fallen to the lot of many of his predecessors.

It is remarkable that the last three chancellors have all been deeply religious men, just as there had been a succession of chancellors of very opposite characteristics. Lord Hatherley and Lord Selborne have been distinctly High Church, but Lord Cairns is accredited with Evangelical or Low Church views. He gave, for instance, a very hearty support — which must have been valuable in its way — to the Moody and Sankey movement, and has made appointments which would emphatically commend themselves to Lord Shaftesbury. His administration of patronage is unique, and such as can hardly be paralleled by any examples of preceding chancellors, unless in the case of his predecessor, Lord Selborne. Only too often, the livings in the gift of the chancellor have been loot for private friends or political supporters. Lord Cairns appears to regard his patronage in the light of a trust. He seems deaf to the usual social and political considerations. He has developed a feeling for curates which must be astonishing and unexpected to that long-suffering order. We know several cases in which men have been unexpectedly appointed to livings simply on account of the worth of their character and the length of their services. Other chancellors, in a spasmodic way, might now and then have done this before, but Lord Cairns seems to do it very much on a system.

He is considered to have been, perhaps, the ablest lawyer that this country has ever possessed. He would not shrink from a comparison even with Lord Selborne, to whom, during his term, many would have applied a like expression. If we might venture to indicate the difference, we would say, that while Roundell Palmer has the greater subtlety, Lord Cairns has the wider grasp. The mind of the former is not free from a certain crotchetiness which is not found in the latter. The width of mind, the logical acumen, and the comprehensiveness of view are commonly thought to be somewhat rare in an Irishman, and perhaps have not been equally united in the same Irishman since the days of Edmund Burke. We may here recall Lord Lytton's lines, who thus commemorates the present lord chancellor and the present chief justice of England, and joins with them one who is the light and ornament of the Irish bar.

Hush'd were the benches when, with careless ease,
With accents matchless for melodious keys,
With words the choicest, that seem strung by chance,
Cockburn's frank mind reveal'd its large expanse.
Still Whiteside's genius charms both foes and friends,
So headlong force with sparkling fancy blends;
As torrents flash the more their rush descends.
Still, when Cairns rises, though at dawn of day,
The sleepers wake, and feel rejoiced to stay,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

As his clear reasonings in light strength arise,
Like Doric shafts admitting lucent skies.

Certainly English law never showed brighter, nor was the English judgment-seat in greater glory, than when we see Lord Cairns as the high chancellor, and Sir Alexander Cockburn as the chief justice of England.

This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), *being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in* THE LIVING AGE *from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

CHAPTER XLVI.

SCHEMES.

SHALL we ever forget that sunrise over the vast plain through which the Missouri runs — the silence, and loneliness, and majesty of it? Far away — immeasurable leagues away it seemed — a bar of purple cloud appeared to rest on the earth, all along the flat horizon, while above that the broad expanse of sky began to glow with a pale lemon yellow, the grassy plain below being of a deep, intense olive green. No object in the distance was to be descried, except one narrow strip of forest; and the trees, just getting above the belt of purple, showed a serrated line of jet black on the pale yellow sky. Then a flush of rose-pink began to fill the east, and quite suddenly the wooden spire of the small church beside us — the first object to catch the new light of the dawn — shone a pale red above the cold green of the cotton-trees. There was no one abroad at this hour in the wide streets of Decatur, though we had seen two Indians pass some little time before, with shovels over their shoulders. Our object in getting up so early was to try to get over the swampiest part of our journey before the heat of the day called up a plague of flies from the mud.

One thing or another, however, delayed our departure, and when at last we got into the swamps, we were simply enveloped in clouds of mosquitoes. If we could only have regarded these from behind a glass mask, we should have said that they formed a very beautiful sight, and so have discovered the spirit of good that lurks in that most evil thing. For we were in shadow — our vehicles having a top supported by slender iron poles arising from the sides — and, looking out from this shadow, the still air seemed filled with millions upon millions of luminous and transparent golden particles. Occasionally we got up on a higher bit of ground, and could send the horses forward, the current thus produced relieving us from these clouds; but ordinarily our slow plunging through the mire left us an easy prey to these insatiable myriads. Indeed, there were more mosquitoes within our vehicle — if that were possible — than in the same space without; for these creatures prefer to get into the shade when the blaze of the sun is fierce, though they do not show themselves grateful to those who afford it. The roof of our palankeen-phaeton was of blue cloth when we started. Before we had been gone an hour, it was grey; there was not anywhere the size of a pea visible of the blue cloth. But this temporary retirement of a few millions in no wise seemed to diminish the numbers of those who were around us in the air. At last even the patience of the lieutenant broke down.

"Lady Sylvia," said he, "I have now discovered why there is so much bad language in America. If ever we go up the Missouri again, you ladies must go in one carriage by yourselves, and we in another carriage; for the frightful thing is that we cannot say what we think" — and here he slapped his cheek again, and slew another half-dozen of his enemies.

"But why not speak?" his wife said.

"It was an ancient privilege, my lords,
To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing, into words."

Lady Sylvia was supposed to say something; but as she had tied a handkerchief tightly around her face, we could not quite make out what it was.

He continued to complain. We had delayed our return to Decatur on the previous day so that we should avoid driving on to Tekamah in the evening, when the plague is worse: he declared it could not be worse. He even complained that we had not suffered in this fashion a couple of days before, in driving over the same ground, forgetting that then we had a fresh and pleasant breeze. And we were soon

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

to discover what a breeze could do. Our friendly guide and driver suddenly plunged his horses off the path into a thicket of tall reeds. We thought we should have been eaten up alive at this point. But presently we got through this wilderness, and began to ascend a slope leading up to the bluffs. Was there not a scent of cooler air? We clambered higher and higher; we got among our old friends the sunflowers and Michaelmas daisies; and at last, when we emerged on to the sunlit and golden plain, the cool breeze, fragrant with May-weed, came sweeping along and through our vehicle, and behold! we were delivered from our enemies. We waxed valiant. We attacked their last stronghold on the roof; we flicked off these gray millions, and they, too, flew away and disappeared. We sent a victorious halloa to the vehicle behind us, which was joyfully answered. We fell in love with the "rolling" prairies, and their beautiful flowers and fresh breezes.

But the cup of human happiness is always dashed with some bitterness or another. We began to think about that vast and grassy swamp from which we had emerged. Was not that, in effect, part of the very Mississippi valley about which such splendid prophecies have been made? Our good friends out here, though they made light of their river by calling it the Big Muddy, nevertheless declared that it was the parent of the Mississippi, and that the Mississippi should be called the Missouri from St. Louis right down to New Orleans. Had we, then, just struggled upward from one branch of the great basin which is to contain the future civilization of the world? We had been assured by an eminent (American) authority that nothing could "prevent the Mississippi valley from becoming, in less than three generations, the centre of human power." It was with pain and anguish that we now recalled these prophetic words. Our hearts grew heavy when we thought of our children's children. O ye future denizens of Alligator City, do not think that your forefathers have not also suffered in getting through these mud flats on an August day!

At length we got back to Tekamah and its conspicuous tree, which latter, it is said, has done the State some good service in former days. We were much too early for the train, and so we had luncheon in the block-house inn (the lieutenant in vain offering a dollar for a single bottle of beer), and then went out to sit on a bench and watch the winged beetles that hovered in the sunshine and then darted about in a spasmodic fashion. That was all the amusement we could find in Tekamah. But they say that a newspaper exists there; and if only the government would open up a road to the Black Hills by way of the Elkhorn valley, Tekamah might suddenly arise and flourish. In the end, we left the darting beetles and drove to the station. Here we saw two or three gangs of "civilized" Indians, digging for the railway company. Whether Pawnees, Omahas, or Winnebagoes, they were, in their tattered shirt and trousers, not an attractive-looking lot of people, whereas the gentlemen-paupers of the reservations have at least the advantage of being picturesque in appearance. There were a few teepees on the slopes above, with some women and children. The whole very closely resembled a gipsy encampment.

And then, in due course of time we made our way back to Omaha, the capital of the Plains, the future Chicago of the West, and we were once more jolted over the unmade roads and streets, which had now got dry and hard. And what was this?—another telegram?

Lady Sylvia took it calmly, and opened it with an air of pride.

"I thought so," she said, with assumed indifference: and there was a certain superiority in her manner, almost bordering on triumph, as she handed the telegram to her friend. She seemed to say, "Of course it is quite an ordinary occurrence for my husband to send me a telegram. There, you may all see on what terms we are. I am not a bit rejoiced that he has actually sailed and on his way to join us."

The word was passed round. Balfour's telegram was from Queenstown, giving the name of the vessel by which he had sailed. There was nothing for her to be proud of in that; she did well to assume indifference.

But when, that evening, we were talking about our further plans, she suddenly begged to be left out of the discussion.

"I mean to remain here until my husband arrives," said she.

"In Omaha!" we all cried. But there was really no disparagement implied in this ejaculation, for it must be acknowledged that Omaha, after its first reception of us, had treated us with the greatest kindness.

"He cannot be here for a fortnight at least," it is pointed out to her. "We could in that time go on to Idaho and be

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

back here to meet him, if he does not wish, like the rest of us, to have a look at the Rocky Mountains."

"I can not tell what his wishes may be," said the young wife, thoughtfully, "and there is no means of explaining to him where to find us if we move from here."

"There is every means," it is again pointed out. "All you have to do is to address a letter to the New York office of the line, and it will be given to him even before he lands."

This notion of sending a letter seemed to give her great delight. She spent the whole of the rest of the evening in her own room. No human being but him to whom they were addressed ever knew what were the outpourings of her soul on that occasion. Later on, she came in to bid us good-night. She looked very happy, but her eyes were red.

Then two members of our small party went out into the cool night air to smoke a cigar. The broad streets of Omaha were dark and deserted; there were no roisterers going home, no lights showing that the gambling-houses were still open. The place was as quiet as a Surrey village on a Sunday morning when everybody is at church.

"I have been thinking," says one of them; and this is a startling statement, for he is not much given that way. "And what these ladies talk about Balfour doing when he comes out here — oh, that is all stuff, that is all folly and nonsense. It is romantic — oh yes, it is very fine to think of; and for an ordinary poor man it is a great thing to have one hundred and sixty acres of freehold land — and very good land — from the government; and if he knows anything about farming, and if he and his family will work, that is very well. But it is only romantic folly to talk about that and Balfour together. His wife — it is very well for her to be brave, and say this thing and that thing; but it is folly: they cannot do that. That is the nonsense a great many people in England think — that, when they have failed at everything, they can farm. Oh yes; I would like to see Lady Sylvia help to build a house, or to milk a cow even. But the other thing, that is a little more sensible. They say the railway has beautiful grazing land — beautiful grazing land — that you can buy for a pound or thirty shillings an acre; and a man might have a large freehold estate for little. But the little is something; and there is the cost of the stock, and the taxes; and if Balfour had enough money for all that, how do you know that he will be able to make his fortune by stock-raising?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"No," said the lieutenant, with decision; "these things are only romantic folly. It is good for a laboring-man who has a little money to have a homestead from the government, and work away; and it is good for a farmer who knows about cattle to buy acres from the railway, and invest his money in cattle, and look after them. As for Balfour and his wife ——"

A semicircular streak of fire in the darkness, a wave of the hand indicated by the glowing end of the cigar, showed how the lieutenant disposed of that suggestion.

"Do you think," said he, after a time — "you have known him longer than I have — do you think he is a proud man?"

"As regards his taking to some occupation or other?"

"Yes."

"He will have to put his pride in his pocket. He is a reasonable man."

"There was one thing that my wife and I talked of last night," said the lieutenant, with a little hesitation; "but I am afraid to speak it, for it might be — impertinent. Still, to you I will speak it; you will say no more if you do not approve. You know, at the end of one year, my wife and I we find ourselves with all this large property on our hands. Then we have to decide what to do with it."

"Sell every stick and stone of it, and take the proceeds back with you to England. You cannot manage such a property five thousand miles away. Bell's uncle, mind you, trusted to nobody; he was his own overseer and manager, and a precious strict one, if all accounts be true. You carry that money back to England, buy a castle in the Highlands, and an immense shooting, and ask me each August to look in on you about the 12th. That is what a sensible man would do."

"But wait a bit, my friend. This is what my wife says — yes, it is her notion; but she is very fearful not to offend. She says if this property is going on paying so well, and increasing every year, would it not be better for us to give some one a good salary to remain here and manage it for us? Do you see now? Do you see?"

"And that was your wife's notion? Well, it is a confoundedly clever one; but it was her abounding good nature that led her to it. Unfortunately there is a serious drawback. You propose to offer this post to Balfour."

"*Gott bewahre!*" exclaimed the lieu-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

tenant, almost angrily, for he was indeed "fearful not to offend;" "I only say to you what is a notion — what my wife and I were speaking about. I would not have it mentioned for worlds, until, at least, I knew something about — about —— "

"About the light in which Balfour would regard the offer. Unless he is an ass, which I don't believe, he would jump at it. But there is the one objection, as I say: Balfour probably knows as much about the raising of cattle as he knows about mining — which is nothing at all. And you propose to put all these things into his hands?"

"My good friend," said the lieutenant, "he is a man; he has eyes; he is a good horseman; he can learn. When he comes out here, let him stay with us. He has a year to learn. And do you suppose that Bell's uncle he himself looked after the cattle, and drove them this way and that, and sold them? No, no; no more than he went down into the mines and watched them at the work. If Balfour will do this — and it is only a notion yet — he will have to keep the accounts, and he will judge by the results what is going on right. And so we too. If it does not answer, we can sell. I think he is a patient, steady man, who has resolution. And if he is too proud, if he is offended, we could make it an interest rather than a salary — a percentage on the year's profits —— "

"Well, if you ask me what I think of it, I consider that he is very lucky to have such a chance offered. He will live in the healthiest and most delightful climate in the world; he and his wife, who are both excessively fond of riding, will pass their lives on horseback; he may make some money; and then he will be able to come up here and go in for a little speculation in real estate, just by way of amusement. But, my dear young friend, allow me to point out that when you talk of the women's schemes as romantic, and of your wife's and yours as a matter of business, you try to throw dust into the eyes of innocent folks. You are contemplating at present what is simply a magnificent act of charity."

"Then," said he, with real vexation, "it is all over. No, we will make him no such offer unless it is a matter of business; he will only resent it if it is a kindness."

"And are there many people, then, who are in such a wild rage to resent kindness? Where should we all be but for forbearance, and forgiveness, and charity? Is he a god, that he is superior to such things?"

"You know him better than I do," is the gloomy response.

But the lieutenant, as we walked back to the hotel, was rather displeased that his proposal was not looked upon as a bit of smart commercial calculation.

From Nature.

THE RESTORATION OF THE ANCIENT SYSTEM OF TANK IRRIGATION IN CEYLON.

A WORK apparently pregnant with the largest and most beneficent results to the native population of Ceylon is in process of being carried out by the colonial government of that island. More than a thousand years ago a system of irrigation, the most complete and remarkable that the world has ever seen, was in successful operation in the low country, and the object which the government has in view is to restore to something like its pristine fertility a large proportion of the immense tracts of land — many hundreds of thousands of acres in extent — that for want of water have fallen into a condition of the most utter sterility. Sir Emerson Tennant, writing twenty years ago on this subject, says, "The difficulties attendant on any attempt to bring back cultivation by the repair of the tanks are too apparent to escape notice. The system to be restored was the growth of a thousand years of freedom, which a brief interval of anarchy sufficed to destroy, and it would require the lapse of long periods to reproduce the population and recreate the wealth in cattle and manual labor essential to realize again the agricultural prosperity which prevailed under the Singhalese dynasties. But the experiment is worthy of the beneficent rule of the British crown, under whose auspices the ancient organization may be restored amongst the native Singhalese."

The origin of the system of irrigation spoken of dates as far back as the year 504 B.C., when, according to the Singhalese chronicle, Mahawanso, the first tank was built in the neighborhood of his new capital, Anuradhapoora, by Panduwasa, the second of the Hindu kings. This was succeeded about seventy years later by two others formed in the same neighborhood. In the year 459 A.D. the Kalawewe tank, the largest of all, was completed. The retaining bund of this immense sheet of water is twelve miles long, and the circumference of the lake which it formed was no less than forty miles, the water being

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

backed up for a distance of fifteen miles and conducted from the tank by means of a conduit sixty miles in length to the capital. Sir Emerson Tennant, in describing these remarkable reservoirs, says, "Excepting the exaggerated dimensions of Lake Mœris in central Egypt, which is not an artificial lake, and the mysterious basin of Al Aram in Arabia, no similar constructions formed by any race whether ancient or modern exceed in colossal magnitude the stupendous tanks of Ceylon." The same author estimates that at the time of its greatest prosperity the island contained a population of from fifteen to twenty millions, nearly all of whom must have derived their means of sustenance from irrigated lands. At the present moment, after all the care bestowed through three quarters of a century by a paternal government, the population only amounts to twenty-four hundred thousand, whilst even for this a large proportion of the food — six million bushels of rice annually among other things — has to be imported from India, and the population itself must be considered to have been somewhat unnaturally increased during the last fifty years by the stimulus of European enterprise. The mass of the people too have changed their place of residence from the interior to the neighborhood of the seacoast, where trading and fishing instead of rice-cultivation furnish them a livelihood. The vast areas which formerly, under the magic influence of a sufficient supply of water and a hot sun, produced their two or three crops of rice in a year are now absolutely deserted, frequently not a single inhabitant surviving where once a thousand found ample means of subsistence. The city of Anaradhapoora, if its ruins afford us any means of estimating its magnitude, must have covered an immense area — no less than from thirty to forty square miles, and the population living on the spot and drawing its supplies of food from the immediate neighborhood must have been correspondingly immense. Now it is a mere village in the midst of vast heaps of ruins.

One of the most gigantic of these early irrigation works is supposed to have been originated by Maha Sen about the year 275 A.D., and, having been enlarged by Prakrama, Bahu I., who reigned in 1153, to have received from him the name of "the Sea of Prakrama." It consisted of a series of lakes formed by an embankment twenty-four miles in length and from forty to ninety feet high, by which the water of a large river and many considerable streams was hemmed in along the base of a range of hills and so forced into the valleys that a series of lagoons or lakes was formed extending for the above-mentioned distance and frequently several miles in width. A canal five miles in length conducted the waters of "the sea" to the Minery Lake, another of the works of Maha Sen, to be mentioned presently, and a further canal from Minery led the waters to the neighborhood of Trincomalie, in all a distance of fifty-seven miles. When it is remembered how sudden and torrential the rains are in a country like Ceylon — the writer has known eighteen inches of rainfall in forty-eight hours over a very large extent of country, and at one spot as much as 18·9 inches in twenty-four hours, — we cannot too much admire the vastness of such a work and the skill which enabled the native engineers to use the natural features of the country in such a manner that for a distance of twenty-four miles a single embankment sufficed not only to hem in the water for purposes of irrigation but also to provide a water-way for the transport of produce and merchandise. Along the whole course of this embankment and canal and wherever its tributaries carried the life-giving water there would be without doubt a teeming population; for irrigable land in Ceylon is capable of supporting, according to official calculation, one thousand persons to the square mile. In 1855 there was not a single inhabited village, although a few patches of land were occasionally cultivated by people from a distance. The contrast between the remote past and the present condition of this half of the island is a painful one to contemplate, but it is to be hoped that the colonial government will never stay its hand until all the useful works of ancient times have been restored and improved — but this will be a work of centuries.

Long before the Christian era the main ambition of the kings of Ceylon appears to have manifested itself in the formation of tanks, and many kings are mentioned in the Mahawanso who, "for the benefit of the country," and "out of compassion of living creatures," built a dozen or more of these splendid, but absolutely necessary, irrigation works. The Minery tank, some twenty miles in circumference, and irrigating an enormous area of fertile land now entirely barren, owed its origin, along with sixteen others, to Maha Sen, who reigned about the year 250 A.D. It is now merely a swamp, resorted to by enormous numbers of wild fowl. Up to the twelfth

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

and thirteenth centuries Ceylon produced her own supplies of food, but in the fourteenth it appears that the island was obliged to import a portion of it from India. In 1301, it is related that there were 1,470,000 villages in Ceylon. In 1410, as many as 1,540,000, the term village implying hamlet, or even a single house where there are people resident. Of the vast majority of these, if they ever really existed, not a vestige is left except the ruined tanks, which show unmistakably where the foci of population formerly were. This was shortly after the conquest of the island by the Malabars, who are believed not to have actually destroyed the fabric of the embankments, but by their system of government to have disorganized the village communities to such an extent that the works connected with the tanks fell into disrepair through neglect, the land became imperfectly irrigated, and the population gradually died out. That this process was a perfectly natural one seems evident from the fact that the tanks do not show any traces of wilful damage, and also from the consideration of the almost innumerable evils resulting in death, of which a scarcity of water in a tropical country like Ceylon is productive. Indeed one of the most frightful diseases that have ever scourged the human race is believed to have been developed in these very localities chiefly through the want of proper food, caused by the absence of a system of irrigation. It is believed, too, and there is strong evidence, based on experience, for the belief that the disease entirely disappears wherever irrigation is restored. It will naturally be asked, "If the advantages of a plentiful supply of water are so enormous, why have not the tanks been restored before this, and what hinders their immediate restoration at the present time?" The reply is, that the creation of this magnificent system of irrigation was not the work of a decade, or even of a century, but of a thousand years of successful national development, and that therefore the restoration of it must be also a work of time.

The object of this paper is to draw attention to the fact that the experiment of restoration is at the present moment in process of being tried, and bids fair, after the lapse of half a century or so, to alter entirely the character of the island. The most remarkable success has already attended the efforts to afford irrigation facilities to the Singhalese on the east coast. Where but a few years ago the natives were half starved and the land apparently in a hopeless condition, the reintroduction of irrigation through the assistance of the government has transformed not only the people, but the country, as if by magic. Rice-fields, palms, and other fruit-trees abound, and the population is increasing at a rapid rate. Of this particular district the present governor of Ceylon (Sir William Gregory), reported some four years ago to the legislative council of the island in the following terms: "In the month of April I visited the rice-growing regions of the eastern province, which are the creation of the irrigation works carried out by the government. I never before saw such an unbroken sheet of grain. Save where some isolated trees, part of a recent forest, broke the view, the eye wandered over some twenty thousand acres of green paddy. I saw, wherever I went, a sleek, vigorous, well-fed, and thoroughly healthy population. Up to 1864 the lands under cultivation in this province were fifty-four thousand acres, the chief impetus to the irrigation scheme having been given in 1857. In 1871 the lands in cultivation were seventy-seven thousand acres. The crown lands to be additionally reclaimed under works already completed or in course of completion, amount to fifteen thousand nine hundred acres, equal to the support of twenty-three thousand eight hundred and fifty persons." Again, speaking in the same report on the subject of the great tank already mentioned, he says: "I am most anxious to put the full strength of the department at work in restoring irrigation to Nuwara Kalawia. This magnificent district has the strongest claims upon us. It was once the granary of the island. It is now utterly neglected. It has a population of sixty thousand persons and over sixteen hundred villages, which have each of them their tank. There are at least seventeen hundred of these tanks, and I am credibly informed not one of them has a sluice in order. I trust that a few years hence the population may present the same vigorous and thriving appearance as the population of the eastern province, and from the same causes — namely, good and plentiful food." Of this same district a gentleman of very great experience told the writer that in travelling through it many years ago he came to a village where, of the thirty inhabitants, only one of them was able to carry water, all the others having been stricken down by hunger or disease. This destitution was caused by the failure of three successive rice-crops, and was not specially exceptional, but fairly repre-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sentative of what takes place frequently in the district. If we compare the scenes of plenty and contentment as they exist in the eastern province at the present moment with what meets us in the Wanni, or in any of the northern districts, where tanks have not been extensively repaired, the contrast is most striking. We find an almost depopulated country, with here and there a wretched village peopled by a few miserable and more than half-starved inhabitants, who, in times of scarcity, which are not infrequent, are obliged to live on roots and wild herbs, who are periodically decimated by a frightful disease, yet who seem bound to the spot where they were born, and prefer to die there rather than move away to a more fertile and healthy district. It is, indeed, this disinclination which possesses the agricultural Singhalese to move more than a day's journey from his home that presents the greatest of all difficulties to the scheme for the restoration of the tanks. It is on this account that the process of restoration is always in advance of the supply of natives to take up the new land, unless the works happen to be in the immediate neighborhood of population. The only plan, therefore, that has proved really successful under present conditions is to restore the tanks in the vicinity of villages, and induce the population to creep slowly onwards step by step, cultivating the more fertile pieces of ground as it advances, until the depopulated districts shall have been partially reclaimed, when the completion of the work will be a matter of comparative ease. Two typical instances of this mode of procedure have been mentioned to me by an official high in the government service, as showing the effect of a well-regulated expenditure of labor and money in restoring irrigation works. In the year 1854, Mr. Bailey, whose name will ever be associated with this scheme for benefiting the natives, spent less than 100*l.* on a canal some miles to the north of Matalé, a country town a few miles north of Kandy. The village thus supplied with water had previously dwindled away until only three houses were left, the rice-fields were deserted, and the famine-stricken inhabitants declared that they would die where their fathers had lived and died rather than migrate to a part of the country that was unknown to them. Ten years after the improvement was made the spot had become a little oasis in the desert; nearly two hundred acres of rice were under cultivation, yielding about thirty bushels per acre, and supporting a population of several hundreds.* Almost in the same neighborhood a sum of between 200*l.* and 300*l.* was spent on an old canal fifteen miles in length by the same zealous government official already mentioned. Many hundreds of acres were brought under cultivation, and in ten years' time, instead of a starved and fever-stricken population of one hundred and fifty inhabitants, no less than five hundred able-bodied men were on the list as liable to the road-tax. The changes in these, as in other instances, took place as if by magic, yet the means employed in effecting them were of the most limited and simple nature. The secret of the success lay in the fact that a famishing and disease-smitten population was within a few miles of the spot, and the remnants of ancient engineering skill were ready at hand to guide the laborers on to certain success. Since the above tentative experiments were made, very great changes for the better have taken place in the condition of the agricultural part of the native population. The carrying out of the scheme for the restoration of irrigation works is recognized as one of the chief duties of the colonial government, and there is little danger that, after the real success which has attended it so far, any future government will allow it to be interrupted. The policy of the colonial authorities may be summed up in the pregnant words of Sir Wm. Gregory's address to the legislative council in 1876: "I consider that at least one hundred tanks should be supplied with sluices, and properly repaired each year; and I have asked the secretary of state to furnish me with an additional number of well-trained officers, by whom these works will be carried on with vigor. There is no boon which the government can confer on the villagers more legitimately than this. It is a reward for their own exertions, and I am confident that each year, as it becomes better understood, it will be more appreciated, and that it will be recognized everywhere that the government have no other object in it than to increase the comfort and resources of the people." It will appear, from what has been quoted, that the tanks are not repaired free of cost and then handed over gratuitously to the villagers, but the natives are required to give a certain amount of labor in restoring the tanks, and also to pay a small rent or tax on the land cultivated, so that, whilst the native cultivator is the chief gainer by the

* Irrigated rice-lands in the low country will support population at about the rate of a thousand persons to the square mile.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

undertaking, the government is no loser. If there could have been a doubt as to the wisdom of the tank-restoration scheme, the experience of the last three years must have dispelled it and proved how absolutely necessary a system of irrigation is to the welfare of the natives. In the address above quoted, whilst speaking of the cholera and other diseases which had visited several of the provinces, the governor says: "It is remarkable that the inhabitants of the eastern province enjoyed perfect immunity from epidemics of all kinds. It is an interesting question, on which I do not give an opinion, whether this general immunity from disease in the eastern province is due to the abundant supply of food throughout the populous part of it, the result of irrigation works." At the same time he speaks of the restoration of two of the large tanks as complete. One of these will irrigate twenty-three thousand acres, equal to supporting a population of thirty-five thousand persons; the other will bring large tracts of magnificent land into cultivation, and dissipate the unhealthiness of the district which has hitherto prevented settlement.

To look back over the early history of the attempts under Sir Henry Ward to restore the above system of irrigation, is like reading the accounts of the commencement of a successful campaign. The difficulties encountered were sufficient to discourage even enthusiastic philanthropists, chief amongst them being the utter disorganization of the village communities through the abolition of compulsory labor and the rooted dislike of the natives to migrate from one spot to another. For the recent part of the evil caused by this disorganization the British government was alone to blame, for in abolishing *rajekaria* they abolished the right of compelling villagers to keep their tanks and watercourses in repair. By doing this they practically placed the distribution of the most valuable property of which the natives were possessed in the hands of the strongest, and consequently the most unscrupulous, inhabitants of each district. In a dry season, when there was barely sufficient water to irrigate the fields along the course of a canal, those who were nearest to the source of supply would probably get more than their share, whilst those who were furthest from it and had an equal claim on it might get none; but, generally, the strongest party would get the advantage, to the ruin of the weaker. Dams would be built at various points along the course of the stream by one party, and as quickly destroyed by another. Interminable feuds were the results, and appeals to the courts of law, which, not being guided by native customs, only made matters worse. The canal, too, which ought to have been kept in proper repair by the united efforts of all who benefited by it, was allowed to fall year by year into a more ruinous condition, after compulsory assistance had been abolished, the residents on the upper portion of it refusing to aid those on the lower to repair the breaches made by the annual floods. Consequently the work that was done was ill done, and only of a temporary character. Soon it became beyond the power of isolated communities to effect the necessary repairs; the lands fell out of cultivation, and the population, after a long struggle with their neighbors, either died out or sought a living elsewhere. The early legislation in 1856 was based on a revival of the native customs and a compulsory distribution of the necessary work among the different villages, a majority of two-thirds of the inhabitants being enabled to place the lands under the irrigation ordinance, and to compel the assistance of all who benefited by the supply of water. The scheme resulted in complete success. It met the great want of the natives, and the interminable disputes about boundaries and rights of water, which was as much property to the natives as the land itself, soon ceased. The government claimed its own and sold large portions of it by auction at a very reasonable rate, the upset price being generally 1*l.* per acre, the land continuing to be chargeable with a yearly tithe to the government of from 3*s.* to 4*s.* per acre. In special cases the government granted even easier terms in order to induce the natives to settle in particular localities. Newly-purchased land was allowed to be free from tithes for four years, and the purchase-money was spread over an equal period from the time of sale. The pecuniary result was most gratifying to the government, and the benefit conferred on the natives inestimable.

A few words will be sufficient to describe the character of the cultivation which this system of irrigation is intended to promote. A crop of rice, or paddy, as the undressed grain is called, requires about ninety days to come to perfection, and during this time it must be supplied with about thirty inches in depth of water, or a little over four thousand cubic yards to the acre. The first and second watering of the paddy takes place within a fortnight of the sowing of the seed, and the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

water is only allowed to remain on the land for a short time. The three subsequent waterings take place about the twentieth, the fortieth, and the sixtieth days after sowing, from eight to ten inches of water being used each time, and the water is allowed to remain on the land until it has evaporated. This system, though more or less modified according to the climate and the supply of water, is fairly representative of rice-cultivation in the lowlands of Ceylon. The official estimate of the produce is about thirty bushels per acre. It is probable that exactly the same system existed in the very earliest times, and that the Singhalese engineers were able to regulate the flow of water through the tank sluices just as they wished. It certainly seems unreasonable to suppose that the men who could design such a vast irrigation system with no better means of levelling than that of leading water by actual experiment from one point to another, should fail in minor matters such as sluice-gates. Yet the writer believes that nothing is known as to the manner in which the flow of water was regulated. It is true that in some of the sluices a square masonry well is found leading upwards from the sluice soon after it has entered the embankment from the tank, but there is nothing left to show how it was used. Captain Sim., R.E., some years ago suggested that it was intended to break the force of the water rushing in flood-time towards the sluice, and reduce the velocity of the water in the sluice to that due to the pressure in the well only. I am, however, inclined to think that a frame of wood somewhat in the shape of a box strongly braced together was fitted into the well so that it could rise and fall readily under the influence of the water in the tank, and that by placing weights on the top the frame might be forced down so as to cut off either partially or wholly the water issuing through the sluice. Wherever rocky foundations could be found for a dam or a ledge of rocks for a spill-water, the native engineers, as if distrusting artificial constructions, would be sure to utilize them. In some cases, where it was possible to include masses of rock in the embankment, the sluices themselves would be cut out of the solid gneiss and the work thereby rendered as indestructible as the rock itself.

It will no doubt be somewhat surprising to persons who are only acquainted with the system of rotation of crops in vogue in Europe, that these rice-lands can be made to produce year by year, for hundreds of years consecutively, one or two crops of grain annually without the land becoming exhausted or requiring to be continually renovated by manure. The explanation, however, seems to be that sufficient vegetable matter is carried down from the hills partly in solution and partly in suspension in water to supply all the waste produced by the continuous cropping. Those who have visited the richest alluvial valleys of California and Australia will no doubt have been struck by the fact that the most fertile soil is always found where the alluvium has been deposited in extremely fine particles and in water practically at rest, conditions which obtain in the paddy-fields of Ceylon, and must have obtained formerly on the Hunter River in New South Wales, and in the valleys opening on the Bay of San Francisco.

I cannot better conclude this paper than with an extract from a minute by Sir Henry Ward, after a tour of inspection in 1859:—

"The village of Samantorre is a very fine one, and stands on the borders of the richest plain in Ceylon, containing, as it does, nearly fifteen thousand acres of paddy. Mr. Birch and Mr. Cumming informed me that the scene of joy and excitement exhibited by the whole population when the water first came down from the Ericammam, in July, 1858, and saved a magnificent crop from destruction by drought, was one of the most striking things ever witnessed. Hundreds of people had collected at Samantorre as soon as they knew that the sluices were to be opened; and when the water was actually seen advancing down the bed of the dried-up river, the shouts, the firing of guns, the screams of the women, the darting off of messengers bearing the news in every direction, made a deep impression on all who saw it. They felt that a great work had been done, a great benefit conferred. But I feel also that under British rule this benefit ought to have been conferred thirty years ago upon a people so capable of appreciating it. Indeed, knowing what I now know of the history of the eastern province, I hold that what the government is doing in 1859 is simply the payment of a debt incurred by our rash interference with a people of whose habits and wants we knew nothing. This error is now in part repaired. Forty-four thousand acres of land are already under paddy cultivation, and I see reason to believe that the amount will be not less than sixty thousand acres in 1861, when the irrigation works have obtained their full development. But this will require constant attention on the part

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

of the government and of its local repsesentative. The maintenance of the *system* must never be lost sight of, and should unforeseen demands for assistance arise they must be met liberally and promptly." The words of so successful a governor have not been forgotten. The present governor, Sir William Gregory, has devoted all his energies to the carrying out of what was so well begun. The survey and engineering staff of the colony has been considerably increased, and the restoration of nearly the whole of the ancient irrigation works, besides the creation of new ones, may now be considered to be only a question of time. R. ABBAY.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

I.

THE ISLAND OF WOLLIN.

NATURE has endowed the north of Germany with few rural charms. Here she rarely appears in the full splendor of her festival robes, with whose magnificence she well understands how to dazzle and intoxicate the eyes of men. On the contrary she usually displays a grave, almost stern countenance which does not allure the inhabitants to pleasure or dreamy idleness, but harshly casts them on themselves and their own strength.

The soil, although for the most part fertile, requires industrious tilling to yield its abundant harvest, for the sun is niggardly in bestowing its rays, and does not afford heat enough to make everything grow and flourish. The soft breeze of the south, which fans our cheeks and fills us with a sense of delicious comfort, here quickly changes into a keen wind, from whose chilling breath we strive to protect ourselves, and the radiant violet and crimson hues into which southern horizons melt are here transformed into a lustreless blue, or dull cold grey.

It might almost seem as if north Germany had reason to consider itself a stepchild of nature, and complain that she had withheld the blessings with which she so richly endows more favored climes. But if she has been parsimonious in her gifts and proved herself a harsh mistress, she has done the country no injury. A sturdy, powerful, manly race has grown up in the rude school, a race which in the exuberance of its strength easily conquers the toils of life, and only views the scanty charms of the country with a clearer eye, receives them with a more susceptible mind. A race whose heart clings to its northern home, though its imagination yields to the magic of the south, and whose energy exults in the conflicts forced upon it by the opposition of the soil and climate. A race which, even beneath this unsightly husk, can discover the imperishable spiritual beauty of nature, and perceive her eternal poetry even in the roar of the chilling winds, as they sweep over the monotonous plains, or bow the treetops in the vast forests.

Among the few spots richly endowed with external beauty are the islands scattered along the coast of the Baltic sea. First comes Rügen with its chalk cliffs and leafy forests, then nearer to the shore Usedom, and the smaller but no less lovely Wollin. The latter, which is separated from the continent on one side by a large bay, and on the other only by the Dievenon, may almost be considered as an outpost of the main land. Yet even in her greater generosity nature remains faithful to the character she has stamped upon the whole country. There is none of that laughing, radiant beauty which dazzles the eye and makes the heart leap with delight, but on the contrary a grave, almost solemn charm, which elevates the soul and involuntarily leads it to devotion. Wide tracts of woodland, in which the pine is not wholly unrepresented, receive the wanderer in their cool shades, and his eye roves admiringly over the huge lofty trunks of the oaks and beeches, whose branches interlace beneath. Here and there in the distance appears the blue, furrowed surface of the sea, or the smoother mirror of the great bay. The shores of both are rugged and precipitous, but the hills soon recede again, and the waves dash freely on the level shore. The watery element is well represented, for even in the forest there are numerous large and small lakes, in whose dark water the sky and trees are dreamily mirrored, and over which the lower branches of the beeches, or the slender boughs of the birches and willows bend caressingly.

If from some rising ground one obtains a view of the whole island, its forest-covered hills resemble a waving sea of leaves, everywhere interrupted by the flash of water, and surrounded by the waves of the sea. The eye rarely falls upon a village or any large tracts of tilled fields, the

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

clearings usually seem to be filled with luxuriant meadows, and this peculiarity increases the character of loneliness, the majestic monotony, stamped upon the whole landscape.

Even the vegetation assists in enhancing the solemnity of the impression produced. It consists of tall, slender ferns which nestle at the foot of the tree-trunks, soft moss, and luxuriant heather, with its countless lilac blossoms. The color of the latter, however, is not sufficiently bright to produce any variety, and the yellow cowslips, brownish dandelions, red field-pinks, or scarlet wild poppies bloom too far apart to assert themselves. Even the turf, reddened by strawberries or cranberries, seems monotonous in its long streaks of red and green.

The woodcutter's axe is rarely heard among the trees; for the eager greed of gain, which has recklessly sacrificed our forests, has not yet forced its way here. Undisturbed by the echoing axe, the roe bounds through the glades, and then with timid glances hies towards its accustomed pasture. The antlered stag proudly tosses his head as if he scorned danger, and walks quietly to the water to quench his thirst. The crafty fox hungrily watches the wild ducks fluttering among the reeds that border the ponds, or slinks like a cat after the partridges innocently amusing themselves in the tall grass. Slender lizards cling to the branches of the trees, and timid hares luxuriate in the abundant pasturage.

In the summer season, when hunting is forbidden by law, these animals are rarely disturbed. The inhabitants of the island usually dwell on the seacoast or along the shore of the bay, where fishing and seafaring afford them a comfortable support, as the capital Wollin possesses a by no means inconsiderable commerce.

Some of these fishing villages have gradually risen to the rank of watering-places, where the throng of visitors seeking health and comfort yearly increases. When the lovers of woodland solitude think the crowd too large, they emigrate to another village, and there found a new watering-place. But even here the feeling of quiet comfort does not remain long, for the inhabitants of the little hamlet do everything in their power to attract new guests, and a long list of names seems indispensable to their ambition.

In one of the numerous inlets formed by the Baltic, is one of the most important of these watering-places, which we will call Waldbad. Here the steep wooded hills which overhang the sea suddenly recede, as if to make room for the settlement of the inhabitants, and thus surround the houses in the village with a dark, lofty girdle of trees. There is plenty of space to build, as is shown by the wide intervals between the cottages. Tempting as the sea looks in the glittering sunlight, when ruffled by a light breeze, almost all the inhabitants have resisted the charm and left the protecting down between themselves and the water; nay, there is even a large meadow and several ploughed fields between the centre of the village and the shore.

The whole hamlet gives the impression of a place which has been erected gradually, and where each person has built his house without any special reference to his neighbor. Alhough there are distinct streets, the buildings are sometimes set far back, sometimes very near them, part turn the front and part the end to the street. Sometimes one house is entirely away from it, and a side path leads to the door of the independent dwelling. Some of the dwellings are very near the front, others close to the down; nay, here and there some bold wight has even disdained its protection, and set his small or large house directly on the summit.

An equal diversity exists in the architecture of the dwellings. There are the villas of the rich merchants from the neighboring city, which, with their ivy-grown verandahs, pillars, and balconies, present the stately exterior of a small castle; the tasteless mansions built on speculation, and which — spite of their verandahs and external adornments — make by no means a pleasant impression, as they are entirely unsuited to their surroundings. Then come the fishermen's tiny houses, adorned with glass-roofed balconies and climbing vines for the summer guests, while the real owners retire to the narrowest quarters. Last of all appear the wretched huts, which can venture to make no claim to accommodate visitors, scarcely afford room for the families they shelter, and are pervaded by an indescribable atmosphere, produced by freshly smoked fish, nets spread out to dry, and similar things.

The houses adjoining the forest resemble a real street least of all. They are farther away from each other, and in still more peculiar positions than the rest. Most of them are built on a small hill, and one is obliged to turn aside from the highway and mount the steep ascent. Although the sea is not so near at this point,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the contrast afforded between the blue, boundless expanse of water, the cattle grazing in the meadows, the waving fields of grain, intersected by the highway filled with gay groups of pedestrians, produces a far more charming impression.

There is a certain degree of jealousy between the inhabitants of the different streets; each one thinks himself entitled to claim special attractions. One expatiates upon the view, another holds forth the advantage of being sheltered from the wind; if the vicinity of the sea is found delightful, the neighborhood of the forest is certainly also very charming. The guests eagerly take sides with the rivals, and each is firmly persuaded that he lives in the best street.

Various as are the opinions, there is one singular point of agreement, that all think the Bergstrasse, the forest path previously mentioned, particularly destitute of attraction; of course with the exception of its inhabitants, who are all enthusiastic in praising their street. And yet if the impartial spectator did not fear the hatred of almost the entire population of Waldbad, he would undoubtedly give the prize to this very Bergstrasse. Spite of the beautiful oaks and beeches which the island possesses, the girdle of trees that immediately surrounds the village consists principally of pines, which, clothing the hills with their monotonous green, somewhat impair the beauty of the landscape, and one has reason to regret the predominance of the stiff firs. This regret is undoubtedly most keenly felt by the inhabitants of Waldbad, indifferent as they usually are whether their eyes rest on the needles of the pine or the graceful foliage of other trees. But their summer guests often lament the existence of this belt of pines, nay, even seem to consider its existence a lack of consideration on the part of the inhabitants, and constantly praise the beautiful foliage of the woods around Heringsdorf.

The charming situation of this fishing-village on a neighboring island soon made it a well-known and favorite watering-place, and it even disputes the supremacy with the neighboring city of Swienemunde, whose size enables it to offer greater attractions to summer visitors, and thereby not only excites the jealousy of the latter place, but of all the larger and smaller hamlets around, which are just as good fishing-villages, and therefore entitled to equal favor. Waldbad, which is very proud of the advantages afforded by the villas of the numerous rich merchants, of course keenly feels the rivalry. The illustrious names which yearly appear on the list of visitors at Heringsdorf are a thorn in the side of every resident of Waldbad, which has hitherto been visited by no one of princely lineage, and any commendation of the beautiful oak woods of Heringsdorf seems like a personal insult.

But as the unlucky pine wood cannot even be transformed into timber, all Waldbad makes it a point of honor to think its stiff firs bewitchingly beautiful, and every one extols the healthy freshness of the forest, the strong odor of rosin that exhales from the trees, and calls the attention of visitors to the advantages of a place which combines sea-air with the much-desired strengthening breath of the pines.

Nor are the inhabitants wrong in this respect. A walk in the woods, when the soft breeze brings the freshness of the sea, and at the same time impregnates the air with the spicy odor of rosin, is wonderfully invigorating, and every guest may well be satisfied with his choice of a summer resort.

II.

THE TREASURE.

At the time our story begins Waldbad seems utterly lifeless. The season has not yet commenced, and most of the houses have shutters over the windows and seem asleep. Even the inhabitants of the village remain in their dwellings, for a tempest, such as autumn or spring often brings the residents of the shore, is raging over the island. The sea seems to boil, the trees fall crashing to the ground, and there is a hissing and roaring in the air as if the wild huntsman were abroad.

In one of the houses on the Bergstrasse a young girl is standing at the window, watching the raging storm. It is one of the smallest and least elegant dwellings on the street, nay, it even seems somewhat ruinous, and the little veranda creaks heavily in the gale.

The young girl, however, seems to feel no fear, for an expression of satisfaction, almost delight, rests upon her features.

Her figure, of middle height, has not yet gained the graceful roundness of womanhood, and her movements are also the abrupt, hasty gestures of a child. Her features, too, have the same undeveloped appearance, and only her brown eyes and soft brown hair, whose heavy braids are worn twisted like a diadem around her head, can be called beautiful. She turns and looks into the room, where an older lady is seated on the sofa.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Isn't it beautiful, mamma?" she asks with a radiant smile.

Her mother does not seem to be of this opinion, for the old lady, who is evidently an invalid, has drawn a coverlet over her knees as a protection against the cold air, and seems the image of peace. The young girl, familiar as is the sight, evidently feels the want of consideration in her words. She leaves her place, throws herself on her knees beside her mother, and clasps her in her arms.

"Forgive me, mamma. I did not think that the storm made you uncomfortable."

The mother passes her hand lightly over the brown hair, and gazes lovingly into her daughter's beaming eyes. "Does the storm really please you, child?" she asks, half laughing; "I should think it would be uncomfortable enough."

"Not to me, mamma, and I do not fear its fury. When it comes howling and roaring in this way, hisses through the forest, makes the pines groan, tears the limbs from the trees, and uproots the stout trunks, it gives me a sort of wild delight. I feel its terrible beauty just as keenly as I admire it in its gentler mood, when it creeps through the boughs like a wailing sigh. The melancholy it arouses does not cause pain, any more than its fury excites fear, but produces a certain happiness; it only awakens a pleasant sense of excitement."

"When you are safe in the house, Erica?"

"Perhaps so, perhaps that is what gives me the feeling of quiet independence, nay, defiance, which is aroused within me. When I used to run away from you out into the storm, it was only to throw myself down in some hollow, and thus let the tempest tear over me without harm."

"You were safe, it is true; but did not the thought of the many persons who lacked that security disturb you? We dwellers by the sea certainly have good reason to remember such things."

"Yes, mamma, that was the shadow on the bright picture, and even now the thought of Michel and Peter Störensen, who were out in their boat when the storm burst, is torturing me. I should certainly have gone to see whether they had returned, if I had not been afraid you would forbid it. But now the storm has ceased, it will soon clear up entirely, and there is surely no reason for not going out."

A violent gust of wind, which made the panes rattle, seemed to contradict this assertion, but the mother felt no hesitation in giving the desired permission. Erica was no delicate city child, who, rendered effeminate by education, feared the discomfort of the storm, and in spite of her slender frame she had often, without injury, bid defiance to the worst weather. But when, wrapped in her cloak, with her head covered by a thick hood, she gave the old lady a farewell embrace and glided ont of the door, her mother's glance betrayed a shade of anxiety.

"Have I done right to make her so hardy?" she murmured. "Shall I not perhaps draw down some evil upon her head? And yet, when I think of my own youth, the tender anxiety with which I was guarded, and which was unable to protect me either from the sorrows of life or bodily illness, I hope I have chosen the right way. I hope I have at least saved Erica from some portion of her mother's fate."

Her head drooped on her breast as she murmured these words, and her features, which were still beautiful, though marred by sickness, assumed an expression of unspeakable sorrow. "Oh God!" she suddenly exclaimed, "I cannot make her destiny brighter. I can only try to steel her, that she may feel its bitterness less, offer it a stouter resistance than her mother."

She covered her eyes with her hands, as if to forcibly shut out the sorrowful pictures that rose before them. But she could not protect herself against them. Her life steadily unrolled before her mental vision. She saw herself a young, beautiful, petted girl, surrounded by love and wealth, upon whom happiness seemed to pour out its horn of plenty. She saw the radiant joy in the face of the man whom she selected from her throng of suitors to be her husband. She loved him warmly and loyally, and therefore felt the separation less keenly, when he took her from the circle of her friends, from the banks of the beautiful Rhine, to his own more northern home. If she missed the sunny hills, the vineyards, the castles on the mountain peaks reflected in the green waves of the beautiful river, she still felt inexpressibly happy. Her husband's love, and the bright smiles of her children afforded her an abundant compensation, and the magnificent home in which she was installed almost effaced the habits of her girlhood. True, her delicate constitution suffered a little from the rough climate, but the excessive care by which she was surrounded, the constant attendance of the most skilful physicians, and the springs she visited every summer did not suffer ill health to conquer, and it thus merely

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

formed the dark background to the bright picture of her life.

But even here was proved the truth of the terrible proverb, that there can be no compromise with fate. Misfortunes, such as the death of cattle or a bad harvest, which at first were scarcely noticed by the rich man, increased, and soon made themselves unpleasantly felt. The expenses of housekeeping, fixed upon the basis of the large receipts of the previous lucky years, now considerably exceeded them. Out of consideration for his spoiled and beloved wife, the husband would not commence any retrenchments; he did not wish to cloud the horizon of her life, and supposed that the present disasters would only be passing clouds.

But it was beyond his power to shield her from sorrow entirely, for death now approached and robbed them of several blooming children.

Grief for this terrible loss completely shattered the wife's feeble health, and only a long sojourn in the south could preserve her life. Her husband, to whom a separation under such circumstances seemed doubly impossible, accompanied his wife, and unfortunately made a bad selection in his choice of a steward. On his return he found his affairs in a state of confusion that it seemed impossible to unravel, and as misfortune did not cease to pursue him, he was soon unable to call himself a wealthy man.

Retrenchment now became absolutely necessary, and although the wife submitted without a murmur, he fancied he perceived in the constant expression of sorrow that rested on her face, perhaps only caused by the loss of her children, grief for the deprivations to which she was subjected. This suspicion made the battle of life so unspeakably bitter that death was almost welcome when, a short time after, it approached his couch, and only the thought of his wife made the parting difficult.

This death caused the total loss of all the property. The wife, bowed down by grief, and rendered incapable by physical weakness of managing the confused business affairs, resembled a rudderless boat carried by the tempest over the heaving surges. Treacherous men took advantage of her position to gain profit for themselves, and the once rich and petted woman, with her youngest and now only child, was almost reduced to actual want.

The last piece of property remaining, except a very small income, was a little house in which she had formerly been in the habit of spending a few weeks at the seashore. Whenever her husband had wished to build a handsome villa on the site of the little dwelling, she had always opposed the plan, thinking a simple rural cottage more in harmony with the surroundings of forest and sea, meadows and fields, and to her entreaties the tiny house owed its prolonged existence.

Now it had become her last refuge, for the air was beneficial, nay, absolutely necessary, to her feeble frame, and as the place was cheap, and she could live there in the utmost seclusion, she had retired to it. True, the rude storms of winter again shook her health, but iron necessity compelled her to remain.

Her whole life here had been devoted to the sole object of giving Erica an education that would enable her to secure an independent future. The child's instruction — which in the out-of-the-way little fishing-village seemed almost impossible to obtain — had been eagerly undertaken by the pastor; she herself possessed the ability to teach her daughter music and the modern languages, and thus the latter had acquired a degree of culture which might satisfy the most comprehensive claims.

Erica was only a few years old when death robbed her of her father; her childish eyes had no longer beheld the evidences of wealth, and therefore no contrast made her poverty seem bitter. Her bright, cheerful temper was unshadowed, and her presence acted on her feeble mother like a ray of vivifying sunlight. The delicate frame Erica had inherited from the latter — a resemblance which, remembering her own sufferings, rendered the invalid inexpressibly anxious — seemed to have been steeled by the rude school in which life had placed her. Although she had not developed early, and at the age of seventeen still appeared a mere child, this very circumstance had perhaps assisted in protecting and strengthening the originally tender mood. Rendered flexible and pliant by the free life she led, she could vie with the fishermen's children in running, climbing, or rowing, and the mother's heart was constantly divided between dread of the dangers to which her darling was exposed, and the thought of the strong constitution which would result from this mode of education.

As all these considerations now passed before the mind of the invalid, who had sunk down upon her couch, the terrible question which had so often haunted her once more arose. "Am I to blame for the misfortunes that have befallen me? Was I too weak, too pleasure-seeking;

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

did I abuse my husband's love instead of aiding him in his struggles with fate like a faithful wife?" Guilt and destiny are often strangely interwoven, and the groaning victim might feel the crushing burden, without being able to distinguish which sting wounded most painfully.

"Oh God! protect my Erica, do not let her become as wretched as her mother!" was the agonized prayer that burst from the oppressed heart, and at last seemed to give her peace, for the drawn features grew smooth, the clasped hands relaxed, and the compressed lips gradually parted. When the old maidservant, who now entered the room, cast a searching glance at the invalid, she perceived no traces of the storm which, like the tempest without, had just swept over her.

When Erica emerged into the open air, the fury of the wind was still so great that she could scarcely walk against it. She therefore altered the direction of her steps, which had been turned directly towards the sea, and tried to gain the shelter of the woods in order to reach the hut where she wished to make her inquiries. At the moment Erica entered the forest, however, it offered no peaceful refuge, but, on the contrary, a scene of terror.

The wind still swept howling and hissing through the trees, the branches were torn off, and the pines creaked as they swayed to and fro. The young girl hesitated a moment, as if she were inclined to turn back, but instantly shook her head with a smile — as if ridiculing her own fear — and hastily entered the forest. Although the protection it afforded against the tempest was instantly perceptible, she could only advance very slowly. Sometimes her way was barred by broken boughs, nay, even uprooted trunks, sometimes one of these branches splintered from the tree directly before her, but she continued her progress undismayed. With nimble dexterity she sprang over or glided through every obstacle, and the roar of the surf, which constantly grew louder and louder, showed that she was approaching the sea.

The trees now parted; and there lay the boiling, foaming surges, apparently close at her feet. The high cliffs here descended abruptly to the water's edge, beyond the eye wandered over wooded hills, which rose from the shore and were washed by the waves. Here the needles of the pines and the graceful foliage of other trees had united in a picturesque group. Graceful beeches, fragrant lindens, broad-leaved maples, lofty oaks, and here and there the waving boughs of white birches alternated with rows of densely crowded pines, whose dark-green hue made a wide ravine seem even more gloomy. Sometimes a bare, steep rock appeared, whose perpendicular sides had prevented the growth of any trees, and anon a glade — like a spot of light in a dark picture — carpeted with vivid green, in which the scattered trees, developing in perfect freedom, had grown to a wonderful size.

Now all the boughs were tossing stormily, like the foaming waves. The sea had swept over the wide sandy beach that usually intervened between it and the woods, and the white spray dashed almost to the treetops and was whirled far into the forest. Sea and woods sang together in the wildest harmony, and it required a strong mind to feel and rejoice in this bacchanalian beauty.

When Erica entered the glade, she was instantly besprinkled with the foaming spray — a damp greeting. She evidently did not find it unpleasant, for she made no effort to protect herself, but gazed earnestly at the magnificent spectacle, and then turned towards a footpath, which, in numerous curves, wound from the hills down into the valley, and at this moment did not seem wholly free from danger. But the light, pliant figure soon traversed it, and as the plain where Waldbad was built now lay before Erica's keen eyes, she soon perceived a crowd of people in the distance.

Fearing that some accident had happened, she hurried forward as fast as the storm permitted, but soon discovered that avarice, not sympathy, had allured the throng. The beach was covered with planks, casks, and other objects, which probably belonged to some standed ship, and every one was endeavoring to get possession of the article he thought most valuable; they considered it unclaimed property, a gift presented to them by the sea, and troubled themselves very little about the unfortunate owners, who had perhaps perished by a terrible death.

Erica recognized among the throng the old and young fishermen about whose fate she had been anxious, and as the object of her walk was thus gained, she was just turning away, when her eyes fell upon a small box that one of the men had just angrily pushed aside, and in which she perceived a dark object. Urged on by curiosity, she stooped and seized a dripping portfolio, most of whose contents seemed to have been lost.

The portfolio itself was made of gilded

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

leather, now tarnished and spoiled. The few leaves it still contained had been somewhat protected from the wet, but the papers scattered around were so completely drenched that Erica, though against her will, was obliged to leave them to their fate. She carefully concealed her treasure under her cloak, and walked hastily back towards home.

From The Spectator.

THE BLACK MUSEUM.

"TAKE care how you step," says a courteous official, who has preceded the visitor up a staircase in one of the houses in Scotland Yard, and opened a door on an upper floor; "we are obliged to throw a great deal of this about." The substance in question is a disinfecting powder, inimical to "the moth;" the room is a large, bare-floored apartment, with barred windows, fitted up with wide shelves, which are divided into square compartments; the centre is occupied by a shelved stand, also divided into compartments, and their contents are liberally sprinkled with the all-pervading powder. The room is that in which the articles of property taken from convicts about to undergo their sentences are stowed away, until they are reclaimed by their owners; the stand in the centre is a receptacle for objects of the "unlawful possession" class, to which a large room upstairs is also devoted. Overhead is the "Black Museum," in which, during the last three years, *pièces de conviction*, which until then had been kept indiscriminately with the other property of criminals, have been arranged and labelled, forming a ghastly, squalid, and suggestive show. On entering the lower room, the visitor is struck by its odd resemblance to a seed-shop. Hundreds of hooks stud the rims of the shelves and the sides of the compartments, and from them are suspended hundreds of little packets, neatly made up in brown paper, tied with white twine, and severally distinguished by large parchment labels, each bearing a neat inscription. The packets contain small articles taken from the prisoners, who in due course, after they are discharged from prison, will be brought to Scotland Yard, will have their portraits taken (by force, should they object to that process); the larger things are deposited in the compartments of the shelves, and every item, no matter how insignificant, is entered in the proper registers. A motley collection are the larger articles, with a preponderance among them of grimy pocket-books and greasy purses, — one trim and pretty hand-basket strikes the visitor's eye, — but there are valuable things in some of those parcels; and down-stairs, in the officials' room, is a massive iron safe, fitted with sliding shelves, in which is kept a large collection of watches, rings, chains, pins, scent-bottles, pencil-cases and other jewellery, which are either the lawful property of prisoners, or have been found in their unlawful possession and confiscated, but for whom no owners have been discovered. Among the watches are some beautiful specimens, one in particular, taken from a costermonger, and of exquisite workmanship and ornamentation, is valued at fifty pounds.

The prisoners' property room is scrupulously clean and tidy, but the look of it is forlorn and squalid, the powder lies thick on everything, and the scent of moth and rot is in the air. Great bales of cloth and woollen stuff occupy the shelves of the central stand; they are shaken, and beaten, and turned, but all to no avail; the moth and the rot have got them, while the prison has got the former unlawful possessors of them, and the unwholesome weirdness peculiar to once worn, but long-unused garments is upon the articles of wearing-apparel which are hung or folded up in the room. This impression comes more strongly upon the visitor when he goes up higher still, into the topmost apartment, where heaps of clothing hang against the walls, some new, some worn. A girl's white fur jacket behind the door is a mere nursery for moths, a bunch of new boots of several sizes dangling from a peg at the end of a long string is all speckled with a measly mildew; the heaps of shawls have a draggled and furtive look, and some children's clothing has a touch of its inseparable prettiness, even here. Old books, a picture or two, some worthless table ornaments, innumerable articles, which could not be described or classed except as odds and ends, form a portion of this collection, which goes on accumulating, and which has no ultimate destination. "What is to become of all this?" asks the visitor, and is answered, to his surprise, that nobody knows; that the things are nobody's property, and nobody has the power to do anything with them, — a piece of information which makes them more ghastly and nightmarelike to the imagination than before. An ever-growing dust-heap, formed of thieves'

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

clothing and unlawful possessions, with nobody to cart it away, to distribute it, or bury it out of sight forevermore; an accumulating banquet always spread for the moth, the rust, and the rot, — the contents of those rooms are far from pleasant to think of. It seems supremely ridiculous, but it is a fact, that nothing short of a legislative measure could rid the premises of these rotting garments out of whose every fold one might shake, with the dust, an image of squalor, crime, and punishment.

Outside the door of the Black Museum is a shelf, in the wall of the landing-place. The visitor passing it is aware of a huddled heap of dirty coats, a serge gown, and a coarse kind of rug, the skin of an animal, with the red and white hair on. Under the shelf, on the floor, lies some rough packing-cloth. He passes the heap carelessly — there's a little can full of a disinfecting fluid on the same shelf — and enters the museum. What are his first impressions of it? They are various, — that it is like a bit out of a gamekeeper's room, with a bigger bit out of a smith's forge, a touch of a carpenter's workshop, a broad suggestion of a harness-room, something of the marine-store complexion (and a good deal of its odor), a hint of the open-air stall in front of a pawn-shop in a very small way of business indeed, a little of the barrack-room gun-rack, with no "bright barrels" enforced; a general air of lumber-room, with just a dash of anatomical museum, but above all, and increasing with every moment's prolonged observation, a likeness to the cutlery booth in a foreign fair, with all the knives symmetrically displayed, but unaccountably rusty and dim-bladed, as if the booth had been shut up for half a century, and the salesman and his customers were all ghosts.

Opposite the door, and on the face of the wall to the right, are the objects, displayed on a wooden shelf with iron legs, which convey to the visitor a hint of the open-air stall in front of a pawn-shop in a very small way of business indeed. A common little looking-glass in a wooden frame, with a foot to it, four black glass buttons, two wisps of rope, a pair of trumpery earrings in a cardboard box, two bullets, a pipe, a cluster of soft, now dull, light-brown hair, wound round a pad, a comb, a pocket knife, and a little wooden stand covered with glass, are among the most noticeable articles. On the shelf to the right are a dirty prayer-book, a pocket dictionary, a pair of boots, a gaudy bag worked in beads, and the crushed remains of a woman's bonnet, made of the commonest black lace, and flattened into shapelessness. In both these instances the other impressions of the place come in too, for over the shelf fronting the door hang workmen's tools, hammer, and cleaver, and spade, and beside that on the right, is just such a bundle as adorns the walls of the marine store; it consists of a gown and petticoat, of cheap, poor stuff, bearing dreadful, dim stains, and a battered crinoline. The visitor is in presence of the mean objects which perpetuate here the memory of two peculiarly horrible crimes. The soft brown hair is that of Harriet Lane, the buttons and the earrings are those which were found in the earth where her body had been buried, the bullets were taken out of her skull, the object under the glass case is the sacred piece of her skin, which completed the identification of the body; the wisps of rope dragged her out of the earth under the warehouse, the cleaver, the hammer, and the spade are the implements with which the horrible deed which led to the murderer's detection were done. The knife was Thomas Wainwright's, the pipe was Henry's, and when the visitor is leaving the museum he will be shown, in the pack-cloth on the floor under the shelf outside the door, the wrapper in which the dismembered body was packed; and in one of the dirty coats, — a horrid thing, with its hideous rents and smears, — Wainwright's vesture on the occasion. The coat of the captain of the "Lennie," with the gash in the cloth torn by the knife of his murderer, and eaten through and through with moth and rot, is not nearly so disgusting an object; and as for the serge robe of that poor rogue, "Professor Zendavesta," and the hide cloak of the confiscated "anatomical" wax African, who grins awfully in one corner of the museum, a real skeleton hand and arm considerately hidden behind him, they are quite cheerful to look at in comparison. The prayer-book and the other pitiful objects upon the shelf to the right were found on the body of Maria Clousen, the blood-and-mud-stained clothes were hers, and they contrast with grim irony, as evidences of an unpunished crime, with the adjoining objects, which tell of one brother hanged and the other in penal servitude.

Along the wall on the right side of the room is ranged a choice collection of guns, crowbars, and "jemmies" — the latter are implements of the housebreaking industry, which admit of great variety, and are susceptible of highly artistic hand-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ling — and among them is a pair of tongs, unevenly rusted, and with a dirty paper-book, written all over with incoherent sentences, attached to it. The tongs are those with which a man named Macdonald killed his wife about two years ago; the book is, it seems to the visitor, a record of the various phases of the man's insanity. They hanged him, though, and also the greater number of the proprietors of the horrid, labelled assortment of hammers, knives — including the bread, carving, and pocket varieties — razors, and pistols, which suggest a cutler's booth in a fair. There is dried blood on all the knives and razors, and on some of the hammers, and every one of them stands for a murder or a suicide; in a terrible nnmber of cases, for the murder of a wife by her husband. Several of the pistols, mostly beautiful weapons, are the instruments of suicide, and each is labelled with the name, date, and place. The simple suicides are almost all among the higher classes of society, and when the visitor asks how the pistol with which a gentleman of wealth and station shot himself has come into the keeping of the museum, he is told: "The family mostly do not like to have it, and so they ask the police to take it away." In a corner hang the clothes of the Rev. J. Watson, who murdered his wife at Stockwell; the horse-pistol with which he shot her, and the heavy hammer which he bought to knock the nails into the chest in which he proposed to hide her body. So carefully had the murderer washed his trousers and his coat-sleeves, that the blood-stains could only be discerned with difficulty at the time of the investigation. But since the coat and trousers have been hanging on the Black Museum's walls, the stains have come out close and thick. "We many times notice that here," the visitor is told. The frightful weapons used by the "Lennie" mutineers are here, neatly ranged under the photograph of the ring-leader, "French Peter," and a "group" of the whole gang of ruffians, with a red-ink mark on four heads among the number, to indicate those who were hanged. Hard by is a bundle of letters, forming the correspondence which furnished much of the evidence against Margaret Waters, the baby-farmer. How much sin, shame, sorrow, and cruelty that small dusty bundle represents! A small billycock hat, with a mask fastened inside the front rim, into which is packed a purse, a comforter, a small lantern, and a life-preserver, with a terrific knob of lead on it, is quite a cheerful object to turn to from all these grim relics of worse crimes, though the burglar who formerly owned the life-preserver informed the police who seized, but also rescued him, having come up on hearing his cries when he was caught between the iron bars of a window through which he was escaping, on a false alarm, that he had thoroughly intended to "do for" any one who should interrupt him, with that convenient weapon. A bundle of flash notes, Bank of Elegance issue, for which there is a fixed price, and a brisk sale on racecourses among bettors who can only read imperfectly or not at all; the conjuring-book of Professor Zendavesta, which always opened at the same page, the only one on which there is a worked horoscope; the wretched cheat's ill-spelled accounts, which reveal the stupendous credulity of the people, for they record an average of five hundred visitors a week; and the letters addressed to him, chiefly by women, at least sufficiently educated to know better, — these are almost amusing, after all that has been seen before. A forged betting ticket, which got the forger into trouble at the Nottingham races, is a curious and ingenious example of perverted cleverness. The forged ticket is identical with the real one, to all appearance. On very close inspection, one sees that it is better printed than the genuine article. A large assortment of burglars' tools is not the least suggestive object here. The weapons of the thieves' war upon society are models of good workmanship, and of the adaptation of means to ends. When the neatest "centre-bit" of the carpenter's shop is compared with the deft, swift, noiselessly-working implement which goes into an iron shutter as a cheesemonger's scoop goes into a "fresh Dutch;" when one looks at the wedges of finely-tempered steel, working between zinc side-bites; at the two home-made dark lanterns, contrived with extraordinary cleverness out of a mustard-tin and a metal match-box respectively; at the rope-ladder; the "beautiful little jemmy," in a carefully buttoned red-flannel case (this small, powerful tool is made of a piece of a driving-wheel belonging to the finest machinery, and the metal was, of course, stolen to make it); at the bright, slender skeleton keys; at the foot-pads, which are enough to make one start at every creak of one's boards and stairs, however slight; at the safe-breaking tools, which make one think there's nothing like the old stocking in the thatch, after all,— one is amazed at and sorry for the mis-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

used cleverness and perverted inventiveness to which these things testify. Among the skeleton keys is one delicate little contrivance, which at first glance one might take for an ornament for a lady's châtelaine. It is in reality a double instrument for picking latch-keyholes,— one part forming the key, and the other lifting the spring. This pretty trifle was made from the brass clasp of a purse, and used with such success by the inventor that in a short time he found himself in prison. While one is actually inside the Black Museum, one cannot feel amused at anything; but by the time one has turned into the Strand, the impression of the dreary reliquary of crime has so far passed away that one can smile at the story told of the impudent simplicity of this poor, clever thief. "When he was discharged from prison," said the curator of the Black Museum, as he restored the delicate, dangling little bit of villany to its place, "the man came here, and asked us to let him have it back!"

From The Leisure Hour for September, 1877.

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

William and Mary Howitt passed their "golden wedding day" in Rome, April 16th, 1871, this happy domestic festival being celebrated for them by a circle of cordial friends — English, American, German, and Italian — drawn around them during their residence in that city. It was a day of sunshine and congratulation. Conspicuous among the beautiful flowers heaped upon them was a monster bouquet, composed of snow-white flowers, crowned with a golden bay-wreath: this was presented by a German friend in the name of their absent children. It has been granted to few literary workers to enjoy such an "Indian summer" of repose towards the close of their career. Looking back on their long and useful lives, there are few who have any acquaintance with English literature but must sympathize in the satisfaction of such an event, and rejoice that they have been accorded not alone length of days, but the even greater and rarer blessing of continued health and of mental vivacity, toned and deepened though it be by the weight of years and the chequered experiences of many varied times and seasons.

William Howitt was born of Quaker parentage, in the village of Heanor, in Derbyshire, in the year 1792. Both on the paternal and maternal side his ancestors had resided for many generations in the same neighborhood. The pastoral and old-world character of the district in which he was born and passed his childhood and youth made a deep impression upon his imagination, and have stamped themselves upon numerous pages of his writings with a quaint individuality. He was the third of six sons, another of whom, the late Richard Howitt, was favorably known to the public as the author of several volumes of original and tasteful poetry, and of a prose work upon Australia. Educated at Ackworth School, in Yorkshire, the public seminary of the Society of Friends, he devoted himself with unwearying enthusiasm, when school-days were past, to the study of languages, ancient and modern, as well as to chemistry, botany, and natural and moral philosophy.

In his twenty-eighth year William Howitt married Mary Botham, a young lady of the Society of Friends, who, like himself, came of "the stock of the martyrs." Mary Botham was born amongst the iron forges of the Forest of Dean, in Gloucestershire, although her childhood and youth, until her marriage, were spent at the pleasantly-situated little town of Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, where her father's family had possessed property for some generations. It has been remarked that amidst the Society of Friends, where the cultivation of music is forbidden, the cultivation of poetry appears to have especially flourished. Both William and Mary Howitt began to write poetry almost as soon as they could write at all, and many were the ballads and dramas which Mary Botham and her sister Anna composed in their early youth. Verses by Mary were in manuscript lent to a friend, and fell into the hands of a young Quaker poet — no other person, in fact, than her future husband. They were admired by him, and brought about a friendship between the young people, which terminated in their union, full of domestic happiness and of unceasing literary labor. The marriage took place in 1821. Their first appearance in print was a joint volume of poems, entitled "The Forest Minstrel." This was quickly followed by a second, "The Desolation of Eyam, and other Poems." At this time also they became widely known through contributions to the "annuals," as they were called, and which at that time were just commencing their popular career.

The first year of their married life was spent in Staffordshire. They then took

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

up their residence in Nottingham. Between 1831 and 1837, during their residence there, William Howitt published "The Book of the Seasons," "Pantika; or, Traditions of the most Ancient Times," and "A Popular History of Priestcraft," the first and last named of these works having passed through many editions. Mary Howitt at the same time published her first three-volume work of fiction, entitled "Wood Leighton," published by Mr. Richard Bentley, and which soon afterwards formed one of the earliest volumes of the cheap one-shilling library, being brought out by Mackintyre of Belfast, and her most important poetical work — now for many years out of print — namely, a volume of dramas, entitled, "The Seven Temptations," and her earlier volumes for the young, entitled "Sketches of Natural History," and "Tales in Prose and Verse." These juvenile works were originally written for her own children.

In 1837 the Howitts quitted Nottingham, and settled in the neighborhood of London, in the village of Esher, in Surrey, where they devoted themselves exclusively to literary pursuits, their relaxation being found in the society of their children and a few intimate friends, and in enjoyment of their garden and the beautiful surrounding country. During their three years' residence at Esher, William Howitt produced, in rapid succession, some of his most popular works, "The Rural Life of England," "Colonization and Christianity," the first series of "Visits to Remarkable Places," and his first work for the young, "The Boy's Book of the Country." Mary Howitt, during the same period, published two of her most popular volumes of poetry for young people, "Hymns and Fireside Verses," and "Birds and Flowers;" also a series of short prose tales, entitled "Tales for the People and their Children." Amongst them is one called "My Own Story," which is the authoress's autobiography when a child.

The pervading sentiment of these earlier volumes, as well as of others that followed them, is well expressed in the concluding stanza of "Birds and Flowers:" —

Go, little book, and to the young and kind
Speak thou of pleasant hours and lovely things:
Of fields and woods; of sunshine, dew, and wind;
Of mountains, valleys, and of river-springs.
Speak thou of every little bird that sings;
Of every bright, sweet-scented flower that blows,
But chiefest speak of Him whose mercy flings
Beauty and love abroad, and who bestows
Light to the sun alike, with odor to the rose.

Thus the commonest things of nature are brightly and gracefully described, but with an undercurrent of feeling which realizes their moral significance. How simple, yet how sweet, for example, the familiar verses on the "Use of Flowers." We quote, as more characteristic than the completest list of writings, the poem on

LITTLE STREAMS.

Little streams, in light and shadow,
Flowing through the pasture meadow;
Flowing by the green wayside;
Through the forest dim and wide;
Through the hamlet dim and small;
By the cottage; by the hall;
By the ruined abbey still;
Turning here and there a mill;
Bearing tribute to the river, —
Little streams, I love you ever!

Summer music is their flowing;
Flowering plants in them are growing;
Happy life is in them all,
Creatures innocent and small;
Little birds come down to drink
Fearless on their leafy brink;
Noble trees beside them grow,
Glooming them with branches low;
And between, the sunshine, glancing,
In their little waves is dancing.

Little streams have flowers a many,
Beautiful and fair as any;
Typha strong, and green bur-reed;
Willow-herb with cotton-seed;
Arrowhead with eye of jet;
And the water-violet;
There the flowering rush you meet;
And the plumy meadow-sweet;
And in places deep and stilly,
Marble-like, the water-lily.

Little streams — their voices cheery,
Sound forth welcomes to the weary;
Flowing on from day to day
Without stint and without stay.
Here, upon their flowery bank,
In the old times, pilgrims drank;
Here have seen, as now, pass by,
Kingfisher and dragon-fly, —
Those bright things that have their dwelling
Where the little streams are welling.

Down in valleys green and lowly,
Murmuring not, and gliding slowly;
Up in mountain hollows wild,
Fretting like a peevish child;
Through the hamlet, where all day
In their waves the children play;
Running west, or running east,
Doing good to man and beast;
Always giving, weary never, —
Little streams, I love you ever!

From Esher the Howitts removed to Germany, chiefly in order to educate their elder children amongst a people towards

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

whom they had always felt a strong intellectual attraction, and also with the intention of perfecting themselves in the knowledge of the German language and literature. During his residence in that country, William Howitt wrote "The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany," "German Experiences," and translated a curious manuscript which had been written at his request by a German acquaintance, "The History of the Student Life of Germany."

Whilst residing at Heidelberg, William and Mary Howitt had their attention drawn to the literature of Scandinavia, and commenced the study of the Swedish and Danish languages, studies which at once made them acquainted with the earlier works of Frederika Bremer, "The Neighbors," "The Home," etc., then achieving their deserved popularity. These were translated by Mary Howitt. Somewhat later she also translated the earlier works of Hans Christian Andersen, "The Improvisatore," "Only a Fiddler," etc., and had thus the pleasure of introducing these remarkable authors to the British and American public, by whom they were received with enthusiasm.

The same class of study, and admiration of the vigorous genius of the north, led William Howitt, in 1852, to produce "A History of Scandinavian Literature," an important work, of great research, and the only complete history of the kind extant, copiously illustrated with specimens from the poets, translated by Mary Howitt. In 1864 Mary Howitt received a silver medal from the Literary Academy of Stockholm, in recognition of the esteem in which her labors as a translator were held by that body.

But to return. In 1842 Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, having left the Continent, settled down with their family at Clapton, in the immediate vicinity of London. Here chiefly Mary Howitt translated the works of the Scandinavian authors to which we have already referred, and also one or two works from the German. William Howitt wrote a second volume of "Visits to Remarkable Places," and, somewhat later, "The Homes and Haunts of the Poets," one of his most genial and delightful books; whilst Mary Howitt wrote two of her most popular juvenile books, "The Children's Year," which was a diary, kept for twelve months, of the lives of her two youngest children, in order to supply to youthful readers that *desideratum*, "a story, every word of which should be true;" and afterwards "Our Cousins in Ohio," a little book formed on the same plan, relating to a young family in America, the children of her younger sister, Mrs. Alderson, of Cincinnati. Both volumes became at once very popular. "The Children's Year" has been translated into several languages. At this period, too, a collected edition of Mary Howitt's ballad poetry was published, the poetry by which probably she will have gained her most permanent hold upon the mind of the public. Allan Cunningham, in his "Biographical and Critical History of the Literature of the Last Fifty Years," wrote: "Mary Howitt has shown herself mistress of every string of the minstrel's lyre, save that which sounds of broil and bloodshed. There is more of the old ballad simplicity in her compositions than can be found in the strains of any living poet besides." And yet this particular volume, which traverses a wide range of life, and throbs throughout with a strong humanity, is full of imagination and fancy.

In 1846 the Howitts availed themselves of an opportunity which appeared to promise a useful sphere of congenial labor in the establishment of a journal devoted to literature and social progress, entitled *The People's Journal*. A series of unfortunate events, however, soon brought their connection with this journal to an end, and a periodical (*Howitt's Journal*) of a similar character, started by themselves, failing to repair the losses which the first enterprise had entailed upon them, they returned, after a couple of years, to the less anxious pursuits of general literature. Among the more popular books produced at this time may be mentioned "The Year-Book of the Country," by William Howitt, and by Mary Howitt a pleasant country story in one volume called "The Heir of Wast Wayland," published in a one-shilling series.

In 1852, upon the discovery of the gold-fields, Mr. Howitt paid a visit to Australia. Various causes led to this expedition. The following two years formed a chapter of considerable adventure in his life, and were productive of much useful result. Through a younger brother, long settled as a physician in Melbourne, he possessed many facilities for acquiring information which are not accessible to the ordinary traveller. Accompanied by his two sons, a nephew, and friends, provided with good horses and well-armed, he visited the various "diggings" in succession, and encountered many perils both by night and day. No signal misfortune, however, befell the party, with the exception of the serious illness of William Howitt, occa-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sioned by camping out in an unhealthy locality. This illness, humanly speaking, must have proved fatal but for the providential kindness of a wealthy "squatter," who removed the sick and apparently dying traveller to the comforts of his healthy station, where he speedily recovered.

In December, 1854, Mr. Howitt, accompanied by his youngest son, again set foot in England. The eldest son, Alfred, remained in the colony, where he has since distinguished himself as an explorer, having been sent out by the Royal Society of Victoria, in 1861, as leader of the party despatched in quest of the missing expedition of Messrs. Burke and Wills. Alfred W. Howitt was fortunate enough to discover and save the last survivor of that ill-starred company, and he interred the remains of the brave but unfortunate explorers in the wilderness on the spot where they were found. Upon a second expedition, he brought their remains back to Melbourne to be there honored by a public interment. Alfred Howitt has been successfully employed in other undertakings by the government in the colony of Victoria, and has also distinguished himself by his scientific attainments.

William Howitt embodied the knowledge gained by him during his two years' life in Australia in several valuable works. "Land, Labor, and Gold" treated of subjects of great practical moment. "A Boy's Adventures in the Wilds of Australia" gave vivid coloring to the scenes and incidents of colonial life, which were still more fully portrayed in "Tallengetta, the Squatter's Home;" while somewhat later appeared "A History of the Discovery and Exploration of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand." This last-named work, written *con amore* through its author's personal sympathy with exploration, contains in its concluding pages a touching, yet manly, memorial of the death of his youngest son, Herbert Charlton Howitt, also a dauntless explorer, and who, with two of his party, whilst engaged upon an arduous undertaking, was drowned in Lake Brunner, New Zealand, in June, 1863.

During the absence of her husband and sons in Australia, Mary Howitt took up her residence with her two daughters in a picturesque cottage near Highgate, known for many years as "the Hermitage." Assisted by her eldest daughter — at that time beoming favorably known to the public in the combined character of author and artist — Mary Howitt saw through the press various works committed to her charge by her husband during his absence. During this time also she compiled "A History of the United States of America," and translated Frederika Bremer's "Homes of the New World," which was shortly afterwards followed by the travels of this lady in other countries.

After the return of Mr. Howitt from Australia, he and his family continued to reside at Highgate for some years. He was at this period engaged on a "Popular History of England," a work which extended to five large volumes, and is now in its seventh edition. It was sold originally in weekly numbers, and reached a circulation of one hundred thousand copies. In 1863 appeared a work of a different class, illustrative of the social and political state of England half a century ago, entitled "The Man of the People." In 1864 he produced his "History of the Supernatural," a work of varied research, which, however, while expressing conscientious conclusions, brings us upon controverted ground, where we cannot follow him with approval.

From Highgate Mr. and Mrs. Howitt removed to the neighborhood of Esher, in Surrey, some fifteen miles from London, a neighborhood charming in itself, and endeared to them by the memory of their former residence there, some five-and-twenty years earlier. The love of the country, so conspicuous in their writings, has always more or less influenced them in the choice of a residence, and though for many years residing in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, they always gave a certain picturesqueness to their various homes, and surrounded themselves with greenery, flowers, trees, and a garden of more or less extent, and commanding some near outlet into the fields. Their cottage at Esher, called "the Orchard," amply gratified their taste both within and without. Here William Howitt completed a work which, requiring much research, more or less occupied him for two or three years, "The Northern Heights of London," and which may be regarded as a third volume of his "Visits to Remarkable Places." Long a resident at Highgate, and daily taking his walks amidst the sites of historical and antiquarian interest, which are thickly scattered within the range of Hampstead and Highgate, he had worked *con amore* on his task, and produced a volume which was warmly welcomed as a very storehouse of anecdote and fact. At "the Orchard" Mary Howitt composed a series of simple, popular ballads, full of pathos and religious tenderness, adapted to touch the hearts of

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the laboring poor. They appeared in a periodical of wide circulation, and have not yet been collected into a volume. It is impossible within the limits of our space to chronicle all the work that has come from these industrious pens; but we must not omit to mention what is, perhaps, the most carefully elaborated of all Mrs. Howitt's prose works of imagination, "The Cost of Caergwyn," the scene of which is laid in Wales. This volume, published in 1864, the result of several summers spent in north Wales, where she carefully noted down her observations on the scenery and people, and where she had studied with exceeding interest the legends, manners, and customs of the principality, contains probably the most highly finished pictures of human character and natural scenery which have proceeded from her pen.

In 1865 her Majesty granted William Howitt a pension from the civil list in acknowledgment of his and his wife's long and valuable literary services.

We have a pleasant autobiographic glimpse of the manner in which the energy requisite for these labors has been sustained in a little paper written by him fourteen years ago, and called "The Four Famous Doctors." It is addressed to the working classes, and advocates temperance, not of necessity in the form of total abstinence, but as an essential of life. Repudiating the idea that a literary man, "sitting in comfort and merely driving his quill," is incompetent to judge, "for my part," he says, "seeing the victims [of "society" and late hours] daily falling around me, I have preferred the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body, the blessings of a quiet, domestic life, and a more restricted but not less enjoyable circle. I am now fast approaching my seventieth year. [Mr. Howitt is now more than eighty.] I cannot, indeed, say that I have reached this period, active and vigorous as I am, without the assistance of doctors. I have had the constant attendance of these four famous ones — TEMPERANCE, EXERCISE, GOOD AIR, and GOOD HOURS. And now a word on work. Often, in earlier years, I labored with my pen sixteen hours a day. I never omit walking three or four miles, or more, in all weathers. I work hard in my garden, and could tire down a tolerable man at that kind of thing. During my two years' travel in Australia, when about sixty, I walked, often under a burning sun of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty degrees at noon, my twenty miles a day for days and weeks together; worked at digging gold in great heat and against young, active men my twelve hours a day, sometimes standing in a track. I waded through rivers — for neither man nor nature had made many bridges — and let my clothes dry upon my back; washed my own linen, made and baked my own bread, slept constantly under the forest tree; and, through it all, was hearty as a roach. And how did I manage all this, not only with ease, but with enjoyment? Simply because I avoided spirituous liquors as I would avoid the poison of an asp."

The Howitts did not, however, long remain stationary at Esher. During the last fifteen years of their industrious lives, frequently experiencing a necessity for change of scene and objects of thought, they had been accustomed to pass the summer or autumn months in some beautiful country place, taking their literary work with them. Sometimes their place of sojourn would be Wales, or the Isle of Wight, the Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire, or the Peak of Derbyshire; sometimes, even, their summer rambles would extend into France, Germany, or Switzerland. Much interesting material for literary work was frequently discovered by them in these pleasant places. The spring of 1870 saw William and Mary Howitt once more set forth for a summer's sojourn in Switzerland, and this time also for a winter's sojourn in Italy. To visit Italy had been a daydream of their lives. They were at Zurich when the first tidings of the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war reached them. The horrors of this struggle called forth from William Howitt an indignant protest against the inhuman cruelties and madness of war, which shaped itself into a blank-verse poem, entitled, "The Mad War-Planet." This poem, giving its title to the volume, was printed with several shorter poems, also composed amidst the Alps, and published in the spring of 1871. Even those who cannot accept all its views will do justice to its fervid eloquence, and its pathetic sympathy both with suffering in man and with beauty in nature. We cannot better indicate its general scope than by the following extract, which depicts too truly the state of "Christian" Europe for years past: —

MODERN WARFARE.

If kings and ministers of state would labor
A thousandth part as much to foster peace
As they do to make war. If they would spend
A hundred millionth part of the vast wealth

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

That they have spent on war, in checking war.
If they had been as zealous to avoid
Subject of discord and the guilt of blood,
As they have been to challenge, rob, and slay.
If people styling themselves pious and wise,
Had forced their governments, as was their duty,
To pick no quarrels, wound no neighbor state;
In spleen 'gainst kings, lay waste with murderous troops
No lands of innocent peasants; if the priests,
Naming themselves as Christ's, had dared to preach
The very words of Christ. If learned scribes
Had not, in fine and milk-and-water phrase,
Said war was bad, and peace was very good,
But, in the tone of bold and genuine wisdom,
Had branded war as treason unto God,
And devil-work by gospel law condemned.
Had gentle woman, oracle of home,
The priestess of the heart, the fashioner
Of all men in soft childhood's plastic years,
And youth's unfolding; had she, unseduced
By fictions of the hells, by talk of glory,
Which is the glory only of the realms
Of nethermost strife and malice:
Unseduced by pleas of patriotism
And lust of social honor, had she taught
That the true bravery is to curb our wills;
That truest honor lies in love of neighbors;
That truest wisdom lies in force of reason,
And eloquence of purpose to smooth out
Causes of difference; and religious work
To reconcile, and pacify, and bless;
That mutual slaughter is the act of fools,
And they who practise it are mad, or worse,
And should be stamped with the world's infamy.

In one brief word, had there been Christian nations,
Not names alone; and man, indeed, been bent
To do Christ's will, and bear the cross he bore,
Love unto death, and death unto ourselves
Rather than murder, — war had long ago
Become a ghastly legend like the tale
Of cannibal orgies in dark lands abhorred.

But we are not so blest in all our pride
Of knowledge and virtue. The old madness still
Is terrible in our blood; and hence we stand
Nation in face of nation, highly Christian,
Yet most intent on murder. Hosts immense
Are held in every land termed civilized
Ready for instant slaughter, ready armed
With instruments of death and desolation
Such as the pagan nations never knew.
Tools and machines of a capacity for crime
And massacre stupendous and infernal,
A million-devilled power. A power that art,
And chemic science, and the giant strengths
Of fire and steam, intended for the good
And ornament of life, but seized by death,
And wielded by the maniac rage of man,
Is driven forth to lay whole kingdoms waste;
To knock down cities, and destroy all works
Of beauty and of pleasance; to sweep files
Of human creatures at one blast from life,
As so much worthless carrion. So we stand.

But this is little. These vast hosts of carnage
Are but a fragment of our monstrous life.
Now every man is disciplined to war;
And at the call of some fanatic king,
Starts up at once and grimly stands enmassed,
Shoulder to shoulder, one vast merciless horde,
A body mechanized to organic power,
Moving with the same prompt and accurate skill,
The same remorseless stress as hammer and wheel,
As crank and cylinder, beneath one will.

In October of that year the Howitts crossed the Alps, and soon found themselves at home amidst Italian sights and sounds, at Bellagio, on the banks of the beautiful Lake of Como. Their enjoymet of Italy, so rich in historical and poetical associations, in beauty, both of nature and art, more than realized their expectations. In Rome they passed the memorable winter of 1870, watching with deep interest the startling changes which marked the dawn of the new era in which "the Eternal City" became the capital of united Italy. The author of the "History of Priestcraft," it may be supposed, would warmly sympathize with the Italian Liberals, and watch with peculiar interest the totterings of the papal power, the downfall of which, in his book, written in early manhood, he anticipated, little imagining that he himself should, in Rome, be an eye-witness of the "beginning of the end." The great events in Italian history of which he and his wife were witness have many of them been described in the pages of this magazine by Mrs. Howitt.

In 1873 William Howitt published a translation from the Italian of a work entitled "The Religion of Rome, described by a Roman." During the quiet of his summer sojourn in the Tyrol, at the request of his children, he has also written the recollections of his life, which naturally contain many facts and memories of interest. We believe that he has this year, as his summer's occupation, resumed the completion of a work which he has long had in progress, "George Fox and his Friends," and which he believes will constitute a history of the rise of Quakerism on a new plan. We also understand that he has been revising his "Popular History of Priestcraft," in contemplation of a reissue of this work in a more perfected form at some future day. The Howitts up to the present period have continued to reside during the winter in Rome, and have passed their summers in the Austrian Tyrol.

During his residence in Rome, Mr.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Howitt has strenuously exerted himself to forward the cultivation in Italy — and especially on the Roman Campagna — of the *Eucalyptus globulus*, the gum-tree of Australia, celebrated for its valuable power of destroying the malarious element in any atmosphere where it grows. Nor has he been less zealous in his endeavors to promote the establishment in that city of a society for the protection of animals, which laudable object he has happily seen accomplished.

It has frequently been supposed by those who were personally unacquainted with the subjects of this memoir that, having been born members of the Society of Friends, they wore the dress and adhered to the formalities of that admirable, but peculiar, religious body. This is not however, the case. Early in the course of their married life, William and Mary Howitt ceased to wear the distinguishing garb of the Friends, and to conform to their other external peculiarities, and later in life they "withdrew from membership" with the society. But to the spirit of the writings and lives of the "early Friends," they have always remained warmly attached. One of the Society of Friends, for many years intimately acquainted with them, thus writes: "The pure, genial atmosphere of their household; their kindly welcome to their ever-hospitable home; their literary work uniformly laid aside for family intercourse as evening drew in; William Howitt's personal attention to their attractive garden; their active, yet temperate manner of life; their kind consideration towards animals; Mary Howitt's eminent practicality as a tenderly loving and devoted wife and mother — her gentle influence shed ever around her, felt even by the little children as she passes them in the street — these, and many other most lovable traits, live in the memories of the friends of William and Mary Howitt, as ever fresh and refreshing realities."

We present our readers, in conclusion, with a little poem recently written by Mrs. Howitt, the simple pathos of which may serve to illustrate her sympathy with the poorer classes: —

IN SEVEN DIALS.

Up an alley of Seven Dials,
Mid the dirt, and the noise, and the crowd,
Went a poor crippled child upon crutches,
Alone, yet crying aloud.

"And why are you crying," I asked her,
"Alone mid the crowd of the place?"
In a moment was silenced her weeping;
She paused and looked into my face.

"All the scholars are gone up to Hampstead,
They set off this morning at seven;
The vans were so lovely with ribbons,
And I know that Hampstead is heaven!"

"Nay, Hampstead is nothing but London
Just pushed out into the green;
How can it be heaven, where God is,
And never came sorrow nor sin?"

Her pale face grew radiant in beauty
As steadfastly thus she replied,
"I know it is heaven, for my mother
Went to Hampstead the day that she died.

"She went with a neighbor; they wrapped her
In blankets because she was ill,
And so weak and so dazed with the noises,
And pining for where it was still.

"She came back at evening, towards sunset;
And Hampstead was heaven, she said,
Where the blackbirds were singing like angels,
And the blue sky all overhead.

"She died before midnight, and whispered
Just when she was passing away,
'I bless thee, my Lord, for the foretaste
Thou hast given me of heaven to-day!'

"So I know that Hampstead is heaven,
And I'm pining like her to be there,
Where the women are kind to the children,
And the men do not get drunk and swear.

"But my breath is so short, and I tremble —
My legs are so weak — when I run;
Now I'm going to the end of the alley,
Where it's quiet, to stand in the sun!"

From The European Mail.

A FEMALE DETECTIVE.

A STRANGE, not to say sinister, character has recently passed away from among the dark dens of crime, which she haunted with unflinching persistence. This extraordinary woman was as peculiar in her appearance as in the nature of her avocations. Short, thick-set, with the arms of a prize-fighter, and features which might perhaps be compared with those of a bull-dog, but certainly bore no resemblance to the ordinary countenance of "gentle women," this creature could not fail to inspire a sense of repugnance to those even who were disposed to admire her courage and acknowledge the utility of the services she rendered. There are but few persons, however, who were ever acquainted with the secret of her life. In Blackfriars there lives an artisan, much respected by his neighbors, whose voice is not without influence at election times, but who is also notorious for his republican, not to

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

say revolutionary, views. Some years ago his children and wife were seized with scarlet fever. Helpless and alone, with all his family dangerously ill, the father rushed wildly about for assistance, and when the woman, whose appearance has been but faintly described, came forward and offered her services as a sick-nurse, he at once accepted her help. She was known in the neighborhood as an experienced nurse, and had often been recommended to poor patients by the parish doctor. The nurse subsequently confessed her real character. In a word she was a police detective. Nursing was but a pretext; it was an excellent excuse for gaining admittance into suspected households, and doubtless the police had their eye on this republican. The female detective in question was not, as a rule, employed on political missions. Her chief duty was to discover criminals, and those of the lowest and most dangerous type. For this purpose her appearance was more an advantage than otherwise. No oath was too loud, blasphemous, or coarse for her to utter; there was no vulgar turn of speech that she ignored, and she was ever ready to greet the most revolting jokes with the heartiest laughter. Placing herself in relation with the parish doctor, she volunteered to nurse those families whose honesty was suspected by the authorities. As a nurse she disarmed all suspicion, and did not fail to take careful note of all she heard. Her manners were also apparently so loose and low that but little restraint was observed in her presence, and her reports forwarded to Scotland Yard were thus rendered all the more valuable. As a monthly nurse she welcomed into the world the children of notorious criminals who were ultimately destined to become her prey, while as a sick-nurse she extracted from her half-unconscious and debilitated fever patients the confession of some dark deed, and hints as to the whereabouts of confederates in crime. Such was the general plan of action observed by this extraordinary woman: but this was rather a slow process, and at times it was necessary to fall at once on the wrongdoer. On one occasion, for instance, the police received information that there was a gang of false-money makers in a certain street; but notwithstanding every effort they were unable to ascertain in which house the coiners worked. The services of the female detective were thereupon requisitioned, and she was despatched to the street in question to see what could be done. After walking up and down a little while she noticed a child come out of one of the houses, whose face indicated a kind disposition. Seizing hastily this opportunity the detective feigned illness, and begged to be taken indoors for a moment. Forgetful of her parent's warning, the child, in her excitement, seeing nothing but a woman apparently in great agony, at once, and without giving alarm, admitted the detective into the house. The sudden entrance thus obtained enabled the detective to hear the metallic sounds proceeding from the coiners' workshop before the latter were aware that any stranger was in the house. They were not long in discovering their danger. Before the detective had time to leave the premises the chief of the gang rushed up from the cellar, where he was at work, and, in his fury, hurled a ladle full of molten lead at her head. Fortunately the poke bonnet that she wore saved her life; the burns she received were not fatal, though they destroyed her hair and its roots. The police arrived in time, on hearing the alarm, to arrest eighteen coiners. The chief, who was first aware of the surprise, was able to escape, but he was subsequently captured in France, and there sentenced to eighteen years' servitude in the galleys. It might have been imagined that if anything could make a woman abandon her particular calling it would be the loss of her hair; but with the detective it only increased her love of what she called the sport. She considered that it would now be more easy for her to dress as a boy, and in this, her favorite guise, she penetrated many a thieves' den. On one occasion, however, she was discovered. A brawny thief asked her to speak — that is to say, to give the pass-words and to use certain slang expressions known only to the particular gang whom she was spying. This she was unable to do. The thief then inquired whether any one had seen her enter the house, and, on her answering in the negative, coolly informed her that she would never be seen to go out again. This was the signal for execution, and after brandishing an iron bar, he struck a terrible blow at the detective's head. She had just time, however, to dash her hand through a window-pane and spring a rattle, and the police stationed outside rushed in to the rescue. They found the detective lying insensible on the floor, with her skull fractured, and it has been her boast that this adventure cost her fourteen small pieces of bone extracted from the wound. Still undaunted, and so long as health lasted, the detective con-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

tinued on the scent, encountering adventures on every step, always in danger, often indulging in hand-to-hand fights, and selecting indiscriminately for her foes both men and women, proving on either her skill in the "art of self-defence." She constantly received subsidies from Scotland Yard, and was armed with the magic whistle, rattle, and number, given her by the authorities, and which insured the assistance of every policeman, stranger or not, whose services she might find it necessary to call for. Sickness at last subdued this turbulent spirit, and the thieves on the Surrey side need no longer fear the visits of the female detective.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE MENNONITE COMMUNISTS.

An interesting account of the Mennonites in Manitoba is given by the *Winnipeg Standard*. The Mennonite reservation, east of the Red River and about twenty-five miles south-east of Winnipeg, is now as well populated as any district of the province of Manitoba, and the most recent immigration has been directed to a reservation of seventeen townships adjoining the frontier and extending west of Red River to Pembina Mountain. The settlement on the reservation first mentioned, called Rat River, consists of six hundred and fifty families, and on the second reservation, called Dufferin, four hundred and fifty families have been planted. In addition thirty-three families have been settled near Scratching River, and a late arrival of thirty-five families will go to Dufferin. Estimating five to a family, the Mennonite settlements of Manitoba contain a population of 5,865, which will doubless increase steadily, but by no means with the volume of the past three years. There are Mennonite settlements in the Western States, but the land system there enforced does not admit of special reservations; and Manitoba has thus been enabled to present greater inducements for this class of settlers, the community being able to organize itself according to its traditions, including the rural village life of the "dorf," under which groups of families take their homesteads separately, but throw them together and form a village or dorf. Through these villages a street two chains wide is laid, and the plot divided into half-acre lots, with assignments for church, school, or other public use. A tract most suitable for tillage is then selected in a block, which is enclosed, and within which each head of a family cultivates his allotment. A hay meadow, held also in severalty, is chosen, and the remainder of the consolidated homesteads is used as a range for cattle and other animals, which are attended by a herdsman, who is paid by the dorf. The village lots and other subdivisions are distributed by lot. The houses are comfortably heated by central brick ovens. Each family has a yoke of oxen, two cows, and poultry. The pig is not wanting, and there are five hundred sheep and one hundred and fifty horses on the Rat River reservation. The municipal government is a simple democracy. The heads of families annually select a mayor or reeve, who is the chief executive officer. Over the whole community is a president or elder, elected for five years, and who with the mayor of the dorfs forms a court for the final adjustment of all disputes and the enactment of all necessary ordinances. The president may act in all matters relating to a separate village in concurrence with the mayor of such village. The church organization is quite distinct from the civil administration. The people elect a clergyman in each dorf and a bishop to preside over the community for periods of five years. They receive no stipends. The teachers of the schools — one held in each village — are chosen by the people, but are paid a modest salary. Marriages are free and usually contracted early, the young couples often remaining with the more prosperous of the parents for a year or two. An admirable system of mutual insurance against fire prevails under a board of directors elected by the whole community. The insured are not restricted in amount, but contribute *pro ratâ* in case of any loss. The mayor of a dorf, with two assistants, constitutes an orphan court for the distribution of estates and the custody of the funds of orphans, for which the property of every village is liable, deducting from the orphan fund whatever contributions for the relief of the few destitute orphans may be found necessary.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XX. } No. 1746.—December 1, 1877. { From Beginning, Vol. CXXXV.

CONTENTS.

I. SIR JOHN BOWRING, ... *Westminster Review*, ... 515
II. DORIS BARUGH. A Yorkshire Story. By the author of "Patty." Part VII., . . *Good Words*, ... 536
III. THE STORY OF AN INDIAN LIFE, . . . *Edinburgh Review*, ... 551
IV. ERICA. Part II. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . . . . *Frau von Ingersleben*, ... 569
V. A GLIMPSE OF ADRIANOPLE, ... *Pall Mall Gazette*, ... 575
VI. ON THE COMING WINTER, ... *Nature*, ... 576

POETRY.

BETWEEN THE LINES, ... 514 | THE FALL OF THE YEAR, ... 514

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

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

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

BETWEEN THE LINES.

SING the song of the singer, merrily ring the rhymes,
Light is the lay they tell us, light as its echoed chimes;
Sing the song of the singer, mocking at doubt and fear,
Catch the joy of its melody, let its daring beauty cheer;
Well that the mellow music may bear no hidden signs
Of the broken heart of the poet, written between the lines.

Watch the part of the player, bravely and deftly done,
See the difficult height attained, the loud applauses won;
Weep with his passionate sorrow, thrill to his passionate bliss,
Blending your joyous laughter with that happy laugh of his;
Well that his marvellous acting dazzles, wins, refines,
Who thinks of the desperate effort, written between the lines?

See the work of the painter, in coloring rare and rich,
Give it its well-won homage, choose it the choicest niche;
Hang it where it may render, as an artist's best can do,
Companionship in its beauty, delicate, pure, and true!
Well that its silent loveliness softness and thought combines;
None read the bitter baffling strife, written between the lines.

Watch the path of the prosperous, sunny, and smooth, and bright,
Health and wealth to give it its full of sweetness and of light;
See how the easy future is planned for the careless feet,
Given each slight desire, flattered each vague conceit.
Well that the outward surface gladness and peace enshrines;
Who knows the tale of the skeleton, written between the lines?

If the singer dies in solitude, his songs sigh on as sweetly;
If the statesman has a hearth disgraced, does he face the world less metely?
So the artist's touch is fine and sure, who heeds the hand that guides it?
Does the player feel a fading life? his miming, masking, hide it.
Cypress, and rose, and laurel, Fate's reckless hand entwines;
Life reads the printed story — Death writes between the lines.

All The Year Round.

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

COLDLY and bright draws in the day;
Gloomy and drear it steals away;
For slowly now comes up the sun,
His summer's ardent labors done;
And low his golden wheel declines
Where winter shews his starry signs.

No more to earth the fervid beams
Give beauty such as poet dreams;
No more descends the glorious ray,
The rapture of the summer day.
The sky's deep blue is waxing pale,
The sun's inspiring fervors fail;
The slanting beam he gives is chill
Within the vale and on the hill;
And now, with many a jealous fold,
The clouds would all his cheer withhold,
Nor would on plain or height bestow
The soothing of his waning glow.

The flowers are gone, save those that still,
Like friends who cleave to us through ill,
Outbrave the bitter wind that blows,
And deck their season to its close.
The leaves that late were only stirred
By gentlest breath, that only heard
The song-bird's note, round these the blast
Blows keen and fierce, and rude and fast
The rising gale flings far and wide
Their withered bloom and idle pride.
The birds have fled; the wind alone
Makes song in many a sullen tone.

But sudden through the bursting sky
The sun again comes out on high;
The clouds fall back to yield him way,
And fly before his eager ray;
And gladness fills the breast amain —
The glimpse of summer come again!
Ah! sweet the beam, but like the smile
With which the dying would beguile
The mourning heart — the last sad ray
Love gives to cheer our tears away.
The light is gone, the moment's bloom
Is sunk again in cold and gloom.
So pass away all things of earth,
Whate'er we prize of love and worth —
The form once dear; the voice that cheered;
The friends by many a tie endeared;
The dreams the aching heart forgets;
The hopes that fade to cold regrets.

Sweet scenes, dear haunts, that once I knew,
My heart yet fondly turns to you.
Let seasons change, and be ye bright
With all the summer-tide's delight,
Or let the winter's gloom be yours,
Your beauty still for me endures;
For memory keeps unfaded yet
What love would have me not forget.

Chambers' Journal. D. F.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From The Westminster Review.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.*

It would be a slight to the memory of a distinguished man — even if he had not been connected with the *Westminster Review* — if we were to allow this book to pass unnoticed; but as Sir John Bowring stood to us in the relation of one of our first editors, and was long one of our contributors, it would be ungrateful and unjust not to avail ourselves of the opportunity offered by the publication of this volume to pay a tribute to the memory and the services of our lost friend and fellow-laborer.

Were Paris on earth again, and compelled to decide, not the conflicting claims of rival beauties, but whether this memoir or that of Lord Abinger, reviewed in our last number, is the worst executed, he would be as much puzzled as on the memorable occasion on which he was before called on to exercise the functions of the judicial office.

Mr. Scarlett candidly pleaded ignorance as the cause of his inability to write a proper memoir of his father as an advocate and a judge; Mr. Bowring has even worse disqualifications for the work of a biographer, for, with candor equal to that of Mr. Scarlett, he avows that he has no sympathy with many of his father's religious and political opinions.

Now as Sir John Bowring was nothing if not a politician, and his firm adherence to the last to the small and despised church to which he belonged from his youth was one of his leading characteristics, a biographer out of sympathy with both his political and religious faith cannot fail to produce an unsatisfactory biography. This book is composed on the same plan as Mr. Scarlett's memoir of his father. There is first a skeleton memoir of Sir John Bowring, from which the reader learns little or nothing, followed by a series of autobiographical recollections of his early and of his later life, written by Sir John at sundry times and in divers manners, and notes of travel, and sketches or anecdotes of public men. These papers are throughout superficial, and in many places redundant. In some cases the dates given in the "Recollections" cannot be reconciled with those given for the same events in the memoir. Their extreme desultoriness shows they never had the benefit of their author's revision, nor were they arranged by him for publication — *e.g.*, in the sketches of various celebrities, under the head "Lamartine," we find the history of the negotiations for a treaty of commerce with France of 1830–31, which had been told before,* and some statistics as to the wine trade. While Lamartine is dismissed in something less than a page, the testimony borne to his merits is, however, remarkably strong. "Examples," writes Bowring, "are not rare in France where men of letters are leading actors in the field of political strife; among the most illustrious will Lamartine be ranked" (pp. 374, 375).

By clothing Mr. Bowring's skeleton memoir with integuments taken from his father's "Recollections," we will endeavor to give a connected though brief sketch of Sir John Bowring's busy and useful life.

John Bowring, the descendant of a Devonshire yeoman's family, was born on the 17th October 1792, at Exeter, which is well called the "Mecca of Unitarianism." The family might have taken for their motto Burke's well-known description of the New Englanders: "The dissidence of Dissent and the protestantism of the Protestant religion;" for in the reign of James I. the then Bishop of Exeter denounced to the Archbishop of Canterbury a "turbulent and unmanageable Nonconformist," named John Bowring, from whom Sir John was directly descended. Bishop Philpotts, who presided over the diocese of Exeter for the greater part of Sir John Bowring's public life, would have described the descendant in the terms applied to the forefather by the bishop's predecessor.

Again, Sir John treasured amongst his family records a license granted in the reign of William and Mary to another John Bowring, also one of his forefathers, authorizing him to use his house at Chulm-

* *Autobiographical Recollections of Sir John Bowring, with a Brief Memoir.* By Lewin B. Bowring. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1877.

* Comp. Recollections, 371–374, with p. 260.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

leigh for the purpose of religious worship. From 1670 to the time of Sir John's father, the successive generations of the family of Bowring were engaged in the staple woollen trade of Exeter; but Sir John notes the fact: "The coal mines and the steam machinery of central and northern England have crushed the ancient industry of the west" (p. 37). Like most of the principal merchants and manufacturers of Exeter, and many of the nobility and gentry of the west, the Bowrings were of Puritan descent, and had remained members of the English Presbyterian Church — a wholly distinct body from the Presbyterian kirk established on the northern side of the Tweed, and from the branches of it afterwards extended to the southern shore of the boundary river. This body was distinguished from the Baptists and Independents by the practice of free and open communion. The trust-deeds of their places of worship, moreover, rarely specified the doctrines to be taught in them, and were usually conceived in such terms as left room for a progressive modification of opinion.* The congregations worshipping in these chapels, therefore, mostly went through the stage of Arianism on to the humanitarianism of Belsham and Priestley. George's Meeting-house, in which the Bowring family had been for generations worshippers, was one of these foundations. In this chapel, James Pierce, its minister, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, publicly attacked the doctrine of the Trinity, and began what is known in Nonconformist annals as the Exeter controversy — *Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnon.* It may be gratifying to the vicar of Owston Ferry and his diocesan to read that the vicar of St. Leonard's, Exeter, denied Pierce, who was a parishioner, "a just memorial on his tomb," and he lies buried in the churchyard of St. Leonard's beneath a massive stone monument bearing the words "Mr. James Pierce's Tomb." A tablet in the old meeting-house commemorates the labors of its former pastor and the jealous bigotry of the minister of the Establishment.

* *Vide* J. J. Taylor's Retrospect of the Religious Life of England, p. 171, Edinb. 1876, notes.

In Sir John Bowring's youth the ministry serving George's Meeting still showed signs of the progressive modification of the opinions of the church.

There were no less than three ministers who served the congregation — Mr. James Maning, an Arian (a forefather we believe of Cardinal Manning!), who was the most popular with the poor, whom he often visited, and always addressed in sweet words and gentle manner.

There was Mr. Timothy Kenrick, a courageous Unitarian, who was the chosen one of the more intellectual and inquiring; and there was Mr. Joseph Butland, from whom I do not remember ever to have heard a doctrinal sermon; [an amiable and excellent man, whose simple mode of life Sir John illustrates by describing his supper,] which consisted of a farthing's worth of periwinkles (wrinkles is the Devonshire name), on which he fed himself with a pin. [Somewhat of the stiffness and narrowness of Puritanism remained in this good man.] The latter end of his life, [writes Sir John, was] disturbed by the introduction of an organ into the meeting-house. It led to a rupture with the congregation, and, even as a hearer, I believe he never attended when the pipes were brought into play. I have seen him glide in to unite with the rest in partaking of the Lord's Supper, and I think when it was known he was to attend the pealing organ was locked into silence (pp. 39, 40).

Mr. Kenrick was the father of the eminent Nonconformist scholar and divine, the Rev. John Kenrick, of Manchester New College, who lately died full of years and honors, and of whose career one of his most distinguished pupils relates a noteworthy incident. When the rapid growth of Matthiæ's "Greek Grammar," in successive German editions, rendered it necessary to reconstruct Valentine Blomfield's English translation of it on a larger scale, the Bishop of London (Blomfield), who had not leisure for the task, had recourse to Mr. Kenrick as best qualified to undertake it. A new edition accordingly, in which the new matter was incorporated, came out under Mr. Kenrick's editorial care. "The printer had set up the editor's name as 'The Rev. John Kenrick, M.A.,' and sent the proof in that form both to Fulham and York. From the former it was returned with the *Rev.* erased, and from the *Right Reverend* a letter was ad-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

dressed to the editor explaining the impossibility of conceding the sacred prefix to a person not in holy orders. Dr. Blomfield, the Grecian, could look up to the scholar; but Dr. Blomfield, the bishop, must look down on the Nonconformist." *

On the death of Mr. Kenrick, he was succeeded in the co-pastorate of George's Meeting by Dr. Lant Carpenter, himself a distinguished minister among the Unitarians, and the father of another, the Rev. Russell Lant Carpenter, and of the excellent woman who has been lately removed from amongst us, Mary Carpenter. For many a year Sir J. Bowring deemed Dr. Carpenter "the wisest and greatest of men, as he assuredly was one of the best." Mrs. Barbauld used to say, that in opulent families the carriages of the third generation always carried their possessors away to the Established Church; and Sir John Bowring records that when he was young the principal merchants and manufacturers of the staple woollen trade at Exeter were members of George's Meeting; but after his return from China and his final settlement at Exeter he says: —

> At the moment when I write (1861), not one of their descendants, myself excepted, occupies a place in that once distinguished seat and school of heterodox Christianity. [The cause of this falling away Sir John finds in] an indifference to religious questions in general, a yielding to the tide of tendency, and a wish to maintain a social status in a country where a certain amount of opprobrium and degradation has been generally associated with dissent; these are among the causes and apologies for much real dishonesty (p. 388).

A judgment in which we thoroughly concur. In addition to the early and permanent influence of George's Meeting on young Bowring, the home influences by which he was surrounded were of kindred spirit. His grandfather was a man of strong political feeling, being deemed by the Exeter politicians of the day a Jacobin, and by Churchmen a heretic. The influence of his Puritan descent showed itself in the fine print of Oliver Cromwell which hung in his parlor, and still more in his warm sympathy with the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers in their war of independence. During that war many prisoners from America were confined at Exeter, and old Mr. Bowring did not fail to do all in his power to alleviate their sufferings. Party spirit has always run high in the "Ever Faithful City," and the sympathizer with America was hustled in the streets by Exeter Tories; and at the time of the Birmingham riots, when Dr. Priestley was compelled to flee his native land, the Exeter church and King Mob showed how they would have liked to have treated his brother Unitarian at Exeter by burning his effigy in the cathedral yard. From earliest childhood, kneeling at the feet of this stout old Nonconformist, the young John Bowring daily said his morning prayers, and afterwards breakfasted, "sitting on a trivette (tripod) kept in a state of beautiful brightness, with a gamecock in the centre, a great object of childish admiration" (p. 32). During these visits, "many a sweet and kind counsel fell" from the old man's lips; and, "well do I remember," continues Sir John Bowring, "the emphasis with which he repeated to me hymns and passages of poetry which left an indelible impression upon a somewhat susceptible mind."

Of his father, our reminiscent tells us, that of all the men he ever knew he "possessed the sweetest temper, and only on two occasions have I ever seen it ruffled. My father, though a sound and thoughtful Liberal, took little share in party politics, and when the Municipal Reform Bill passed, refused an offer of the citizens of Exeter to be the first Liberal mayor" (pp. 34, 35). Sir John's mother, how we believe was Cornish by birth if not by race, was a daughter of the Rev. Thomas Lane, vicar of St. Ives, Cornwall. She was, with many brothers and sisters, left an orphan, her father and mother having been carried off by a pestilential disease which attacked that ancient and pilchard-producing borough, which, as his first constituency, sent to Parliament Francis Horner, and later on the brilliant writer who, after many changes of name, will be known to future generations as the first Lord Lytton. Of his mother her son writes in terms of grateful and affectionate remembrance.

* Dr. Martineau in the *Theological Review*, No. LVII., July 1877, Art. "In Memoriam, John Kenrick," p. 306.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

My mother was one of the most excellent of women. . . . Education and affection made her devout, and the Bible was a source of habitual enjoyment to her; but her religion was unostentatious and silent, though on all becoming occasions lessons of virtue and wisdom were conveyed to her children. She used no other discipline than that of kind reproof, and in her presence I knew not the emotion of fear or awe. All her influences were gentle and patient (pp. 34, 35).

An acquaintance which, though of the slightest, extended over the long period of thirty-two years, enables us to bear our testimony that in Sir John Bowring's disposition and manner were shown the same sweetness of temper which he attributes to both his parents, and the effect of the gentle and patient influences under which he was brought up. He, in fact, furnished a good example of Mr. Cobden's theory, so well verified in his own person, "that political economists are amongst the most amiable of men." * If these same influences of home were not brought to bear on young Bowring's school-life, the Nonconformist influence still predominated there. The only school which he ever attended was a small one at Moreton-Hampstead, in the Dartmoor district, the master of which was also the minister of the ancient Presbyterian meeting-house of the place. It is a common saying in Devon that Moreton-Hampstead was made out of the rubbish that was left when the rest of the world was created. The roads were in Bowring's school-days in much the same condition as Lord Macaulay describes them to have been in the seventeenth century.† "They were not passable by wheel-carriages of any sort, and everything was conveyed by horses to and from Exeter *on crooks*, bent branches of trees fastened to pack-saddles." On one of these young Bowring left home for school. Moreton-Hampstead was not a place of high education. The master, the son of an instrument-maker at Ipswich, had been educated in an academy of divinity at Exeter; while the scholarship of the master therefore was defective, his moral qualifications for his office were no greater. His pupil describes him as "not a very wise nor a very honest man, but he had in him some dry humor, some knowledge of old books, some amusing stories, and of what was called an affectionate nature" (pp. 44, 45). With this person, who ended by committing forgery and dying in obscurity, was associated a drunken tyrant, whose sole merit was in adorning the pages of the boys' copy-books with those swans' and eagles' and angels' heads and wings with which we of the older generations were familiar. It was not to Moreton-Hampstead that Bowring owed the education which fitted him for his long career of usefulness. Like his friend and fellow-laborer, Richard Cobden, the training for the public life which they both afterwards entered was in the case of each of these eminent men given by himself after he had begun mercantile life. It was not to the minister of Moreton-Hampstead, but, next to himself, to the refugee priest and the French prisoners at Exeter from whom young Bowring learned French, the itinerant vendors of barometers and mathematical instruments from whom he learned Italian, and the mercantile friends by whose aid he acquired Spanish and Portuguese, that he was most indebted for his education. The Nonconformist influences by which he was surrounded produced their natural effect on young Bowring's mind. Although the English Presbyterians or Unitarians did not separate themselves from "the world," its pleasures, and the duties of citizenship, as, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, was the case with the Methodists and most of the other Evangelical Nonconformists, yet there prevailed amongst the heterodox Dissenters a tone of "seriousness," a vestige of their Puritan descent. This affected young Bowring's views of life.

In his earlier letters [writes his son] written when he was twelve or thirteen years old, there prevails a strong religious feeling, tinged with a somewhat didactic and moralizing tone, which seems strangely at variance with the buoyancy of youth. Reflections on death, and juvenile verses on the shortness of life and its sorrows, are interspersed freely in these productions, while even in his latter years such thoughts constantly sprang up and acted as a counterpoise to his zest for new impressions.*

Sir John Bowring himself says: —

It was a longing desire of my boyhood to be trained to what is called the ministry, but I never gave open expression to my wish, and never even hinted it to my father or to any of my friends. It seemed too lofty an ambition, and I felt as if it would be impertinent and presumptuous to indulge in such aspirations. . . . I had hardly perhaps defined to myself

* Speech at Sunderland, 1844, referring to the late General T. Perronet Thompson.

† Comp. Recollections, p. 44, with Macaulay's History, c. iii., or Trevelyan's Selections from Macaulay, p. 377.

* Memoir, p. 3.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

what a Dissenting minister was or ought to be, but in the circle in which I moved he was an object of boundless reverence, his visits were anticipated with awe, and sometimes with apprehension, and always recollected among the memorabilia worthiest of note. Then he was the principal actor in the most impressive family scenes — he gave their names to the children when life began, he spoke the eulogiums of the dead when life was ended, he counselled, encouraged, reproved all from the pulpit, and was entitled to speak as no one else spoke in the household. He knew most of hidden things, most of heaven, hell, and God, and had little to do with the working, everyday world. It was indeed a great thing to be a minister of the gospel, too great a thing for me, and so I glided into other studies and pursuits, still looking back upon that to which I felt I was not worthy to be called (pp. 52, 53).

Writing towards the close of his life, he seems to congratulate himself on his escape from what he felt would have been an "existence of silent monotony." This leaning towards the ministry led him to engage for years in a fierce theological controversy with a cousin, afterwards a successful Chancery barrister, with the usual result. Neither made any advances towards the conversion of the other, the disputants became angry, each despising his adversary for being blind and deaf to the counter-arguments which each deemed irresistible. "The itch of writing," writes Sir John, "was upon me from my boyhood." "Another result of the Nonconformist training which he underwent was an intense love of liberty and independence of opinion." This, as his son remarks, fitted him later on in life to become the willing disciple of Jeremy Bentham, and the ardent apostle of the principles taught by the philosopher of Queen Square Place.

The first four years after his leaving school young Bowring spent in his native city as clerk in a house the principal of which bore a name then and now much respected in Exeter — that of Kennaway, which was engaged at the same time in the wine and spirit and the Manchester trade. It is not said, but from Bowring's subsequent devotion to the interests of the cotton trade we should judge, that it was in the Manchester branch of the business in which he was engaged. It was during this period that he learned the rudiments of the six languages which we have specified, which he afterwards spoke with ease and fluency.

Having [writes his son] the quick ear and ready apprehension which constitute the linguist, he soon found himself able to converse with facility in the native tongue of any country which he visited. He had a fair acquaintance with Danish and Swedish, and acquired a book-knowledge of Russian, Servian, Polish, and Bohemian, which enabled him to translate the productions of writers in those languages. He studied Magyar also with some success at a later period, learnt a little Arabic during his journeys in the East, and when an old man mastered a good deal of that difficult language Chinese, to which he devoted much attention. Although he was rather a linguist than a philologist, he wrote many articles on some of the less-known tongues of Europe.*

From the breadth of his attainments in foreign languages, Sir John's experience as to the best method of acquiring them is worth transcribing, though it is not novel, but corroborative of that of others.

In the study of languages for practical purposes, I have found that courage in speaking is the very best means of advancing. Far more is learnt by the exercise of the tongue, which is necessarily active, than by that of the ear, which is necessarily passive. It is a common vanity for people to say that they understand better than they can talk. Such cases are, I believe, rare. Generally speaking, it is more easy to convey one's thoughts by signs and language to others than to receive their thoughts. The art of language-learning is one that requires no superior capacity. There is not much difference in the ages at which different children are able to express their emotions, and if languages were learnt as children learn them, they would be found easy of acquirement. It is scarcely more difficult to acquire five languages than one, and I have known many instances of five or more languages spoken with equal purity and perfection. The proof of the thorough possession of a language is that you are able to think in it, and that no work of translation goes on in the mind. *For myself, I often dream in other languages* than English, and find that associations with particular countries and particular studies do not take the form of English phraseology; but this, of course, depends upon the extent to which foreign languages have been employed in the daily business of life.†

The ancient woollen trade of Exeter, in which the Bowring family had for many generations been engaged, was decaying, and about to vanish away. It no longer afforded the prospect of a livelihood to men like Bowring whose career lay before them; his father, in fact, lived to see its final decay and departure to the north. Bowring therefore followed the path taken by most young men in the country who have to make their way in the world — he

* Memoir, p. 4.
† Recollections, Languages, p. 91.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

came to London. The year 1811 found him engaged in the offices of Messrs. Milford & Co., a firm engaged in the Spanish trade. The clannish feeling, still so strong amongst the people of the two most western counties, is illustrated by the fact that John Milford, the head of the firm, was an Exeter man. He seems to have been a man of overbearing disposition, with a strong attachment to the pleasures of the table, and to have been much addicted to magnums of port.* Young Bowring was an inmate in the house of a Mr. and Mrs. Parkes. Mr. Parkes he describes as "an author and a popular one," though we fear his fame has not lasted to this day. His ruling passion was for literary distinction. He evidently had great influence over the mind of Bowring, and so far forth as his commercial success is concerned, it was not an influence for good. Within two years he had risen so high in the opinion of the firm, that in 1813 he was sent on important business to Spain. Not only his business habits, but his mastery of Spanish, gained during his four years' clerkship at Exeter, especially fitted him for the task. This mastery was shown by the fact that though before his landing in Spain he had scarcely ever spoken Castilian with a native, he not only was able to hold converse with the people, but his earliest publication was written *currente calamo* in Spanish. It was a book against negro slavery, and was published at Madrid in 1821.† Three years later he published his "Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain."‡ He was known in Spain as *el Español Ingles*. His principal occupation was receiving consignments of wheat and stores for the British army, the headquarters of which were at Leraca, a Pyrenean village. These cargoes were consigned to him at the ports of Bilbao, St. Sebastian, and Passages, and the River Adour, between which places he passed constantly to and fro.

He saw much of the horrors of the war, and of the financial economy of the British army, which he thus describes:—

> Never was a war conducted with more improvidence and disregard to economy than that of the peninsula. Everything was bought at extravagant prices; and the want of ready money had thrown British pecuniary reputation into such distrust, that large fortunes were made by the purchase, at an enormous discount, of the promissory notes of our commissariat officers; sixty to eighty per cent. less was not an uncommon depreciation. The exchange upon London was immensely disadvantageous to the British government; and instead of providing money by drafts on the treasury, supplies of hard cash had been sent out. Probably more than half the expenses of the war might have been saved to the public. Our army was at the mercy of contractors, jobbers, and speculators in exchange, and a thousand classes of adventurers, native and foreign, almost everything being bought at most extravagant rates. This added to the enormous increase of prices which increased demand always produces. There was the additional augmentation, justified by supposed risk as to ultimate payment, and certainty of delay in the examination and settlement of accounts (p. 56).

The Spanish democratic constitution of 1812, based upon universal male suffrage, had been in force about two years, and seemed to be a great success. "There was much to gratify the friends of progress. Schools were everywhere started, multitudes of newspapers were published, and a free press gave the desirable influence to all the master minds of Spain."

Bowring became intimate with the leading members of the "patriotic" or popular party. The error into which the popular leaders had fallen appeared to him to be the attempt at centralization. "We ourselves," he admits, "owe much to the pertinacity with which we hold to ancestral traditions and ancestral usages." This is true, but it is not at all in the spirit of Bentham; and we should like to know whether this passage was written before Bowring came under Bentham's influence, or whether it was written after a wider experience of men and public affairs had emancipated him from the somewhat *doctrinaire* views of the great legist. But if this be true of England, it is *à fortiori* true of Spain, where there is more of provinciality than nationality. "There is no abstract Spain, as every Spaniard is prouder of his province than of his country. The provincialities were the true elements of freedom, and should have been carefully and cautiously watched" (p. 102). Lord Holland applied to Bowring to furnish the *Edinburgh Review* with an article on the Spanish position and prospects. He did so, but its tone was too Radical for the Whig organ. It was never inserted, and the writer had his labor for his pains. These "Recollections" supply a corroboration to Lord Beaconsfield's historical sketch of the Jews in Spain, which was

* See the sketch of him, Recollections, pp. 398, 399.

† Its title was, "*Contestacion a las observationes de Don Juan. B. Ogavan sobre la esclavitud de los Negros.*" See Appendix, List of Principal Writings, 1821.

‡ See Appendix.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

much ridiculed at the time of its first publication.*

Of the great hidalgos of Spain — the sons of something, as the word implies — the dignitaries of the *sangre azul*, there is scarcely one whose ancestry is not mingled with the Hebrew races. Those races have been equally the object of persecution with the Moors, but they have not been extirpated. I have often met with Jews in Spain whose religion was concealed from their Catholic neighbors, but who did not hesitate to avow their faith to those they deemed worthy of their confidence. They absented themselves on some plea or other during the time when the *viejos cristianos* are required to attend the confessional (p. 103).

The peace of 1814 brought Bowring back to England, but in 1815 he returned to the peninsula; not, however, to Spain, but to Portugal, to claim for Milford & Co. from the British government some accounts in arrear, payment of which he enforced. He found the administration of justice in Portugal was tardy and arbitrary. "It was the custom for the Society of Mercy to supply the instruments of punishment, by bribing whom, the most atrocious criminals escaped from death. They were always present at executions, and, when sufficiently paid, provided rotten ropes, which broke with the guilty person, and when he fell they covered him with the flag of mercy, and he was out of the reach of the civil power" (p. 114). Bowring was dissatisfied with the estimate put by his principals on the services he had rendered them abroad, and he accordingly separated from them, and commenced business on his own account. In 1816, in his twenty-fourth year, he married Maria, daughter of Samuel Lewin, and their son records that "during the vicissitudes of forty-two years, in which were blended, as in most human lives, much of happiness and much of sorrow, his wife, by her noble character and equanimity under heavy trials, proved herself a worthy partner, rejoicing in his successes and strengthening him in his reverses." †

As a commercial man Bowring was not successful. He sums up his business career with equal brevity and frankness. "At one time I had realized about £40,000, a sum that ought to have satisfied my ambition. Not once, but twice in my life, I have been possessed of this more than competency, and twice I have lost more than I possessed. I abandoned commerce, for which, in some respects at all events, I was not unfitted" (p. 57).

This modest estimate of his business qualifications he based on two undoubted facts—his thorough knowledge of accounts, and a knowledge of languages superior to that of most (we should have said any) of the merchants on the Royal Exchange. He congratulates himself that he utilized his knowledge of accounts by a successful effort to reform our national system of bookeeping.

"I can now calmly estimate and thoroughly understand I had too much confidence in unworthy men, and was altogether of too adventurous and speculative a nature. Had I been associated with persons of a less sanguine character, and possessing qualities in which I was deficient, I should probably have ended my commercial career in much prosperity and opulence" (p. 291).

To these causes his son adds another, which no doubt had a share in producing the catastrophe which marred Bowring's commercial career, viz., the tendency which he early showed to deviate from a purely business life to literary pursuits, which had for him an attraction that proved irresistible. With regard to the gain to the public from Bowring's commercial experience, it is proper here to state that his (Bowring's) reputation as a man versed in business as early as 1828 attracted the notice of official men, and Mr. Herries, the then chancellor of the exchequer, nominated him one of the commissioners then appointed to inquire into the state of the public bookkeeping, with a view to its reform. The Duke of Wellington inexorably refused to agree to his appointment, saying "he would never consent to the appointment of such a d——d Radical" (p. 291).

This first commission proved a failure, but on the access to power of the Grey ministry, it was reconstituted, and Bowring was made its secretary. Its report, laid before Parliament in 1852, became, he says, with a pride entirely justifiable, "the foundation of all the improvements which have been introduced into our financial records, whose last triumph has been in the act which requires the payment of the *gross revenues* of the State — the revenues without any deduction — into the exchequer, thus giving Parliament an absolute control over the whole national expenditure" (p. 291). We may here quote Bowring's estimate of the Duke of Wellington as a statesman: —

He understood very little, if anything, of the questions of state policy beyond the immediate field of his own personal responsibilities and duties. Of political economy he was

* *Vide* Coningsby, c. x.
† Memoir, p. 5.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

supremely ignorant, yet his strong common sense enabled him at last to recognize some of its fundamental truths. His speeches on economical subjects teem with puerilities and absurdities, without ingenuity in conception or in expression. Of the ends and objects of government he had formed no philosophical estimate, nor dreamed that authority had any other duty or function than to cause itself to be respected and obeyed.

The people were altogether a cypher in his eyes, except as grouped round the sovereignty. All his sympathies were with rulers, whatever was the character of their rule, and he cared nothing for subjects, whatever might be the nature of their subjection. But when dangers menaced the ruling few "from the action of the serving many," he had the sagacity to discern that those dangers justified and demanded concessions (p. 293).

To return for a moment to Bowring's "commercial experiences." He remarks that the men who have amassed the largest sums of money have generally succeeded by the persevering application of some very simple principle as their general rule of proceedings, and gives the following instances of his theory: —

Ricardo said that he made his money by observing that people in general exaggerated the importance of events. If, therefore, dealing as he dealt in stocks, there was reason for a small advance, he bought because he was certain the unreasonable advance would enable him to realize; so when stocks were falling, he sold in the conviction that alarm and panic would produce a decline not warranted by circumstances. Morrison told me that he owed all his prosperity to the discovery that the great art of mercantile traffic was to find out sellers rather than buyers; that if you bought cheap and satisfied yourself with only a fair profit, buyers — the best sort of buyers, those who have money to buy — would come of themselves. He said he found houses engaged with a most expensive machinery sending travellers about in all directions to seek orders and to effect sales, while he employed travellers to buy instead of to sell; and if they bought well, there was no fear of his effecting advantageous sales. So uniting this theory with another, that small profits and quick returns are more profitable in the long run than long credits with great gains, he established one of the largest and most lucrative concerns that has ever existed in London, and was entitled to a name which I have often heard applied to him, "the Napoleon of shopkeepers." Hudson had his theory too, and a very simple and sensible one. He saw how unnecessarily expensive was the machinery of railway management; that the same staff and plant, generally very costly, while directing only one railway concern, might with a small additional charge be applied to many. Hence fusions and absorptions, and junctions and unions — the *personnel* improved in quality by the selection of the most efficient, and the *materiel* economized by a great extension of its employment (p. 58).

The years 1819–20 were spent by Bowring in visiting on business for the second time Spain, and for the first time France, Belgium, Holland, and Russia. In France he formed the acquaintance of many of the leaders of the political and literary world.

Through General Dumouriez he became intimate with Louis Philippe, at that time Duke of Orleans, and the object of the suspicions and fears of the restored Bourbons. He was surrounded by spies, and told Bowring that he had not a servant whom he could trust, and that he believed they were all in the pay of the police.

Bowring thought there was no ground for the accusations of plotting brought by the court and its followers against Louis Philippe, whom he describes as "talkative and somewhat swaggering, but really a very timid man." Elsewhere he speaks of him as "the most insincere of men," and adds that Thiers once called him "*le plus grande fourbe de l'Europe*" (p. 137). He had, continues Bowring

a notion certainly that the absurd policy of the elder Bourbons, and especially of Charles X., would in the natural course of events waft the crown of France towards him, and that it would fall on his head. In fact, his work was better done by his foolish relations than he could have done it for himself, and he preferred a safe to an adventurous policy. He was wholly without enlarged ideas, but saw clearly enough in a narrow circle (p. 132).

Throughout Louis Philippe's reign he kept up an acquaintance with Bowring, and not unfrequently sent for him to consult him on political and commercial questions. Further acquaintance with this monarch did not increase Bowring's respect or esteem for him. Amongst his sketches of various celebrities, there is one of Louis Philippe (p. 258, *et seq.*). It is interesting and impartial, but the writer's estimate of the king is on the whole unfavorable. "As a country squire, he would have held an honored position; as a monarch, he was beneath mediocrity. He would have quarrelled with England, and under Thiers' impetuosity would willingly have gone to war, but he *dared* not. I doubt if he trusted anybody, though he believed he could control anybody" (p. 365).

Some of the personal traits of the king are amusing.

He was accustomed to interlard his conver-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sation with bits of foreign languages, several of which he spoke well. He called the Duke of Wellington "comme vous autres Anglais disent a puss in boots;" and when speaking of his own possession of the crown he added, "Possession, vous savez, is nine points of the law." He (writes Bowring) so little understood the position of a constitutional monarch, that he often boasted of carrying matters against the opinion of his ministers by his personal will. He said to me, "Am I to sit in council and be a nullity like the queen of England?" to which my reply was, "Sire, vous faites des questions ministerielles des questions monarchiques. You involve yourself in responsibilities which had better be avoided." In another of his outpourings he said, "Il n'y a que moi qui puisse mener cette voiture-là," meaning the state carriage; and when Bowring replied, "Mais, sire, si vous la versez," he was much displeased, and remarked to Casimir Périer, "Bowring avait me dit des choses vertes."

During the negotiations for the Spanish marriages he carried on a private correspondence with Bresson, his minister at Madrid, and in a conversation Bowring had with him at that time he pulled out from his side pockets a quantity of papers, and said, "*Croyez-vous que mes ministres aient vu cela?*" He had a great idea, says Bowring, that he was a master of the art of kingcraft, but he certainly had not the *ars celare artem*.

Bowring's first visit to France had an unpleasant ending; he had all along been an object of suspicion to the police (p. 134), and they supposed, not without reason, that he was implicated in a plot for promoting the escape of the "*quatre sergens de la Rochelle*" young men of good family, who had been condemned to death for singing republican songs. He was arrested as he was embarking at Calais for England. Canning was then prime minister of England,* and as soon as he was informed of Bowring's arrest, he insisted on his release, or on such an *acte d'accusation* as would justify his detention. The French government dreaded discussion and exposure, and after six weeks' detention, during which he had several interviews with the *procureur du roi*, who sought to exhort from him materials out of which to frame an indictment, and was informed by Bowring that, if brought to trial, he should call attention to facts exceedingly discreditable as to the manner in which judicial proceedings were conducted in France, he was suddenly released, and informed that he would not be allowed again to enter France. He did, however, return, and that ere long. A congratulatory address to the French people on the Revolution of 1830 had been agreed to by a Common Hall of the city of London. The address was Bowring's own composition. He was sent over by the meeting to present it. He was entertained by M. Odillon Barrot, then prefect of the Seine, at a public dinner given at the Hôtel de Ville, and was the first foreigner received by Louis Philippe after the English ambassador had announced to him that England recognized the monarchy of July.

This recognition delighted and so excited the newly-made king, that on Bowring and his companion, M. Odillon Barrot, entering the room, he drew with his own hands three chairs to the centre of the room, and saying, "*Asseyez vous, asseyez vous,*" he sat down so violently in the middle chair that it broke down, and the king fell on his back on the floor. He was raised up by the two others, M. Odillon Barrot saying, "*Voyez vous êtes entourés des amis;*" but the incident, notes Bowring, "was not a very pleasurable one to the incipient monarch."

It was on Bowring's first visit to Paris, and on his introduction to Abbé Grégoire (Bishop of Blois), Laroche, Thierry, Cuvier, Humboldt,* and other men of letters that he formed the determination which in one of his letters he thus expressed: "It will be the height of my ambition to do something which may connect my name with the literature of the age."

It was during Bowring's visit to Paris in 1830 that he came under the influence of the St. Simonians.

Among the leaders of this once famous sect were Michel Chevalier, afterwards the ally of Richard Cobden, and Arles Dufour of Lyons, in which city he was not only an earnest promoter of every philanthropic project, but one of the most efficient advocates in the chamber of commerce and through the press of the great principles of free trade.

Some of the most instructive documents which have been published on the free-trade question emanated, says Bowring, from Arles's pen. The free-trade tendencies of the St. Simonians attracted Bowring, already a free-trader, to them; he speaks of them in terms of the highest praise.

* In this statement we follow the "Recollections," which are confused as to dates. The arrest is said to have taken place in 1822. Canning did not become premier until 1827.

* See the sketches of Humboldt, Recollections, p. 367; of Grégoire, ibid., p. 391.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Whatever tares and weeds [he says] may be found in the harvesting of this strange community, there was in all their teachings abundance of the good and prolific seed of a genuine and generous philanthropy, which has produced excellent fruits in many of the leading minds of France. International hatreds have disappeared wherever the St. Simonian creed has prevailed, and with it the conviction has spread that love, not hatred, peace, not war, unchecked commercial intercourse, not repulsion, are the motives by which nations should be influenced and the objects for which they should strive; that if God in his all-wise providence has given to each people its advantages of climate, soil, and production, it was not for selfish but for cosmopolitan ends; it was that the superfluities of each may be interchanged with those of all others; it was, in a word, that benefits and blessings might be maximized over the widest space and for the whole human family.*

This passage, both in thought and expression, closely resembles one in Hume's essay on the balance of trade, which is remarkable as containing one of the few religious allusions to be found in his writings. Writing of protective and prohibited duties, he says, "Could anything scatter our riches, it would be such impolitic contrivances; but this general ill effect, however, results from them, that they deprive neighboring nations of that free communication and exchange which the author of the world has intended by giving them soil, climates, and geniuses so different from each other."

In 1831 Dr. Bowring, as he came to be called after the University of Groningen, in Holland, bestowed on him the diploma of LL.D., availed himself of his intimacy with Louis Philippe to endeavor to negotiate a commercial treaty on free-trade principles between France and England. Of this negotiation Mr. Greville writes in his journal: —

Poulett Thomson, who has been at Paris some time, has originated it, and Althorp, the chancellor of the exchequer, selected George Villiers (afterwards Earl Clarendon) for the purpose, but has added to him as a colleague Dr. Bowring, who has in fact been selected by Thomson, a theorist and a jobber, deeply implicated in the Greek fire, and a Benthamite. He was the subject of a cutting satire of Moore's, beginning, —

> The ghost of Miltiades came by night,
> And stood by the bed of the Benthamite.

But he has been at Paris for some time understanding the subject, and has wound himself into some intimacy with the French king and his ministers. It is, however, Poulett Thomson who has persuaded Althorp to appoint him, in order to have a creature of his own there.*

The animus of this passage is plain. It is the dislike the aristocratic writer felt at two City men presuming to interfere in the sacred mysteries of diplomacy, hitherto free from plebeian intrusion. Bowring was no creature of Poulett Thomson's. On the contrary, Bowring brought Thomson into public life; he introduced him to Joseph Hume, who introduced him to the Radical party at Dover, which constituency first sent him to Parliament; he brought much commercial knowledge and business habits to Parliamentary life, and became a useful ally to Lord Althorp. His appointment as vice-president of the board of trade in the Grey government was the only one insisted on by Lord Althorp.† He afterwards was one of the two first members for Manchester, and president of the board of trade. Subsequently he was governor-general of Canada and Lord Sydenham. Of his merits and defects as a public man there is not much difference between Greville and Bowring.‡ With regard to the once celebrated lines by Moore, quoted by Greville, which were originally published in the *Times*, Bowring notes an instance of great generosity on the part of Moore, that when a common friend assured him that he had done Bowring great injustice, he immediately consented to suppress the publication of the poem.

As the attack on Bowring's integrity insinuated by this poem is withdrawn, there can be no harm in reprinting it. As a specimen of versified satire it is inimitable.

AH QUOTIES DUBIUS SCRIPTIS EXORSIT AMATOR.§

The ghost of Miltiades came by night,
And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite,
And he said in a voice that thrilled the frame,
"If ever the sound of Marathon's name
Hath fired thy blood or flushed thy brow
Lover of liberty, rouse thee now."

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed,
Away to the stock exchange he sped,
And he found the scrip of Greece so high,
That it fired his blood, it flushed his eye;

* Sketch of Arles Dufour, Recollections, p. 313. Comp. sketch of the St. Simonians, ibid., p. 384.

* Journal, vol. ii., pp. 219, 220.

† Life of Earl Spencer, p. 263.

‡ Comp. sketch of Lord Sydenham, Recollections, pp. 301, 302. Greville Journal, vol. ii., p. 222. Comp. also sketch of him in Life of Earl Spencer, p. 237, note.

§ The charge (wholly unfounded) against Bowring was, that under pretence of philanthropic motives he had dealt in the Greek loan for his own profit.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

And oh! 'twas a sight for the ghost to see,
For there never was Greek more Greek than he;
And still as the premium higher went,
His ecstasy rose so much per cent.,
(As we see in a glass that tells the weather
The heat and the silver rise together,)
And liberty sung from the patriot's lip,
While a voice from his pocket whispered, "Scrip!"

The ghost of Miltiades came again,
He smiled as the pale moon smiles through rain,
For his soul was glad at the patriot strain,
And, poor dear ghost, how little he knew
The jobs and tricks of the Philhellene crew,
Blessings and thanks were all he said,
Then, melting away, like a night dream fled.

The Benthamite hears, amazed that ghosts
Could be such fools, and away he posts.
A patriot still? — ah no! ah no!
Goddess of Freedom, thy scrip is low,
And warm and fond as thy lovers are,
Thou triest their passions when under par.
The Benthamite's ardor fast decays,
By turns he weeps and swears and prays,
And wishes the devil had crescent and cross,
Ere he had been found to sell at a loss.
They quote him the scrip of various nations,
But spite of his classic associations,
Lord, how he loathes the Greek quotations!
"Who'll buy my scrip? who'll buy my scrip?"
Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,
As he goes to tell how hard his lot is
To Messrs. Orlanda and Luriottes,
And says, "O Greece! for liberty's sake,
Do buy my scrip, and I vow to break
These dark, unholy bonds of thine
If you'll only consent to buy up mine."

The ghost of Miltiades came once more,
His brow like the night was lowering o'er,
And he said with a look that flashed dismay,
"Of liberty's foes, the worst are they
Who turn to a trade her cause divine,
And gamble for gold on freedom's shrine."
So saying, the ghost, as he took his flight,
Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,
Which sent him whimpering off to Jerry,
And vanished away to the Stygian ferry.

In Bowring's (p. 350) well-intended efforts to promote greater freedom of commercial intercourse between England and France, he was met by many hindrances. The minister of finance, Baron Louis, was a most earnest and conscientious supporter of free trade, but the French commissioners who met Mr. Villiers and Dr. Bowring were not so. One, the Baron Freville, was "a man of little strength of character;" the other, M. Duchatel, the friend and colleague of Guizot, was more desirous of making himself agreeable to the king than of promoting the general good. The king himself was a deceiver throughout. He was a large forest proprietor, and could not reconcile himself to the losses he anticipated should the importation of English iron lessen the value of the timber employed in the manufactures of the French. His sister, Madame Adelaide, was a partner with Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, in ironworks, and they furnished supplies to the State. The English commissioners were all along thwarted by M. Thiers, by a great majority of the peers and deputies interested in the articles protected by the existing tariff, and by M. David, the head of the *douane*, the most determined enemy of free trade, all whose subordinates were equally the bitter enemies of commercial liberty, and who held the doctrine, then equally popular in England, and the lingering prevalence of which is abundantly to be traced in Parliament and elsewhere in discussions on cattle importation and other kindred subjects, viz., that the markets of a country belong by right to the natives, and that foreigners are but intruders there. In the course of the negotiation the English commissioner arranged with M. Thiers for the removal of the prohibition on the importation of the finest qualities of cotton twist. It was promised that the ordinance for that purpose should appear in the *Moniteur* of a given day. It did not, whereupon Bowring went to M. Thiers, and taking him by the coat, said, "*Mon ami, il faut que l'ordonnance paraisse sans rétard.*" Thiers made some lame excuse about difficulties, but in the end said, "*Bien! ca se fera,*" and the promised ordinance appeared the next day. An exaggerated report of this interview got abroad, which caused Lord Melbourne on one occasion, when Bowring's name was mentioned to him, to exclaim, *more suo,* "Dr. Bowring! d—— him, why he collared a prime minister!" On the whole, the negotiations were unsuccessful, and it was reserved for another Englishman, Richard Cobden, and for a less selfish and more enlightened sovereign, Napoleon III., to lay the foundation of unrestricted commercial intercourse between England and France.* Of Napoleon III. Dr. Bowring had a high opinion. His acquaintance with him commenced when he was

* The writer wishes to state, on the authority of Mr. Cobden, what he believes is not generally known, that the settlement of the celebrated treaty of commerce was much facilitated by Prince Napoleon Louis. Mr. Cobden told the writer that whenever, as often happened, a difficulty arose in the course of the negotiation, he at once applied to the prince, through whose influence with the emperor the difficulty, whatever it might be, was generally got over.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

residing with his mother at Arenenberg and engaged in military studies. In reference to the emperor's book on the artillery service, the merits of which are allowed by the highest authorities, but the merits of which have been attributed not to him, but to his instructor, General Dufour, Dr. Bowring tells us that he met the general at Berne, and "took the liberty to inquire how far he had been a party to the composition, but he disclaimed all participation in the work, and said that the prince, as he then was, was a superior military genius" (p. 140). It was at or about the time of his negotiation at Paris that Dr. Bowring visited most of the wine districts of France, and there learned some facts which are not only amusing but instructive.

The average production [he writes] of the four clarets of the first quality does not exceed about four hundred tons per annum. These are called *premiers crus*, and are represented by the Médoc vineyards of Lafitte, Latour, Château Margaux, and Château Haut Brion. It is a curious fact, that while the English were possessors of Gascony, the wines now universally recognized as of the best order were so inferior, that it was made a condition, in order to dispose of them, that a certain quantity should be taken by those who desired to purchase the then superior wines of Blaye. It is believed that more than thirty thousand tons are sold in the different markets of the world under the favored names. In champagne, the two most distinguished vineyards, that of Ai for the sparkling, and that of Sillery for the still champagne, produce very small quantities, though there is no wine merchant who will not agree to provide a supply to any extent. I was informed that there are five countries, England, Russia, France, Turkey, and the United States of America, any one of which consumes more than the whole of the genuine produce of champagne, so that at least four-fifths of the wine drunk under that name is either made in other districts or artificially manufactured. While on a visit to M. Ouvrard, the proprietor of the most celebrated of the Burgundy vineyards, that of Romanee Conti, he informed me that though the wine was nominally sold at every restaurant in Paris, and is to be found in the list of all the principal dealers in wine, he never sold a bottle, the vineyard producing only a few tons, which he kept for his own private use, and for presents to a small number of privileged personages.*

This was written in 1861, seemingly from recollections of what he had learned in 1830–32.

Looking at the great increase in the import of French wines of all names and descriptions since the Cobden treaty,* and the absence of any evidence that the manufacture of the wines of highest quality has or can be proportionately increased, the English drinkers of the so-called *premiers crus* have great and melancholy reason for doubting the identity of the liquors they consume with the wines whose names they bear, and for which names the consumers pay a heavy price.

Very different results followed Dr. Bowring's labors as a free-trade missionary in Belgium. King Leopold once told him that by his writings and discourses he had made all the Belgians free-traders. Dr. Bowring had at different times two official missions to Belgium, both connected with commercial subjects. One of these coincided in time with the Belgian revolution of 1830. He had much intercourse with the provisional government. He pointed out to them that the future of Belgium must be settled in London, and not in Brussels. To him belongs the merit of introducing the late M. Van de Weyer into the diplomatic world which he so long adorned. It was at Dr. Bowring's instance that M. Van de Weyer was selected by the provisional government as their envoy to the British Cabinet. Dr. Bowring accompanied him, and introduced him to the political circles of London. M. Van de Weyer was the son of an obscure *juge de la paix*, his mother kept a small library in Louvain. Prior to the Belgian revolution he had attained some eminence as an *avocat*, and attached himself to the republican party. On the success of the revolution he became a member of the provisional government. As a diplomatist he was successful from the first. Talleyrand spoke of him in terms of high praise, and the Duke of Wellington was struck with the *undiplomatic* frankness and ability with which he treated the interests committed to his charge.

Van de Weyer [says Bowring] formed a very correct estimate of the tendencies of public opinion at home and abroad. He soon detached himself from the republican party, and attached himself to the cause of monarchy as represented by Leopold, to whose service he

* Recollections, p. 374, under the head "Lamartine."

* This may be inferred from the following figures. The total average number of gallons of wine imported to England in the years 1840, 1841, and 1842, the last three years of our protectionist policy, was 8,078,621. The average total number of gallons imported in the years 1872, 1873, and 1874, under the *régime* of free trade and the Cobden treaty, was 19,859,152 — increase, 11,790,531. Of this increase in our imports, France supplies a very large, if not the largest share. — *Vide* Ashworth's "Recollections of Richard Cobden, M.P., and the Anti-Corn-Law League," Appendix, p. 15.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

devoted himself with unswerving faithfulness. It was happy for him that Great Britain was the field in which his talents found their exercise, for in Belgium the *morgue aristocratique* would have rebelled against his elevation, as it did when for a short season he was invested with ministerial authority at home (pp. 273, 274).

With Leopold I. Dr. Bowring had frequent and unrestrained intercourse during the fifty years of that monarch's public life. A common desire to promote sound principles of political economy was the bond of union between them. A very interesting and appreciative sketch of the king will be found in the "Recollections" (pp. 265, 281). We can afford only to notice a few of his more marked characteristics.

The mind of Leopold, modified as it was by English and French associations, the result of the study of books and men, was markedly of the German type, and though he spoke fluently, but somewhat slowly, the languages of what have been called the two great rival nations, and was well instructed in the history of both, there was a paramount Teutonic influence traceable in his phraseology, which showed that he thought in German, even while his utterances were the idioms of France or England. Even at his table, German was the accepted and preferred tongue, unless when courtesy to guests or diplomatic usages made the employment of French or English more becoming.

There was always in the mind of King Leopold a longing, a feeling (for which the Germans have in *Sehnsucht* a more emphatic word than we possess), there was a longing which led his thoughts towards Claremont. The gardens and conservatories there were called upon to furnish fruits and flowers for his table, and I have had not unfrequently a dinner invitation from the court with the appendix, *le panier de Claremont est arrivé.*

A striking evidence of the genuine simplicity of Leopold's nature was seen in his attachment to his country abode at Laeken, which he much preferred to the palatial residence in the capital. In the grounds and gardens, and in the less adorned but very comfortable apartments of his country home, he found much more that was domestic and social than was compatible with the greater glare and splendor of the metropolitan city. Though he visited it for state receptions, for diplomatic intercourse, and for those public displays which are associated with the functions of monarchy, he always returned with renewed enjoyment to the comparative retreat and seclusion of his beloved rural domicile. Not that he was in any way reserved or inaccessible — quite the contrary; for not only did he willingly and cordially receive all those with whom he had to do in private or public life, but there was a courtesy and kindness in his habitual bearing which were singularly winning, and which in his presence left everybody at his ease.

Among the less important characteristics of King Leopold was this: he seemed to have an affection for old garments, not from any niggardliness — of which I never heard him accused — but from the mere force of habit, which becomes, as it were, a portion of every day's continuity. Many men confess to a certain weakness in favor of old shoes and old hats, and it is a subject of reasonable complaint that when they become most comfortable, when every toe has found its own particular niche, or when the hat has become plastic enough to accommodate itself to every undulation of the brow, the faithful servant is dismissed on account of some hostile criticism, and a new hat is introduced which pinches the forehead, or a new pair of shoes which inflict agony upon the feet. Now up to the time in which absolute raggedness demands the expulsion of a favorite bit of ancient costume, one may be allowed to hesitate about its rejection, and certainly the gold lace upon King Leopold's *froc* had lost its lustre long before it was dismissed (pp. 269, 277, 279, 280).

The occasion of Dr. Bowring's last visit to Leopold was characteristic of the peace-seeking and peace-loving disposition which influenced the career of both, though, as will be seen, there were in Bowring's Chinese career aberrations from his usual peaceful tendencies. He had negotiated or been instrumental in bringing about a treaty of friendship and commerce between Belgium and the Hawaiian Islands. The draft treaty contained a clause providing that if there were any difference of opinion between the two governments which could not be satisfactorily solved by diplomatic correspondence, there should be no appeal to arms, but such differences should be referred to the friendly arbitration and decision of some neutral power. No such clause had up to that time been inserted in any European treaty, and the authorities of the Belgian Foreign Office were aghast at a proposal so unprecedented and foreign to all the traditions of diplomacy. The ministers specially referred the question to the decision of the king. "*C'est une question humanitaire, ainsi soit il,*" was his award, and the arbitration clause remains in the Belgo-Hawaiian treaty. A precedent was thus made which we trust will in the future be universally followed, and so lead to that great desideratum — a code of international law.

We have deviated from chronological order in our narrative of Bowring's career in order to deal connectedly with his French and Belgian labors. We return to it.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

In 1819 Bowring visited Russia. We find nothing noteworthy in his Russian experiences except that at St. Petersburg he found

some interesting documents among the manuscripts, namely, the original letters of Mary Stuart written while in prison, and an immense mass of papers purchased by the Russian ambassador at Paris during the Revolution. I saw the missal of the unfortunate queen, in which she wrote up to the time of her death. She made it an album, and appears to have requested the celebrated personages who visited her to write their names in it. Bacon's name is among the rest. Some of her own verses bewailing her fate are beautiful. From the letters of Mary to the French court and others she seems to have been treated by Elizabeth with monstrous brutality. In one of them she complained that the guards insisted on her sleeping with their wives and daughters. Elizabeth's answers to several potentates who interceded for Mary bespoke a cold-hearted cruelty and pride which do her little honor. At the time of the Revolution, these letters were scattered among the mob to be trampled on as the works of "kings and queens," and were most of them purchased for a trifle. Some hundred of letters of Henry IV. cost forty francs (p. 123).

During Bowring's visit to Russia he acquired sufficient knowledge of its language to enable him to give to the world the first specimens of it ever translated into English. These were his two well-known volumes of "Russian Anthology," published 1820–23. He returned home through Finland. The language, the poetry, and the traditions of the Finnish people were to him "full of charms." "Most of the poetry of the Finns is written in that peculiar metre to which Longfellow has given a certain popularity in his 'Hiawatha;' but I believe," adds Bowring, "I may take credit to myself for having been the first to introduce it into our language in an article which appeared in the *Westminster Review* of April 1827" (p. 126). From Finland he crossed *via* the Gulf of Bothnia to Sweden. His passage was not unattended with difficulties and even dangers. He spent a few days with Frauzen, Bishop of Oretro, one "of the most popular of the modern poets of Sweden." Here a somewhat odd coincidence occurred. A Hindoo escaped from a wreck in the Baltic, and sought refuge in the bishop's house. He had saved from the wreck a copy of Bowring's "Matins and Vespers," * which he said had been a great comfort to him, and which on parting he gave to the bishop as a token of gratitude for his kindness; and the bishop had kept it in his pulpit, little expecting ever to have its author as his guest.

In or about 1821 Bowring made the acquaintance of Bentham, the guide, instructor, and admiration of his riper years, as Dr. Lant Carpenter was of his youth. In that year Bowring published from Bentham's MSS. his first economical work, viz., "Observations on the Restrictive and Prohibitory Commercial System."

The disciple speedily gained the esteem and affection of the master; for as early as 1821 we find him writing to the Portuguese minister of justice, "Avez vous besoin, vous autres portugais, d'un homme que est propre a tout, pourvu que cela ait rapport au genre humain? Il est actif, infatigable au plus haut degré; meilleur cœur n'a jamais existé et n'existera jamais; vous m'avez appellé citoyen du monde, et je le suis, mais je ne le suis pas plus que lui. On ne risque pas en donnant des éloges à cet homme-là; il a autant d'amis qu'il a de connaissances." *

The same affectionate relations between them continued until Bentham's death in 1822. Bowring was the sole companion of his last moments. The dying philosopher ordered the exclusion of every other person from his room, and made the characteristic remark, "Now we have minimized pain."

Of Bentham these "Recollections" tell us little not previously known through the life by Bowring prefixed to his edition of Bentham's works published after his death, in which, according to the *Edinburgh Review*, he is "typographically interred." † We learn, however, that so much was he

in advance of his age, that Romilly recommended him not to publish several of his works, as he felt assured that printing them would lead to prosecution and imprisoment. Many of his writings [continues Bowring] I have not deemed it safe to give to the world even after his death, so bold and adventurous were some of his speculations, but they remain in the archives of the British Museum, and at some future time may be dragged into the light of day (p. 339).

Of Bentham's conversation Bowring says that it was often desultory, but that he threw into every remark such originality and power that his observations might serve as texts which require volumes for their development.

* Published 1823. There is some confusion of dates here, as the journey from Russia through Sweden is elsewhere fixed for 1819.

* Memoir, p. 8.

† Jeremy Bentham's Life and Works, 11 vols., 1843.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Nothing very new or striking appears in the examples given in this volume in the "Notes of Conversations with Bentham" (pp. 339, 344). The following anecdote is curious, as, for the first time, if we are rightly informed, it reveals to us George III. in the character of a newspaper correspondent: —

George III. hated me (Bentham) cordially. With Pitt I was on terms, but the malevolence of the former frustrated the intentions of the latter towards me, and prevented the fulfilment even of the most solemn contracts. The origin of the king's hatred was this. He had written in the *Leyden Courant* (the then European journal) a dull and prosing but most mischievous letter to induce the king of Denmark to make war upon Russia without any motive whatever. The only ground — the fallacy — was the repetition of the idea, "Check, check, check." I answered the letter in the indignant strain which Junius had made so popular. I poured upon it *a storm* * of contempt. I signed "Anti-Machiavel." The king discovered that I was the writer, and ever after put his veto upon everything I proposed; so that, in spite of acts of Parliament, in spite of the protection and the warm encouragement of several ministers, I was always sacrificed (p. 342).

Benthamite poetry is new to us, and we doubt not to our readers. It seems, however, that Bentham, though he always spoke slightingly, and even insultingly, of poetry, occasionally made verses. The following "memoriter verses, expressive of the elements or dimensions of value in pleasures and pains," are a specimen of the great utilitarian's poetic powers: —

Intense, long, certain, speedy, fruitful, pure,
Such points in pleasures and in pains endure.
Such pleasures seek, if private be they end;
If it be public, wide let them extend.
Such pains avoid, whichever be thy view;
If pains must come, let them extend to few.

We confess this specimen does not make us wish for more of the outpourings of the muse of Queen Square Place.

The following *dicta* are characteristic of the man: —

It would be a good service to publish an edition of the speeches delivered in Parliament, with a statement at the foot of each of the particular fallacy employed for the purposes of deception. People would soon learn to apply this mode of judgment. Bingham † is heartily tired of the law and of its cheatery. More credit is obtained for defending a bad cause than a good one. Rhetoric and delusion are the only currency. The great value of our English law records consists in their proposing almost every possible case which can be the object of legal decision. The cases have wonderful variety. The decisions are often unjust, absurd, and deceptive.

This also is characteristic, and we must add characteristically narrow and absurd: "The worst of pickpockets is better than the least bad of the judges. They never open their mouths but to lie, to tell money getting lies" (pp. 342, 343). Bentham, it is well known, paid no visits, and usually received but one guest at dinner, for more than one, he said, distracted conversation. To this rule he once made a noteworthy exception. Talleyrand and Bentham had been acquaintances in the earlier period of the French Revolution. So great was the impression made by the philosopher on the diplomatist, that after forty years' separation Talleyrand said "he had known many men, but as a *man of genius* Bentham overtopped them all." Bowring related this to Bentham, who asked whether the prince would accept a dinner invitation to Queen Square Place. "Talleyrand said he would give up any and every engagement for the pleasure of meeting his ancient acquaintance. They met, and an amusing and instructive colloquy took place between one of the busiest actors in the great scenes of the world, and the almost inaccessible recluse whose life was given up to meditation and study" (p. 305).

Not the least interesting of these "Recollections" is the description of the relations between Bentham and Brougham.

O Henry, what a mystery you are!
Nil fuit unquam tibi tam impar,

was the language in which the great thinker once addressed the great speaker. With equal plainness of speech he said to him on another occasion, "Harry, when you want to study insincerity, stand opposite a looking-glass." After Bentham's death Bowring found the following lines in his writing, —

Frailty! thy name is woman.
Insincerity! thy name is Brougham.

Spite of this unfavorable estimate of Brougham's sincerity, Bentham felt for him both admiration and affection. Brougham on his part sought advice and inspiration from Bentham in reference to his speeches and proposals for law reform. "Grandpapa," he wrote to him on one occasion, "I want some pap; I will come for it at your dinner hour." Nevertheless

* Correctly quoted, but we should think *stream* in the original.

† *Sic* in original, but we conceive Brougham is intended.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

in no one of Brougham's speeches or writings on the improvement of the law did he ever refer to Bentham either in his lifetime or after his death. Nor in Brougham's autobiography is there any mention of his intimacy with Bentham. Sir Robert Peel also was more than once seen by Bowring in the garden at Queen Square Place discussing with Bentham questions of law reform, but Sir Robert was as reticent as Brougham as to any obligation or inspiration he owed to Bentham. Bowring agrees in the general verdict that Brougham was both vain and insincere. Of his insincerity he discovered a proof in a letter of Brougham to Bentham, found among Bentham's papers after his death, in which he cautioned Bentham against Bowring as a man by no means to be trusted, and no better than a tool of the Tories; and this letter was written at a time when Brougham assured Bowring he was exerting himself to secure for him a professorship in the University of London. Bentham's whims as to the disposal of his remains after death seem to have been various. At one time he was full of the notion of having his head preserved in the style of the New Zealanders, and sent to a physician to consult him about it. Ultimately, as is well known, he left his body to Dr. Southwood Smith to be dissected. His skeleton in his usual clothes, and with the face restored in wax, remained in the custody of Dr. Southwood Smith until his death, when Brougham, who had not the slightest title to dispose of it, presented it to London University College, where it now remains.

Soon after Bowring's intimacy with Bentham commenced the *Westminster Review* appeared. The funds were furnished by Bentham, the editors being Henry Southern, who had charge of the literary department, while the political was committed to Bowring's care.

The first article in the first number, entitled "Men and Things in 1824," was written by William Johnson Fox, "the Norwich Weaver Boy, afterwards one of the orators of the Anti-Corn-Law League," the "Publicola" of the *Weekly Despatch*, and M.P. for Oldham.*

About the time of Bentham's death, the proprietorship of the review passed to General Perronet Thompson, the author of the "Anti-Corn-Law Catechism." We have on a former occasion briefly expressed our opinion of the character and public services of this excellent man,* and we have read with pleasure Bowring's sketch of him (p. 70). Its tone is admirable, and is characteristic of the writer's amiable nature, for it was not written until after Thompson had renounced all acquaintance with him on account of his conduct in the affair of the *lorcha* "Arrow." "Thompson," says Bowring, "became one of the most efficient auxiliaries of the Anti-Corn Law League, which, I think, somewhat under-estimated the value of his services and sacrifices."

In this opinion, which we know was held by General Thompson himself, we cordially agree, and we must add that the same may with equal truth be said of Bowring himself.†

The year 1828 first saw Bowring employed in the public service. Notwithstanding the Duke of Wellington's refusal to employ him in England, he was sent to Holland to examine the method in which the public accounts of that country were kept. He prepared a report, "the first," says his biographer, "of a long series on the public accounts of various European States. These papers are models of perspicuity, showing considerable power in grasping facts and in arranging them lucidly and intelligibly." ‡ Bowring's name was not unknown in Holland, for he had published a volume of translations from the Dutch poets,§ and received for it a gold medal from the king. He made the acquaintance of most of the Dutch literary men, and it was from a Dutch university that he received, *honoris causa*, the diploma of LL.D. "In addition to this diploma, he received during his life more than thirty certificates of honorary distinction from various learned societies and institutions in different parts of Europe." ‖ Nor were these literary honors confined to Europe alone, as the list of these distinctions in the appendix to this volume includes the American Antiquarian Society and the New York Historical Society. Last in the list appears a body to the admission of which into the class of learned societies we demur. It is the "Ancient Order of Foresters." We suspect Sir John Bowring sought admission into that respectable friendly society with a view to the vote of its members at the Exeter election, in which, at the date

* The *Theological Review*, No. 14, July 1866, contains a full and interesting sketch by Sir John Bowring of Fox, his life and writings.

* *Vide Westminster Review*, July 1866, Art. "Lord Macaulay," notes.

† See Ashworth's "Cobden and the League," where slight mention is made either of Bowring or Thompson.

‡ Memoir, p. 9.

§ Batavian Anthology, p. 1,824.

‖ Memoir, p. 9, and Appendix, p. 404.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of his admission (1867), he had special reason for feeling an interest. Prior even to the passing of the first Reform Act, Dr. Bowring, as after 1829 he was generally called, determined to seek a seat in Parliament. Under the head of "Election Experiences" (p. 79) he writes:—

I was inquiring into my chances of return for Penryn.* My maternal grandfather was a minister of the Church of England in that part of Cornwall, and I learned that his name was very popular among the people. Both he and his wife died victims of their attention to the poor during a desolating epidemic. An old man came to me on behalf of the Wesleyan Methodists, and told me it was reported that I did not believe in the Trinity, and therefore I must pay double for their votes. They fancied, no doubt, that they ran some additional risk to their souls' salvation, and were therefore entitled to get some premium for the perils they incurred.

Another instance of religious fanaticism, mixed up with electioneering contests, is given by Dr. Bowring in the shape of a letter from a voter in a Scotch constituency, in which the writer, without regard to the consistency of his words, said, "We will have a religious man to represent us, even if we go to hell to find him." There is some doubt as to the constituency where the corrupt Trinitarian lived. General Thompson, who often related the anecdote, which he had heard from Dr. Bowring at the time of the occurrence, used to lay the scene at Blackburn. These "Election Experiences" were not written until 1861, and it is not unlikely that, writing at the distance of thirty most chequered years from the event, Bowring confused one constituency with the other. "In Cornwall," writes Dr. Bowring, "the deadening influence of the rotten borough system was such that it was impossible to secure a moment's attention from any auditory." We may add, that one who accompanied Dr. Bowring on his visit to Penryn, told us that during the doctor's address the people present kept shaking and slapping their pockets, thereby signifying to the aspirant for the honor of representing them it was to that region, and not to their reason or conscience, that his arguments should be addressed.

Blackburn, whether or not it was the home of orthodox corruption, was the constituency first contested by Dr. Bowring. He was received by the people with acclamation, but at the poll was defeated by twelve votes. His defeat led him to resume the negotiations in France and Belgium of which we have spoken. About this time he published "Bentham's Deontology," and a smaller work entitled "Minor Morals," in which Bentham's principles were set forth in conversational tales suitable for young persons.

At the general election of 1835 he was again defeated at Blackburn, but within a few days he was returned for Kilmarnock by an immense majority. His return was entirely owing to his political reputation, as he had no personal acquaintance in the constituency, and had never been but in one of its districts, and that not as a public man. His heterodox faith and liberal votes on Catholic and Sabbatarian questions were not suited to a Scottish constituency, and at the general election of 1837 he failed to secure his re-election. He was returned for Bolton at the general elections of 1841 and 1847, and finally retired from Parliament in 1849.

Although not an infrequent speaker, he cannot be said to have gained the ear of the House, and his Parliamentary career was not so brilliant, or even successful, as with his undoubted ability and multifarious acquirements might have been expected. Although a fluent speaker — never, indeed, pausing for a word — his voice was monotonous, his manner too didactic or professorial. He had a habit, while speaking, of raising himself on the tips of his feet and letting himself down with some violence. This was done so often during a speech as to become ludicrous. Moreover, his arguments — and the remark holds good of all the Bentham school — were always appeals to abstract *a priori* principles, and therefore not suited to popular assemblies. For the same reason, although a frequent he was not a popular speaker at the meetings of the Anti-Corn-Law League. The arrangers of these remarkable gatherings generally contrived that his address should come between those of two more attractive speakers, fearing that if he spoke first or last, he would fail to keep the meeting together.* In a sketch of Sir Robert Peel as a speaker, reference is made to the enjoyment which he experienced in replying to speakers who laid themselves open to fair retort, *e.g.*, "some philosopher who wanders out of the ordinary track, and draws

* It is Penzance in the original, but Mr. Bowring, a west-countryman, should have known that the most western borough in England has never sent a member to Parliament.

* Ashworth's "Cobden and the League" does not contain a single extract from Dr. Bowring's League speeches.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

arguments for annual Parliaments from the annual revolution of the earth." Dr. Bowring was the philosopher here referred to, having on one occasion used this argument in debate. Both while in Parliament and during his exclusion from it, he continued his labors in promoting the freedom of commercial intercourse between European nations. For this purpose he visited the manufacturing districts of Switzerland, regarding which he writes: "By a system of free trade Switzerland has overcome every natural difficulty, and created for herself a real superiority over the protected manufactures of all the surrounding nations." *

In 1836, and again in 1837, he visited Italy on a free-trade mission from the British government. In Tuscany he had repeated interviews with the grand duke, with whom he visited the southern provinces of the then duchy. The duke he describes as disposed to listen to suggestions for improvements, but on economical subjects he was utterly in the dark.

"Railways," writes Bowring, "were then beginning to supersede less convenient and rapid modes of communication, but the grand duke expressed his apprehension that their introduction might interfere with the interests of his '*poveri vetturini*'" (p. 161.) The pope (Gregory XVI.) was quite as much in the dark on such subjects. When told by Bowring the object of his mission, his Holiness remarked that England must not raise her commercial prosperity on the ruin of other nations, and that she should not absorb the trade of the whole world. "I answered," writes Bowring, "that she could only trade as much with others as others would trade with her, and that trade was but the interchange of common interests, all nations having the same interest when rightly understood. He said that trade was a circle in which there was a great centre" (p. 174).

We fear Bowring's mission to Italy was barren of immediate results.

In 1837 he visited Egypt and Syria. The account of his visit to these countries, and his sketch of Mehemet Ali, are amongst the most interesting of his "Recollections," and will well repay perusal. We regret we cannot afford space for extracts from them.

In 1839 Bowring was sent by the British government on another free-trade mission. This was to the meeting of the Zollverein at Berlin. The experience gained by these various missions led him to the conclusion "that Great Britain was ill fitted to be a teacher when a restrictive and prohibitory system formed the foundation of her commercial code." Bowring could easily refute the theoretical arguments of German protectionists, but he could not "gainsay the fact that our own tariffs, and especially those which most interested northern Germany, by which the import of corn was placed under severe and repelling restrictions, were altogether hostile to free-trade principles." He therefore returned to London, and told the premier, Lord Melbourne, that if he would have more trade with Germany, he must first abolish the corn-laws. The minister, with one of his usual oaths, exclaimed that Bowring was "only fit for Bedlam" (p. 207). Events were at hand that proved which was the saner of the two statesmen.

In the September of 1839 Dr. Bowring was entertained at a public dinner at Blackburn. The late Archbishop Prentice, whose paper, the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, was one of the earliest journals to advocate free trade, and in which Richard Cobden, under the signature "Libra," first gave to the world his views on political economy, seized the occasion of Dr. Bowring's passage through Manchester to issue circulars to a number of the more decided local free-traders to meet him. About sixty gentlemen met together, and the meeting was very enthusiastic. Dr. Bowring denounced the corn-laws in unmeasured terms. "It is impossible," said he, "to estimate the amount of human misery created by the corn-laws, or the amount of human pleasure overthrown by them. In every part of the world I have found the plague spot." In the course of the evening, when the enthusiasm of the meeting had been thoroughly evoked, a Mr. Howie proposed "that the present company at once form themselves into an anti-corn-law association." The proposal was unanimously and heartily adopted. Such was the origin of the National Anti-Corn-Law League, the most remarkable political organization this country has seen. Of the very considerable part which Dr. Bowring took in the counsels and labors of this body, his "Recollections" contain no account, but he has left on record his testimony to the character and services of its great leader, which we gladly transcribe. It is another proof of Dr. Bowring's amiable disposition, for it was written after Mr. Cobden had proposed and carried the resolution of the House of Commons which censured Bow-

* Memoir, p. 17.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ring's proceedings in the case of the "Arrow."

Cobden's name has obtained far too much celebrity, and his history is too well known, to sanction any observations of mine upon either. I deem him to be one of the most privileged, as he deserves to be one of the most honored, of his race. No man has ever been called on to exercise more important functions, and no man's exertions have been more successful in their issue, or more unpretending in their display. No doubt he has been rewarded by proofs of the most general sympathy. Those were indeed for him proud moments when the *Times* announced the existence of the Anti-Corn-Law League as a great fact, and when Peel avowed that Cobden was the apostle who had converted him from the error of his ways in the field of political economy. Cobden has been tried by heavy domestic sorrow in the loss of his only son, an affliction far more hard to endure than the endless vituperations of which he has been the object. His strength has always been found in his advocacy of sound principles to be carried out in their full extension. No surrender of a truth, no compromise with an error; yet he has always been willing to take reasonable instalments towards the payment of a just debt; he has never sacrificed an obtainable good in the pursuit of an unapproachable better; but has felt that every step forward is progress, leaving less to be done than if that step had not been taken. This is practical philosophy and sound wisdom; it is a disarming of the enemy to employ against him the weapons he has surrendered. Then, again, there has been on Cobden's part no jealousy or distrust of fellow-laborers — on the contrary, they have been most cordially welcomed to co-operate (p. 300).

We can supply a very apt illustration of this absence of jealousy on Cobden's part towards his fellow-laborers, namely, his testimony to the anti-corn-law services and sacrifices of General Perronet Thompson, which shows that Cobden, at least, among the leaguers, did not under-estimate them.* At the final meeting of the league in 1856, Mr. Cobden, after mentioning that on entering on his career he found mighty impediments removed by the labors of others, proceeded: "There is one man especially whom I wish not to forget — it is Colonel Thompson. (Hear, hear.) Colonel Thompson has made larger pecuniary sacrifices for free trade than any man living, and we all know that his contributions in an intellectual point of view have been invaluable to us. We will not, therefore, forget the worthy colonel amidst our congratulations amongst each other." †

* Comp. Recollections, p. 72.
† Ashworth's "Recollections of Cobden and the League," p. 320.

In Bowring's childhood he dreamed that he was sent by the king of England as ambassador to China. Strangely enough in after life this dream, as Macaulay says of Laud's dream that he had turned Papist, proved to have come "through the gate of horn." He had invested all his means in a Welsh iron company. The commercial panic of 1847 so seriously affected the position and prospects of this adventure, that he determined to seek permanent employment under government. At the close of 1848 he was appointed by Lord Palmerston British consul at Canton. The next nine years of his life were spent in the East. "I was accredited," he writes, "not to Pekin alone, but to Japan, Siam, Cochin China, and Corea; I believe to a greater number of human beings — indeed not less than a third of the race of man — than any individual had been accredited to before" (p. 217). Bowring thought — why it does not appear — that his dignity and position in the estimation of the Chinese would be enhanced if he had a personal interview with the queen before his departure, but was told by Lord Palmerston "that there was a general rule, through which he could not break, that no persons under the rank of ministers plenipotentiary should have special audiences, and that the queen was unwilling to have her privacy at Osborne disturbed" (p. 280).

The first five years of his Eastern life seem not to have been pleasant.

> Cooped up [writes his biographer] in the prison-house of the Canton factories, far removed from the political and literary world, and restricted to the dull routine of purely consular duties, he realized in all its sadness the truth of the poet's saying, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," and found his position almost unendurable. He mixed much with the people, however, and gave in his letters curious and interesting details of their religious and social life, their occupations and amusements, their usages and their superstitions.*

It is to be regretted that none of these letters are given in this volume. In fact, one of the noteworthy omissions in the book is the total absence of letters to or from Bowring, which, as he must have had a large correspondence, is remarkable.

From his age and experience, says his biographer, and we should add from mental constitution and habit, the new consul was not well fitted to serve in a subordinate capacity, and the consul and the pleni-

* Memoir, p. 20.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

potentiary (Sir George Bonham) did not always agree as to the line of policy to be taken with the Chinese. In 1853, however, Sir George Bonham retired, and Dr. Bowring, who was in England on a year's leave of absence, was appointed to succeed him as plenipotentiary and governor-general of Hong-Kong; he was knighted by the queen before his departure for the seat of his government.

"My career in China," writes Sir John, "belongs so much to history that I do not feel it needful to record its vicissitudes. I have been severely blamed for the policy I pursued, yet that policy has been most beneficial to my country and to mankind at large" (p. 217).

We have not space or inclination to go into the details of the controversy as to his Chinese policy, but we will state the resolution of the House of Commons in the case of the *lorcha* "Arrow," that our readers may judge whether Sir John Bowring's remarks, which we shall presently quote, are an answer to it. His former associates thought that his proceedings in that case showed a decided preference for the "arm of flesh," little to be expected in one who had been taught to regard "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" as the one principle of government, who had felt strong sympathy for St. Simonianism on account of its peaceful tendencies, and who had been secretary of the Peace Society. Mr. Cobden determined to bring the matter before Parliament. He accordingly moved the following resolution, which had been drawn up by Mr. Milner Gibson,* who is a perfect master of the art of framing Parliamentary resolutions: —

That this House has heard with concern of the conflicts which have occurred between the British and Chinese authorities in the Canton river, and without expressing an opinion as to the extent to which the government of China may have afforded this country cause of complaint respecting the non-fulfilment of the treaty of 1842, this House considers that the papers which have been laid upon the table fail to establish satisfactory grounds for the violent measures resorted to at Canton in the late affair of the "Arrow," and that a select committee be appointed to inquire into the state of our commercial relations with China.

In his speech Mr. Cobden said that, without going too definitely into what we had actually done, he contented himself with inquiring, would we have done what we had done if we had been dealing with a strong power, and not a weak one? He contrasted the conduct of the British authorities at Hong-Kong with that which we would have pursued had the government we dealt with been at Washington, and the transaction had taken place at Charleston. He was supported in debate by Lord J. Russell, Sir E. B. Lytton, Mr. Warren, Mr. Whiteside, Sir James Graham, Dr. Phillimore, Sir Frederick Thesiger, Sidney Herbert, Sir Roundell Palmer, Mr. Henley, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli. In fact "the whole character and oratorical power of the House, save what was possessed by ministerialist office-holders and office-seekers, ranged themselves under Cobden's leadership. He carried his motion by a majority of sixteen."*

Sir John Bowring defends himself by saying: —

It is not fair or just to suppose that a course of action which may be practicable or prudent at home will always succeed abroad. You can no more apply exactly the same discipline or the same character of reward and punishment to masses of men than you can apply them to individuals. The powers of reason fail when coming in contact with the unreasoning and unconvincible. No man was a more ardent lover of peace than I; in fact, I had been the secretary of the Peace Society, and had always taken an active part in promoting the peace movement; but with barbarous, ay, and sometimes with civilized nations, the words of peace are uttered in vain, as with children too often the voice of reproof (p. 217).

To us it appears that this is no answer to the reasoning by which Mr. Cobden guided the House of Commons to adopt his resolution, and it reads like an admission by Sir John that the theories of the humanitarians, of whom he was a leader, fail when sought to be put in action in the affairs of life. The object he had in view, to secure the admission of foreigners into Canton, was no doubt important, and the quarrel he considered as a means to that end; but we concur with his biographer "that it is a subject of regret that a better cause of quarrel was not found than the 'Arrow' affair."

It would be absurd and unjust to condemn the whole Chinese career of Sir John Bowring for this one error. We gladly turn to its brighter side.

I look back with complacency [he writes] on my government of Hong-Kong, which I held for five years, and on surrendering the

* On the authority of Mr. Cobden.

* M'Gilchrist's "Life of Cobden," p. 206.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

post received the thanks of the Conservative ministers of the colonies. I had during my tenure of office the pleasure of seeing the population nearly trebled, and the shipping trade increased nearly cent. per cent. I not only made the revenue, in which there had been a great deficit, equal the expenditure, but I left a large balance in the treasury chest. I carried out the principles of free trade to their fullest possible extent, and did not impose even a harbor due to pay the expenses of the service. Vessels came from every quarter and from every nation. They entered, they departed, and no official interfered, except to record whence they came or whither they went. The tonnage increased from three hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand tons of square-rigged vesssels, to say nothing of the large native junk trade. The harbor (one of the finest in the world, having an extent of safe anchorage exceeding five miles) is always crewded with shipping, more than a hundred vessels being ordinarily in port, in addition to the steamers, frequently as many as twenty, and the ships of war of all the great maritime powers. An enterprising individual made docks equal, if not superior, to any east of the Cape, and there is no element of prosperity and progress which has not been wonderfully developed.

The revenues are furnished by the ground-rent of houses, the opium monopoly, the judicial fees, etc., but there is no direct taxation. The value of land has increased rapidly, and indeed land is the main source of income. On my recommendation the legislative council had an infusion of many non-official persons, but I am not sure that the colony was ripe for this sort of representation, and I think that more might have been done by the executive without the popular element (pp. 218, 219).

This disparagement of popular representation shows how far at the close of his life he had departed from the Benthamism of his earlier years.

His Chinese administration was likewise distinguished by successfully negotiating in 1855 an "Anglo-Siamese Treaty of Commerce" which has brought most beneficial fruits. "The number of vessels engaged in foreign trade has been centupled, the sides of the Meinam are crowded with docks, the productive powers of the land have increased, and with them the natural augmentation of property and the rise of wages" (p. 250).

In 1857 an attempt was made to poison the English residents in Hong-Kong through the bread eaten by them. Every member of the governor's family was more or less affected by the poison, and Lady Bowring's health failed in consequence of it. She was compelled to return to England, where she died soon after her arrival. War broke out again between China and England, and the mandarins set a price on Sir John Bowring's head. Domestic and diplomatic troubles increased, local squabbles disturbed the peace of Hong-Kong; and at length, "nearly worn out by incessant care and anxiety," in May 1859 he resigned his office and finally quitted China. On his homeward voyage he was shipwrecked in the Red Sea, but in the end reached England safely. Shortly after his return he married Deborah, daughter of the late Thomas Castle of Clifton, the lady like himself being a devoted Unitarian. "His second union," writes his son, "contributed much to the comfort and serenity which attended his latter days."

The last twelve years of his life were spent in varied occupation. He was precluded by the terms on which he held his pension from re-entering Parliament, but had the satisfaction of seeing one of his sons elected for his native city by the enlarged constituency of 1868. The same pleasure was enjoyed at the same time by another ex-editor of a review, Sir John Taylor Coleridge; the ex-editor of the Tory *Quarterly* and the ex-editor of the Radical *Westminster* co-operating to promote the return of Sir John Duke Coleridge and Mr. Bowring as Liberal members for the capital of the west.

"A political Rip van Winkle" was the term bestowed on Sir John Bowring by the *Times*, because, after re-settling in Exeter, he made his first public appearance before his fellow-citizens at the Exeter Discussion Society, and delivered a lecture on the ballot, of which, in common with Bentham, James Mill, Perronet Thompson, W. J. Fox, George Grote, J. A. Roebuck, and most of the old "philosophical reformers," as well as the more modern leaders of the Manchester school, he was an unflinching supporter, and which he lived to see carried spite of the sneers and opposition of the *Times*. He repeatedly gave lectures on Oriental subjects and social questions, he wrote many articles in peridicals, and much fugitive poetry. The Devonshire Association, the British Association and the Social Association had much of his assistance and labor. But the association to which he gave most time and aid was the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. He remained to the last, as has been said, a decided Unitarian; but his contact with the ancient religions of the East led him to the conviction "that it were well if Christians would recollect that there never was a religion exercising any influence among thoughtful and philosophical men which had not in it some element

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of truth and consequently of stability" (p. 386).

The last year of his life (1872) saw him with mental and bodily powers alike unweakened. At the meeting of the British Association at Brighton that year he delivered an eloquent and effective speech at the sudden call of the president of the Geographical Section, welcoming to this country the ambassadors from Japan. At the Social Science Congress held at Plymouth within two months of his death he was particularly active, speaking at length two or three times a day, and addressing a temperance meeting of three thousand persons "with all the energy of a young man." Shortly after celebrating his eightieth birthday he was seized with illness which speedily proved fatal, and, after all the changes of fortune and of country he had experienced, he died within a stone's throw of the home where he was born.

With such great ability and such varied acquirements, he hardly obtained so high a position as might have been expected. He was a voluminous writer; "ever too rash to rush into literature" is his description of himself. He published, he says, between forty and fifty volumes, in every case, we are glad to learn, with some pecuniary profit; but we do not think he has written anything which will permanently take a high place in English literature. His "Life and Works of Bentham" will always be consulted by legal and political students, but probably he will be longest and most generally remembered by his hymns, many of which are to be found in the various collections used by Unitarian churches. Of his Parliamentary career we have already spoken. He was a free-trader before Cobden was known, but it is Cobden who always is and will be considered the hero and apostle of free trade. Bowring's labors were too discursive, and his powers as a popular orator too feeble, to compete with a man whose principle was, "This one thing I do," and whose eloquence was only the more effective because it was simple and unadorned. Still Bowring did much and well for his country and the world, and we think that such a public servant as he was should not be left without some public memorial of his many labors and his useful life. His bust might well be placed side by side with Cobden's in the great Abbey which holds the memorials of so many of our statesmen; or, if he be thought unworthy of that high honor, the men of Devon are restoring the noble cathedral which looks over the valley of the Exe, beneath the shadow of whose massive towers Bowring was born and died; in that great historic fane some fitting memorial might well be placed to preserve to future generations the name, the character, and the services of one who may fairly claim to rank among the "worthies of Devon."

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DISPUTE.

DORIS walked quickly back to the Hall. Certainly she had never been so angry since the days of her childhood.

In some ways her nature was too large to wince under Rose's personal taunts, as a more sensitive, more delicately-strung temperament might have winced. She had made up her mind that Rose would be vexed, and probably would vent her vexation by pertness and rudeness, though she had not known how stinging this rudeness would prove. The point that so angered her was Rose's flat disobedience to her will. One of her own villagers! A mere dependant on her husband's goodness! — for she knew that Mr. Burneston took no rent for the stone cottages. It seemed to Doris in her indignation that her slightest wish should have been law to the vain, rebellious girl.

But, with the evidence of anger, grew a consciousness that she was angry, and Doris yielded herself up, and tried not to think, not to make any resolves till the mental storm had passed over.

"What a temper mine is!" she said to herself, as she drew near the Hall. "I did not think it was so strong."

A regret, a rare feeling with Doris, rose and troubled the lull which was slowly falling on her anger. If she had put in practice towards Rose some of the lessons of worldly wisdom, learned in her close study of others during her stay in London, and in intercourse with country neighbors, she would not have failed so entirely to-day.

"That girl is so wretchedly vain," she thought, "that if I had forced myself to notice and call on her sometimes she would have yielded to my influence, and I might have done what I pleased with her now." She remembered again, with some

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

bitterness, that her husband had said, in the early days of their marriage, "If you choose, you may be of the greatest possible service to Rose Duncombe."

But besides all this, there was something quite different; there was a weight, and beneath that weight a soreness at Doris's heart. It was galling to feel in herself a want, and to feel, too, that one so completely her inferior as Rose Duncombe possessed the quality she lacked. What was it that glowed in Rose's eyes, and trembled in her voice, when she spoke of giving up all for the happiness of another?

If Doris had been older, she might have consoled herself with the conviction that her passions were more under control than Rose's were, and that she would never so betray her feelings. But, as has been said, Doris had read few novels, and at school had never talked intimately with any girl besides Rica Masham. And, moreover, forty years ago novels painted life more from the outside than from the inside, and were, in consequence, healthier, though less instructive, than they are now, when, in some of the books we read, human hearts are put under a microscope, and treated like plants and insects.

Besides the look on Rose's face, her words had conveyed the knowledge of a feeling — a knowledge that some months ago might not have aroused attention, but love had begun in Doris's heart beside her baby's cradle, that only true love which is content to give itself without counting on return.

She walked along, her eyes fixed on the ground, her trouble and puzzle getting more tangled and increasing the soreness she felt. Could she then be more happy than she was? She knew that her life had its troubles; but these had been caused partly by the fact of Ralph's existence — a trouble which she never let herself dwell on — and by the avoidance and petty slights offered her by certain country neighbors; and this was a trouble which only curled her lip with scorn, so confident was she in the ultimate triumph of her influence, when what she considered her worldly education should be complete.

All at once she looked up, and saw her husband coming with his dogs along the avenue.

Even at a distance she knew that he had perceived her, and was hurrying eagerly to meet her.

"Yes," she said sorrowfully, "I suppose his love for me is more like Rose's. Why cannot I return it equally? But, then, I am not sure that women need, or ought, to love in that way. I am sure I could never like any one better than I like Philip, and I have baby."

And yet, instead of the feeling of exquisite relief — the feeling akin to that which a draught of cold water gives to parching thirst — when a perplexing doubt is solved, or a light thrown on some difficult undertaking, this answer did not satisfy Doris; the soreness at her heart increased as she approached her husband. Would it have been different, she thought, if she had been Mr. Burneston's equal, and they had met and loved when he was younger, and if his wooing had been done in less set fashion? Next moment she rebuked her own idle folly.

"It is against common sense to dream of what could never have happened. The only thing that could have happened differently would have been that I might have grown up at Church Farm and married — well, say Ephraim Crewe" — she gave a shudder of disgust — "no." A proud and more contented expression rose on her face. "For all the joy that the feeling could give, I would not give up my position for any power of loving; and Philip is quite satisfied, I think. I am not sure that he would wish for any change in me."

Her husband had come up to her; she stopped and smiled at him.

"Where have you been, darling?" He took her hand, drew it tenderly within his arm, and then turned back again towards the Hall. "I have been studying your face as you came along, and you really looked oppressed with care and woe. I don't think I ever saw you look so troubled before, my darling. What is it? tell me, Doris."

The strong loving tenderness in his voice troubled her; and in this moment of awakened self-consciousness, she knew that she shrank from it as she had never shrank before; not because she disliked it — she felt it to be due to her as a wife; but her natural pride made her shrink from receiving that which she could not return, and Doris could not feign.

It was a relief that she had a real reason to give for her troubled face. The idea of a state of perfect union and thorough interchange of thought and feeling had not been conceived by Doris. She would have shrunk indignantly from deceit; but thorough confidence with her husband was quite beyond her grasp.

She grew very serious while she answered.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"I was coming to tell you, Philip. I had hoped" — she looked up at him with the direct, truthful look that had so mastered him when he met her in Steersdale — "that I might have saved you the worry of knowing; but as I have failed, it seems to me best to tell you and leave you to judge."

Mr. Burneston smiled at her earnestness, and Doris flushed. She felt that if he did not consider Ralph very wrong indeed she should be angry.

"I have been in the village," she spoke more quickly than usual, "I have been up to see and to warn Rose Duncombe, who has been very foolish. I have been told that something very wrong has been happening, Ralph goes and talks to her of an evening, and I did not want you to be worried about it."

Mr. Burneston looked puzzled, and then he smiled.

"You are a wonderful creature," he said. But Doris reddened; she was not quite sure how much of his praise was real or how much a playful mockery of her earnestness, for this gentle banter was the only reproof her husband ever administered. "You are playing mother in earnest; it is very good of you, and very tiresome of Ralph, my darling," he said more seriously, as he read the trouble in her eyes. "Well, how was your lecture received, and what does naughty, pretty Rose say for herself?"

"She is very headstrong, and she behaved as badly as possible, and ——" She felt that her tongue was going at a most unusual pace, and checked herself.

"She is a silly little girl," Mr. Burneston said cheerfully. "However, there can be no great harm done, I fancy. A girl at Rose's age is far too old to care for Ralph, and I suppose boys will be boys, eh, Doris? and talk to a pretty girl sometimes."

"I can't bear to see you so cool about it, Philip," she said bluntly, for he had begun to whistle softly to himself. "I call such a thing disgraceful. I'm sure Rose thinks a great deal too much about him."

"Indeed! Poor little girl; that's a pity." The squire looked serious, and left off whistling. Doris had never spoken to him in such a decided tone; he felt roused from his easy life of happiness to consider this subject more gravely.

"Ralph is dull, poor fellow!" he said; "and I dare say Rose is amusing to talk to. Your brother George found her so, I know." Then another pleasant smile crossed his face. "Perhaps it vexes you, dear, that Ralph should talk to George's sweetheart?"

Doris's anger was getting beyond her mastery.

"I have never spoken to you about this," she said proudly, "because it pains me so much. I cannot — I will not — believe that George really cares for such a person as Rose Duncombe. No! if I did not think of the harm to Ralph I should let this acquaintance go on; it might cure George of such a silly infatuation, and then he would have eyes for Rica."

The sudden change in her husband's face startled Doris. He looked utterly bewildered.

"My dear child," he said, "you talk as if love went for nothing, or as if it could be made to grow like a cabbage. If your brother loves Rose, and I think he does, he won't give her up lightly. And I don't mean to vex you, darling, but Rose will suit George much better than Miss Masham would."

Doris crimsoned till she felt almost suffocated. They were close to the Hall now, and she stood still before she answered.

"I understand you; you mean that I forget the difference of their positions; perhaps that is not my fault," she said in a pained, humbled voice. "There is far less difference between George and Rica than there was between you and me."

It was the first time she had so spoken, and Mr. Burneston grew as rosy as a girl would have done.

"My dear child, you must not compare yourself with any one, you are beyond all rules." Doris thought she had never heard him speak with so much dignity. "If Rose Duncombe were like you, I should hold Ralph completely justified; as it is, you are right, and I will put a stop to this business."

Then they walked on in silence. Doris wished that as she had said so much she had said a few other things which often rose to her lips, while her husband wished the whole talk unspoken, and tried to forget that his wife had lost her temper with him.

They did not meet again till just before dinner. Then Mr. Burneston, instead of meeting Doris, as he usually did, at the door of her dressing-room, knocked and went in.

"I'll talk to Ralph, and settle this business," he said smiling, "so do not expect to see me for some time after dinner." His easy, cheerful manner vexed Doris.

"But you will speak seriously to him,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

will you not?"—her voice getting stiff and hard with the struggle of her feelings—"I do not know much about boys, perhaps, but this conduct seems to me, at Ralph's age, simply disgraceful."

Mr. Burneston laughed.

"My darling, you are making too much of it. You are only a woman after all—you see things in exaggeration; there's really nothing to worry about."

"Worry!" Doris had flushed scarlet. "To me disgrace would cause a great deal more than worry. You know, you must know, that Ralph's visits to Rose Duncombe will do her harm. Why, if a child of mine acted so, I should punish him severely. I should threaten to disinherit him——"

She stopped abruptly; the words had come without her will.

He looked at her a moment; then he put his arm round her and kissed her forehead.

"You are tired, dear," he said, "and you want your dinner. Don't you know that I couldn't disinherit Ralph, even if I wished to do it? I am only a life tenant here; he must be master of Burneston. Now, come along, we are keeping dinner."

This was Mr. Burneston's way of "settling the business" after dinner, when he and Ralph were left alone.

"Do you still wish to go to Paris as much as you did last year, old fellow?" he said kindly.

Ralph's eyes brightened at once.

"I should just think I did. Why do you ask?" he said eagerly.

"I fancy Gilbert Raine is going abroad for a short time, and if you like you can go with him; that is to say, if you are willing to start for Austin's End to-morrow."

Ralph had flushed with eagerness. His two special school chums had seen Paris and many other foreign towns, and he felt himself an ignoramus beside them. One of his great home grievances was that his father had taken Doris abroad, and that he had never been asked to go with him in his previous journeys.

"All right, father; thank you," he said. "I'll go and find Faith, and tell her to have my things put up. The coach leaves Steersley at ten, doesn't it?"

He ran off in an excited bustle, while Mr. Burneston lay back in his chair and thought, "That will settle the matter; how very true is the old proverb, 'Least said soonest mended.'"

CHAPTER XXIX.

RICA MASHAM.

It had rained heavily all night, so heavily that from the windows of Burneston Hall that looked across the river, the landscape had a forlorn, soaked aspect; the leaves drooped, the roses near the house had been scattered in pink fragments on the brown moist earth by the violent pelting of so many hours. But the sun was now asserting himself, and driving the lingering clouds out of sight; and along the lane seen in the foreground of the landscape the little flowers, white and blue and yellow, were opening their bosoms widely to the warmth, though drops still glittered on the fragile speedwell blossoms and on white starry stitchwort nestling under the hedges.

Everything wore a brightened, renovated aspect, except the battered roses and a plot of balsams beneath Doris's window. The violence of the rain had strewn the rich dark mould with pink and white and scarlet blossoms.

Doris looked radiant, too, with happy expectation.

"You have not looked so young since you married," her husband said. "I believe you are far more excited at the idea of seeing Miss Masham than you were on your wedding-day."

Doris smiled at him.

"I suppose it does make me feel young to think of Rica—it takes me back to school-life," she said, with brightening eyes; "but then what a child I was in those days!"

She gave a little sigh, and a pensive look stealing over her face made her in her watching husband's eyes lovelier than ever. He had a way of quietly studying her face—learning by heart its marvellous delicacy both of skin and feature. Usually it betrayed little emotion; but to-day, in this high-strung mood of expectation, a faint pink color came and went on her clear skin, and her deep gray-blue eyes looked moist with happiness, almost like the Speedwell beneath the hedge across the river.

Doris felt strangely fluttered as Rica's arrival drew near—nervously anxious that all should be thoroughly well ordered. She had never forgotten the suffering she had gone through when Rica arrived at the cottage at Steersley. She wanted her friend to realize how completely that bit of her existence had been an episode.

And besides the pleasure of seeing Rica and renewing the old intimacy which had

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

begun to lessen in their letters, Doris hailed her visit on another account — she meant to take her to the Cairn. She knew that her father was deeply hurt by her long delay, and that her mother pined to see the baby; but neither of these reasons could have induced Doris to take a maid with her to the Cairn, and she knew that her husband would not allow her to go alone. She did not wish him to go with her; he would be a restraint on the others, and it would be a trial to her to let him see their homely ways; but now that the Cairn was not her own home she thought that she could take Rica there without mortification.

"I do not fancy," she thought, with a slight curl of her delicate lip, "that in a poor parsonage where there are five boys and an invalid mother, the ways can be so very refined. When I knew Rica I knew no one else; she may seem different now."

It was afternoon when Mr. Burneston said, "There she is," as loud barking announced an arrival.

Doris followed him down the broad darkening stairs, and she thought of the difference between Rica driven by George in the dog-cart, and Rica as she saw her now through the open hall-door being helped out of the luxuriously cushioned carriage by Mr. Burneston.

But Rica seemed shy and quiet, and was not laughing and chattering as she had laughed and chattered with George at Steersley. When she saw Doris the change was magical. She flew at her and gave her a long intense kiss, that made Mrs. Burneston's heart thrill with strange pleasure; but having done this Rica reddened, and looking half ashamed let go of Doris and said, "How's baby? may I see him?"

Doris was delighted.

"We will go and see him at once," she said; "you shall have some tea in the nursery."

"I see you also will be offered up to the idol," said Mr. Burneston laughing. "I warn you that Doris sacrifices us all without the slightest compunction to this new deity."

Rica stopped when she reached the staircase. "Oh, I forgot," she said eagerly. "There's something for you in that basket, Doris. I've left it in the carriage, but it's a King Charles — father said it was thrown away upon us, and so I brought it to you." Mr. Burneston went back for the basket — when it was opened a black silken head, with large, liquid, luminous dark eyes and a turn-up nose, appeared, wistful and trembling.

"What a dear quaint little face!" said Doris. "How very kind of you!"

Rica felt rather awed by the size and grandeur of the house. It seemed to her, too, that Doris had grown years older since their last parting; but when she saw her with her baby in her arms she thought she had grown more lovable — there was such a deep tenderness in the eyes bent on little Phil.

"Isn't he a darling?" Doris said.

As she looked up her eyes met Rica's earnest gaze.

"Well!" and the young mother laughed. Rica leaned over and kissed her.

"He is like his mother. I am so glad to come, dear; it seems years since that wedding-day. I have pictured you many ways, but you never came to me as a mother, Doris, and just now I could have fancied you my own mother looking at Algy."

Doris flushed a little; the old dislike to showing her feelings was as strong as ever.

"Will you come to your room?" she said after a little; "I think you must want to rest before dinner after such a long journey. Jane, one of baby's maids, will take out your things if you will give her your keys."

Rica laughed.

"Thank you; you remember my habits, I see; but indeed I have almost left off dreaming, and am really growing punctual and methodical. I was going to say I have so much to do, but," raising her large bright eyes to her friend's face with admiring reverence, "I suppose you are so much busier that you would simply laugh."

They had reached a pretty room at the end of the gallery, and found Jane waiting and the boxes already placed in the adjoining dressing-room.

Doris held out her hand for her friend's keys, and then closing the door on Jane and her labors she seated herself in an armchair and pointed to the other.

"Sit down, dear," she said; for Rica had gone to the window and was hanging out of it, exclaiming at the extent of the view. "Let us have a little talk now, and then I will leave you to rest."

Rica came and seated herself beside her friend. "You think my life is so busy," said Doris. "No! I expect your life is much busier than mine is; till baby came I had really nothing to do — I mean besides music and reading and so on."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Rica's eyes and mouth opened in wide wonder.

"Why, I thought you said your rector had no wife! Who looks after your schoolmistress and schoolchildren, and old people, and sick, and all the rest?"

Doris flushed.

"Yes," she said gravely; "I know what you mean. At Pelican House I meant to do so many things when I never dreamed of having so much power; and yet perhaps it is the very circumstance of having the power that makes my way so difficult. You know what I mean," she said abruptly. She had thought to be quite frank with her old schoolfellow, but somehow she could not go back to the mention of that early life at the Church Farm as easily as she had thought. Rica was altered. She seemed so much older, and there was a thoughtful tenderness in her eyes which was strange to Doris. She could not yet summon up the old power which she used to possess over her impulsive friend.

"You mean" — Rica smiled so sweetly that Doris's heart went out to her — "that one cannot do all one likes at once; that is the very lesson my father has been preaching to me ever since that day we left Pelican House. Oh, what have I said! a thing I don't mean at all. My father never preaches to me, but his practice has been showing me how very little I can really do of all my grand imaginings, and how much better it is to do one thing thoroughly than to try at three or four and only half finish them all; but you would never have wanted teaching that, you old darling — you were always so calm and so thorough."

She took Doris's hand and pressed it warmly — these two friends had never indulged in many kisses.

"I am not sure" — Doris still looked grave — "whether after all you have not been doing while I have only been thinking. I must get you to tell me about some of your work, though I suppose I shall have plenty to do now."

Rica laughed.

"But I have come here for a holiday, you dear old thing! — I am not going to teach you — oh, I am so happy, I must give you a kiss," she said, kissing her warmly. "I feel actually wild with happiness at having you again to talk to. I suppose the husband will not allow me much of you all to myself; but he does not look tyrannical; and yet I never trust looks in men. I don't believe in any of them, except my father and your brother George, and he is a myth at present. You see that visit last year was such a lightning-flash kind of event there was no realizing anything. I seemed to eat, drink, and sleep wedding preparations and wedding from the day I arrived till the day I departed."

"Yes, it was all very hurried." Doris smiled as her friend's natural way of speaking broke through the shyness and reserve she had felt at first. "But you would believe in my father too if you knew him, he is so true. You will learn to know him at the Cairn."

"Yes," —Rica looked delighted, — "I am so looking forward to the happiness of that visit. Why ever should you have doubted my willingness to go there with you?"

Their eyes met in a long earnest gaze. Eyes are really the most useful of our features. It is all very well to talk of frankness and heart-to-heart communion, and doubtless there are hearts made one in marriage, or, in the case of sisters, every thought is sometimes shared — nay, even the embryo thought or doubt may grow into existence simultaneously in two souls only divided by the separate bodies in which each dwells; but these are rare privileges, and most of us have to carry with us alone through our life's journey thoughts and feelings which are either too high or too low to be shared by our dearest companions. We must bear our burden, so far as human sympathy goes, alone; and perhaps we may find hereafter that those whose cup of human love and sympathy seems fullest on earth — whose lives form the most of oneness with some fellow-being, will be farthest removed in the endless life from the great Sympathizer, the never-absent bosom friend of all who have loved him here.

It had seemed to Doris that the crowd of stifled, pent-up thoughts and doubts which she had borne unshared since she left Pelican House, would find release when Rica came to Burneston, and now face to face with her friend she could not force her tongue to say why she shrank from the Cairn, and why she feared that Rica, too, might shrink from it. She did not know how this trouble which so burdened her proud spirit looked out now at "the windows of her soul," and was comprehended and pitied by the warm sympathy of her friend.

Rica's color deepened, but she only said, "When are we to go to the Cairn, Doris? Dear me! that sounds rude, as if I wanted to leave this place; but you understand, don't you? I think it will be delightful;

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and it is so very kind of Mrs. Barugh to make room for me."

A look of decided relief spread over Mrs. Burneston's fair, troubled face.

"If you had come yesterday," she said, "I should have told you our plans were not decided, as I did not want to leave my husband all alone, but now we can go any day, as he expects a friend at the end of the week. It is that Mr. Raine, Rica. Do you remember?"

"I should think I do — disagreeable person he must be. I hope we shall go before he comes. I must always hate that man for refusing to come to the wedding, and if I saw him I might have to like him against my principles."

"We shall certainly start before he arrives," said Doris thoughtfully. "We may expect cold weather any day at this season, and it would not do for baby to travel in cold weather. But I am not sure that you would like Mr. Raine. I like him now very much, but you and he are too much alike to be friends. Now I really am going to let you rest."

But instead of resting, Rica, as soon as she was alone, went to the window. She was so full of the tumult of enjoyment which new and pleasant surroundings are apt to create in imaginative and impressionable beings, that she seemed scarcely able to contain the gladness of her ecstasy as she gazed at the broad landscape beyond the river, with its hedge-bordered fields and distant lines of moorland overtopped by lofty blue hills, which made those in front of them quite puny and dwarfed, though they glowed with yellow and vivid green here and there, as if they hoped by color to compensate for lack of size.

Rica sighed — not from envy, though at home she could never escape the sight of chimneys, as her father's parsonage lay on the outskirts of a manufacturing town — but from the delight which the very sense of space gave her. It seemed as if she grew full of rest as she gazed at the large calm English scene — a scene that might be found in many other places, so still and yet so full of hints of life. The green meadows were dotted with brown cows, and in the meadow across the river fat geese were eating grass.

"After all," the girl thought, "a view like this teaches the use of commonplace beauty. There is nothing special here, unless it is the great extent of view and that brown line, which makes me dream of a wild, seldom-trodden moor, with perhaps a highroad across it," she said, with a smile at herself; "and yet the very sight of it all has made me feel ever so quietly happy. Doris must lead a happy life here."

Her eyes fell on the river that ran below her window, for her room was in one of the projecting wings of the building, and only a small strip of lawn bordered the terrace wall. The rain had swollen the stream, and it ran by in a swift, dark current to the bridge arches, dashing noisily against the piers. It had grown dark quickly, and Rica shivered as she watched the strong, dark water.

"And yet," she said, "I like the river better than that view beyond. There is life and motion in it, and mystery besides; it seems as if it might be full of weird secrets; there is nothing tame about it. I am not sure that I could live on always looking at those immovable fields and hills, with only the varying crops by way of change, but then Doris has her husband to live for; she does not care what sort of view this is." She stopped here to think. Rica was not sure that a husband would be as satisfactory to work for as a father, and mother, and four brothers were. It seemed to her that there could be nothing to do for the master of Burneston. She laughed again at herself.

"I am so absurd," she said, "so full of wild, dreamy notions, and yet in practice so very humdrum and ignoble. What a good thing it is for me that I must mend stockings and teach Algy Latin! I should perhaps carry my absurdities into action if I could get time even to think of myself at home."

CHAPTER XXX.

MATCH-MAKING.

DORIS liked the Cairn. There was a breadth about the wild, lonely place that could not be frittered away in Mrs. Barugh's small attempt at "genteel" decoration.

The floor of the large, low, heavy-beamed sitting-room was not nearly covered by her smart Brussels carpet; this was placed in front of the wide hearth, and as the broad latticed window with its seat below was on the same side as the fireplace, though at the other end of the room, very little daylight reached the carpet, already hidden by a heavy square table.

The last tenant of the Cairn, an old bachelor, had left all his old cumbrous furniture to be taken with the house, and John Barugh had peremptorily decided to

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

keep these chairs and tables in their places. He said his wife's "gimcracks" — so he called poor Dorothy's attempt at modern upholstery — were more suited to bedchambers.

The old, faded chintz window-curtains, too, were far more in harmony with the wild moor outside than were Mrs. Barugh's white muslin draperies up-stairs; and on the square table Dorothy kept an old china bowl filled with dahlias, the last bits of color that lingered in the narrow garden outside on the evening of Doris's arrival.

As they drove up to the house she thought her mother must sorely miss her garden. The former tenants of the Cairn had seemingly so loved its desolate, weird aspect that they had been unwilling to divide the house from the moor by more than a narrow strip of mould surrounded by a holly-hedge. There was not even a climbing shrub against the dark stone walls. But there was her mother at the door, her face full of eager delight, and when she had set eyes on her grandson, she pushed forward, and took him out of the carriage, and then kissed him till George called out that the baby would be stifled.

John came forward, proud and pleased to see his grandchild, but his face was troubled as he kissed Doris.

"Bless thee, lass," he said, "an' bless t' bairn; nobbut ah thowt ye wad nut hev com."

Doris looked at him with a sweet, shy seriousness.

"Indeed I have wanted to come, father, but there has been so much to prevent it."

As soon as they reached the parlor Doris took the baby from Mrs. Barugh's unwilling arms and held it up to her father.

The big, red-whiskered man bent down and scanned tenderly, yet with a kind of awe, the little sleeping creature that lay in its white wrappings quite undisturbed by its changed surroundings.

"You'll kiss him, won't you, father?" There was a pleading in her voice; never before had she seen clearly how her neglect must have pained her father. Softly, so that no one could hear but John, she said, "He shall learn to love you dearly; you may be sure of it."

John kissed the child heartily, and then turned away suddenly; he put his broad hand on his child's shoulder, but he could not find anything to say.

"Come, come, father. Doris is not used to holding the child, she'll be faint." Dorothy took the little bundle, and carrying it up-stairs she seated herself before the blazing logs in Doris's bedroom, and with the baby in her lap warmed its feet and legs at the fire. "It's the very image of the squire, that 'tis; yes, you are, you bonny boy, and as like your own mother as two peas, bless it!" Here she buried her face in the infant, and the rest of a long sentence of endearing words became inaudible.

Rica made George laugh heartily with the account of their journey. They had travelled post as far as the town in the valley below, and there they had parted from Jane the nursemaid, who was to return to Burneston in the carriage, while they drove to the Cairn in a hired fly; and Rica declared that Doris had been more solicitous about her baby's comfort than her own mother had been about her six children put together.

"He's the first," said George; "you don't know but what Mrs. Masham made a fine fuss about you."

On that evening and through the days that followed, for Doris kept her promise and stayed a week at the Cairn, it seemed by some natural order that she was always her father's companion, and Rica went with George. Mrs. Barugh was too much absorbed in the baby, and in directing the little extra maid she had hired to attend it, to need any other companion, so that except at meal-times they saw little of her.

Very little talk passed between the father and daughter in their walks; they seemed to have gone back six or seven years, sauntering round the farm and over the moor in the silent companionship that had once made them so happy; though now instead of the serene, idle-minded content John had been used to feel, he found himself wondering now and then whether such plain talk as his suited Doris or whether he did not weary her; while she, after the first novelty was over, used to let her mind wander as it had wandered years ago, with this difference, that formerly she dreamed a future out of chaos, and now she was often lost in retrospect, or in planning realities likely to happen. She could not bring herself to ask the question she longed to put about the future of her child, and yet she felt that her father was the only person to whom she could talk on this subject.

One great part of her reveries related to George and Rica. Every day there seemed more talk between these two; they seemed always glad to be together.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

The only point that disturbed Doris was their mirth; she remembered that when George was in love with Rose he had been so dreamy and serious.

"But then I never saw him alone with Rose in this way. Rica and he must care for one another after a time, they'll learn to. Why, I did not care for Philip at first. Liking grows in these cases, I fancy."

Doris had to struggle with herself at this, to stamp down a conviction that there was a higher and more mystical feeling between lovers of which she knew nothing; but her belief in this idea was so vague that she would have considered it morbid to allow thought to dwell on it consciously, especially as the only time that she had allowed herself to consider it she had felt disturbed and unhappy.

"Father," she said one day, near the end of her visit, "how do you like Miss Masham?"

John had been walking beside her as they toiled up to the Cairn from the farm below; he had been busy showing Doris some new fields which he had lately purchased, and which were to be sown with clover, and she had been listening so attentively to his agricultural projects that he had been led into far more talk than usual. This seemingly irrelevant question startled him. He looked at his daughter curiously; his own mind, slow to move from one subject to another, could not yet grasp the connection which had helped her so quickly from clover to her friend.

"Eh well, sheea's a bonny lass, an' sheea's fair set on yu, Doris. Sheea's yalays efter yu an' wantin' yu. Ah notes that mitch."

"Don't you think she and George seem to like one another?"

John's eyebrows met in the puzzle created by her question, and his mouth grew screwed and round as he stared at her for explanation.

"Well?" he said at last, seeing that she waited for his answer.

Doris grew confused under that broad, unconscious gaze. Why should not this idea have come to her father?

"I mean," she said, "that they suit one another very well. I should like Rica for a sister if you would like her for a daughter."

John stopped abruptly in his walk. The thick red eyebrows rose suddenly, producing a series of crimson wrinkles something like a curved reed-moulding, while John's mouth opened as wide as the dominie's did for "Prodigious," only instead of the adjective came an explosion of hearty laughter, which sorely discomfited Mrs. Burneston.

"Zookerins, lass! bud mebbe ye're reckonin' ower fast. George is nut t' lad tu tak a wahfe becos yey an mey bid him wed, he's a steadfast lad is George."

Doris reddened. "I did'nt mean that, father, but I think they are taking to one another. And I want to know whether you would approve such a marriage."

John sighed. A memory came back with Doris's words of his talk with her about her own engagement. He thought she was more dutifully inclined about George's marriage than she had been about her own.

"Ye're iv ower mitch uv a hurry, lass; George is nut yan to change yeeasily, an' he's cared for Rose Duncombe ivver sin' he war a bit uv a lad."

"But, father," Doris spoke eagerly, at that moment she hated Rose, all her dislike for her came back, "you would not like Rose for a daughter. She is — she is not a fit girl for George to marry, indeed she is not."

Again John was puzzled, but he smiled down at her in the superior wisdom of simplicity.

"Ah deean't reetly gaum yu, bud seeams tu mey, lass, weddin's cannut be made as ye wad mak 'em. Gin a lad an' a lass is made yan theer mun be summat to draw 'em thegither, an' ah cann't think theer's onny mair then likin' atweens yon lass an' George, an' likin's nut eneeaf tu wed on, mahnd ye that, Doris lass.— Hollau!" This was addressed to a strayed sheep which had found its way through some gap in the fence of a turnip-field, and without a word more John strode off to remove the intruder, quite unconscious of the blow he had dealt his daughter.

But she soon recovered herself. She dearly loved her father; but this visit had shown her that he and she must of necessity judge from different points, and she tried to heal the pain he had just given her by this anodyne.

"I fancy love must wear different aspects in different classes. Apart from other things, in a worldly point of view, it would be a good thing for Rica to marry George. Charming as she is she has little chance of marrying. Her father is evidently very poor, and has four boys to place in life, and my father has saved a good deal, I know, and of course George can have it all. With Rica's notions about rank and society she would not con-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

sider the marriage unequal, and it will make me so very happy to have such a sister. Oh yes, it must be."

John came back redder in the face, but showing no other sign of his run after the delinquent sheep.

"Ye mun send t' lahtle lad oop tu t' Cairn when he's big eneeaf," he said, "an ah'll larn him hoo tu ten t' stock an sike like; t' squire wad be fain tu ken mair nur he diz, bud he wasn't reetly skeealed; an' t' parson's wrang yal togither, thof he thinks he kens mair an' ah diz."

Doris looked thoughtful.

"Thank you, father, it's very kind of you, and in any case it would be useful knowledge; but I suppose my boy will not have any land or stock of his own to manage, unless — unless anything happens to Ralph Burneston." She spoke calmly, and looked hard at her father.

"God forbid!" the farmer said hastily. "Whya, mah lass, ah teld ye afore ye married aboot t' dowment 'at's made on ye an' on onny bairns 'at ye may hev. Theer's a conny pleeace wi' a farm belangin', at Loughton, 'at 'll come round tu ye; t' squire sayd 'at he bowt it oot o' some shares 'at turned oot better than he leeaked fer, sae that's nowt to do wi' Ralph Burneston; but that's a poor lahtle scuffling pleeace, nae chance o' keepin' stock or growing owt i' siken a stany corner. Theer's twenty yaccres mebbe, bud 'twad deea fer yes, Doris, nobbut ye war left tu fend fer yersel'."

He sighed. Once he had thought that if she were left a widow, Doris might perhaps come home again. Now he saw this was impossible.

"Yes, I remember," she said slowly, "but I am not thinking about myself. Does it not seem rather hard, father, that one son, just because he happens to be born first, should have all, and the other should have nothing and have to earn his own living in a profession?"

John's shaggy eyebrows lifted in wonder.

"Woonkers! Wah, Doris lass, ye mun be dreeamin', it's t' law o' t' land, an' hes been t' law tahme oot o' mahnd, ye kenned it yal afore ye wa' married, sae there's nae help fer it; an' tu mah thinkin' t' lad 'at warks fer his livin' 's t' happiest, t' tahme dizn't drag wiv him, he's yalays wantin' mair on't then he's gitten."

"Yes" — but Doris sighed — it seemed to her that a high-minded man, such a man as she meant to create in her little Philip, would always find plenty to do without being obliged to work for his living. Her husband had said he did not wish either of his sons to enter the army or the navy, and it seemed to Doris that those were the only two professions suited to a gentleman.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON THE HILLTOP.

The last day of the visit had come, and Doris still felt puzzled about George and Rica.

She did not know how to act. She dared not take her mother into confidence, she would immediately tell either Rica or George, perhaps both. But Doris feared to leave the matter undecided; she must at least get some insight into George's feelings, and yet private talks with George had been her great objection to visiting the Cairn.

Doris was not morbid, but like some other practical people she was apt to realize too strongly and to create bugbears for herself. She studied George attentively, asked his opinion on some points, and was so struck by the change in his temper that she began to smile at her own fear of a dispute.

"You and I have not had a walk together yet," she said on the last day of her visit. "I want to see your wonderful hill that Rica is so enraptured with. She says it is a poem. It is a real pleasure to show her things; don't you think so?"

"Ah!" George gave a sigh of pleasure, and Doris rejoiced. "Yes," he added slowly, "she has a feeling for all that is really beautiful." He stopped as if he had checked some further words.

"She is quite made for a quiet country life," Doris said. "Well then, suppose father and I go with you two this evening? or shall you and I go alone?"

George smiled. It was new to him that his sister should care for his company, but he thought there must be an improvement in many ways in Doris or she would not have come to the Cairn. He had not noticed any shrinking from the plain, homely ways of the farmhouse, or even any impatience with his mother's flow of talk; for Mrs. Barugh's triumph of self-glorification in her daughter's visit exhibited itself in a never-ending babble — now on the make of Doris's gown, now on the perfections of the baby, and a constant analogy between him, and Doris and George, at the same age. She sometimes carried these recollections so far that George was forced to call her to order.

"Spare Miss Masham, mother," he had

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

more than once said, when he saw Rica striving vainly to check her laughter at these baby stories.

Rica was thoroughly happy.

"You are all simply delightful," she said. "I never felt so much at home away from my own people. I never have to think what I shall say or what I shall do; you are so easy to please. And then these moors; I seem to breathe more freely on them than I've ever done. I had not dreamed of anything half so wild and grand."

Mrs. Barugh bridled with pleasure. She had just laid the baby in his cradle, and so had a few moments to bestow on inferior beings.

"I'm sure we're all much obliged to you, Miss. Masham, for your good opinion of us, and the place, and everything, and we'll be proud to see you any time you like, whether Doris can come or not — sha'n't we, George? sha'n't us, father?"

Doris's eyes were fixed on George with tell-tale eagerness, and as he looked up from the collie nestling its pointed ears against his knee he met her gaze, and wondered at its intensity. So wondering he let the question slip on to his father.

But John did not answer at once with the heartiness usual to him when a welcome was required. He remembered his daughter's proposal, and he felt troubled. It seemed almost as if he should be lending himself to thwart George if he encouraged Miss Masham at the Cairn — but his hospitality conquered.

"Ay, marry," he said with a smile that beautified his face by its genial breadth, "ah's prood tu think 'at t' leeady lahkes t' Cairn. Ye sud bide here i' t' cawd weather, when there's bonny wutherment — t' winds com' swoopin' an' sworlin' fra t' hills as if they'd lift t' thatch; nut 'at they dee 'at, bud ther's a tussle atween 'em for it."

"I've asked George to take me to the Cairn this evening," said Doris; "will you come, Rica, or will you get father to show you some of his haunts beside the river? I don't believe you have seen the stepping-stones."

Rica's face brightened with delight.

"May I? do you really mean it? It is too good to take a walk with me, and have you all to myself, Mr. Barugh. At least" — she stammered and reddened, conscious of the surprise on Doris's face — "I don't mean any disrespect to you, Mr. George, but I so want to see all over the farm."

"After all," Doris thought, when she went up-stairs to get a warm wrap, for George had warned her of the cold on the summit of the hill, "I don't think that counts for anything; the more she likes him the less she would own her liking, and she got very red just now."

The four started together for their walk. For some time they followed the yellow, deeply-ridged cart-road, skirting the moor that rose loftily on the left, bare except for knots of furze and tufts of heather on its rugged side; and, on the right, divided from the road by a dry grassed ditch, half-filled with clumps of peat, was a hazel hedge, barred with stumps of pollard elms. This was the boundary of John Barugh's fields, which sloped down steeply to the road beside the river.

As they walked on, above the shoulder of the moor loomed two huge blocks of gritstone, that seemed ready to fall on the heads of those who walked below.

"We must separate here." George pointed out to Doris how the road mounted and took a sweeping curve to the left, cutting sharply against the still, blue sky. On the right, filling the gap made by the road in this leftward curve, came a lovely peep of the valley, some rich green trees near at hand standing out in bald relief from the vista of hills beyond — hills rising one behind another, the emerald tints of the meadows sinking into dimness as the mist rose from the valley.

John Barugh led the way to a gate on the right, and he and Rica were soon out of sight as they went down towards the river.

Then George and Doris slowly climbed the steep hill, and crossed the wide moor to the glen, where Joseph Sunley had waited.

"Will ye sit an' rest here?" George said, "afore ye climbs again. I's feared o' wearyin' ye, lass," he added kindly.

"I tire sooner than I did," Doris smiled; "perhaps it is because I walk less."

A year ago George would have said, "This is one of the evils of increased culture; women learn to depend on carriages and horses, and neglect bodily exercise," but one of the most valuable lessons he had learned from the rector of Steersley had been to economize his opinions.

He had been waiting patiently for a quiet time, as he called it, with Doris. She had written him a few lines saying that Ralph had left Burneston, but he longed for, and yet shrank from, an ac-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

count of the interview he felt sure she must have had with Rose.

He looked at Doris; she seemed to be thinking deeply, and to have forgotten his presence. He pulled a tuft of heather, and flung it among the stones.

"Did ye see Rose?" he said nervously, as his movement roused Doris.

"Yes, I saw her." She sate upright on the stones, and looked straight on to the hills beyond.

"Well, lass?" then, after a minute, he said sadly, "maybe ye had words. Rose has a quick tongue, but her bark's iver sae mitch worse then her bite, an' hard words break no bones, as t' old sayin' is, — do they, Doris?"

Doris felt full of pity just now for George's infatuation, and yet she thought, "He may only seek to excuse her for friendship's sake; he cannot put her and Rica in comparison, and still love Rose."

George watched her face anxiously, but Doris had learned to control its expression.

"Rose was very rude" — she tried to speak without bitterness — "but that is not the worst. I am sorry to say, she gloried in Ralph's attention to her, and refused to give up seeing him."

George grew paler, but he did not answer hastily.

"She's not easy to manage, Rose isn't; an' in hot blood she'll say whatever comes in her head if she thinks onnybody's wishin' to thwart her — mebbe she had no meanin' in what she said; it was nobbut to fret you, lass. You an' her nivver drawed ovver well together."

Doris raised her head proudly. An allusion to her early knowledge of Rose seemed always to set the blood rushing hotly through her body; it flamed angrily now on her cheeks, and George saw it. He rose up from his stony seat.

"Dunnut vex yoursel'," he said gently. "Ah doesn't think of Rose as you does, but then it's different. Whiles you was at school learning to love your friend there, Rose was all ah had, an' she was a heart's weight ov good to me."

Doris checked her vexation. She had also risen from the stone and they went on again slowly towards the hill.

She was surprised at her brother's reticence and gentleness. She had expected a very stormy reply to her account of Rose's conduct. She began to think that Rica's influence had prevailed. Although George took the part of his old friend, he was no longer what Doris called "silly about Rose."

"You and Miss Masham seem to be great friends," she saidafter a while.

"Yes, surely, she's real good she is;" he spoke heartily, he was so truly glad to be able to sympathize with Doris.

"Her goodness is only one of her qualities. She made me so happy when we were at school together by her brightness, and she is so sympathetic, she has a way of feeling personally for others that is almost comic."

"She's real kind to mother," George sighed. He wished Doris would treat her mother with more deference. It seemed to him that his sister received all her mother's care and tenderness as if they were her due.

But Mrs. Burneston was too intent on carrying out the plan she had proposed to herself to be turned aside by any other thought, and she only noticed George's words to contain praise of Rica.

"She is a great reader too," she went on; "it must be pleasant to you to have a companion with whom you can talk about your books. I should think you often feel the want of this, don't you?"

"Ah cannot really say;" he looked thoughtful. "Ah's getten so used to pondering on 'em whiles ah's by myself 'at ah thinks ah likes it better than hearin' opinions which donnut jump wi' mine. Ye see ah hevn't many books, an' ah reads 'em ovver an ovver till ah luovs 'em. Ay, my lass, ah luovs 'em mitch as ye luovs your bairn."

Doris smiled at George's gauge of the intensity of her love for her little one, though she avoided discussing this question.

"Your mind is so much stronger and your will is so much firmer than Rica's, that I fancy when you had been together a short while she would be easily moulded to your views."

George laughed.

"Mebbe so, lass, nobbut we'll not have t' chance o' findin' out. Mebbe we'll nivver meet again. This place isn't likely to suit Miss Masham."

"You quite mistake." Doris spoke eagerly, here was her chance, she thought. "My mother has asked her to come to the Cairn whenever she likes, and Rica says she means to come."

"Surely?" George felt contradictory; it seemed to him hard that his mother, who had never offered an invitation to Rose, should be so friendly to a comparative stranger.

Doris knew that she had better let the matter rest and trust its issue to time and

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

opportunity, but she had no intention of revisiting the Cairn for some time, and she could not leave her work unfinished.

"George" — she spoke very gently — "you can make me very happy."

His honest brown eyes brightened, and a warm glow of pleasure spread over his pale face, while a smile of exquisite sweetness parted his thoughtful lips.

"D'ye say so, lass? Ah'll be reet fain to ken what it is."

His earnest glance was searching her, and she blushed under it and winced. Her conscience was asking Doris whether her wish was solely for the happiness of this brother so anxious to prove his love to her.

"I should like to have Rica for a sister," she said, and then she stopped.

George smiled. His first impression was that Doris must be strangely blind if she imagined that Miss Masham would take up with a mere farmer's son like himself.

"You mistake, lass," he said. "Like takes to like, an' Miss Masham an' me's not likely to suit."

"I know what you mean," — Doris roused the whole strength of her will against this obstacle, — "but you do not understand Rica. I am sure you are just suited to one another and would make a very happy couple."

George's smile faded as she went on.

"You have forgotten, lass," he said, "a man cannot love two at yance, an' ah loves Rose."

"George, you must not, you cannot love Rose. I tell you she's not worth your love. I am sure she would not make you happy, she is far more likely to disgrace you. I don't know which is worst, her conduct or her temper."

Doris spoke vehemently and her brother grew red, he was trying hard for self-control.

"Stop there, lass, or I may say something foolish; you and me must not talk about Rose, it isn't safe."

Doris was calm again when she answered.

"I am sorry I spoke so openly. I did not know you still cared for her; but, George, I am older than you are, and marriage and society have made me still older, and love is not the only thing to be thought of in marriage."

George looked at her more quickly than was usual to him, for his lameness had increased his slowness of movement, then seeing that she looked in earnest he smiled.

"Do ye mind how ye said to me oop at t' Hall 'at you an' me looked at things different ways, an' it struck me there was reason in it. Well, it's the same now, you look at marriage from one end an' ah looks at it fra t'ither."

"Ah, but I said that about matters on which there might be differences according to the differences in relative duties. This is quite another question, only a question of the change which a few years of experience and knowledge of the world must bring to you, George. You say you like Rica; well then, there is no risk, for you are sure to love her well enough when you come to know her better. She has no money certainly, but she has every other requisite. She is pretty and clever, and very, very bright and loving, and so kind in illness; then she is well-born, and all her friends and relations are people of position and culture; and with all this she is so wonderfully simple and unconventional that I believe she actually prefers the Cairn to Burneston Hall. Oh, George, think how much better it would be for you to have a wife who would help to raise the tone of the family, whom I should be able to receive as a sister and introduce to my friends; think how proud mother would be of such a daughter."

She paused. His listening, unmoved face puzzled her. He could hardly listen so patiently, she thought, if he entirely disagreed with her appeal.

"Ye make very sure o' Miss Masham," he said gravely. "Seeams to me she may look for a rise in life as well as anybody."

Doris felt rebuked. She knew well that she had no right to take Rica's consent for granted.

"I only make sure for two reasons; first, that I believe she is entirely free to love any man who seeks her love in earnest, and next, because she has told me more than once that in marrying she would only think about her husband, not about his money or his position. It is just a special chance, indeed it is. Surely you will not be so utterly selfish as to sacrifice us all to your infatuation for Rose Duncombe?"

No answer. He walked on faster, and stopped, at last, when they reached the top of the Cairn. He waited for Doris to speak, but she was too intent on his answer and the success of her project to see the wild grandeur of the scene. She had forgotten all her interest in Rica's account of the weird, far-stretching moors.

"Well, lass," he said at last, "mebbe we look yon with different eyes too. Seeams to me 'at if ye were to come oop now an

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

agean ye'd mebbe get cleared o' theease mists which dull your sight. Eh, lass, John Bunyan would be a safer guide t' you, ah'm thinkin', than what ye're pleased t' call knowledge o' t' world."

"No, indeed, George." Doris could smile now. It was absurd that a home-bred recluse like her brother should combat her wisdom. I never argue with you about religion, because I know you are much better than I am; you always were; but this is quite different. There would be no harm in your marrying Rica; that is, I mean, of course, if she will marry you; but there would be a great deal of harm done by marrying Rose; and, besides, Rose does not care for you, or she would not do as she has done."

She stopped. George stood facing her, looking far taller than usual on the bare hilltop, with the far-off background of distant hills. His eyes glowed; his whole body seemed to vibrate with intense earnestness as he spoke far more broadly than usual.

"Listen, lass. D'ye mahnd when we waz lahtle bairns ah telled ye a tale, an' ye did not lahke it cos ah telled it frev a book. It telled uv hoo a huckster man found a pot o' grease, an' when his eyes was rubbed wi' it he saw t' warld was nut t' seame 'at he thowt he'd been livin' in. It's sae noo wi' you, Doris. Ye're blinded wi pomps an' vanities an' t' lahke, or ye'd ken t' pooer an' t' trewth o' luov. Eh, lass, ye war a rare yan fer trewth lang syne; an' noo ye bids me aks Rica Masham to wed me when ah cannut gie her my love as a husband shood deea. What if Rose cannut luov me; that changes nowt in me. In God's sight ah'm her man as mitch as if ah'd wedded her. Ah've gien her all t' luov ah can give, an' it's oot o' my pooer to take it back. My heart and my life are hers, whether she taks 'em ur leeaves them, sae noo then!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CLYTIE.

RICA wandered round the large airy nursery at Burneston, looking at a series of prints on the walls which Faith assured her were Master Ralph's special treasures in his childhood, but from time to time she glanced with an amused look at Faith herself.

The housekeeper sat with little Phil in her lap, carefully examining him to make sure that no harm had chanced during his absence, and giving vent now and then to peevish ejaculations, aimed at the ignorance displayed by "folks," clearly meaning Mrs. Barugh, on certain points of baby management.

Faith had tried all she could to prevent the visit, and had prognosticated all kinds of harm to little Phil, and it was almost a disappointment that her charge was returned to her looking far stronger and healthier than when he was taken away.

At last she looked round, "Ah does wonder, that ah does, Miss Masham, 'at nut one o' you could hev thought an' put a veil on him; whya if he were a bit uv a farmer's brat he couldn't be mair sunburnt, he's as brown as August corn — yis ye are, mah beauty."

Rica's eyes twinkled with amusement.

"Why, that's just what we're proud of, Mrs. Emmett. I thought you'd be as pleased as possible to get such a sturdy young gipsy home again; and he did have a veil at first, but he didn't like it; and we thought he was to do exactly as he liked — I'm sure I heard you say so."

Faith did not answer. She disliked jokes from any one but Ralph, and it annoyed her that this friend of Mrs. Burneston's, a girl who did her own hair and required no help in dressing, should be invited to stay at the Hall.

Rica was rather ill at ease this morning. After a week's separation she felt that Mr. and Mrs. Burneston must have much to talk over, so she kept out of her friend's sitting-room; and Mr. Raine had contradicted her so decidedly at breakfast that she preferred to avoid the library lest she should find him there, and get into some fresh dispute with him.

"He is clever, no doubt, and very amusing, but he is downright rude," the girl said with flushing cheeks, "and I dislike rude people."

As she reached the top of the old staircase it seemed to her that the portraits which covered the four lofty walls frowned at her; already in her bedroom one fair, blue-eyed Burneston in a well-curled flowing wig and brown coat, had seemed to her to shake his head and glance at the book he held as if to rebuke her idleness.

Rica stood looking down the wide old staircase.

"What stories these massive old balusters and standards could tell!" she said; "how many sad and tender partings that old lantern hanging from the roof has lighted!"

The staircase occupied three sides of a large square well; here were shelves filled with china which nowadays would be deemed priceless, but beyond its color

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

china had no attraction for Rica. She lingered on the stairs studying the pictures: tightly bodiced ladies with flowing hair, round-eyed and round-mouthed; grave gentlemen with sad faces, looking all too old and prosaic for the fair dames languishing out of landscape backgrounds, not quite in harmony with their bare arms and abundant unkerchiefed charms.

Two of these pictures had a special fascination for her: one a delicate, lovely lady, in a more modern costume than the rest, whose cheek rested on her hand; there was an almost plaintive sweetness in this face which roused Rica's imagination. Opposite to it was a full-length portrait of Mr. Burneston in his boyish days, dressed as a sailor, with a background of sea.

Faith asserted that this portrait was the living image of Ralph, and Rica felt a certain curiosity to see again this heir of Burneston who seemed such a general favorite.

"Not with Doris, I think," the girl said; "she rarely speaks of him."

At the second landing of the staircase were two arched recesses at right angles; one contained a doorway leading to another gallery of bedrooms, in the other was a marble pedestal supporting a bust of the Clytie. The staircase was lighted solely from the lofty oaken roof, and light and shade fell sweetly on the exquisite face and shoulders. As Rica turned from the picture of the sailor squire her eyes fell on this bust.

"Why don't I make a study of her? It would be good practice," she said. "That cross-looking man in red will leave off frowning when he sees I am at work. It is a rare chance for me to get an antique head placed in such a light."

She hurried back along the gallery for her drawing-materials. It was delightful to have found something to do; for to Rica's hard-working habits it was difficult to take holiday alone, though it was easy for her to share the holiday-making of others.

She was soon seated on the topmost stair, beneath the arched opening to the ante-room, a charming nook, furnished with well-filled book-shelves and Indian cabinets, leading to a gallery of bedrooms.

She soon grew intent on her work; she rapidly marked out the head, and began to draw it in chalk. She did not hear the door into the ante-room open. All at once a footstep close behind her gave her a start, and sent her crayon across Clytie's nose.

"Oh!" she said, without turning round, for she thought only of the mischief done.

"I beg your pardon." But Gilbert Raine did not look sorry; he was too much amused by the originality of the whole proceeding to have much care for the false stroke. He began to think his first impression last night had been correct, and that there was some character in Mrs. Burneston's friend, an idea which her silent coldness during breakfast had quenched.

"It's too late to beg pardon now." She did not look at him. She was trying to rub out the unlucky stroke with a bit of bread.

No answer came. Raine was looking down admiringly at the bright, sensitive face, full of expression, though the eyes were hidden by a deep fringe of dark lashes.

"I beg your pardon, do you want to pass?" She rose and gathered up her materials. "I quite forgot I was filling up the passage."

"Thank you." But Raine stood still as soon as he had descended a couple of steps, and looked down at her drawing. "Upon my word, you've got it uncommonly like," he said; "it's really very good for a woman."

Rica looked up now, her eyes brimful of mischief.

"Which do you mean, the face or my attempt to copy it? You may say, if you like, that it is good for me; but you must not say it is really very good for a woman."

"But there never have been any women great painters."

"The world is not ended yet, and I believe in progress," said Rica triumphantly. "Women will do something good in art, as well as other things, before all's ended. Hitherto the weak have made themselves weaker by yielding all, and the strong women have never been taught properly as men are taught; so they never start fair."

"Then you ought not to resent my words; but I'll not shelter myself under that cover. I utterly deny that a woman can equal a man in any one thing — yes," with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "I yield on two points — talking and caprice."

Rica looked aghast.

"There is no use in arguing with you; you are a misanthrope — you never had any sisters, I am sure. People are always positive of what they know little about."

Raine laughed.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"But I have history and many great writers on my side."

"Not all; there are plenty of constant women in Shakespeare who are not chatterboxes, and every-day life will show you more. Look at that lovely, pensive face shrouded in black lace," she pointed her crayon at the lady resting on her hand; "if we knew her story we should find she loved all too constantly, and as for talking, why," Rica's face glowed with sudden animation, "I believe her talk must have been like Mrs. Burneston's, full of diamonds and pearls," — she stopped suddenly, conscious that she had been talking excitedly to this stranger, and that he was probably laughing at her. "I forgot you were here," she said abruptly; "I bore you, I know."

"If you were any one else," Raine said with a laugh in his voice that provoked her, "I should say you were complimentary, but as I am sure you have no intention of paying a compliment, bad or good, I suppose I must apologize for interrupting you and take myself off."

"Please tell me, first, who the lovely lady is with the pensive face and the lace mantilla."

"She is Ralph's grandmother. I can only just remember her, for she died young, but I fancy she was very lovable, and not nearly so sad as the artist has painted her: but as she died so early she is no contradiction to my theory; shy women, and she was shy, don't get full use of their tongues till middle age, and she might have turned out very fickle if time had been given her."

Rica had seated herself again, and gone back to her drawing. She wished Mr. Raine would go on talking instead of looking at her so satirically.

"I am sure of one thing," she said; "women may have faults, but they are larger-minded than men are, they are not always twitting men with being violent and overbearing, and tyrannical, and contemptuous, and teasing," she said the last word with emphasis.

"Ah, but you are incautious — you let me see that you consider men guilty of these faults and yet you never speak of them; now see how much better we behave to women, we are always trying to create in you the most impossible virtue to a feminine mind."

"What is that?" said Rica, looking up at him.

"Humility."

He said this quite seriously. Rica's lips quivered and her face glowed with vexation. "According to you," she said, pushing the loosened brown hair from her forehead, "we are a sort of chameleon — we just reflect the color you are pleased to throw on us, and women who don't do this exactly are capricious. Well then, if we are not humble it is because men are so self-satisfied."

"Ah, my dear Miss Masham, now you come to the great safety-valve for the soul of a man — the tongue of his better half. Tell me honestly, did you ever see a self-satisfied married man? He may and he does put on a good deal of conceit, but this is mere war paint, a try-on to deceive the outsiders. See the unhappy biped on his own hearth-rug, *tête-à-tête* with his tyrant, and you'll see him literally skinned out of all self-respect."

"Have you ever been married?" said she indignantly.

"No, I thank God," and he laughed as he looked at her.

She had got far too angry to go on with her drawing. Quite heedless that she had passed her hand across her forehead and left a crayon smudge on its centre, she rose up.

"You are extremely irreverent; but, of course, you do not know what you are talking of. Some day you will have to eat your own words; but, indeed, I pity from my heart the woman who is sacrificed to you."

With this parting shot she ran back into the ante-room.

"A malediction," said Raine. "But I wish she had stayed a little longer. It was too bad of me to tease her. I will make my peace at luncheon, she is too pretty to quarrel with."

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE STORY OF AN INDIAN LIFE.*

THE opportunity which our Indian empire presents for a career to the able and adventurous is a trite subject on which to moralize. But if trite the inference is no less true; and a very noteworthy example of what may be achieved by an Indian public servant, through simple merits, without adventitious aid from interest or connection, is afforded by the life of the officer placed at the head of this article. In one sense, indeed, the late Colonel Meadows Taylor cannot be deemed to

* *The Story of my Life.* By the late Colonel MEADOWS TAYLOR, C.S.I. Edited by his Daughter. Edinburgh: 1877. 2 vols.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

have achieved distinguished success; not being a member of either of the recognized Indian services, he was debarred from rising to any of the high offices of the Indian government, and at the time of his retirement held merely the charge of a district, to which comparatively humble preferment every "covenanted civilian" is entitled to succeed in ordinary course, without displaying any merit whatever, and usually passes on from such a post to some higher and more lucrative appointment. But for his writings, the name of Meadows Taylor would probably have been unknown beyond the province in which his official life was passed. Nevertheless his career was so remarkable as illustrating both the force of character in overcoming difficulty, and for the exhibition of those virtues and qualities which are most especially to be desired in Indian administrators, that it well deserves to be brought under the notice of his countrymen. Landing in India an almost friendless and uneducated boy, and passing an unusually busy and harassing life, Taylor succeeded in making himself an accomplished and cultured man, and, still better, gained in an extraordinary degree the attachment and gratitude of the native communities over which he was placed. In this respect his example cannot be brought too prominently before the notice of a class, almost every family of which has, or looks to have, one at least of its members engaged in some form or other in the administration of our Indian empire. The materials for telling the tale are fortunately available in the "Story" of his life, which Meadows Taylor prepared in his later years, and which has just been issued from the press. The story, however, is not merely an old man's uncertain recollections of his younger days; the autobiographer, during the forty years of his Indian service, had carried on a voluminous correspondence with his father and other members of his family, and his share of it has been carefully preserved. It is on these records of incidents written at the time of their occurrence that the story is based, which has thus all the freshness of contemporary narrative.

Meadows Taylor was born at Liverpool in 1808, the eldest son of a then prosperous merchant of that city, but whose affairs suffered a loss when the boy was about seven years old, which brought him to comparative poverty and involved the need of stringent retrenchment in his easy way of living. As one apparent result of this change of fortune, little Meadows was sent to a big and cheap boarding-school near Prescot, where there were a hundred boys; "a rough place," says the autobiographer, where the domestic arrangements rivalled those of Winchester in their primitive discomfort, and where, although the food was plentiful, one institution at least resembled the customs of Dotheboys Hall.

> Good Mrs. Barron attended to our personal cleanliness and to our health; and at stated seasons, especially in spring, we were all gathered together in the dining-hall, where the old lady stood at the end of the room at a small table, on which was a large bowl of that most horrible compound brimstone and treacle. The scene rises vividly before me, as we all stood with our hands behind our backs, opened our mouths and received each our spoonful, swallowed it down as best we could — and had to lick the spoon clean too! Surely this was a refinement of cruelty.

The discipline of the school was as savage as the life was rough, and, under pressure of the brutal canings he received, the boy ran away; his parents had the good sense not to send him back again. Soon after this, his father, whose affairs did not improve, removed to Dublin, where he had accepted the management of a large brewery, and here too the school his boys were put to seems to have been of a low standard. "Was everything I learned," asks Meadows, "always to be beaten into me?" However, his spirits were high, and he signalized his last half-year by defeating the bully of the school, to whom he had succumbed on a previous occasion, in single combat. Every man of Taylor's time, and many a good deal younger, can look back to the school fights of those days, so frequently, often so stubbornly contested, always so full of excitement and interest to the lookers-on. Fighting at school, we understand, has gone out like duelling. The disuse of the practice is probably due to the great development lately given to athletic games. The worship of muscle may not be without its disadvantages, but the mode of life of the rising generation is at least more healthy and kindly than that of their forefathers.

To return to the subject of our notice. The school life of Meadows Taylor came to an abrupt end in his fourteenth year, just, as he says, when he was beginning to take a pleasure in school work, and he was articled for a seven years' apprenticeship to Messrs. Yates Brothers and Co., West India merchants at Liverpool, there to undergo the drudgery which falls to the boy clerks in such an establishment.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From copying circulars, his first employment, he was soon promoted to be post-office clerk — "not an easy task in those days, as the postage on letters sent and received was of considerable amount and variety" — and then he became one of the clerks for attending the discharge of cargoes: "a hard life," writes the old man looking back on his boyhood; "day after day, in snow, frost, or rain, I have sat for hours together, shivering and benumbed with cold, being allowed an hour for my dinner, in which time I had to run two miles to eat it, and run back again. Sometimes a friendly captain would ask me to partake of his meal; and I have frequently shared a landing-waiter's lunch when offered." But that the lad had very soon made his mark is shown from his being now appointed collector of moneys due — "assistant dunner," as it was called.

And late in the dark evenings have I, mere boy as I was, been walking the streets of Liverpool with thousands of pounds in bills, notes, and gold in my pocket. I was getting on; but I had enemies — why, I know not — who played me many a scurvy trick. My petty cash was often pilfered, my desk being opened by other keys. I was ordered on private errands for other clerks, and when I refused to execute them I was "paid off" by malicious accusations. These were, however, entirely disproved. I had a steady friend in Mr. Yates, and persevered in my work.

It is easy to understand why the boy's preferment for such duty should have excited jealousy among the other clerks; but this was the last occasion, during Meadows Taylor's long and varied life, of his making an enemy of any sort.

The wretchedness he endured from this continued persecution broke down his health and spirits, and his employer agreed to let him go home for a time for rest and change, and offered to cancel his indentures if he could find any preferable opening. This soon presented itself, and, as it appeared at the time, of a very favorable kind. A Mr. Baxter, styling himself a Bombay merchant, offered him a situation in his house in Bombay, with a small share in the business when he should come of age. It had been previously decided that he should be sent to Madeira for his health; so the proposal fitted admirably, and he sailed for India in his sixteenth year, in the hope of returning home, after a few years, a rich and prosperous member of Baxter's "house." The voyage was so far eventful that the "Upton Castle" was threatened by a pirate felucca off the Azores, on which occasion Meadows Taylor served as captain of the mizen-top, his favorite resort for reading, "and which was now garrisoned by six stout boys besides myself;" but as the felucca sheered off on a closer inspection of the "Upton Castle's" broadside — for the Indiamen of those days were all armed — the expected fight did not come off. On reaching Bombay a terrible disappointment awaited our young adventurer. Baxter's "house," in which he looked to become a partner, turned out to be simply a large shop, the profits of which had been for some time more than absorbed by the expenses of its owner's London establishment. The business, he found, was notoriously in a critical state, and most unlikely to last. Mr. Baxter's business habits, moreover, did not carry him to the point of sending notice of his future partner's having embarked for Bombay. The local agent received him civilly, but knew nothing about his engagement, while his quondam fellow-passengers gave the cold shoulder to the young shopboy. But deliverance soon came from this embarrassing position. His mother was a Mitford "of that ilk," one of the best families in the north of England, and Meadows Taylor had brought out a letter of introduction from that lady to her cousin, Mr. Newnham, a member of the civil service, then holding the high office of chief secretary to the Bombay government. After a few weeks passed in making out bills for wine and groceries at Baxter's, and selling goods over the counter, he received one morning a summons from this gentleman, who "showed me a letter from Sir Charles Metcalfe, then "Resident at Hyderabad, stating that he had procured me a commission in his Highness the nizam's army, and the sooner I went up to Aurungabad the better." It needs not to say that he accepted the offer, Baxter's local agent kindly cancelling his indentures. Mr. Newnham on this writes to his kinswoman in England that her son

will now quit the shop and move in his proper sphere. The nizam's service [he continues] holds out the most flattering prospects; and if he qualifies himself in points of duty and in acquaintance with the native languages, the road to high and lucrative employment will be open to him. He will remove to my house, where he will remain till he is ready to proceed to Aurungabad, where his military service will commence. . . . He is a fine, intelligent lad, and I saw him, with regret, articled to a house which is not in as flourishing a state as you were led to believe.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

I removed [continues the autobiography] to a small bungalow within Mr. Newnham's "compound," and a Parsee servant was appointed to attend me, who spoke good English; but I had not been idle, and could make myself understood pretty well, my ear guiding me to a good pronunciation. Arrangements for my military outfit proceeded. I needed of course uniform, tents, clothes, etc., and my generous friend, Mr. Newnham, gave me a splendid chestnut Arab, which had belonged to his late wife. How pleased he was that I was out of "that shop" — that I was no longer "Baxter's boy!" indeed I am sure he felt his own dignity insulted as long as I was there. "Now," he said, "you are Lieutenant Meadows Taylor of his Highness the nizam's service, and we all drink your health and wish you success."

Just at this time another tempting offer was made him. The head of a leading mercantile firm invited him to join his house, and Mr. Newnham was puzzled at first how to advise his young *protégé*. But it was ultimately determined that he should follow a military career; and the decision was a fortunate one, for the great house, then apparently so prosperous, not long afterwards failed. In the latter end of 1824, young Meadows Taylor, being then only sixteen, started to join his appointment, with a liberal outfit, the cost of which had been advanced by his generous patron. Thus he owed his first real start to the kindness of a friend and kinsman; and almost every successful man, if he is honest, will admit that his success can be traced in the first instance to the same cause. Wellington, in all probability, would not have been selected for the command in Portugal if he had not already distinguished himself on Indian battlefields, the opportunity for doing which he owed entirely to his eminent brother. Of course a man must have the needful qualities for turning such opportunities to good account. Some men pass their lives in getting and losing chances, but Taylor was of the sort to make befriending him a pleasing office; winning, active, eager, and industrious, every one took kindly to the lad, and his high-placed relation had the discernment to see that influence and generosity exerted in his case would be well repaid by the result.

We are tempted here to quote an extract from the lad's first letter to his mother on his arrival in India.

Nothing goes down here but the "Company," and it is indeed an excellent service. There are the writers, for instance; as soon as they arrive in India, they have their three hundred rupees a month, and nothing to do but to learn the Hindostanee and Persian languages, and ride about in palankeens, with a score of black fellows at their heels. In this country there are lots of servants, and they are the laziest lot of rascals under the sun. One fellow will not do two things. If you have a fellow to brush your shoes, he will not go on an errand. One of our passengers hired eighteen servants the moment he landed! But their wages are very cheap. You get these fellows for two, three, four, and six rupees a month, and have not to clothe them or anything. . . . A shirt here lasts only a day — sometimes not even that. Fortunately washing is very cheap, only three rupees a month, and you may dirty as many things as you like. I think the climate will agree with me; I do not find the heat oppressive. . . . I have not seen any of the passengers since I came ashore. I suppose they will all be too proud to speak to me now; but, fortunately, there was not one I cared twopence for, except young Shepheard; that's a comfort. . . . The language is not difficult to get a knowledge of; but to be a good grammatical scholar is difficult, as it is not a written language. But Gilchrist, of London, has invented a way of writing it in English letters. The natives transact their business in Persian, which is a written language. This is a festival day, and the natives walk in a sort of procession, with a kind of drum, making a terrible noise. They dress up in the most ridiculous manner, carry torches in their hands, and go on with all sorts of antics.

When you see the boys, kiss them for me, and tell them the black fellows are such queer "Jummies," with large bracelets on their arms and thighs made of silver, and rings through their noses, and strings of beads round their necks, and almost naked.

In the first sentence of this extract the writer notes the fact which was to have such an important influence on his fortunes. Nothing, he truly observes, goes down but "the service," and it was his misfortune to be outside that service. Another reflection is suggested by the ingenuous commonplaces the lad sets down about the Indians. These are just what hundreds of young men have written to their friends on first landing in India; unfortunately too many of our countrymen in the East are satisfied to go through life taking this superficial view of what they are pleased to call the "black men" or "niggers" around them, regarding them as if the social conditions of India were as simple and easily understood as that of the negroes of the West Indies; ignorant to the last of the extraordinary complexity, variety, and interest of India which a nearer acquaintance would afford; and ignoring, because themselves incapable of exciting, the manifold good qualities

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

of the people among whom their lot is cast. With Taylor, however, this ignorance was soon replaced by a more intimate and juster knowledge; and we may observe that with almost all the Anglo-Indian statesmen who have achieved a reputation in the East, as Munro, Elphinstone, Metcalfe, Henry Lawrence, and Outram, a close acquaintance with the people of India has been followed by a strong feeling of kindliness towards them, invariably repaid on their part by gratitude and affection. People nowadays lament the decay of feudal sentiment, the coldness and want of attachment manifested by retainers and dependents. Let those who need such ties seek them in India. The sentiments of confidence and devotion with which so many of our best Indian statesman have succeeded in inspiring the people under their rule — people who, although in daily contact, are yet removed to an immeasurable distance from them by the difference of race and religion and the restrictions of caste — is one of the most striking, as it is also one of the most gratifying, circumstances in our connection with that country. To a man of this sort, coming home worn out and in broken health, to die perhaps on the way, the sympathy, the unfeigned and disinterested grief shown by the people over whom he has ruled at losing him, must be at once a source of pain and of the highest kind of pleasure. Such a man was Meadows Taylor, and we would go so far as to say that the success of an Anglo-Indian official may be judged in most cases by his manner of looking on the natives of India. If he likes them, and, while not blind to their many faults, can yet find room to appreciate their many admirable qualities, he has been a good public servant. If, on the other hand, he has not got rid of the contempt and aversion for the people with which in his ignorant complacency he set out, he has probably made a mistake in going to India at all.

The nizam's army, as it was then called, now the Hyderabad Contingent, was that part of the nizam's armed forces which had been supplied with a staff of British officers, and brought under regular military training and discipline. It comprised about a dozen regiments of infantry and cavalry with some batteries of artillery, to which were attached about one hundred European officers, most of whom belonged to the regular establishment of the Indian army, and were detached to the nizam's service by way of staff employ, but some of whom, like Meadows Taylor, were appointed on the nomination of the resident, and whose commissions carried no authority beyond the nizam's army itself. The force was created with a twofold object — of securing the nizam in possession of his throne, and as a set-off against the turbulent rabble which did duty for his own army, and also as a means of controlling the affairs of the state; for, although styled the nizam's army, and paid from his treasury, it was virtually commanded by the resident, or representative of the Indian government at Hyderabad, and received its orders only through him. Service in this force was always much sought after by the younger officers of the Indian army for the increased pay and promotion it conferred, captains and even lieutenants on the lists of the regular army having the command of regiments, and field-officers the command of brigades, while the cavalry of the contingent has been reputed to be amongst the best in India. Perhaps not the least of the attractions were the gorgeous uniforms with which the different commandants, untrammelled by dress-regulations and remote from view of army headquarters, delighted to adorn themselves and their officers; and did an officer appear at a levee at St. James's with an exceptional amount of gold lace and embroidery on his coat, he would usually be found to belong to the Hyderabad Contingent. For an outsider like young Meadows Taylor to gain admission to this coveted service was therefore exceptional good fortune; but the lad made a good impression on all with whom he came in contact, and soon qualified himself for his position, becoming a bold rider and sportsman, and devoting himself from the first with such assiduity to the acquisition of the vernacular language, that in a few months he was appointed to act as interpreter to a court-martial on a native officer. His satisfactory performance of this duty was the occasion of his first preferment, which happened when the resident came to the station where he was quartered, and the account of the incident is worth inserting in his own words.

At last the resident arrived with a brilliant staff; the station was very gay, and I was presented with all the other officers. Hampton had been promoted, and therefore the command of the escort was vacant. The resident's camp was to move on next morning. After dinner Colonel Sayer took me up to Mr. Martin, saying, "Allow me, sir, specially to introduce my young friend here, of whom I have had already occasion to report favorably, officially; I beg you to keep him in mind."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"Will you take the command of my escort by way of a beginning?" said the resident. "I shall be happy to have you on my personal staff if you are sufficiently acquainted with the native language." This the good colonel answered for, and I was told to prepare without further delay. I don't know how I got away: I only remember trying to keep down a big lump that rose in my throat, and the colonel saying to me, "Now you've got a start — you will never disappoint me, I know."

All the ladies and gentlemen of the station were present, and crowded round me with congratulations; one of my friends came back with me to my house; my things were packed; we sent to the city for camels for my tents and baggage, which were despatched as quickly as possible. The night passed — I do not think I slept — and by dawn I was in my saddle, and joined the officers of the resident's staff as they were starting on their morning stage. It was a sudden change in my life: what might be the next?

The resident expressed himself much pleased when I presented myself at breakfast when the camp halted at a short stage from Aurungabad. We had killed two foxes by the way, my dogs having been posted beforehand. "So you can ride," said one of my new companions. I was then nine stone eight pounds, and well mounted, as I had my chestnut, and a splendid bay hunter which Stirling had given to me. Yes; I could ride.

After breakfast Mr. Martin sent for me, and asked me about my family and what I could do. He then set me to converse with his moonshee, which I found very easy. I had learned to speak Hindostanee like a gentleman; and here let me impress upon all beginners the great advantage it is to learn to speak in a gentlemanly fashion. It may be a little more difficult to acquire the idioms; but it is well worth while. There are modes of address suitable to all ranks and classes, and often our people unintentionally insult a native gentleman by speaking to him as they would to their servants, through ignorance of the proper form of address. I was also examined in Persian, and Mr. Martin complimented me on my diligence.

The quality of the young commander of his escort had evidently made an impression on the resident, for in a very few days he gave him still further advancement. An officer of the contingent, a friend of Taylor, had lately been selected for the civil office of superintendent of one of the nizam's districts — a last resource not uncommonly adopted when one of them had fallen into a state of anarchy under its native officials — but had almost immediately been killed in trying to get possession of a fort held by a gang of turbulent Arabs. Mr. Martin, who was still in camp, on getting the news at once offered the post to Meadows Taylor, who could hardly at first believe in his good fortune, for the post was worth fifteen hundred rupees a month, or about 1,800*l.* a year, but rode off straightway across the country to join the cavalry regiment which had been despatched to try and bring the rebels to reason; or, failing that, to storm the fort. Happily the garrison evacuated it just as the troops had been told off for the storm, and Taylor awaited only the confirmation of the appointment by the supreme government to enter on his new duties. The commandant of the nizam's cavalry, however, telling him that this confirmation would not in his opinion be given, offered him the adjutancy of one of his regiments. "Mr. Martin's patronage in the civil department," said Major Sutherland, "will be curtailed considerably; and what I propose to you is this — do not go to Hyderabad. I want an adjutant here for one of the regiments. I will appoint you, pending your final transfer to the cavalry. You ride well, our men like you, and the pay is very good." A tempting offer, especially if we bear in mind the gorgeous jackets affected by that branch of the service; but Taylor stuck to the first acceptance of civil employ. The commandant, however, was right; the nomination was not approved, as was only natural, for Taylor was still a boy of seventeen, and meanwhile the adjutancy had been filled up. So he was glad to accept the office of superintendent of bazaars at the camp of the contingent near Hyderabad — an office which, though comparatively humble, involved plenty of work. "I had to regulate the markets and the prices of grain in conjunction with the principal merchants and grain-dealers. I was to decide all civil cases, try and punish all breaches of the peace, besides having to inspect all meat killed, and settle disputes between masters and servants." While thus occupied, Taylor worked away steadily at Persian, looking for the time when an opportunity should come for gaining an entrance into civil employ.

The day came at length. An officer, who was assistant superintendent of police in the S. W. district of the country, got tired of his solitary life, and proposed to exchange with me. Mr. Martin at once consented to the step, and wrote to me very kindly on the subject, expressing his desire to serve me to the utmost of his power, and recommending me to accept the exchange.

My arrangements were soon complete. I was to become proprietor of Captain L.'s bungalow at Sudasheopett, with one or two

tents; he, of my "buggy" and horse, which I no longer needed. Furniture on both sides was valued; and when we were respectively in "orders," I betook myself to my new duties, of which the resident and his secretary gave me an outline; but nothing very precise could be laid down respecting them, and I was left very much to exercise my own judgment. . . .

Now at last I was free! — literally my own master. I had an immense tract of country to overlook, of which I knew nothing, except that in going to Dundooty I had crossed part of it. I took leave of the resident and of the nizam's minister, Chundoo Lall, who were both very kind to me; . . . and I started on my journey, accompanied by my escort of police, and reached Sudasheopett on the fourth day. I had not completed my eighteenth year.

The district over which his police jurisdiction extended was about two hundred and fifty miles long by from fifty to sixty broad, for the duties of which he was provided with a force of fifty mounted and one hundred and fifty foot policemen. Under these circumstances the supervision was obviously not of the same kind as we expect to see performed by the police in England. The force was mainly occupied in patrolling the road to Bombay, to keep it clear of the gangs of robbers with which it had been infested, the superintendent occupying a little bungalow at a central point on the line containing only one room, but with stabling for five horses. Here he occupied himself in following up information about the thieves, collecting birds and insects for his uncle, Mr. Selby, the well-known naturalist, and learning the Mahratta language.

I had plenty to do. Every morning brought in reports from my officers and men, which had to be answered and investigated. Then my early bag of birds had to be skinned and prepared; English correspondence and my Mahratta lesson followed; and I had a box of books from the Secunderabad or Bolarum library to occupy my evenings. I kept Mr. Newnham well informed of my doings, and his delight when I obtained this appointment was very sincere.

To pass one's days in a little hut, with not another European within scores of miles, and no opportunity of hearing your own tongue for months together, may be thought a dull life to those who are accustomed to spend a large part of each day in family communion, or who look on their club or their mess as a necessary part of existence. But to those who have experienced this sort of solitary life in the midst of an Indian jungle — and many hundreds of our countrymen in the East, engineers, civilians, and planters, have gone through it — the life will have been found not without charms, if only health be granted; although to lie tossing on a sick bed when away from help, the bones racked with fever, still worse to die in such a case, with only your servants to bury you, as has happened to so many an Indian official, is a hard fate. Among the pleasures of the life must be set the appreciation which it permits of any society that comes in the solitary man's way, when even the portentous monotony of an Indian cantonment in the hot season seems to the visitor from his solitary bungalow a life of unbridled gaiety. Such occasional relaxations Taylor had, and evidently enjoyed, as when he foregathers with his nearest neighbor the collector of Sholapoor, the conterminous district of the Bombay presidency, to get some pigsticking, bearing himself in a way to earn the commendation of that experienced sportsman, or when he meets at the hospitable collector's table some of his old shipmates, surprised to see "Baxter's shop-boy" a grave political agent for the whole of the nizam's frontier.

Taylor's first feat in the thief-taking line was the capture of a certain turbulent baron, Narrayan Rao by name, who eked out a slender revenue by highway robbery and burglary. A young man is brought to the superintendent's tent one day, covered with sabre-cuts, whose uncle, father, and grandmother had been murdered the night before and their house plundered by the robber. This worthy lived in a fortified village or castle, thirty miles off, which Taylor reaches after a night's ride accompanied by ten of his police and a couple of mounted grooms.

It looked very strong as we approached in the early morning; the fort stood out in the centre with its large bastions and loopholed walls, all in excellent repair. We halted under a little grove of mango trees, and when the gate was opened to allow the cattle to come out, we rode in boldly, and though the guard seized their matchlocks, no one attempted to fire. In reply to their questions I answered, "I have been travelling all night, and am tired, and intend to rest here a while."

"We will send word to the rajah," said several.

"No," I answered, "I will speak to him myself;" and we rode up the main street. I thought for a moment that it was rather a rash proceeding, for on the bastions of the fort many men appeared, showing themselves on the parapet and calling to us to go back. The rajah lived in the fort, and some men came out and stood on the steps leading up to it, and asked me what I wanted.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"The sahib bahadur wishes to see your rajah sahib," said my jemadar, "and he is tired, — he has ridden all night."

"My master is asleep," rejoined the man, "and I dare not disturb him."

"I must see him, and at once," I said; "if he does not come, I shall go in myself;" and the spokesman went in, returning directly with a young fair man, who was tying a handkerchief round his head.

He saluted me, and inquired haughtily "why I had come into his town, into which no Feringhee had ever before entered without his leave."

I stooped down and said in his ear, "You are my prisoner, and must come quietly with me; if you or your people resist, I will drive my spear through your body. Now, we will go, if you please."

The street was narrow, and as my horsemen spread themselves behind us, no one could get near us. I do not remember ever feeling so excited as I did when the rajah and I went down to the gate by which we had entered. He said nothing; but his men were crowding on the walls and housetops, all armed and calling to each other. Perhaps they noticed that my long hog-spear was within six inches of their rajah's back!

When we reached the gate, he merely said to the guard, "Don't follow, I shall return soon;" and we all passed out safely.

"Now," said I to one of my men, "let the sahib ride, Bhudrinath;" and as he dismounted from his mare, I bade Narrayan Rao get up.

"If you don't, you're a dead man," I said; and Bulram Sing advised him to obey; "for," said he, "if you do not do as my master orders you, he will put his spear through you."

So the rajah mounted; and as this was seen from the gate towers not a hundred and fifty yards from us, one of my men, happening to look round, called out, "They are going to fire!" and we had scarcely time to put our weary horses into a canter, when a regular volley was discharged, knocking up the dust behind us.

Bhudrinath had scrambled up behind the rajah with a merry laugh, and kept consoling his companion by telling him the shot would hit him first. Narrayan Rao, however, maintained perfect silence, and told me afterwards he expected to have been hung upon the first tree, and supposed this to be my reason for ordering him to mount.

A rescue was attempted; and, that failing, Narrayan Rao offered Taylor a large bribe to let him off, in the form of a draft on his bankers at Hyderabad. Eventually Taylor carried off his capture safely to that place, and paid the draft into the nizam's treasury.

As an illustration of the varied work falling to the lot of a political officer in such a position we may quote the following. Readers of Miss Edgeworth's novels will remember a similar case described in "Patronage."

Some very curious and difficult cases of disputed inheritance came before me. One I very well remember, in which two families claimed the same land under a grant from King Yoosuf Adil Shah, who began to reign A.D. 1480. The papers were exactly similar. No forgery could be detected either in the registries or seals; both seemed genuine, and we were fairly puzzled, till, after dinner, holding up the paper to the light, I saw an unmistakable water-mark — a figure of an angel, with "Goa" underneath. Now, Goa had only been taken by the Portuguese in A.D. 1510; therefore, there could have been no Goa paper in existence in 1488, and Indian paper has never any water-mark. The falsification, therefore, of the deed written on Portuguese paper was conclusive.

More important, however, than such cases was the enquiry which he was now led to make.

Returning after an absence of a month through my district, I was met by some very startling revelations. The police, and chiefly my faithful Bulram Sing, had reported some very unusual occurrences. Dead bodies, evidently strangled, and in no instance recognized, were found by the roadside, and no clue could be discovered as to the perpetrators of their death. In two places, jackals or hyenas had rooted up newly-made graves, in one of which were found four bodies and in another two, much eaten and disfigured.

The whole country was in alarm, and the villagers had constantly patrolled their roads, but as yet in vain. All we could learn was, that, some time before, two bodies of men had passed through the district, purporting to be merchants from the north going southwards, but that they appeared quiet and respectable, above suspicion. During these enquiries it transpired that numbers of persons of that part of my district were absent every year from their homes at stated periods. These were for the most part Mussulmans, who carried on a trade with Belgaum, Darwar, and Mysore, bringing back wearing-apparel, copper and brass vessels, and the like. Who could these be? Day after day I tried to sift the mystery, but could not. I registered their names, and enjoined Bulram Sing to have the parties watched on their return home. But as the monsoon opened that year with much violence, I was obliged, most reluctantly, to go back to my bungalow at Sudasheopett.

Had Taylor been allowed more time to follow up his clue, he would probably have unravelled the celebrated Thuggee mystery; but on the accession of another nizam to the throne, which happened at this time, the new monarch demanded that all the British officers who were "interfering in his country" should be withdrawn,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

and he accordingly had to return to regimental duty. Before he was again employed in a civil capacity, Thuggee had been unearthed by Captain (afterwards Sir) William Sleeman.

While adjutant of his regiment it fell to Meadows Taylor's duty to take a prominent part in drawing the teeth of the nizam's brother, who had retired with an army of ragamuffins to the Fort of Golconda, and there bade defiance to the nizam's government. As the treasury of Golconda contained a million sterling in coin, its irregular occupation threatened to be financially inconvenient, and a force was despatched to take the fort. But the turbulent brother, after some days' palaver, was got to surrender without fighting. The case is interesting for the following incident: —

I was not sorry when, on the fifth morning, one of the staff rode up and told me I might withdraw my men, for the prince had agreed to send away his levies and keep only his immediate retainers.

A scene followed which affected me very deeply. I had drawn up my four companies, and released the guns from their position, when the men burst into loud shouts of —

"*Bolo, Mahadeo baba ke jey!*" ("Victory to the son of Mahadeo!")

I hardly understood it at first; but my friend S., who came to look after his guns, clapped me on the back and said, "I do congratulate you, Taylor, with all my heart: no truer proof could have been given you of the men's affection; you will never lose your title — it will follow you all your life." "*Bolo, Mahadeo baba ke jey!*" he shouted to the men, and heartily did they respond; while, as I proceeded to dismiss them from parade, the cry was taken up by hundreds of both the regiments present.

Even our chief came out to say a few kind words. Captain S. was right; my *sobriquet* never left me, not even in the mutiny; and it may still linger among the descendants of those who conferred it.

In 1832 Meadows Taylor, being then twenty-four years of age, married a daughter of Mr. William Palmer, the once famous banker of Hyderabad, whose failure some ten years before had been a terrible catastrophe to many an Indian household. After a few years of quiet married life, the happy monotony of which was broken only by the suppression of an occasional rebellion, or the capture of some robber chieftain, Taylor and his family all fell sick and he was ordered home. Unfortunately he was ineligible for a furlough, a special ruling of the government having laid down that the "local" officers of the nizam's service — *i.e.* those who did not belong also to the Company's army — were not entitled to the benefit of the furlough rules. An officer so circumstanced must therefore either surrender his appointment or die. The case illustrates very strongly the force of that feeling which animated the officials about the government towards all who had not the good fortune, like themselves, to enter the public service under special covenant and conditions, and, it may be added, the feeling of the ruling authority at home. It illustrates, too, that tendency of the regulations to linger behind the wants and conditions of the times with regard to leave and pensions, which has been for many years a chronic source of discontent among all classes of officials in India. Until the end of the last century all the Company's services were on the same condition as that which Meadows Taylor describes himself to have felt so hard; they were not entitled to leave India at all except by leaving the service at the same time, and the rules which for the first time made it possible to do this were only obtained by the persistent efforts of Lord Cornwallis when governor-general, followed up on his return home. Long after the overland route was established, and England had been brought much nearer to India than was the Cape, a heavy pecuniary penalty continued to attach to a return home, which did not apply to a voyage to the latter country, and which practically prevented all staff-officers and most civil servants from ever coming to England before their final retirement. This disability has only been removed within the last few years through Lord Lawrence's exertions, and the conditions of Indian service placed on a rational footing with respect to the increased facilities for travel. Now at last these rules have been made so liberal and reasonable as immensely to enhance the comfort and happiness of the covenanted civil and military officers serving in India. But they have so far been made applicable to these classes only; the authorities still ignoring the claims to similar consideration of the very large body of European civil servants outside these two branches of the public service — engineers, forest and telegraph officers, education inspectors, and so forth — a body which has grown up of late years with the great extension of Indian administration in all lines, to which almost every family in England has furnished a member, and which, on every ground of education, training, and ability, deserves the same amount of consideration as the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

older branches of the services, but which is not yet recognized as having any claims to be dealt with differently on this head from the humblest native officials, to be numbered by tens of thousands, who naturally do not want to come to England or to send their families there, but whom the framers of the existing rules, with a strange ignorance and obstinacy, persist in clubbing up with all the European officials not in the army or covenanted service under the absurdly inappropriate title of the "uncovenanted" service. This title is about as sensible as if, for example, one were to style all English clerks who are employed outside the Treasury "non-treasury officers." The state of things is so incongruous and absurd, and many of the clauses of the pension and leave rules of the so-called "uncovenanted" service are so degrading as well as ludicrous in their application to educated English officials, that the thing must surely need only to be brought prominently under the notice of proper authority to be set right, as happened in the particular case of Meadows Taylor. Going to the Neilgherry mountains to recover from his severe illness, he there had the good fortune to be introduced to the governor-general, Lord William Bentinck, and to have the opportunity of telling his tale of the furlough grievance. The governor-general, astonished to find that such an order had been passed by the government of which he was the head, at once undertook to have it annulled, and henceforward it became possible for officers of the nizam's army to revisit their native land on the same terms as those obtained for officers of the Company's army. With Taylor's adventurous journey home with his wife and family in native craft up the Red Sea we have not space to deal, but may just remark that it would in all likelihood have come to an untoward end but for his good knowledge of Oriental languages, his courteous bearing, and the reputation he had taken with him from Hyderabad of being on friendly terms with some of the leading Arab chiefs there. Arrived in England, his ever active mind at once occupied itself in utilizing his experiences of native life, and in a few months he brought out his famous "Confessions of a Thug;" those who have reached middle life will remember the extraordinary interest the book created. As a literary lion for the time, Taylor naturally found himself often at Gore House, and the opportunity of meeting with the literary celebrities of the day must have had unusual charms for one who had spent so many years in total solitude, or the banishment of an Indian cantonment; and one anecdote of his London experiences is worth repeating here.

It was most interesting and fascinating to me to meet so many men of note under such charming auspices as those of Lady Blessington. Most of these now, perhaps, are gone to their rest, and there is no need to mention names. Does any one remember the strange, almost "eerie" speech that Prince Louis Napoleon made one evening there, when, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, he began an oration declaring the policy he should adopt when he became emperor of the French? And I remember, too, when this really happened, how his actions actually accorded with that strange speech. When Lady Blessington rallied him good-naturedly on what he had said, he put his hand on his heart, bowed gravely, and told her that he was never more in earnest in his life, and that she would understand it all by-and-by. Maclise and I walked home together, and could speak of nothing else.

As I came to know Prince Louis Napoleon better, he proposed to me to join him in a tour through India, which he contemplated, taking with him Count D'Orsay. He was to apply for my services as long as he required them, and the plan appeared delightful.

I heard from him direct, after I had returned to India, asking for information on various points of equipment, etc.; but the Boulogne affair and what followed put an end to the whole scheme, to my infinite regret.

Returning to India in 1840, Taylor reverted for a few months to regimental duty, combined with the office he at this time undertook, and held for many years, of Indian correspondent of the *Times;* but in the following year he obtained his first definite political appointment, the line in which he was to achieve such great success. The rajah of the little principality of Shorapoor (not Sholapoor be it remarked, which is a district of the Bombay presidency) having died, the nizam's government, to which the state of Shorapoor owed allegiance, exacted a succession fee of 150,000*l*. This was to be paid by instalments; but the borrowing of the money by an already impoverished government led to disputes between the banker who advanced it, the Shorapoor state, and the nizam's government, which were still under discussion when the next rajah also suddenly died. The British government thereupon appointed the rajah's brother, one Pid Naik, regent for the infant son, a child of seven; but the child's mother, a woman who had already outraged decency by her dissolute behavior, and was com-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

pletely under the influence of her paramour for the time being, seized the regency in defiance of authority, summoned the armed men of the principality to her standard, and began to recruit actively from the Arab mercenaries who infested the Hyderabad territories. The British officer who had been charged with the supervision of affairs in Shorapoor asked for military aid; but our northern army was still entangled in Affghanistan, the Madras army was in a state bordering on mutiny, and no troops could be spared for the purpose. In this emergency the resident at Hyderabad bethought him of turning to account the extraordinary influence which Meadows Taylor had already exhibited over all classes of the people with whom he had to do, and sent him down to Shorapoor to see if he could accomplish what was needful without the use of force. Off started Taylor on his mission, as to which the commandant of the Hyderabad Contingent observed, "If Taylor settles this matter without troops, he will be a cleverer fellow than I take him for." "Not a flattering prediction," as the latter observes, "but quite enough to put me on my mettle." The story of the pacification of this little state is one of the most interesting parts of a most interesting book, but only an outline of it can be given here. By a mixture of firmness, kindness, and expostulation, Taylor succeeded in inducing the truculent lady to give up her scheme of independence, and to recognize the little rajah's uncle, Pid Naik, as the rightful regent; and, what was a still more difficult task, he secured the acquiescence in this state of things of the turbulent yeomen of the state, who had been looking forward to the promised anarchy with all the zest born of an innate love of excitement. Not only did he put down the lady's incipient rebellion, he managed to extract from her no less than ten thousand pounds of arrears of revenue which she had misappropriated, and still more to lock up her favorite paramour. All this was not done without much risk. For some time Taylor carried his life in his hand, but the combined courage and kindness which he exhibited in due course worked their effect on a race peculiarly susceptible of personal influence and disposed to hero-worship; and the feelings of suspicion which the primitive people of the country first evinced towards him gradually changed from suspicion to unbounded confidence and attachment.

At one time, indeed, it appeared as if Taylor's administration would come to a speedy end. The state of Shorapoor was, as we have said, tributary to the state of Hyderabad, although the relations between the two were to a certain extent supervised by the British government, and Meadows Taylor was therefore acting as representative of the nizam; and notwithstanding the credit given to him for his success in putting down the ranee's incipient rebellion, and establishing the regent's authority, he received shortly afterwards a curt intimation from the supreme government, through the resident, that it was in contemplation to make other arrangements for the management of the state, in which his services would be no longer required. The change thus referred to would have been the direct assumption of authority in Shorapoor by the government of India during the young rajah's minority, and the supercession of Taylor by a member of the civil service, to be sent there for the purpose, on the plea that the former was only a servant of the nizam, and that, on a transfer of the administration to the Indian government, a servant of the latter should be placed at the head of it. What were the secret influences at work on this occasion was never distinctly ascertained, and some interesting correspondence on the subject from Mr. John Stuart Mill, who highly approved of Taylor's conduct (in letters which are inserted in the preface to these volumes), shows that they were not fully understood even at the India House; but apparently the governor-general, Sir Henry Hardinge, was acting under the influence of the secretariat at Calcutta, jealous of the claims of the covenanted civil service to all preferment of the kind, and wishing to secure the appointment for a member of that body. Happily this act of injustice was not perpetrated; and eventually Taylor received instructions to set the nominal regent, Pid Naik, who turned out to be an incapable drunkard, on one side, and to assume himself direct control of the administration, which he retained until the young rajah came of age. The little state during this time made a wonderful change towards prosperity; the revenue increased largely, the people abandoned their lawless habits, schools were established, roads made, trees planted, tanks built and enlarged. The most troublesome person to deal with was the dowager ranee. At times penitent and tractable, at others she relapsed into intrigue and plots for regaining independence. On one occasion Taylor detected a correspondence with the court of Hyderabad for bringing about his removal and the reversion of the govern-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ment to herself, a part of the conditions being the payment of a handsome bribe to the prime minister, and a still larger one to the nizam himself. Later on she attempted to effect a rising of the people, and at last Taylor was obliged to deport the fiery lady for a time from the principality. Of one stormy scene he gives a vivid description, when the old ranee (old at least in appearance if not in years — she was only forty, but looked to be seventy), after declaring that her son was not the late rajah's child — a most probable statement which might be implicitly believed — produced the young man's horoscope, which had been prepared by a learned *shastree* at his birth, declaring that he was fated to die in his twenty-fourth year.

"Yes," cried the ranee, after the horoscope had been read, seizing my arm as I was sitting on the ground by her bedside — "it is bad! All that concerns that base-born boy is bad! Why did his father die? Why did I not strangle him with my own hands rather than let a wretch like that live to be the ruin of the State? Yes! he is fated to die *in his twenty-fourth year*, and I shall not see it! I am dying myself, and you English have made him secure to glory in my death! Ah, yes! he will die before he is twenty-four complete; we, my husband and I, sent that paper to Nassik, to Benares, and everywhere that there are wise Brahmins; but they all returned the same answer. He must die in the twenty-fourth year after birth. Is it not so, shastree? Did we not spend a lakh of rupees over this, and it availed nothing?" and she stopped for want of breath, her eyes flashing with excitement. "Is it not so? Tell the truth!"

"You speak truth, lady," said the shastree, who was sobbing. "It is only the truth, Taylor Sahib; I have tested all the calculations, and find them exactly conforming to the truth according to the planets. The rajah is safe till then; but when that time comes, how I know not, but he will surely die. He will never complete his twenty-fourth year! never! never!"

"No!" cried the ranee, interrupting him — "he will not live; he is the last of his race. He will lose his country, and all the lands, and all the honor that the Sumusthan has gained for five hundred years. Would that he were dead now, the base-born dog and slave!" and then she uttered language that I dare not write.

To the manager of a native state in Taylor's position the supervision of the revenue and the administration of justice are not the only demands on his time. He must also be a road-maker and general engineer. Among Taylor's feats in that line must be mentioned not only the construction of an artificial lake for irrigation purposes hard by the city, but the building of a little yacht to sail upon it.

My boat turned out a pretty thing after all — twenty feet keel, and twenty-four feet over all, a good beam, and three masts — old Liverpool ferry-boat fashion — a bowsprit and jib, topmast and sails. She was very stiff in the water, and very safe; in fact, she worked well, and was beautifully finished in every respect, built of teak, copper fastened throughout; yet she had been entirely the work of two common carpenters of the country. I felt rather proud of my first experiment in ship-building; and my boat was a constant source of amusement and recreation, as, although the lake was not very large, it was sufficiently so for an hour or two's sail in the evenings when work was done. First, out came the ranee and all the *élite* of Shorapoor, to have a look at the boat, and their admiration was unbounded and most amusing. As to the little rajah, he was wild with delight, and hugged me with all his might for having made the boat for him. The ranee was for being out half the day; and once, when there was "a bit of a sea," and the little vessel was dashing through the water, throwing up the spray about her bows, she was in absolute glee.

As to the miscellaneous duties which fell to his lot as guardian of the young rajah, the following extract gives an illustration.

In March, another great ceremony took place — the first removal of the young rajah's hair! It is usual in some Mussulman, and most Hindoo, families, not to cut the hair of a male child until he has attained a certain age. In the rajah's case, his father and mother had fixed the period at nine, eleven, or fourteen years of age. It had not been done in the ninth year, and the present was the eleventh, which could not be passed over, and I was glad of it, for the boy suffered greatly from the weight and heat of the tangled and matted hair falling about his shoulders. . . .

There was a great gathering of all classes of people to partake of the ranee's hospitality. I don't know how many Brahmins and others were invited; all were fed and received gifts of clothes and alms; the crowds were enormous. All the members of the family were feasted for two days, and received turbans, scarves, and other presents, and every one seemed pleased and happy. The ceremony itself took place in a tamarind grove near a suburb in the plain on the south side of Shorapoor, and the ranee had had comfortable tents arranged for me, and I arrived from camp in time for the beginning of it. I did not see what was taking place, as no one entered the enclosure but the Brahmins; but the beating of kettle-drums, blowing of horns, and firing of guns announced it was completed. I was sitting with the ranee the whole time, and she

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

was very thankful to me for my presence there, and the assistance I had been allowed to give.

As the camp could not move into the city that night, I remained, and there was a grand *nautch* under the trees, and fireworks, which had a very pretty effect, the whole grove being lighted by torches, with occasional Bengal and blue lights. Next evening all went up to the city in grand procession. The rajah on his superb elephant with his little wife beside him, who had arrived from the Mysore country just in time. She is rather dark, but a pretty child about eight, with glorious eyes. I rode and drove another elephant, and we were surrounded by all the horsemen and foot soldiers, and the Beydur clans. Such a scramble! When we got into the city, we were joined by others, and there were literally thousands, and all the housetops were covered with well-dressed women and children. By this time it was dark, but there were hundreds of torches and blue lights, and the effect of the crowds in the streets, the horsemen, and the women on the flat roofs was very fine. It was the best procession I have seen.

Ten years were passed in this way, a time of unremitting hard work, chequered by domestic sorrow; for Captain Taylor had barely finished the comfortable house he had built on a pleasant hill outside the town when he lost his wife, and had to send his children to England, and henceforth he lived at Shorapoor a solitary Englishman, finding solace only in official labor.

I had [he writes of this time] in some measure succeeded beyond my hopes — I had won the hearty approbation of the highest in the land. I had gained, and was hourly gaining further, the confidence of the people — they were more peaceful and content, improvements were progressing, trade and crops were promising; I had good health and constitution, and, though often weary and sadly sick at heart, the thought that my efforts had so far succeeded gave me strength to fight on; and somehow I had a liking for my work, and a certain pride in it, which carried me through many a difficult task. If I had not felt at times so unutterably lonely, I should have been quite happy; but the thought of what I had lost in her who would have cheered and supported me was at times almost too much to bear.

When the rajah came of age, Taylor would have found himself without occupation, for the young man, although passionately attached to him, wanted to taste the sweets of independence; but just at this time a new field was presented for the exercise of his remarkable administrative abilities. The nizam's affairs had fallen into hopeless confusion, and it became absolutely necessary to make some arrangement to provide funds for the regular payment of his army. Contrary to the advice of the resident, who urged the Indian government to assume the direct administration of all the nizam's misgoverned dominions, Lord Dalhousie decided finally to claim merely that the administration of certain districts should be placed under British government, until the surplus revenues should provide for the liquidation of the debt due to it. The control of that part of the nizam's army which was officered by Europeans was transferred at the same time, and in its reduced form is now known as the Hyderabad Contingent. The result has justified Lord Dalhousie's policy, but only because there has been found for the native rule of Hyderabad what had never existed before — a thoroughly honest and able minister. At the time when these negotiations were on foot there was no reason to expect that such a man as Sir Salar Jung would appear to alleviate the condition of that unhappy country, while it may be safely asserted that, but for the extraordinary qualities exhibited by that distinguished man, the nizam's government must ere this have utterly collapsed. The change in question occurred opportunely for Taylor to give him fresh scope for his abilities. It was determined to place him in charge of one of the districts now to be assigned, and at the express desire of the Bombay government he was appointed to the one adjacent to that presidency. Before setting off to take charge of it, Taylor returned to say good-bye to the people of Shorapoor.

It was a painful process; there were crowds of people all about me, clinging to my palankeen, as I went from house to house. The rajah had gone out to one of his hunting retreats, leaving word that he could not bear to see me go. As I proceeded, the people and the Beydurs, men and women, gathered in the streets, and accompanied me, and it was as much as I could do to get away at all. The rajah's wives, whom I had known as children, clung about me. Poor old Kesámá, now nearly ninety years old, blessed me: "I cannot weep," she said, "my old eyes are dry; but I bless you, you and all belonging to you."

It was a most exciting scene, and very painful. Mine has been a long sojourn among a strange people, and, whatever may have been their faults, there was no doubt of their warm attachment to myself.

The crowds followed me to the gates; but as my bearers quickened their pace the numbers soon fell off. At every village I was met by the people, and at the last one on the frontier a great concourse had assembled of all the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

head men, *patells* and *putwarries*, and principal farmers. I do not think there was even one man who had a hope of the rajah's maintaining his position, and as to themselves they said, "We must escape oppression as best we can. It will be a hard struggle."

So ended my connection with Shorapoor for the present. It was hereafter renewed for a time under far different circumstances.

First overcoming with his wonted tact a little difficulty which arose when taking possession of his new district, from a party of Arabs holding out in the almost impregnable fort of Nuldroog, where his headquarters were to be, Taylor set to work with one European assistant to introduce a settled government where hardly the semblance of such a thing was to be found. The district covered about fifteen thousand square miles, or about half the area of Scotland; and it is worth mentioning by the way that those who are accustomed to speak of India as one might speak of Essex, will find their popular notions disabused in this as in many other respects by reading Meadows Taylor's autobiography. Enormous tracts of India are on a dead level, and as monotonous as such plains must be in all parts of the world; but the table-land of the Deccan, in which this assigned district is situated, abounds in a variety of scenery, the beauty of which Taylor is never tired of dwelling on, while, at a time of year when the residents of provinces far to the north are sweltering in heat, he writes of the delightful freshness of the climate on the tableland where his camp is pitched. As for work, the two things which pressed most to be taken in hand were the establishment of a code of laws and the settlement of the land revenue. With respect to the first, his instructions were "to make use of the existing local courts of the nizam's government for the trial of all cases, civil and criminal; but as no local tribunals or any judicial office of any kind were found by me, and none had existed for years, I determined to introduce a code of laws of my own, civil as well as criminal; and I took the regulations of the Bombay government as my guide, drawing up a short definition of crimes and their punishments — and, in civil cases, of general procedure — simple and intelligible to all classes. This code lasted until replaced by Macaulay's Penal Code." As to revenue matters, he writes to his father: —

I found the district in shocking order: no proper accounts, and no confidence among the people; a ruined, impoverished set of pauper cultivators, who have been so long oppressed and neglected under the Arab management that they are, I imagine, blunted to all good perceptions. Murder, robbery, attacks on villages, plunder of cattle, and destruction of crops had got to such a height last year, that civil war could not have had a worse effect upon the people or on the revenue; and all agreed that if British rule had not come in this year, the whole district would have been utterly ruined and wasted. I never saw anything like it. I thought Shorapoor bad; but this is infinitely worse, and the labor it is to get anything put right has been excessive. I can only say that I have been obliged to work frequently from four A.M. to eight P.M., with only respite for dressing and breakfast; but there is no help for it. I have been giving five years' settlements to such villages as are ready to take it, but there are many which are so disorganized that they require to be specially nursed.

The state of things here described did not occur among a tribe of simple savages; the country in question has been the seat of great kingdoms, and bears scattered over its surface the vestiges of a high civilization existing at a time when we in the West were comparative barbarians; it had been reduced to this condition by centuries of anarchy and misrule. To gain a mere record of occupancy rights of the landowners was an immense labor; and, as an accurate survey of the village holdings was a necessary condition of the operation, Taylor, having first taught himself the art of surveying, established a school of surveyors, whom he himself instructed on an extremely ingenious method, and in time was able to carry out a field survey, which, if rude, was sufficiently accurate for the purpose, over the whole district. Irrigation works also occupied a large share of his attention; and here again, if self taught, he proved a very successful engineer. Upon this point, however, it should be observed, as well with reference to what Taylor accomplished, as to the works executed in various parts of India under native dynasties which are still in use, that in India the first beginning of irrigation, like the rude farming of the first settlers in a colony, is of a perfectly simple and obvious kind, when great results can be produced by very simple means. The difficulty lies in the extension of irrigation, after the most easy situations for such works have been occupied. It would be about as fair an inference to say that the man who gets a crop of wheat by scratching the virgin soil of some new settlement is a better agriculturist than the Norfolk farmer, who employs expensive manures and machinery to obtain the same result,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

as to assert that the Indians who took up the best sites for irrigation works of a most simple and obvious kind showed special engineering skill in doing so.

The labor of such a post, if filled with zeal, was of course enormous. Taylor records that in one year nearly thirty-five thousand letters passed through his office, most of them of course being in the vernacular languages, and written to dictation — native secretaries are almost as quick as shorthand writers — and that he had himself nearly three hundred criminal cases to dispose of, "thirteen of which were indictments for murder." In the same year the land revenue of the district increased from about 70,000*l*. to nearly 90,000*l*., and the land under cultivation by more than thirty thousand acres. In one sense it was a joyless life, passed in utter loneliness save for occasional meetings with his one European friend and assistant, and void of all the ordinary pleasures which men in other parts of the world have come to regard as necessary to make life endurable; yet a life in many respects happy because it was cheered by the consciousness of good work done on a large scale, resulting in the vastly bettered condition of large numbers of helpless people; a sort of life that is led patiently by a great many of our fellow-countrymen in the East, although it is given to few to illustrate the good side of the patriarchal government on so large a scale as was possible for Meadows Taylor. Such good work and such remarkable success, as attested by the rapid increase of the revenue and the corresponding decrease in crime, the occupation of lands heretofore left waste, and the extraordinary attachment manifested for him by the people, would have assured him rapid promotion to higher and still more responsible positions had he belonged to either the civil or military service of the Company; but, being only an "uncovenanted" officer, the only advancement he obtained was the transfer to another of the assigned districts at the critical period of the mutiny.

"Go to Berar directly," was the order he received from the resident at Hyderabad one day in August 1857, "and hold on by your eyelids. I have no troops to give you, and you must do the best you can. I know I can depend on you, and I am sure you will not fail me." And Taylor, of course, responded at once to the appeal, receiving on his sudden departure a most gratifying and spontaneous address from the leading persons of the district, expressive of their gratitude for his efforts on their behalf, and sorrow at losing him.

I can never forget the scene in the public *cucherry* when this was read to me. My old friend, Shunkur Rao Baba Sahib, read it with the tears running down his cheeks, and there were few dry eyes among the vast crowd that had collected. The old cry, "*Mahadeo baba ke jey!*" was raised outside and taken up by thousands. It was the first time I had heard it at Nuldroog. I was much moved. Nothing, I thought, could exceed this simple but earnest expression of the feelings of the people towards me, and their manifestation of regard and affection was very grateful to my heart; and if I had stood between the people and wrong in the matter of land, if I had governed them justly to the best of my ability, if I had insured for them peace, and laid the foundation of prosperity, this was indeed a grateful reward — all I could have hoped or wished for on earth.

That night as I left the fort and town, I found all the road and street lined with the people, cheering me with the old shout, "*Mahadeo baba ke jey!*" and many weeping, and pressing round to bid farewell; and I was followed for more than two miles out of the town with the same cheer, by a crowd from which it seemed difficult to get away.

At every village I passed through that night, and till my frontier was reached, the village authorities, elders, and people came with their farewells and best wishes, in crowds, from all points within their reach, praying for my speedy and safe return. My departure from Shorapoor had been affecting and painful to me, but the demeanor of the people here was, if possible, more touching and affectionate.

Taylor was wanted to keep Berar quiet; for the road from Hyderabad to the north of India lying through this district, which was being constantly traversed by disaffected bands, to maintain order there was as important as difficult, whereas Taylor's own district, lying out of the main road, was more likely to be left undisturbed. Troops there were none; for the resident at Hyderabad, Colonel Davidson, putting a bold front on things, and holding on to the isolated residency at a distance from all aid, when his advisers all counselled his taking refuge in the neighboring cantonment of Secunderabad, had also denuded his command of troops, sending a large part of the contingent forward with aid in support of Sir Hugh Rose's force. Davidson, as Meadows Taylor points out, had a much higher aim than merely to keep the troops employed in the field. His object was to dissociate the nizam from all suspicion of having sympathy with the rebel party at Delhi, and also to show his own confidence in the ability of the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

nizam's government to secure the British minister at his court from attack. His detached officers had to second this endeavor to hold the country by moral influence only, and Taylor's extraordinary personal influence came into play with the best effect in Berar. An attempt to oppose his crossing the Godavery by some of the people who were up in arms was at once put down by the well-affected part of the peasantry, and an old native friend, a landed proprietor of the district, escorted him to his headquarters with a body of his mounted retainers. The life led in Berar by Taylor at this season resembled that of a large number of British officials left unsupported in their districts with orders to maintain the authority of the government to the last; he was one of those fortunate enough to come unscathed out of the ordeal in which so many perished. The country of which he held charge was about two hundred and fifty miles long by sixty broad, with a population of two millions; so it may be supposed the "deputy commissioner," as he was styled, had enough to do.

On the suppression of the mutiny and general re-establishment of peace in India, Taylor, after receiving the thanks of government for his good services in maintaining order in Berar, received instructions to return to his proper appointment; but while on his way to join it he was suddenly ordered to his old station at Shorapoor, where he had passed so many years of his service. The young rajah, whose investiture to the government of the state we have already mentioned, and who with manhood and independence had lost all the winning simplicity which had made him so attractive when a boy, had taken to drinking and general dissipation, and allowed the flourishing affairs of his little kingdom to fall again into confusion; and on the outbreak of the mutiny, instigated by bad advisers who held out hopes of creating a kingdom on the nucleus of Shorapoor, he had broken out into open rebellion, and was now a prisoner in the main guard of a British regiment at Hyderabad. The case created more interest than was due to its relative importance in that time of rebellions and anarchy subdued, because the young man had been brought up under the direct tutorship of an English officer, had been taught the English language, and was indebted largely to the English government for their support against the exactions of the state of Hyderabad; and it was felt that such treachery merited the severest penalty. We quote Taylor's account of the affecting scene with the unhappy young man in prison.

Hours had passed while he poured out this tale; hours of intense suffering to him, and bitter self-reproach. Sometimes he would stop, and throw his arms round me passionately; sometimes kneel beside me, moaning piteously; again he would burst into loud hysterical sobs which shook his frame. I did my best to soothe him, and gradually he gave me the details narrated above. I have given only the heads, which I took down for the resident's information. It would be impossible to remember his wild, incoherent exclamations, his sudden recurrence to old scenes when he had played as a child about me with his sisters; of the enjoyment they had had in the magic lantern I showed; of the little vessel on Bohnal Lake, and the happy expeditions there; and all those recollections of his innocent early life made the scenes through which he had lately passed the more grievous and full of reproach.

I asked him if he would like to see the resident, who had promised to accompany me on my last visit to him if the rajah wished it. To my surprise, he drew himself up very proudly, and replied, haughtily, —

"No, *appa;* he would expect me to ask my life of him, and I won't do that. Tell him, if you like, that if the great English people grant me my life, I and mine will be ever true to them; but I deserve to die for what I did, and I will not ask to live like a coward, nor will I betray my people."

I think this speech, which I reported word for word, pleased the resident better than anything he had heard of the rajah before.

"The poor lad has spirit in him," he said; "and I will not forget all you have told me of him."

Leaving him there to await trial and sentence, Taylor passed on to assume the government of Shorapoor, when the old Brahmin to whom reference has already been made, on hearing that the rajah had been sentenced to death, reminded Taylor of the horoscope which predicted that he must die at twenty-four, the age he had just reached. In due time the news arrived that the resident had commuted the sentence to transportation for life, and the governor-general had commuted it still further to four years' imprisonment in a fortress in the south. Taylor at once sent off for the shastree. "What now becomes of the prophecy?" he asked him. But the old man refused to be comforted; the danger was not yet over, he said; the rajah's life must come to an end at the appointed time. The rajah's family, however, who knew nothing of the horoscope, were in raptures of joy at the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

news, and the ladies began making their preparations for joining the young prince.

I took leave of them both in the morning, and settled down to my work after breakfast was over. It chanced to be a morning set apart for the arrangement of yearly allowances and gifts to the Brahmins, and all the chief Brahmins were present, and the old shastree among them. Several were seated at the table with me assisting me, when suddenly I heard the clash of the express runner's bells coming up the street. I thought it might be some message from Linsoogoor, or some new arrangement for the ranee's departure. The runner entered the palace court, and his packet was soon in my hands. It contained a few lines only, from the resident.

"The rajah of Shorapoor shot himself this morning dead, as he arrived at his first encampment. I will write particulars when I know them."

My countenance naturally changed; and the old shastree, who was beside me, and had been reading over Sanscrit deeds and grants to me, caught hold of my arm, and, peering into my face, cried, almost with a shriek, —

"He's dead! he's dead! I know it by your face — it tells me, sahib, he's dead!"

"Yes," I said, sorrowfully. "Yes, he is dead; he shot himself at the first stage out of Secunderabad, and died instantly."

. . . .

"Ah!" said the old priest, as soon as he could speak; "he could not escape his fate, and the prophecy is fulfilled."

It was indeed a strange accomplishment of the prediction. In a few days more the rajah would have completed his twenty-fourth year; and now he had died by his own hand! I sent for the ranee's father, and bade him break the news gently to his daughter. I could not bear to see the poor girl's misery, and I should have to visit her; so he and an old friend of his departed to perform their sad task.

The day after, I heard by another express the particulars. The rajah had been told of the governor-general's commutation of his sentence, and was very deeply grateful for the mercy shown to him. He had promised earnestly to try and deserve the consideration which had been extended to him, and particularly pleased that he was to be allowed the society of his two ranees, speaking joyously of the prospect of meeting them at Kurnool.

He had travelled in a palankeen, with the officer commanding his escort near him, all the way to their camp.

When they arrived the officer took off his belt, in which was a loaded revolver, hung it over a chair, and went outside the tent. While washing his face a moment afterwards he heard a shot, and running back found the rajah lying on the ground, quite dead. The ball had entered his stomach and passed through the spine.

Was the act intentional? I think not. . . . Whether accidental or intentional, the result was the same. The rajah was dead, and his kingdom was lost, ere he completed his twenty-fourth year; and the grim old prophecy deduced from the horoscope was literally fulfilled!

We may add to this strange story that Taylor's own horoscope, cast for him by another shastree at an early stage of his career, was fulfilled in all essential particulars.

The Raichore Doab, another of the ceded districts, was now put under Taylor's charge in addition to Shorapoor, making altogether about twenty thousand square miles of country, although it does not appear that the salary of the superintendent was sensibly augmented. The commissionership of all the ceded districts fell vacant about this time, and, if fitness constituted any claim, the post would have been given to Taylor, but it was too good a thing for an uncovenanted servant. "I had hoped," he said, "that the gracious proclamation issued on her Majesty's assumption of the government of India, which I had the pleasure of reading to the people of Shorapoor in Mahratta and Oordoo, would have done away with the invidious distinctions of covenanted and uncovenanted, but it was not so to be." An act of Parliament passed a short time afterwards would have rendered Taylor's appointment to any office of the kind legal, and indeed the appointment in question would apparently have been legal at any time, since previous acts of Parliament did not apply to the nizam's dominions; but class prejudices cannot be allayed even by acts of Parliament. The rule under which the first avenues to the public service in India can only be entered through certain doors is an eminently wise one. If the dispensers of Indian patronage could confer it on whom they pleased, enormous jobbery would infallibly result. But when a man like Taylor does happen under any circumstances to obtain admission to the public service, and amply justifies by conduct his existence in it, no possible objection can arise to his subsequent preferment according to his merits. In such a case the interests of the public service are more strongly concerned in utilizing a man of exceptional capacity and merit, than in maintaining a strict rule, from breaking which under such circumstances none of the evils it is designed to guard against can follow. That, if he had belonged to the regular Indian service, Taylor would have risen to the highest posts, is certain, for he exhibited almost every quality needed to deserve promotion; that being

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

what he was, he should never have been allowed to rise higher than a district officer, or to receive even the salary of a humdrum collector, is hardly creditable to those concerned. In the sequel the state of Shorapoor was made over to the nizam's government in recognition of its loyalty, and Taylor, whose health had broken down under nearly forty years' hard work, was obliged at the same time to surrender charge of the Raichore Doab and take sick-leave home. His departure from Shorapoor was mourned by the people as a public calamity.

I cannot describe the scene; but its passionate character can be estimated from the purport of what is there recorded in the quaint, simple words of the people. Some of them had been strangers to me; many had grown up from children, and had now children of their own about their knees; others were old and greyheaded; and many whom I had known had gone to their rest. It was not an easy task to leave them all; but I had to go, and I do not think I am forgotten there even now. I intended to depart quietly in the night; but I found the chiefs of the Beydur clans assembled in the streets, and it was as difficult now to reach the north gate of the city as it had been to enter it two years before — only, instead of a clamor of joyous welcome, there was now sad wailing of women, while the men walked by me in utter silence. Now and then some one would exclaim, "We have no one now to care for us; but our women will sing of you as they grind corn in the morning, and will light their lamps in your name at night. Come back to us; oh, come back!"

It was very sad and very solemn, and can never be forgotten. At every village the people came about me, the mothers held their children for me to put my hands upon their heads and bless them; and it was all so simple, so earnest, and so heartfelt, one could not but feel its sincerity. People ask me what I found in the natives to like so much. Could I help loving them when they loved me so? Why should I not love them? I had never courted popularity. I had but tried to be just to all, and to secure to the meanest applicant consideration of his complaint, by allowing unrestricted communication with myself.

. . . .

In all I had ruled over thirty-six thousand square miles of area, and a population of upwards of five millions of a most industrious and intelligent people, not only without a single complaint against my rule, but, as I think and hope, with a place in their affections and respect, gained by no other means than by exercising simple courtesy and justice to all.

His health not being restored in time to admit of returning to his appointment within the prescribed period — and here again it may be remarked that the leave-rules for "uncovenanted" servants are far more stringent on this head than those for the civil and military services, assuming a much robuster state of health, a more rapid recovery from sickness, and a less strong desire to revisit their native land — Taylor was obliged to resign his position under the Indian government, and henceforward devoted himself to literary work. At all times he had been a most industrious writer. For some years, as we have mentioned, he held the post of Indian correspondent to the *Times*, and he was a frequent contributor to the Indian newspapers, usually employing his pen to advocate some useful measure in education or administration. The success of his "Confessions of a Thug" some years before, we have already related; he now reverted to the same line, and brought out "Tara, a Mahratta Tale," an historical romance of the days of Sivaji, the celebrated founder of the Mahratta empire. This, which was very favorably received, was followed by "Ralph Darnell," to illustrate the rise of British power in Bengal, and "Seeta," the plot of which is laid in the time of the mutiny. His last work of fiction, "A Noble Queen," has been published in a complete form since his death. That these books were not even more successful must be attributed in part to the subject, which does not lend itself readily to the spirit of romance. With all their good qualities, the sentiment of chivalry does not among Indians govern the relations between the sexes; but that the novels are not more largely read must also be set down in great measure to that want of interest in all Indian matters, born of mental indolence, which is such a discreditable feature in the mental condition of the English middle classes, who, from the neglect of Indian history so conspicuous in their system of education and habits of thought, would seem to care no more about the country with which England is so intimately bound up than if they were French or Germans. It must, however, be acknowledged that the liberal spirit in which every parish and almost every household in this kingdom has subscribed to the relief of the natives of India during the present famine is a touching proof of the brotherhood and sympathy existing between the British and Asiatic subjects of the queen; and we trust this great calamity may have the effect of strengthening the ties which inseparably unite the different parts of the empire. A work which, to our thinking, is even more valuable than his romances — although these

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

afford a more accurate and vivid idea of Indian life and society than any other available sources of information — is Taylor's "Student's Manual of the History of India," the modest appearance of which hardly does justice to the great research and accuracy which it displays. Written by a man who is thoroughly conversant with the people of the country about which he is treating, it is throughout permeated by that kindly feeling towards them and appreciation of their good qualities which are too often wanting in the writings of Englishmen on India. If ever the study of Indian history should become a recognized part of English school and college work, Taylor's "Manual," as he modestly calls it, will be brought into the notice it deserves. And, as he truly observes, there can scarcely be a subject of greater importance to Englishmen than the history of the noble dependencies won by their ancestors.

In 1875 Meadows Taylor, being recommended to try the effect of a warmer climate again, returned to India on a visit, and spent some weeks at Hyderabad as the guest of Salar Jung, by whom his qualities were thoroughly appreciated. Health and sight both failing, he set out in the beginning of the next Indian hot season for England, but, gradually getting worse, died at Mentone in May 1876, at the age of sixty-eight.

Taylor's career, of which we have given a brief outline, as far as possible in his own words, was not, it will be seen, in one sense a highly imporant one. His position as an outsider debarred him from rising to a place in which to achieve great distinction, and the Companionship of the Star of India conferred on him in his old age, as we are told by the express wish of the queen, may probably be taken as a fair estimate of the actual place he occupied in the estimation of the Anglo-Indian community. Yet few men have done more to elevate the character of his countrymen in the eyes of the people of India, while we know no work which deserves to be more strongly recommended to the attention of those who are destined to take a future share in the administration of India than this simple narrative of the extraordinary influence a disinterested and kind-hearted man was able to exert over the people who came under his rule. It is true the opportunity for exerting such an influence is seldom afforded in these days. Taylor's administration of Shorapoor, and again of the Nuldroog district, represented the most complete type of patriarchal government, which, whether for good or evil, is surely passing away, giving place to the codes and regulations which there is a constantly increasing tendency to substitute for individual action. But the need for the exercise of sympathy, kindliness, and consideration for the people of India, is still as great as ever; and the advice with which Meadows Taylor concludes his most interesting autobiography may usefully be taken to heart by all Englishmen, of whatever class, whose business takes them to our possessions in the East.

One word, one last reflection in regard to India may not be out of place. It is to advise all who go there, in whatever capacity, or whatever position they may hold, — use true courtesy to natives of all degrees. My experience has taught me that large masses of men are more easily led than driven, and that courtesy and kindness and firmness will gain many a point which, under a hard and haughty bearing, would prove unattainable. By courtesy, I do not mean undue familiarity — far from it — self-respect must always be preserved; but there is a middle course, which, if rightly pursued in a gentlemanly fashion, not only exacts respect from natives of all classes, but gratitude and affection likewise.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

III.

THE CONTENTS OF THE PORTFOLIO.

When Erica, almost running — for the wind blowing behind her swept her irresistibly along — reached the little house, she found old Christine waiting for her at the door. The young girl answered her reproaches with a smile, hastily threw aside her damp cloak and hood, and entered her mother's room. The invalid was still sitting in the same spot where her daughter had left her, and the joy that beamed in her eyes when she saw Erica revealed the anxiety she had felt far more than any words. After reporting the safe arrival of the fishermen who had been supposed to be in danger, and speaking of the shipwreck, which must have occurred close by, the young girl produced the portfolio she had found.

"So you have made use of the strand-right, Erica?" said her mother, smiling, as

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

she opened the portfolio and looked at the wet papers.

"The fishermen would have left them to be spoiled, but now we can see whether it is possible to discover the owner of these papers, and restore his property, if he is still alive."

"*If* he is still alive, poor man! At any rate we may be able to restore papers which are perhaps of importance to the relatives; you did perfectly right to take charge of the portfolio."

"Here is a letter in some language I don't understand," exclaimed Erica, who, kneeling beside her mother, was busily engaged in examining the papers.

"It seems like Danish or Swedish. Unfortunately I do not understand either language; but we can probably easily find an interpreter among the sailors in Wollin."

"It would be of very little use, mamma; for see, there is no address of any kind, and it is just the same with this, and this one too. How hateful if we should not be able to ascertain to whom the papers belong; I expected to give somebody so much pleasure by returning them."

"Let us look farther," said her mother thoughtfully, unfolding another sheet.

"A German letter, mamma!" cried Erica joyously, holding up a worn paper. "Now we shall get some information at last. Come, let us read it."

"Your letter of the 25th has been duly received, and we beg leave to inform you that the buttons and yarn ordered have been punctually forwarded according to agreement. The goods are unusually desirable, and you will therefore surely consent to pay the slight increase in price mentioned in the accompanying account. Hoping to receive farther orders, I am

"Very respectfully yours,

"JULIUS MEYER."

A gay laugh from Erica followed the conclusion of the letter. "That was certainly a great satisfaction, mamma, and moreover the name of the place where this Julius Meyer lives is also torn off, so we are just as wise as we were before."

"We know a little more, my child, the portfolio undoubtedly belonged to a merchant."

"It seems so, and yet it was so handsome that I thought it belonged to a prince. I imagined it would be so delightful if he should come to our house to get it."

"And thank you for having saved his interesting correspondence with a young princess, eh, Erica?"

"Why yes, mamma! Why not?" replied Erica, pouting; "at any rate it would be pleasanter than this button and yarn correspondence."

"Yet the latter would probably be just as interesting to the owner. But let us look farther."

Again came papers written in a foreign language, but at last they found a small packet fastened with a red string. The papers were so glued together by the moisture that it seemed difficult to separate them. The first wrapper was removed with considerable trouble, and a sealed envelope appeared. An address in the German language, in a firm, legible hand, contained the following somewhat singular words: —

"These are the papers I found in a secret drawer of my dead sister's desk. It is the only legacy my *Hoch und Wohlgeboren* nephew, who has never troubled himself about his uncle, will ever receive from me."

An involuntary pause followed the reading of this superscription; both were probably reflecting upon the mystery before which they stood. At last Erica broke the spell, and said, drawing a long breath, —

"That is very strange. The old gentleman doesn't seem to like his nephew. But what does *Hoch und Wohlgeboren* mean? I never heard it."

"It is the old-fashioned way in which barons were formerly addressed. The title here is ironically used."

"Then am I *Hoch und Wohlgeboren*, as well as this nephew, mamma?" laughed Erica, whose volatile temper had already conquered the grave impression the words had made upon her.

"Yes, Erica, but you must not set any value upon it, for the time for such courteous appellations has passed away. The advantage of birth is perhaps undervalued now, simply because in earlier days it was so greatly over-estimated."

"But ought we to break the seal and look at these papers?" asked Erica thoughtfully, as she turned the little packet over and over.

"We certainly ought *not*, if the papers would not be utterly destroyed if they were left pressed together in this way. Besides, it is possible, nay, probable, that we shall learn from them the owner of the portfolio. So open the package, but very carefully, or we shall do harm instead of good."

Erica, heeding her mother's warning, slowly broke the seal, and then laid the papers one after another on the table to

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

dry; nay she even restrained her impatience until the sheets had become firmer, then drew a little footstool to the invalid's side and began to read.

"You will not see me, you are angry with me, Agatha! How have I deserved this indignation, what have I done to offend you? If I was too eager, too impetuous in my homage, is not the unspeakable charm of your nature alone responsible? Can one enjoy the happiness of seeing you, and yet have power not to fall in adoration at your feet? And will you inflict such a terrible punishment upon me because I did not possess this strength? Do you not know that the measureless harshness of this punishment is harder than death?

"Oh Agatha! remove the ban, I implore you, let me appear before you again. I cannot live without the sunlight of your presence, and you will not have the cruelty to expose me to the torture of a lingering death. One word from you, just one kind word, and I shall feel new life, and hasten, radiant with joy, to your feet, repeating what I have often said.

"Ever, ever your own

"RODERICH."

During the reading of these words, the invalid's face had become somewhat clouded. When Erica paused, she looked at her, and said with gentle raillery, —

"Well, how do you like this letter, my child? Does it appear more interesting than the yarn and button correspondence?"

"Of course, mamma," replied Erica frankly, "only I think it is written in rather a singular style. It consists almost entirely of questions, which is somewhat against the rule. Who can the lady have been to whom a letter was written in this way?"

"A ballet dancer, or perhaps an actress."

"Why so, mamma? Surely any other woman can inspire just as ardent an affection."

"Undoubtedly, but to any other lady this affection is not declared in such a manner. Read on, perhaps we shall solve the mystery."

Erica took the next sheet, and began again.

"You are cruel, Agatha! You refuse me all access to you, and yet you cannot prevent me from seeing you. Yesterday, when, radiant in beauty, you enchanted all Stockholm by your matchless acting ——"

"Why yes, she is an actress!" Erica exclaimed in surprise. "How clever you are, mamma!"

"You were forced to allow me also to admire you, revel in your loveliness. With all your anger against me, you could not even prevent me from considering the tender words your sweet voice uttered to another, as addressed to me, and thus for a moment feeling unutterably happy. Unfortunately this happiness lasted only an instant, and I became so much the more miserable, when I found a letter from home, which required my immediate return there.

"Will you still have the cruelty to withdraw from me? Will you not permit me to press one farewell kiss upon your hand? Hundreds of miles will soon stretch between us, will you increase my misery by your anger? Can you, dare you be so cruel?

"I shall await with a trembling heart the return of the servant who is to bring me your answer. Will it be my sentence of death, or unspeakable happiness? Agatha, you will, you cannot utterly reject

"Your own

"RODERICH."

"Herr Roderich seems to be very fond of asking questions," said Erica. "But I wonder whether Agatha allowed him to visit her again."

"Is there no date, no signature except Roderich?" asked her mother.

"None. If you will allow me, I'll go on with the reading at once. I am curious to see the end of the affair."

"Greatly as I know how to prize the joy of your presence, Agatha, gratitude alone must not procure it for me. I am ignorant what officious person, who must be totally wanting in delicacy of feeling, has told you of the slight efforts I have made in your behalf. I assure you that, becoming by accident intimately acquainted with the manager of the theatre in this place, I merely called his attention to your remarkable talent. On taking a journey to Malmö he saw you there, and of course made every exertion to secure such a pearl for the Stockholm stage. So this slight effort deserves no thanks, and if it alone is to again open to me the door of your drawing-room, I prefer not to enter it.

"Meantime I have also been told tales of you, Agatha, and in addition to the glittering nimbus which talent and beauty weave around your brow, I now behold the halo of heroic virtue resting on your

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

head. You are the sole support of your numerous family. Father, mother, and children are all dependent upon you, receive their sustenance and education from you alone. You have changed your name because a dark shadow rests upon your father's, a shadow, however, cast by misfortune, not guilt. The victim of a shameful intrigue, he was dismissed from the government service without a pension, and helpless and poverty-stricken sought his wife's native country to found a new home. But a severe illness — undoubtedly caused by the undeserved humiliation — made him incapable of doing so, and thus his oldest daughter, still almost a child, took up the battle of life for her father, and by her unwearied industry, kept poverty from her parents' threshold.

"Now for the first time I understand the sadness that is sometimes mirrored in your eyes. It was connected with your parents' fate, your own sorrowful past, and I, silly fool, attributed it to a former affection, and felt jealous and bitter. Now, for the first time, I understand the cause of the plainness of your drawing-room, a simplicity which you have often made the subject of your charming jests without permitting it to be altered. Yes, I now understand your whole heavenly nature, Agatha, am ashamed of the rudeness with which I often wounded your soul, and perceive that my banishment was just.

"Do not suppose I have indiscreetly inquired into your circumstances, and in this way obtained possession of your secret. A strange accident, I might almost call it a dispensation of Providence, placed the clue in my hand; and it has made me both happy and miserable. Happy on account of the heartfelt reverence I must offer you, miserable because of the idiotic folly of my previous conduct, most unpardonable in me, a widower, who am no longer a very young man. Let me atone for my offences; open the door of your drawing-room; no word, no look, shall wound you. Let me, before my departure, implore your forgiveness; I could not go away in peace while oppressed by the thought of your indignation.

"Roderich."

Erica silently laid the sheet on the table, and her mother did not interrupt the pause that followed.

"That was quite a different letter, mamma!" the young girl began at last. "I like it much better, and I believe Herr Roderich did not ask a single question. Agatha seems to be an excellent girl, don't you think so too, mamma?"

"I am ready to suppose so, Erica. And after this letter, I like the young man very well. Any one else would not have concealed his efforts — which were undoubtedly much greater than he represents — but made the utmost possible use of them."

"We will read on again to see how the affair ends," and Erica took the next sheet from the table.

"A farewell, Agatha, perhaps an eternal one! And yet I could not do otherwise, could not leave unpunished the insolent man who sought to sully your pure name. Because you belong to a profession in whose thorny path many a poor creature is stranded, people imagine they have the right to insult you; suppose the innocent purity of your features a mere mask of virtue, which they can mock as a false halo of sanctity. I would not endure it, Agatha, for surely it is the duty of every man to protect innocence and virtue.

"If I fall in this duel, do not grudge my memory a place in your heart, and believe that I am not wholly unworthy, though I have not always done what I ought. Farewell, Agatha! May God ever bless and protect you.

"Roderich."

"I suppose Roderich did not fall in this duel?" asked Erica somewhat hastily, gazing anxiously into her mother's face.

"I think not, my child," replied the latter smiling, "for all the letters appear to be written in the same hand."

"Let us read on, mamma," said the young girl with a sigh of relief, seizing the next sheet.

"You love me, Agatha, you love me! I am in a tumult of happiness. I bless my wounds, I bless the suffering which has given me the blissful certainty of your affection. Hitherto, when I sought to intoxicate myself with the hope that I was not indifferent to you, when it seemed as if your eye sought me, and my presence brought a deeper color to your cheek, doubt soon entered my heart and destroyed all my bliss with its icy breath. But now I have the happiest certainty, have it without your confession. The eyes that grew dim with tears when you bent over me, the loving hand that bandaged my wounds, held the cup to my longing lips, and softly smoothed my pillows that my feverish head might rest more quietly, give me

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

this assurance. In my unconsciousness, I could only instinctively feel the pain-destroying magic of this presence, but now I have the joyful certainty that you were the merciful angel who stood beside my couch and assuaged my sufferings.

"True, since I have been able to recognize those who surrounded me, the angel again has vanished, but I will entreat her to return, implore her to bless my life as she has alleviated the tortures of my sick bed. I will take no denial, Agatha! I am sure of your love, and what reason could there be to prevent you from becoming my wife? I am rich, and we will together provide for your family. You need not even entirely resign your art, although you will no longer delight the general public.

"We will choose for our residence the castle of whose beautiful surroundings I have often told you, and there have a large, well-arranged stage at our disposal. The whole neighborhood will flock to admire the beautiful mistress of the castle in the exercise of her skill as an accomplished actress, and no insolent fellow will venture to sully your stainless name. Thus you will be able to enjoy your art, without suffering from the dark side of the profession.

"Oh, Agatha, how wondrously beautiful is the existence of which I dream! You, the high priestess of art, as my guardian angel, my beloved, my wife; I elevated and supported by you, and in return protecting you from the thorns of life, smoothing your path. Dream of this heavenly future with me, Agatha, and by a speedy answer make happy

"Your own
"RODERICH."

"There is joy even in your refusal, Agatha, for the lines express naught but anxiety for the man you love, a total disregard of your own happiness. Sweet, dearest girl, do you suppose I am a young, immature man, who is still dependent upon his parents' will? Unfortunately I lost my father at a very early age, and even when a boy was the head of the family. My mother and aunts, who educated me, as well as my sisters, thought everything I did exactly right, and my first wife unhappily allowed herself to be infected by this idolatry. I was on the point of being worn out by this constant adoration, when my wife died, and the void thus made in my life cured me by the pain it inflicted.

"Even if my relatives should at first be a little dissatisfied with my marriage, for the hand of a princess would scarcely be considered good enough for that paragon of perfection called Roderich, they will soon become reconciled to it. Even my brothers-in-law, though they do not perceive in me quite the ideal I seem to their wives, cordially like me, and know that the woman to whom Roderich gives his hand will be worthy of the position, whatever station in life she may previously have occupied. So have no anxiety, dearest, they will receive you with open arms, and soon behold in you the ornament of their circle.

"I shall wait for no answer to these lines, but come for it myself, and my presence will scatter all doubts, dispel the last clouds from your brow. Expect me immediately.

"Your own
"RODERICH."

"Have no anxiety, my sweet girl, I will not leave Sweden without you. My business in Germany must take care of itself a while longer, for I have sworn not to see the green waves of the Rhine again until I have my dear wife by my side. But we must hasten the preparations for our wedding, and as you wish to be married in Malmö, I have already written to the pastor there.

"Our thoughts are entirely in sympathy, for I too wished to celebrate our nuptials when I saw you for the first time. That moment is as visibly present as if it had been only yesterday. The sound of music had attracted me to the little church, and when I entered it, the peace that pervaded the sanctuary impressed me so strongly, that I mingled with the crowd and attended the service. The simple sermon in its plain, direct language, went to my heart. The pastor had just uttered his amen, when my eyes chanced to wander towards the window, before which the leaves of the trees were casting their changeful shadows, and there saw a figure which instantly claimed all my thoughts. It was you, Agatha, and your pure, angelic beauty so completely bewitched me, that I had neither reverence nor attention for the conclusion of the service. When the congregation dispersed, I followed you, saw you enter a house, and asked an old man who had just left it to tell me your name.

"I was strangely surprised when I heard that this angelic face belonged to an actress, for I had discovered both devoutness and sorrow in the expression of the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

features, and, fool that I was, believed those of an actress could only wear the guise of thoughtless happiness and gayety. Perhaps this very contrast doubly attracted me, and yet I was base enough to forget the angelic face in the church, and remember only the actress. You, my sweet Agatha, have long since pardoned the crime, although I cannot yet entirely forgive myself, but am ever longing to make some new atonement.

"Perhaps it is a part of this atonement that the triumphs won every evening by the petted actress, now about to take a farewell of the stage, fill me with the keenest jealousy. I most ardently long for the time when this farewell will have been uttered, and my adoration alone can be offered you. If my darling were not so excessively conscientious, I would have taken her from Stockholm and her contract, and thus spared myself these tortures.

"Hoping to see you very soon, I am
"Your own
"RODERICH."

"Only a few days more, my darling, and we shall be united forever. I have just received a letter from Herr Dahlström, the pastor, who has consented to join our hands at the altar of that little church, and then nothing will be wanting to our happiness.

"I shall see you in a few hours, it is true, but I would not delay informing you of the good news. Farewell till then, my beloved, and during these long hours think a little of

"Your
"RODERICH."

"What a pity, mamma! I am taking the last sheet, we shall not learn what we wish," said Erica regretfully, as she raised a somewhat larger letter.

"I too fear that we shall not discover the name of the person who wrote these lines, but go on, my child."

"To-day, for the first time, I can give you news of myself, dear heart, and tell you I shall soon be with you again. I have been here since yesterday, to make the necessary preparations; order everything to be arranged for the reception of the guests, for I shall bring the whole crowd with me. There will probably be plenty of rooms and beds, and if not, the steward must come to our assistance, and we will break his wife's heart by claiming her best rooms. I hope it will be a brilliant entertainment, for I have succeeded in getting a quantity of things we had made up our minds to do without. I have even found an excellent manufacturer of fireworks, and we will have a brilliant display in the evening. But of course Iphigenie still remains the principal attraction, though fat old Count Steinbach ——"

"What did you say, what was the name?" the invalid hastily interrupted.

"'Fat old Count Steinbach,' mamma!" replied Erica laughing.

"Go on, my child, there may be several Count Steinbachs," murmured the old lady, leaning back in her chair again.

"Who knows, mamma! Perhaps this is an acquaintance of yours, perhaps the fat old count will give us the clue," eagerly exclaimed the daughter.

"Well, read on, Erica, perhaps the mystery will be unravelled."

"Iphigenie will remain the principal attraction, although fat old Count Steinbach plays Theas. The excellent old gentleman would have taken Orestes, if we had asked him to do so. However, I hope Iphigenie will not cherish too warm a sisterly affection for her Orestes, even sisterly affection rouses my jealousy, if it seems too strong.

"Besides, Eichfeld ——"

"'Eichfeld?'" interrupted the old lady again. "I really believe I shall find myself among acquaintances, for I have often heard that name also."

"How fortunate, mamma, if we should really find out to whom the letters belong. Let us read on as fast as possible."

"Besides Eichfeld has already sacrificed his beard to Orestes, or rather Iphigenie, and looks ten years younger. Under the seal of the most profound secrecy, he confided to me that Arabella Kroneck —"

"Isn't that your maiden name, mamma?" the reader hastily interrupted herself, looking inquiringly into her mother's face.

"Yes, my child, but there may be many others of that name," replied the invalid with visible embarrassment.

"That Arabella Kroneck is the object of his love. Perhaps I owe the confidence of this usually reserved man only to my jealousy. Arabella is said to be a great beauty and very bewitching, but I have never seen her. I wish Eichfeld success with all my heart, for it would be pleasant to have such an agreeable couple near us. The old baron, however, is said to set a very high value upon his jewel, and I

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

scarcely think Eichfeld's property will suit him.

"You see, my darling, I show great interest in the love affairs of your Orestes, but in so doing will not forget practical things, and beg you, if Mumm has not yet sent the Johannisberg and Rudesheim, to write to him at once. Also remind Daniel of the colored lanterns for the park, the illumination must extend to the last terrace, and Swan Island be particularly brilliant. The reflection of the light on the water will have a magical effect on the wonderful little lake, and I shall probably have the fireworks there. But Daniel must see that new lanterns can always be supplied, for the park must be illuminated every evening while the guests remain in the castle — which will undoubtedly be four or five days.

"I must close, for I have my hands full of business. Kiss the little bawler for me, and remember

"Your own

"RODERICH."

"Unfortunately that is the end of the letter, mamma," said Erica, "and we have really discovered nothing."

The old lady, who since the reading of the last letter had seemed to be struggling with some violent emotion, passed her hand over her brow, as if she wished to dispel unwelcome thoughts, and then said slowly:

"I should think we knew enough, my child. Agatha and Roderich are happily married, and she must have been received as an equal, for they seem to exercise the most magnificent hospitality at their castle. Probably afterwards they were never so situated as to find it necessary to exchange letters."

"And Eichfeld, mamma? You are certainly the lady who was a 'great beauty and very bewitching,'" said Erica mischievously, laying her head caressingly on her mother's shoulder.

"Is not the name of the place from which he writes given in any of the letters?" asked the old lady, without entering into her daughter's jest. "Look carefully, Erica."

Erica took the sheets in her hand again, and examined them as she was requested. "Here is 'Stockholm, April 6th,' but the year is not mentioned. And here again, 'Stockholm, May 20th.' Here there is nothing at all; here again no date. Herr Roderich was decidedly negligent, mamma. Ah! this last letter has the name — 'Coblenz, June 27th.'"

"I thought he must live on the banks of the Rhine, or at least in the immediate vicinity," said her mother, thoughtfully. "How often I have attended such entertainments at the castles of the gay, pleasure-loving nobility! This last letter really made me think of home. But in spite of this, I know of no clue which could guide us in discovering the writer of these letters. Even if this Eichfeld were the one I once knew, he could give us no information, for he died young, and has been resting in his grave many years."

"And fat Count Steinbach, mamma?"

"He died long, long ago, died when I was a betrothed bride, and, as he was unmarried, left his property to my cousin Vally."

"Suppose we should write to her, mamma?"

A deep shadow flitted over the countenance of the elder lady. "I am now somewhat unaccustomed to communicate with my family," she said, after a long pause; "besides, Vally was educated in our house, and knew no more about her uncle Steinbach than I, so any inquiry would be useless. Moreover, the contents of the letters scarcely require such an exertion on our part. We know that their owner is dead, and her children could hardly have considered these papers of any special importance, or they would not have parted with them so carelessly."

The old lady spoke hastily, and with a certain sharpness of tone which was very unusual to her. Erica cast a hurried, questioning glance at her mother's agitated features, and a suspicion dawned upon her that these letters had aroused feelings which she wished to conceal, even from her daughter. With delicate tact, she therefore refrained from any farther questions, carefully folded up the papers, which had now become perfectly dry, and gave them to her mother, who silently placed them in one of the drawers of her writing-table.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

A GLIMPSE OF ADRIANOPLE.

FROM a very interesting letter from Adrianople we take the following passages: —

"Adrinople (it is the local fashion to leave out the *a*) is in a very different condition to what it was a year or two years ago. Trade, indeed, is slack and commerce at a standstill; but the whole place, even to the back streets, is alive and thronged, and the crowds everywhere testify to activity. The road to the railway

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

station is always busy; but it is as often the passage of files of bullock-wagons for the wounded as aught else, diversified now and then by the stopping of troops going up to the front. Visits to the station are always full of interest. Frequently special trains arrive in the middle of the night full of wounded; these are taken out, laid in wooden sheds erected for the purpose, where English surgeons dress wounds as quickly as possible all through, sometimes eight or ten hours' work; then, clean and fed, the injured men remount the train and go on to Constantinople. The thing to see is when, as has several times occurred, a train of wounded going down meets a train of soldiers going up. No one could say, after that, that the Turks do not know how to cheer. Up jumps every man that can rise on his legs, every arm that can move is waved, and every throat that can utter a sound joins in the cheer with a yell of welcome, and perhaps of envy of those who are going to fight. With less noise, but with eager eyes and cheerful faces, the new-comers return the salute — not a laggard among them. They are not neatly dressed; they would not do for Aldershot; they are often somewhat dirty; they are of all sizes, and they do not look exquisitely disciplined; but their eagerness and their gladness make up for a great deal, and their patient endurance is beyond all praise.

"Next to the war movements, the relief is naturally the first interest here. All that has been done by Mr. Blunt is admirably done; he has followed the plan of collecting the women and children (there was scarcely a man among the fugitives) into decent but poor houses, insisting upon cleanliness, and giving to each woman one or two or three piastres, according to the number of the children; thus occupying the mothers in buying and contriving, instead of leaving them to croon idly over their sorrows. These women will contrive to feed and fatten out of the pittance given, and even, perhaps, to put by an odd piastre or two for better times. The two Catholic convents of the Missionnaires Apostoliques are all giving wise and simple relief in much the same way. Each has a house full of Moslem women and children, and another of Bulgarians. Mme. Camara's little hospital of Moslem women and children actually wounded in the war is quite a touching sight; and one cannot admire enough the unselfish devotion of the one lady who did not leave the city in panic, but remained to help with her own hands the poor things who were worse off than any one else at the moment. As wounds heal the hospital will gradually turn into a refuge. Near the railway station there is another small hospital for wounded Bulgarian women and children, attended partly by one of the English surgeons; but of them nearly all now are dead."

From Nature.

ON THE COMING WINTER.

HAVING recently computed the remaining observations of our earth-thermometers here, and prepared a new projection of all the observations from their beginning in 1837 to their calamitous close last year, results generally confirmatory of those arrived at in 1870 have been obtained, but with more pointed and immediate bearing on the weather now before us.

The chief features undoubtedly deducible for the past thirty-nine years, after eliminating the more seasonal effects of ordinary summer and winter, are: —

1. Between 1837 and 1876 three great heat-waves, from without, struck this part of the earth; viz., the first in 1846·5, the second in 1858·0, and the third in 1868·7. And unless some very complete alteration in the weather is to take place, the next such visitation may be looked for in 1879·5, within limits of half a year each way.

2. The next feature in magnitude and certainty is, that the periods of minimum temperature, or cold, are not either in, or anywhere near, the middle time between the crests of those three chronologically identified heat-waves, but are comparatively close up to them *on either side*, at a distance of about a year and a half, so that the next such cold wave is due at the end of the present year.

This is, perhaps, not an agreeable prospect, especially if political agitators are at this time moving amongst the colliers, striving to persuade them to decrease the out-put of coal at every pit's-mouth. Being, therefore, quite willing, for the general good, to suppose myself mistaken, I beg to send you a first impression of plate 17 of the forthcoming volume of observations of this Royal Observatory, and shall be very happy if you can bring out, from the measures recorded there, any more comfortable view for the public at large.

PIAZZI SMYTH,
Astronomer-Royal for Scotland.

Royal Observatory, Edinburgh, September 27.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XX. | No. 1747. — December 8, 1877. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXV.

CONTENTS.

I. THE COURT OF THE GRAND MONARQUE. By the author of "Mirabeau," etc., . . *Temple Bar*, ... 579
II. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXXIX., . . *Harper's Bazar*, ... 589
III. THE MARSHALATE: A CHAPTER OF FRENCH HISTORY. May 1873 — October 1877, . *Nineteenth Century*, ... 600
IV. DORIS BARUGH. A Yorkshire Story. By Katharine S. Macquoid, author of "Patty." Part VIII., ... *Good Words*, ... 613
V. PRINCE BISMARCK'S MOTHER, . . . *Tinsley's Magazine*, ... 626
VI. ERICA. Part III. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . *Frau von Ingersleben*, ... 634
VII. SINGING MICE, ... *Nature*, ... 640

POETRY.

PURGATORY. From the French of Marie Jeuna, ... 578
AT THE LAST, ... 578
VILLANELLE, ... 578

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

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

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

PURGATORY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIE JEUNA.

If far from thee he pines in twilight dim,
Mercy, just God! I pray thee on my knees;
His hope in thee, thy tender love for him,
Dear Lord, remember these!

Our souls abide in tenements of clay,
At every step we stumble as we go,
Thou knowest, Lord, how difficult the way
We travel here below.

How hard, amidst the loves, and hopes, and fears
Of this wide world, calmly to do our part,
Nor give its thrilling joys and songs and tears
Too much of our weak heart!

But, oh, my God, I offer unto thee
The blood of Jesus: *that* all bonds can break,
And lift all burdens. Now, depart from me
Awhile, to that dark lake,

My angel guardian! stir with thy cool breath
His fiery mantle; whisper, soft and low,
Comfort to soothe that anguish worse than death
Souls without God must know.

Let thy fair aureole shine upon his night,
Thy loving arms protect him from his fears;
There all are weeping! let thy voice unite
With those sad sighs and tears.

Point from his prison to the heaven above,
Tell him that thou, when all this pain is done,
Will greet him there — that there the God of love
Is longing for his son.

Tell him no saint, in his ecstatic prayer,
Musing upon the eternal loveliness,
Has ever caught one glimpse of what is there,
That unimagined bliss!

Put thy arms round him, give him sweet relief,
And then, if he should ask who bade thee fly
To soothe his anguish and assuage his grief,
O tell him it was I!

Keep in thy breast, a sacred trust and dear,
His loving pain, his longings and his cries;
Then soar to heaven, and whisper in God's ear
The echo of his sighs;

And then, from heaven to earth and earthly things,
Come back, for, ah! God knows if I should be
Faithful for long, without thy two white wings
Between the world and me!

Month.

AT THE LAST.

There must be something after all this woe,
A sweet fruition from the harrowed past;
Rest some day for this pacing to and fro;
A tender sunbeam and dear flowers at last.

There will be something when these days are done,
Something more fair by far than starry nights —
A prospect limitless, as one by one
Embodied castles crown the airy heights.

So cheer up, heart, and for that morrow wait!
Dream what you will, but press toward the dream;
Let fancy guide dull effort through the gate,
And face the current, would she cross the stream.

Then when that something lies athwart the way —
Coming unsought as good things seem to do —
'Twill prove beneath the flush of setting day
A nobler meed than now would beckon you.

For lifted up by constant, forward strife,
Hope will attain so marvellous a height,
There can be nothing found within this life
After the day to form a fitting night.

So heaven alone shall ever satisfy,
And God's own light be ever light enough
To guide the purified, ennobled eye
Toward the smooth which lies beyond the rough.

There will be something when these clouds skim by —
A bounteous yielding from the fruitful past;
Sweet peace and rest upon the pathway lie,
E'en though but death and flowers at the last.

Transcript. JAMES BERRY BENSEE.

VILLANELLE.

O Summer-time, so passing sweet,
But heavy with the breath of flowers,
But languid with the fervent heat,

They chide amiss who call thee fleet, —
Thee, with thy weight of daylight hours,
O Summer-time, so passing sweet!

Young Summer, thou art too replete,
Too rich in choice of joys and powers,
But languid with the fervent heat.

Adieu! my face is set to meet
Bleak Winter, with his pallid showers, —
O Summer-time so passing sweet!

Old Winter steps with swifter feet,
He lingers not in wayside bowers,
He is not languid with the heat;

His rounded day, a pearl complete,
Gleams on the unknown night that lowers;
O Summer-time, so passing sweet,
But languid with the fervent heat!

Spectator. EMILY PFEIFFER.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From Temple Bar.

THE COURT OF THE GRAND MONARQUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

No court, thanks to the great number of contemporary memoirs, has ever been so minutely and elaborately sketched as that of Louis the Fourteenth. The letters of Madame de Sévigné, the memoirs of Mesdames de Motteville, de Lafayette, de Montpensier, of Dangeau, and, above all, of St. Simon, have rendered its manners as familiar as those of to-day, and its personages better known to us than our most intimate friends. Scarcely a vice, a folly, a secret, of the times, escaped those prying eyes, and all that came beneath their observation has been recorded with a facile pen for the delectation of posterity. Nothing can be more interesting than these records. St. Simon alone contains more genuine romance than a whole library of fiction. And yet to the ordinary English reader they are all absolutely unknown. These are the sources from which the materials of the present article have been drawn, and my authorities for the many extraordinary anecdotes, which may otherwise read apocryphal, herein contained.

Let us begin with Madame de Sévigné's picture of this court at the height of its splendor (1676): —

I was at Versailles on Saturday with the Villarses: this is how they pass their time there. You know the ceremony of attending on the queen at her toilette, at mass, and at dinner; but there is no longer any need to be stifled while their Majesties are at dinner, for at three the king, the queen, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, all the princes and princesses, Madame de Montespan, all her train, all her courtiers, all the ladies — in a word, the whole court of France, retire to that fine apartment of the king's which you know. All is furnished divinely; all is magnificent; we do not know there what it is to be hot, we pass from one place to another without any press. A game of *reversis* gives the form, and fixes everything. The king is near Madame de Montespan, who keeps the bank. Monsieur, the queen, and Madame de Soubise; Dangeau and his company; Langée and his company, are at different tables. The carpets are covered with thousands of Louis d'ors; they use no other counters. I bowed to the king in the manner you taught me; he returned my salute as though I had been young and beautiful. The queen talked to me a long time of my sickness as if it had been a confinement. She also spoke some words about you. Monsieur the Duke bestowed upon me a thousand of those caresses of which he gives no thought. M. de Lorges attacked me in the name of the Chevalier de Grignan, and, in short, all the company. You know what it is to have a word from every one who passes. Madame de Montespan spoke to me of Bourbon. Her beauty and her shape are really surprising; she is not half so stout as she was, and yet neither her complexion, her eyes, nor her lips are less fine. She was dressed in French point, her hair was arranged in a thousand curls, the two at the temples falling very low upon the cheeks; black ribbons upon her head, some pearls of the Maréchal de l'Hôpital and diamond pendants of the first water, together with three or four bodkins, but no other covering — in a word, she looked a triumphant beauty, to excite the admiration of all the ambassadors. This agreeable confusion without confusion of everything that is choicest lasts from three to six. If any couriers arrive the King retires to read his letters and then returns. There is always music, to which he listens, and which has a very good effect. He chats with the ladies who are accustomed to have that honor. They leave play at the time I have mentioned without the trouble of settling up accounts, because they use neither marks nor counters. At six we take the air in chariots, the king, Madame de Montespan, Monsieur, Madame de Thianges, and the good Heudicourt upon a little seat before, which seems to her a place in paradise. You know how these chariots are made; we do not sit face to face in them, but all look one way. The queen is in another with the princesses, the court follows in different equipages according to fancy. We go afterwards in gondolas upon the canal, where we have music; at ten we go to the theatre; midnight strikes, we perform the *media noche*.* This is how we passed the Saturday.

No description could be more sprightly and charming than this. But it is a *couleur de rose* one; Madame de Sévigné frequented the court but little, and did not see far beneath the surface. Her picture is a brilliant *coup d'œil* of its outward aspect; for its inner life we must turn to more outspoken and better informed

* A Spanish game.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

chroniclers, from whom we glean coarse pictures of Dutch-like fidelity.

These fine ladies and gentlemen delighted in practical jokes and horse-play of a very rough description, of which I will cull a few examples. Madame la Duchesse de Luxembourg was famous for conjugal infidelity. M. le Prince (the son of Condé) thought it a capital joke to persuade M. le Duc to wear a stag's head decorated with an enormous pair of antlers, at a fancy ball. They were so large that they became entangled with a chandelier that hung from the ceiling. The victim was quite delighted at the honor M. le Prince had done him, in arranging his head-dress, and strutted about as proud as a peacock, to the intense amusement of everybody, including the king himself.

The principal butt of such amusements was the Princesse d'Harcourt, a protégé of Madame de Maintenon. St. Simon says the lady's father had been one of Madame Scarron's lovers. His description of Madame la Princesse is in his best style of portrait-painting. Here it is: —

> The Princesse d'Harcourt was a person whom it is good to describe, in order to better lay bare a court which did not scruple to receive such as she. She had once been beautiful and gay; but although not old all her beauty and grace had vanished. At the time I speak of she was a tall, fat creature, mightily brisk in her movements, with a complexion like milk porridge; great, ugly, thick lips, and hair like tow, always sticking out and hanging down in disorder, like all the rest of her fittings-out. Dirty, slatternly, always intriguing, pretending, enterprising, quarrelling, always low as the grass or as high as the rainbow, according to the person with whom she had to deal: she was a blonde fury, nay, more, a harpy; she had all the effrontery and the deceit and violence of one, all the avarice and audacity; moreover, all the gluttony and all the promptitude to relieve herself from the effects thereof, so that she drove out of their wits those at whose houses she dined; was often a victim of her confidence, and was many a time sent to the devil by the servants of M. du Maine and M. le Grand. She, however, was never in the least embarrassed, tucked up her petticoats and went her way; then returned saying she had been unwell.

This repulsive personage was very much hated by everybody, especially her servants, whom she treated very badly, and who occasionally revenged themselves upon her in a very pronounced manner. One day her coachman and footman, after soundly abusing her, deserted her in her carriage in the middle of the Pont Neuf; at another time a maid, whose ears she was in the habit of boxing, fell upon her, thumped her, kicked her, knocked her down, trampled upon her, and after double-locking the door quitted the house. Her domestics frequently left her in a body. Every day there was some disturbance in the house, and the neighbors could not sleep at night for the noise and riot. Much of this was occasioned by these aforesaid practical jokers. One night, twenty Swiss guards were introduced into the lady's chamber; each was armed with a drum, and at a given signal the whole twenty commenced a terrific rub-a-dub at her bedside. On another night, the Duchesse de Burgogne and her suite collected a quantity of snow and snowballed her in bed.

> The filthy creature, waking up with a start, bruised and stifled with snow, with which even her ears were filled, with dishevelled hair, yelling at the top of her voice, wriggling like an eel, without knowing where to hide, formed a spectacle that diverted people more than half an hour, so that at last the nymph swam in her bed, from which the water flowed everywhere, slushing all the chamber. It was enough to make one die of laughter.
>
> Such [he says in conclusion] was the favorite of Madame de Maintenon, so insolent and so insupportable to every one, but who had favors and preferences for those who bought her over, and who made herself feared even by princes and ministers.

Another victim of this horse-play was one Madame Panache, "a little and very old creature, with lips and eyes so disfigured that they were painful to look upon; a species of beggar who had attained a footing at court from being half-witted, who was now at the supper of the king, now at the dinner of Monseigneur, or at other places, where everybody amused themselves by tormenting her. She in turn abused the company at these parties, in order to cause diversion, but sometimes rated them very seriously and in strong

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

language, which delighted still more those princes and princesses, who emptied into her pockets meat and ragouts; the sauces of which ran all down her petticoats. At these parties some gave her a pistole or a crown, and others a fillip or a smack in the face, which put her in a fury, because with her bleared eyes, not being able to see to the end of her nose, she could not tell who had struck her; she was, in a word, the pastime of the court."

Practical jokes were not, however, the worst failings of some of these fine ladies. Of their morals it would be ridiculous to discourse, since they were non-existent; but they sometimes gave way to vices which are now confined to the most degraded of their sex.

> Madame la Duchesse de Burgogne supped at St. Cloud one evening, with Madame la Duchesse de Berri and others. Madame de Berri and M. d'Orléans, but she more than he, got so drunk that Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans, Madame la Duchesse de Burgogne, and the rest of the company there assembled knew not what to do. M. le Duc de Berri was there, and him they talked over as well as they could; and the numerous company was amused by the grande duchesse as well as she was able. The effects of the wine in more ways than one were such that the people were troubled. In spite of all the Duchesse de Berri could not be sobered, so that it became necessary to carry her, drunk as she was, to Versailles. Still the servants saw her state, and did not keep it to themselves!

This was the daughter of the king's nephew!

One of the most extraordinary personages of the court was Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the *great Mademoiselle*, as Madame de Sévigné calls her, the daughter of Gaston Duc d'Orléans. It has been said that one half her life was occupied in matrimonial projects that were never realized. Her list of proposals is, perhaps, the most remarkable on record. While a child, and until she was twenty years of age, she was encouraged by Anne of Austria and Mazarin in the idea that she would be queen of France. Then she was betrothed to the Cardinal of Bourbon, who died. Afterwards negotiations for her hand were opened by Philip of Spain; these were broken off by the machinations of Mazarin and the queen-mother. Her next suitors were the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., the emperor and his brother the archduke Leopold, and the Duke of Savoy. All these, except the emperor, were refused by her as unequal to her haughty and towering ambition. She owed a grudge to the court for disappointed hopes, and paid it off in the Fronde time. During that war her father sent her to hold Orleans, which was beginning to waver. The citizens hesitated to admit her. Going round the walls she found an old disused gate unguarded, and by this she entered the city, which she held bravely against the royal forces for six weeks. Some time afterwards, being then in Paris, she prevailed upon the citizens to open the gates to Condé, who had sustained a severe defeat at the hands of Turenne in the Faubourg St. Antoine; and this done she proceeded to the Bastille, armed with an order from her father, and commanded the guns to be fired upon the royal forces. The cause of the Fronde being lost, fearing arrest, she retired to her estate of St. Fargeau; there she assembled around her a little court, applied herself to study, and began to write her "Memoirs." She returned to court in 1657. Then commenced fresh negotiations for the marriage of this erratic princess; first it was Monsieur, the king's brother, who was twelve years her junior, then the son of Condé, then the king of Portugal, besides a number of smaller personages; but all came to nothing. At forty years of age she fell in love, for the first time, after disdainfully rejecting kings and princes, with an obscure gentleman, the Comte de Lauzun, who was distinguished neither for talent, manners, nor personal beauty, but who by a mixture of insolence and adulation had won his way to royal favor. It was a *grande passion* she conceived for him, and after a time she gained the king's consent to the marriage. Instead of at once availing himself of his fortune, the comte frittered away the precious days in magnificent preparations, thereby giving those who were envious of his success opportunity to work upon the king for the destruction

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of his hopes. They succeeded, and at the moment that all was ready for the nuptials, the consent was withdrawn. In vain did Mademoiselle cast herself at the royal feet, and weep and implore, Louis was inexorable. Madame de Montespan was at the head of the conspiracy which had broken off the marriage, but Lauzun, not knowing this, appealed to her to intercede for him with the king. She promised to do so; to be assured that she kept her word he contrived to conceal himself in her chamber and overhear all that passed between her and her royal lover; here he discovered that far from being his advocate she was his enemy. The next time they met he inquired if she had pleaded for him; she answered in the affirmative; upon which he grasped her by the wrist and overwhelmed her with such foul abuse in the presence of the whole court that she fainted away. All hope of obtaining the king's consent being at an end he and Mademoiselle contracted a private marriage. This being discovered he was arrested and imprisoned at Pignerol, in the chamber with Fouquet. There he remained ten years, and it was only by sacrificing a considerable part of her immense fortune to the children of Montespan, that Mademoiselle obtained his release. All her love and devotion, however, he repaid with the basest ingratitude, treating her with such contumely that at length, something of her old pride conquering her ignoble passion, she forever banished him her presence. Her remaining years — it is the usual sequel of such stories — were passed in devotion. When we have exhausted all the charms of the world we turn to heaven, and give ourselves to God only when man has rejected us.

Another beauty of this court, the hapless daughter of Charles the First, presents us with a yet more melancholy story. Henriette d'Angleterre, as she was called, was scarcely more than an infant when her mother first took refuge in France; Mazarin and the queen-mother at one time thought of her as a bride for the young Louis, but she had not then won any favor in his eyes, and by-and-by, just after the king's nuptials, a marriage was arranged between her and Monsieur, then Duc d'Orléans. He brought her to the court, at Fontainebleau, where, Madame Lafayette says, "there was nothing to compare with her."

That which the Princess of England possessed in the highest degree [says the same chronicler] was the gift to please, and what we call grace; these charms were diffused over all her person, over all her actions and her mind, and never princess was so equally capable of making herself loved by the men and adored by the women.

In a little time the king, attracted by her wit and beauty, found a charm in her society that aroused the jealousy of the queen and the displeasure of his mother. "She arranged all the diversions (at Fontainebleau); all were undertaken on her account; and it appeared that the king had no pleasure save in bestowing it upon her. It was in the midst of summer; Madame went to bathe every day; she went in a carriage, on account of the heat, and returned on horseback, followed by all the ladies, splendidly dressed, with a thousand feathers on their heads, accompanied by the king and all the youth of the court. After supper they got into calèches, and to the music of violins, went away to wander a part of the night around the canal." There were, besides, balls and plays and hunting parties, and all life was a dream of pleasure.

Louis was at this time in all the perfection of that manly beauty to which even the cynical St. Simon was compelled to pay homage, and Henriette, any more than any other woman, was not proof against his attentions. The remonstrances of the queen-mother revealed to them the dangers of their position, but did not break the infatuation. To hoodwink watchful eyes it was arranged that the king, in order to visit her, should pretend an affection for one of her maids of honor; the one selected was Louise de la Vallière. The pretence soon became earnest, and then — Henriette was forgotten. We next find her engaged in a *liaison* with the Comte de Guiche, and afterwards in one with the Marquis de Vardes. It is astonishing the naïveté with which Madame de Lafayette writes of these peccadilloes, and those of other ladies of the court. Volumes of dissertation upon the *morale* of the age could not bear so much significance as her tone. But there were many excuses for poor Henriette; she had been reared from infancy in a corrupt atmosphere, she was married to a man she did not love, who did not love her, and who, if the terrible stories of the age be true, she could only loathe. Here is his portrait, sketched by the great limner St. Simon: —

Monsieur was a little round-bellied man, who wore such high-heeled shoes that he seemed always mounted upon stilts; was always decked out like a woman, covered everywhere

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

with rings, bracelets, jewels; with a long black wig, powdered, and curled in front; with ribbons wherever he could put them; steeped in perfumes, and a fine model of cleanliness. He was accused of putting on an imperceptible touch of rouge. He had a long nose, good eyes and mouth, a full but very long face.

Speaking of his character he describes him as possessing much knowledge of the world, but neither wit nor reading; weak, timid, at once led by the nose and despised by his favorites; quarrelsome, suspicious, fond of making mischief, incapable of keeping a secret, etc. In 1670 the king entrusted the duchess with a secret mission to her brother Charles, the result of which was England's abandonment of Holland, and that treacherous league with France which brought such discredit upon this country.

Soon after her return to France she expiated her sins by a terrible death. One day after drinking a glass of chicory water, a beverage of which she was in the habit of partaking, she was seized with violent pains, and died nine hours afterwards in great agony. It was not until the publication of St. Simon's "Memoirs" that the mystery of her death was cleared up. The following is an abstract of his account: —

Her gallantries caused some jealousies in Monsieur, while the opposite taste of Monsieur roused Madame's indignation. The favorites whom she hated did all in their power to make division between them, to dispose of Monsieur at their ease. The Chevalier de Lorraine possessed a complete empire over Monsieur, and made Madame feel it as well as the rest of the house; she was not able to endure this domination, and being then in the height of favor and consideration with the king, she obtained the exile of the chevalier. At these tidings Monsieur fainted, then burst into a flood of tears, and cast himself at the king's feet to make him revoke the order. He was not able to succeed. The chevalier had two minions, the Marquis d'Effiat, Monsieur's master of the horse, and the Comte de Beuvron, his captain of the guards, and to these he sent from Italy a poison "sure and speedy." Madame was then at St. Cloud. Her chicory water was kept for her use in a cupboard of one of the ante-chambers; beside it was placed a vessel of water to dilute the beverage if her taste required it. This ante-chamber was a public passage. On the twenty-ninth of June, 1670, D'Effiat watched his opportunity, and dropped the poison into the chicory water. Just as he had done so a valet, passing by, observed him at the cupboard and asked him what he was doing. He replied that he was only taking a draught of water, and apologized for the liberty. After the duchess's death the valet seems to have talked about this incident, and it came to the king's ears. In ths middle of the night Louis sent an officer and six guards to secretly arrest Madame's *maître d'hôtel*, and bring him privately into his cabinet; from him he extracted the particulars just narrated. "And my brother, does he know of it?" he demanded. "No, sire," replied the *maître*, "none of us three was foolish enough to tell him; he cannot keep a secret, he would have destroyed us." Upon which the king uttered a sigh of relief and said, "That is all I wish to know." The man was set at liberty, and his Majesty preserved the secret, taking no steps to punish the assassins! Was there ever a more terrible piece of secret history brought to light? *

The next member of the royal family to be described is Monseigneur, the dauphin. It is still to St. Simon's wonderful portrait-gallery we must turn for our pictures, for what pencil could draw so accurately as his who painted from life?

He describes Monseigneur as rather tall, very fat, with a lofty and noble aspect, but a countenance wholly destitute of expression, feet singularly small and delicate.

He wavered always in walking, and felt his way with his feet; he was always afraid of falling, and if the path was not perfectly even and straight, he called for assistance. As for his character, he had none; he was without enlightenment or knowledge of any kind, radically incapable of acquiring any; very idle, without imagination or productiveness; without taste, without choice, without discernment, born for ennui, which he communicated to others, a ball moving at haphazard by the impulsion of others; obstinate and little to excess in everything; amazingly credulous and accessible to prejudice, keeping himself always in the most pernicious hands, yet incapable of seeing his position or changing it; absorbed in his fat and his ignorance, so that without any desire to do ill he would have made a very bad king. Ignorant to the last degree, he had a thorough aversion for learning; so that, according to his own admission, since he had left the hands of his teachers he had never read anything except the deaths and marriages in the *Gazette de France*.

* By a strange fatality the daughter of Madame, married to Charles the Second of Spain, died of poison at about the same age as her mother, administered, it was said, by the Comtesse de Soissons in a cup of milk. A doom as terrible as that of the Atridæ seemed to rest upon the Stuart race.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The king, he adds, treated him not as a son, but as a subject; he was totally destitute of all influence, and any person to whom he showed preference was sure to be kept back. "The king was so anxious to show that Monseigneur could do nothing, that Monseigneur after a time did not try." He was supposed to be secretly married to Mlle. de Choin, one of the maids of honor to the Princesse de Conti; she was always treated with great respect by the king and royal family, and well provided for after his death.

The next in succession to the throne was Louis' grandson, the Duc de Burgogne. The Duc de Burgogne in his youth is described by St. Simon as impetuous to frenzy, voluptuous beyond bounds, looking down upon all men as from the sky, as atoms with whom he had nothing in common, but at the same time gifted with a clear and penetrating intellect. Before his eighteenth year, however, a sudden change fell upon him, and he became devout to asceticism and so charitable he would refuse himself a new desk, to give the money it would cost to the poor.

A volume would not describe sufficiently my private interviews with this prince. What love of good, what forgetfulness of self, what researches, what fruit, what purity of purpose — may I say it? — what reflection of the divinity in that mind! candid, simple, strong, which, as much as it is possible here below, had preserved the image of his Maker. It was he who was not afraid to say publicly, in the *salon* of Marly, "that a king is made for his subjects, and not the subjects for him." Great God! what a spectacle you gave to us in him! What tender but tranquil views he had! What submission and love of God! What a consciousness of his own nothingness and his sins! What a magnificent idea of the infinite mercy! What religious and humble fear! What tempered confidence! What patience! What constant goodness for all who approached him. France fell in fine under this last chastisement: God showed to her a prince she merited not. The earth was not worthy of him; he was ripe already for the blessed eternity.

The life and soul of the court was his wife, the Duchesse de Burgogne. Although not beautiful she is described as being one of the most charming and fascinating women in the world.

Her gayety [says St. Simon] animated all; and her nymph-like lightness carried her everywhere like a whirlwind. She was the ornament of all diversions, the life and soul of all pleasure, and at balls ravished everybody by the justness and perfection of her dancing. She acquired a familiarity with the king and Madame de Maintenon that not any, even of the royal children, approached. "Never since he came into the world had he become really familiar with any one but her." In private she prattled and skipped about them, now perched upon the arms of their chairs, now playing upon their knees, clasping them round the neck, kissing them, rumpling them, tickling them under the chin, rummaging their tables, opening their letters. The king could not do without her. Everything went wrong with him when she was not by; even at his public supper, if she were away, an additional cloud of seriousness and silence settled upon him. She saw him every day, and if a ball or pleasure-party made her lose half the night, she always contrived to go and embrace him as soon as he was up, and amuse him with a description of the fête.

Monseigneur died of small-pox in 1711. In the following year, the Duchesse de Burgogne was seized with a mysterious illness, of which she expired in great agony. A few hours afterwards her husband was attacked by similar symptoms, of which he also died. Their son, a child of five years of age, followed his parents to the tomb, within a few weeks after their decease. A day or two previous to the attack the duchesse had been warned by her chief physician of a plot to poison her, and about the same time the duke received a similar warning from the king of Spain. On the day she was seized, the Duc de Noailles presented her with a very handsome snuff-box filled with Spanish snuff, of which she took a little and then left it upon a table in her dressing-room. That night she was seized with a feverish headache. As she grew worse, her attendants bethought them of the snuff; they went to look for the box; it had disappeared, and although the most rigorous inquiries were instituted, and every place searched, it was never again seen.

The Duc d'Orléans, afterwards the regent, was suspected of this deed, and all the popular fury was directed towards him. It does not come within the scope of this article to weigh the evidence for and against him, as the whole question as to whether or not the dauphin and dauphine died of poison, and if so who was the poisoner, still remains an impenetrable mystery.

The prevalence of secret poisoning was one of the most terrible phenomena of the age. To such a height did this crime rise in France that Madame de Sévigné ex-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

pressed a fear lest the name of Frenchman and poisoner might become synonymous. Two Italians, one of whom was named Exili, were discovered to carry on a regular traffic in poisons. They were cast into the Bastille; one died, Exili survived, and by means of his agents La Voisin and La Vigoureuse, two women, pretended fortune-tellers, and a priest named Le Sage, he continued to exercise his horrible calling, even during his imprisonment. One of the most celebrated *causes* arising out of this discovery was that of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, who, by means of potions supplied by these miscreants, had destroyed her father, her two brothers, and her sister, besides many other people, even the poor and sick, among whom she had distributed poisoned food, probably for the purpose of testing the powers of her drugs. Her accomplice in these crimes was a lover, named St. Croix, who perished of the fumes of a poison he was concocting. She was beheaded, and her body afterwards burned. About the same time a great number of persons of rank and wealth died suddenly under the most suspicious circumstances. The police were now set to work to investigate these events, and brought to light a system of wholesale poisoning, carried on by every grade of society, from the nobility down even to the peasantry, by means of the agents before named. Among the "great" people implicated in these crimes were the Comtesse de Soissons and the Duchesse de Bouillon, two nieces of Mazarin, the Duc de Vendôme, the Duc de Luxembourg, etc., etc. Nearly all were brought to trial before the *Chambre Ardente.* Many were dupes rather than criminals; but the facts elicited by the tribunal afford an extraordinary picture of the superstition of the age, and of a general belief in spells, witchcraft, and other occult influences, even amongst the highest. The Comtesse de Soissons fled to Spain, where she attached herself to the young queen, having been a great friend of her mother's, and whom, as it has been before stated, she was afterwards accused of poisoning. Whether the accusation was true or false has never been proved; but from that hour she became a wanderer, hated and shunned, even by her own son (the celebrated Prince Eugène), and died in absolute want. Her sister, the Duchesse de Bouillon, proved her connection with La Voisin and La Vigoureuse to have begun and ended in a consultation of those occult powers they were supposed to command. The Duc de Luxembourg, a great general who had rendered vast services to his country, pleaded to nothing beyond similar weaknesses, having employed Le Sage to draw up the horoscope of several persons, concerning whom he was curious. His trial, however, lasted fourteen months, during which he was debarred the use of pen and paper, and every means were used to convict him of the crime with which he was charged. But not even the malice of his powerful enemy Louvois could accomplish this, and he was ultimately acquitted. Indeed, the *Chambre Ardente* had been instituted by that despotic minister, and many of its prosecutions were undertaken to gratify his personal hatred.

A terrible man, even to his august master at times, was this Louvois. He was the son of Michael le Tellier, the chancellor, and in 1666 was appointed, through his father's interest, secretary at war. Overbearing and ambitious, hating all who possessed any portion of the royal favor, he became Colbert's most bitter rival and enemy. During many years these two men were Louis' evil and good angels; unfortunately the latter went first, and from the death of Colbert and the ascendency of Louvois date the darkness and misery which clouds the latter portion of this reign. Colbert was all for peace, Louvois was ever inciting the king's vainglorious temper to war. That of 1688, which lasted nine years, cost hundreds of thousands of lives, converted vast tracts of fertile country into arid deserts, ruined arts and commerce, plunged France into defeat and desolation, was, according to the authority of Dangeau, brought about by Louvois to gratify a fit of spleen. The Trianon was built under his superintendence. One day, while surveying the progress of the work, the king observed that one of the windows was smaller than the others. Louvois denied it was so with some insolence. The king reproved him sharply, and went away in great dudgeon. The minister was alarmed. "I am lost," he said, "if I do not find some occupation for a man who loses his temper about such trash: nothing but a war can wean him from building, and a war he shall have." And from that hour he never rested until he had plunged the country into hostilities. He died suddenly in 1691; and again we hear rumors of foul play. A scullion was arrested on suspicion of having put poison into his water-jug, from which he was in the habit of drinking copiously, but nothing could be proved. A strange circumstance, how-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ever, occurred five or six months afterwards: one day Séron, his physician, shut himself up in his private apartment in Versailles, uttering the most dreadful cries; he refused to open the door, and all that inquiries could gain from him was — that he had got what he deserved for what he had done to his master. Eight or ten hours afterwards he was dead, and no further light was ever thrown upon the mystery. The king, to whom Louvois' insolence had become intolerable, seems to have hailed his death as a relief; it was equally acceptable to Madame de Maintenon, the acknowledgment of whose marriage with Louis he had always violently opposed. It is said that his death only prevented his arrest and imprisonment in the Bastille for an insult he had offered to the king. He was in the habit of systematically disobeying his royal master's express commands; it was by his orders the terrible ravages in the Palatinate were executed; he counselled the burning of Trèves, an act of superfluous horror that was too much for even the bigotry of Louis, and he sternly forbade it. A day or two afterwards he boldly announced, in a private council at Marly, that he had given the order. Louis was so exasperated that he snatched up a pair of tongs, and was only prevented from using them upon the minister's head by the interposition of Maintenon. "If a single house is burned your head shall answer for it!" he exclaimed. Fortunately the whole thing was a piece of bravado; the order had not been given. In spite of the tragic horror that lurks behind it, there is something ludicrous in this peep into royal privacy. Louvois was nevertheless a man of genius, and managed his department with rare ability: he was the creator of the commissariat, and wherever the army moved, vast stores were established that served them both in advance and retreat.

Among the great figures of the court, we must not forget the king's confessor, not Père la Chaise, of his younger days, but the terrible Père le Tellier of his age; the destroyer of the Jansenists, and, with Maintenon, the prime mover of the repeal of the Edict of Nantes. St. Simon's picture of this bigot is perhaps the most powerful of all his portraits: —

Harsh, exact, laborious, enemy of all dissipation, of all amusement, of all society, incapable of even associating with his colleagues, he demanded no leniency for himself and accorded none to others. His brain and his health were of iron; his conduct was so also; his nature was savage and cruel. He was profoundly false, deceitful, hidden under a thousand folds; and when he could show himself and make himself feared, he yielded nothing, laughed at the most express promises when he no longer cared to keep them, and pursued with fury those who had trusted to them. He was the terror of the Jesuits, and was so violent to them that they scarcely dared approach him. His exterior kept faith with his interior. His physiognomy was cloudy, false, terrible; his eyes were burning, evil, squinting, his aspect struck all with dismay; one would not have cared to encounter him in a dark wood. The whole aim of his life was to advance the interests of his society; that was his God; his life had been absorbed in that study. Surprisingly ignorant, insolent, impetuous without measure and without discretion, all means were good that furthered his designs. The first time Père le Tellier entered the king's cabinet, after having been presented to him, there was nobody there but Bloin and Fagon (the king's chief physicians) in a corner. Fagon bent two-double, and, leaning on his stick, watched the interview, and studied the physiognomy of this new personage — his duckings and scrapings and words. The king asked him if he was a relation of MM. le Tellier. The good father humbled himself in the dust. "I, sire," answered he, "a relative of MM. le Tellier! I am very different from that. I am a poor peasant of Lower Normandy, where my father was a farmer." Fagon, who watched him in every movement, twisted himself up to look at Bloin, and said, pointing to the Jesuit: "Monsieur, what a cursed" — then shrugging his shoulders he leaned upon his stick again. It turned out he was not mistaken in his strange judgment of a confessor. This Tellier made all the grimaces, not to say the hypocritical monkey tricks, of a man who was doubtful of his place and only took it out of deference to his company.

There are other personages of this wonderful court I would love to describe: M. le Prince, the son of the great Condé, the horrible Duc de Vendôme, although decency would preclude a full description of this monster, etc., etc., but my limited space compels me to stay my pen. Of the royal mistresses, La Vallière, Montespan, Maintenon, of the Duc d'Orléans (the regent), and his daughter, the Duchesse de Berri, I have written in previous numbers of *Temple Bar*, and must not repeat myself.

Turn we now to the central figure of this court, the king himself. Madame de Sévigné has supplied us with a picture of his earlier and brilliant days, St. Simon must be again put under contribution for one of his later life. Here is a description of his daily routine, condensed from the voluminous pages of the duke: —

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

At eight o'clock the chief valet-de-chambre on duty, who alone had slept in the royal chamber, and who had dressed himself, awoke the king. The chief physician, the chief surgeon, and the nurse (as long as she lived) entered at the same time. The latter kissed the king; the others rubbed and often changed his shirt, because he was in the habit of sweating a great deal. At the quarter the grand chamberlain was called, and those who had what is called the *grandes entrées*. The chamberlain drew back the curtains which had been closed again, and presented the holy water from the vase at the head of the bed. These gentlemen stayed but a moment, and that was the time to speak to the king if any one had anything to ask of him, in which case the rest stood aside. He who had opened the curtains and presented the holy water presented also a prayer-book. Then all passed into the cabinet of the council. A very short religious service being over, the king called; they re-entered. The same officer gave him his dressing-gown; immediately afterwards other privileged courtiers entered, and then everybody, in time to find the king putting on his shoes and stockings, for he did almost everything for himself. Every other day he shaved; he had no toilette-table, but simply a mirror held before him. As soon as he was dressed he prayed beside his bed, the clergy kneeling with him, the laity standing. Then he passed into his cabinet. Thither he was followed by every person who held any office. Having given each his orders for the day all departed, and he was left alone with his sons, a few favorites, and the valets. This was the time that plans for new buildings, etc., were discussed and arranged.* After this came the audiences, mass, then the council, and at one o'clock, usually, the dinner. He always ate alone in his own chamber, that is to say, no one ate with him, not even his sons; sometimes, but rarely, Monsieur was made an exception. He was noted for being a very large eater. The meal finished he re-entered his cabinet, amused himself with feeding his dogs, gave audience to distinguished people, changing his dress at the same time. Then he went abroad, sometimes in his coach, sometimes on horseback, to hunt the stag, sometimes to promenade, or to picnics in the forest of Marly or Fontainebleau. Upon returning anybody might speak to him from the time he left his coach until he reached the foot of the staircase. After resting an hour in his cabinet he went to Madame de Maintenon's. At ten o'clock supper was served; this was usually a grand affair, all the royal family and the principal ladies and gentlemen of the court being present. After supper he stood for some moments with his back leaning against the balustrade at the foot of his bed, encircled by the court; then, bowing to the ladies, he passed into his cabinet. There he spent an hour in company with his children and grandchildren and their husbands and wives, seated in an armchair, his brother in another, the princesses on stools, all the princes standing. Then he went and fed his dogs and passed into his chamber; after this began the *petit coucher*, at which only the most privileged were present; these did not leave until he was in bed.

Louis XIV. [says St. Simon] was created for a brilliant court. In the midst of other men his figure, courage, grace, beauty, mien, even tone of voice, and the majestic and natural charm of his person distinguished him till death as King Bee, and showed if he had only been born a private gentleman he would equally have excelled in pleasures, fêtes, gallantry.

Such testimony from a man who has, above all other chroniclers, shown the seamy and ignoble side of the *Grand Monarque's* character is incontrovertible. Never was man so polite; he never passed a woman, however lowly her position, even though she were one of the menials of his palace, without raising his hat, and the whole time he conversed with a lady he remained uncovered.* And yet never was

* Louis, as it is well known, had a great passion for building (although his only addition to Paris was the Pont Royal). Every one has heard of the vast sums the heterogeneous pile of Versailles cost; but few would imagine that — according to the authority of St. Simon — he expended more upon the construction and embellishment of that gloomy retreat of his latter days, Marly, than even upon the gorgeous palace with which his name is ever associated. For this abode he fixed upon a deep, narrow valley behind Lucienne, shut in by hills and inaccessible swamps. On the slope of one of the hills was a miserable village. This uninviting spot he ordered to be drained, and this done builders were set to work to erect the palace. Not upon these labors, however, so much as upon his caprices in the arrangement of the grounds, was the money lavished. Great trees were brought thither from distant parts, vast tracts were covered with thick woods; but these plantations were scarcely completed before all was again changed, the woods were uprooted, and artificial lakes, upon which floated numbers of magnificent gondolas, took their place. Six weeks afterwards another whim seized the royal fancy, the lakes were filled up and the forest replanted. Then were constructed carp-ponds adorned with the most exquisite paintings, which were scarcely dry ere they were all destroyed to make room for basins and cascades. And all this time France was groaning and famishing beneath the burdens of war.

* The etiquette of his court was the exact reverse of our own. In the presence all remained covered except

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

man more selfish and indifferent to the convenience of both man and woman; no matter what might be the state of the weather, no matter how delicate might be their health, he insisted upon all the ladies of the court attending him in his long drives or promenades, sometimes continued through several hours, beneath a burning sun or in frost and snow. Sometimes they fell fainting from their horses with illness or fatigue, but such incidents never moved him. His robust constitution felt neither heat nor cold. To no one, not even to Maintenon, did he show any indulgence. When she went abroad he rode or walked beside her carriage bareheaded, and treated her with the most reverential respect; but on the coldest night he would have every door and window of her chamber open when she lay sick in bed, and knowing all the time she was painfully susceptible to draughts. For a noble not to attend court was the greatest offence he could commit against the royal person, and the absolute centralization thus induced was one of the great causes of the miseries of the provinces and — of the Revolution.

He instituted a system of espionage from which no person was safe. He employed a number of Swiss to hang about the corridors and grounds of the palace day and night, watch all ingoings and outgoings, listen to all conversations, and report to him all they saw and heard. All letters were opened at the post-office, and those containing the slightest reference to himself or the government were forwarded to him; a single hostile or satirical expression was sufficient to ruin a person. Of education, thanks to Mazarin, he had little or none, and he was suspicious of talent in others. He could not endure any superiority. He was fond of teaching, even to his cooks; he believed that all his generals and ministers owed their success to his inspiration. To cringe and flatter were the only means of gaining his favor, and this naturally conduced to the employment of incompetents both in military and domestic offices. He could not breathe unless the air was impregnated with the incense of flattery; he would himself sing verses containing the most fulsome adulation of himself. At least half his wars and military displays were the offspring of vanity; he was ever posing himself to dazzle Europe, to strike it with awe, terror, or admiration. Yet a Breton peasant was scarcely more credulous. One day there came to him a farrier from Provence, who told the following extraordinary story. One night when he was returning home, he saw a great light shining against a tree that stood upon the roadside; in this light he saw the figure of a woman, who addressed him, and after informing him she was the late queen, made a certain communication, which she desired him to carry to the king. Thinking he had fallen asleep and dreamed this vision he took no notice of it; shortly afterwards it appeared a second time and delivered the same injunctions. Still he neglected to obey, until he received a third visitation and a command to go to the intendant of the province, tell him the story, and ask for money to carry him to Versailles. He did so; and whether the intendant was credulous enough to swallow the story, or had secret orders, it is impossible to say, but he obeyed the ghost's behests and supplied him with the necessary funds for the journey. The king received him, at first in the presence of his ministers, and afterwards alone; twice they were closeted together for an hour. "I have conversed with him," said his Majesty; "he has much good sense, and is far from mad." He also averred that he had told him a circumstance he was certain was known only to himself. The man was dismissed with a handsome gratuity, and a recommendation to the intendant never to let him want for anything. What the nature of the pretended supernatural communication was never transpired, but it was supposed to relate to the public declaration of his marriage with Maintenon, and the vision was believed to be the work of one of her creatures, a Madame Arnoul, who dabbled in the occult arts.

Although so sanguinary a bigot in his later years, Louis had little or no sense of religion, as the following anecdote will prove. When the Duc d'Orleans was about to start for Spain, he named among the officers of his suite a gentleman named Fontpertius. "What!" exclaimed Louis, when the list was submitted to him, "Fontpertius, the son of that Jansenist woman who ran everywhere after M. Arnould" (the great head of the Jansenists), "I do not wish that man to go with you." "By my faith, sire," replied the duke, "I know not what his mother might have been, but as for the son he is far enough from being a Jansenist, I'll answer for it; for he does not even believe in God." "Is it possible?" exclaimed the king, but in a very softened tone; "well, since it is so, there is no harm. You can take him with you."

the king, and removed their hats only when addressing him or any of the royal family.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

It was a heinous crime not to be orthodox, but to be an atheist was a mere bagatelle in the eyes of this religious persecutor.*

Louis the Fourteenth would have been a far better man and a greater king, had not his youth been passed amidst rebellion, and had he received an education befitting his station. For both these misfortunes he was indebted to his weak mother and her infamous minister.† The first, by rendering him morbidly fearful of mob and noble turbulence, urged him to despotism; his lack of knowledge — they scarcely taught him to read and write — warped and narrowed his mind; vanity and self-conceit filled the vacuum of his brain — for a man's self-opinion is usually in the reverse ratio of his abilities and information. In this last lay the causes of his ruin and that of his country.

The spectacle of the earlier part of his reign is grand and imposing; great generals, great writers, an enormous impetus given to arts and manufactures, scientific discoveries, ever-increasing wealth and the most brilliant court of modern Europe, all tended to elevate the central figure and cast a halo of glory around it not its own. Louvois and Maintenon were the evil geniuses who clouded this dazzling picture with a Cimmerian gloom, bringing with them war and bigotry and bloody persecutions. Art, science, literature, withered beneath their foul breaths; one by one the great writers and statesmen and generals died off, and none rose to take their places, for genius could not exist in a world over which such demons presided. With each succeeding year the gloom deepened; a death, strange and mysterious, swept away his children and grandchildren, and all he loved best, and those who survived added to his troubles by their plots and cabals; his treasury was empty, his people famishing, his villages depopulated by Catholic fury, his armies defeated. And he, once the cynosure of Europe, a querulous old man broken down by disease, worn by remorse, cowering over the fire in a cell-like chamber at Marly, groaning, weeping, ever complaining, and opposite to him the withered Gorgon who had done so much to work this mischief. Each was the Nemesis of the other.

How terrible is this woman's wail in one of her letters! —

"Do you not see I am dying of weariness amidst a fortune that can scarcely be imagined? I have been young and pretty; I have tasted pleasure. I have been everywhere loved. In an age more advanced I have passed some years in the commerce of the mind, and I protest to you that all conditions leave a frightful void." And, again, her exclamation to her brother: "I can endure no more, I wish only to die."

Amidst such storm and gloom the *Grand Monarque* at last closed his eyes in death, and the people who had once worshipped him as an idol, now offered up thanks to God for lifting off them the burden of a hideous nightmare of war, famine, and priestcraft.

* Such was the religion of the age. The next generation only cast off the mask and cloak which had hitherto concealed dry bones and dust. What the church was may be gathered from the career of a celebrated ecclesiastic, the Abbé de Vatteville. He began life as a Carthusian; growing weary of his monastery he made his escape, having first shot the prior, who attempted to stay him. Stopping at an inn that night he committed a second murder, shooting a traveller who desired to share his supper. Quitting France he made his way to the East, and entered the Turkish service. Renouncing his religion he embraced Mohammedanism; he was intrusted with a post of considerable consequence in the army. Growing tired of his new country, he offered to betray several important places to the Venetians, with whom it was then at war, on certain conditions. These were, that the pope should grant him absolution for all the crimes he had committed, protect him against the animosity of the Carthusians, and all other religious orders, and preserve to him all the rights of the priesthood, so that he might have the power to accept benefices. So important was the price he offered for these concessions, and so little scrupulous was the papacy, that all were granted him. Having betrayed the Turks, he returned to France, where the queen-mother wished to bestow upon him the archbishopric of Besançon, but this was too much even for his Holiness, and so my ex-Mussulman had to content himself with the abbey of Baume and a second in Picardy. There he lived like a grand seigneur, kept hounds, mistresses, and the most jovial company, was always received with great distinction whenever he visited court, and so lived jovially until the age of ninety.

† See "Mazarin," *Temple Bar*, January 1876.

---

*This story ("*GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY*"), being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in* THE LIVING AGE *from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE PLAINS.

AND here also as at Chicago, the demon of speculation was nearly getting the better of our small and not by any means wealthy

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

party. It was a terrible temptation to hear of all those beautiful grazing lands close by in the Platte valley, the freehold of which was to be purchased for a song. The fact is, things were rather bad at Omaha while we were there; and although everybody tried to hang on to his real estate in hopes of better times, still the assessments pressed hard, and one could have very eligible "lots" at very small prices. No doubt there were ominous rumors about. We heard something, as we went further west, about county commissioners, elected by the homesteaders and pre-emptors who are free from taxation, going rather wild in the way of building roads, schools, and bridges at the cost of the mere speculators. It was said that these very non-resident speculators, whose ranks we had been tempted to join, were the curse of the country, and that all laws passed to tax them, and to relieve the real residents, were just. Very well; but what was that other statement about the arrears of taxes owing by these unhappy wretches? Was it fair of the government of any state or any country in the world to sell such debts by auction, and give the buyer the right of extorting forty per cent. per annum until the taxes were paid? We regarded our friends. We hinted that this statement was a capital credulometer. The faith that can accept it is capable of anything.

These profound researches into the condition of public affairs in Omaha, during the further day or two we lingered there, were partly owing to vague dreams of the pleasure of proprietorship, but no doubt they were partly due to the notion that had got into the heads of one or two of our party that the idyllic life of a shepherd in the Platte valley must be a very fine thing. The lieutenant combated this notion fiercely, and begged Lady Sylvia to wait until she had seen the harshness of life even amid the comparative luxury of a well-appointed ranch. Lady Sylvia retorted gently that we had no further knowledge of life at a ranch than herself; that she had attentively listened to all that had been said about the subject by our friends in Omaha; that harshness of living was a relative thing; and that she had no doubt Bell and her husband would soon get used to it, and would not complain.

"Oh no, she will not complain," said he, lightly. "She is very reasonable — she is very sensible. She will never be reconciled to the place while her children are away, and she will have a great deal of crying by herself; but she will not complain."

"Nor would any woman," said Lady Sylvia, boldly. "She is acting rightly; she is doing her duty. I think that women are far more capable of giving up luxuries they have been accustomed to than men are."

This set the lieutenant thinking. On the morning on which we left Omaha, he came aside, and said, —

"I, too, have written a letter to Mr. Balfour. Shall I post it?"

"What is in it?"

"The proposal I told you of the other night, but very — very — what do you call it? — roundabout. I have said perhaps he is only coming out to take his wife home sooner than you go: that is well. I have said perhaps he is waiting until the firm starts again; if that is any use, when they must have been losing for years. Again, that is well. But I have said perhaps he is coming to look how to start a business — an occupation; if that is so, will he stay with us a year? — see if he understands — then he will take the management, and have a yearly percentage. I have said it is only a passing thought; but we will ask Lady Sylvia to stay with us at Idaho until we hear from him. He can telegraph from New York. He will tell her to remain until he comes, or to meet him somewhere; I will get some one to accompany her. What do you say?"

"Post the letter."

"It will be very pleasant for us," said he, in a second or so, as he rubbed his hands in an excited fashion, "to have them out for our neighbors for a year at the least — it will be pleasant for Bell — how can she get any one in Denver or Idaho to know all about her children and Surrey? My dear friend, if you have any sense, you will stay with us too. I will show you bears."

He spoke as if he were already owner of the Rocky Mountains.

"And we will go down to Kansas — a great party, with covered wagons, and picnics, and much amusement — for a buffalo-hunt. And then we will go up to the Parks in the middle of the mountains — what it is, is this, I tell you: if our stay here is compulsive, we will make it as amusing as possible, you will see, if only you will stay the year too."

A sigh was the answer.

And now, as we again set out on our journey westward, the beautiful prairie country seemed more beautiful than ever; and we caught glimpses of the fertile valley of the Platte, in which our imagi-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

nary freehold estates lay awaiting us. On and on we went with the never-ending undulations of grass and flowers glowing all around us in the sunlight; the world below a plain of gold, the world above a vault of the palest blue. The space and light and color were altogether most cheerful; and as the train went at a very gentle trot along the single line, we sat outside, for the most part, in the cool breeze. Occasionally we passed a small hamlet, and that had invariably an oddly extemporized look. The wooden houses were stuck down anyhow on the grassy plain; without any trace of the old-fashioned orchards and walled gardens and hedges that bind, as it were, an English village together. Here there was but the satisfaction of the most immediate needs. One wooden building labelled "Drug Store," another wooden building labelled "Grocery Store," and a blacksmith's shop, were ordinarily the chief features of the community. All day we passed in this quiet gliding onward; and when the sun began to sink toward the horizon we found ourselves in the midst of a grassy plain, apparently quite uninhabited and of boundless extent. As the western sky deepened in its gold and green, and as the sun actually touched the horizon, the level light hit across this vast plain in long shafts of dull fire, just catching the tops of the taller rushes near us, and touching some distant sandy slopes into a pale crimson. Lower and lower the sun sank, until it seemed to eat a bit out of the horizon, so blinding was the light; while far above, in a sea of luminous green, lay one long narrow cloud, an island of blood-red.

In a second, when the sun sank, the world seemed to grow quite dark. All around us the prairie land had become of a cold, heavy, opaque green, and the only objects which our bewildered eyes could distinguish were some pale white flowers — like the tufts of canna on a Scotch moor. But presently, and to our intense surprise, the world seemed to leap up again into light and color. This afterglow was most extraordinary. The immeasurable plains of grass became suffused with a rich olive green; the western sky was all a radiance of lemon yellow and silvery gray; while along the eastern horizon — the most inexplicable thing of all — there stretched a great band of smoke-like purple and pink. We soon became familiar with this phenomenon out in the West — this appearance of a vast range of roseate Alps along the eastern horizon, where there was neither mountain nor cloud. It was merely the shadow of the earth, projected by the sunken sun into the earth's atmosphere. But it was an unforgettable thing, this mystic belt of color far away in the east, over the dark earth, and under the pale and neutral hues of the sky.

The interior of a Pullman sleeping-car, after the stalwart colored gentleman has lowered the shelves and made the beds and drawn the curtains, presents a strange sight. The great folds of the dusky curtains, in the dim light of a lamp, move in a mysterious manner, showing the contortions of the human beings within who are trying to dispossess themselves of their garments; while occasionally a foot is shot into the outer air so that the owner can rid himself of his boot. But within these gloomy recesses there is sufficient comfort; and he who is wakeful can lie and look out on the gathering stars as they begin to come out over the dark prairie land. All through the night this huge snake, with its eyes of yellow fire, creeps across the endless plain. If you wake up before the dawn and look out, behold! the old familiar conditions of the world are gone, and the Plough is standing on its head. But still more wonderful is the later awakening; when the yellow sunlight of the morning is shining over the prairies, and when within this long caravan there is a confused shuffling and dressing, everybody wanting to get outside to get a breath of the fresh air. And what is this we find around us now? The vast plain of grass is beautiful in the early light, no doubt; but our attention is quickened by the sight of a drove of antelope which trot lightly and carelessly away toward some low and sandy bluffs in the distance. That solitary object out there seems at first to be a huge vulture; but by-and-by it turns out to be a prairie wolf — a coyote — sitting on its hind-legs and chewing at a bone. The chicken-hawk lifts its heavy wings as we go by, and flies across the plain. And here are the merry and familiar little prairie-dogs — half rabbit and half squirrel — that look at us each from his little hillock of sand, and then pop into their hole only to reappear again when we have passed. Now the long swathes of green and yellow-brown are broken by a few ridges of gray rock; and these, in some places, have patches of orange-red lichen that tell against the pale blue sky. It is a clear, beautiful morning. Even those who have not slept well through the slow rumbling of the night

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

soon get refreshed up on these high, cool plains.

At Sydney we suddenly came upon an oasis of brisk and busy life in this immeasurable desert of grass; and of course it was with an eager curiosity that we looked at these first indications of the probable life of our friend the ranch-woman. For here were immense herds of cattle brought in from the plains, and large pens and inclosures, and the picturesque herders, with their big boots and broad-rimmed hats, spurring about on their small and wiry horses.

"Shall you dress in buckskin?" asked Lady Sylvia of our lieutenant; "and will you flourish about one of those long whips?"

"Oh no," said he; "I understand my business will be a very tame one — all at a desk."

"Until we can get some trustworthy person to take the whole management," said Bell, gently, and looking down.

"What handsome fellows they are!" the lieutenant cried. "It is a healthy life. Look at the keen brown faces, the flat back, the square shoulders; and not a bit of fat on them. I should like to command a regiment of those fellows. Fancy what cavalry they would make — light, wiry, splendid riders — you could do something with a regiment of those fellows, I think! Lady Sylvia, did I ever tell you what two of my company — the dare-devils! — did at ——?"

Lady Sylvia had never heard that legend of 1870; but she listened to it now with a proud and eager interest; for she had never forsaken, even at the solicitation of her husband, her championship of the Germans.

"I will write a ballad about it some day," said the lieutenant, with a laugh. "'*Es ritt' zwei Uhlanen wohl über den Rhein* ——'"

"Yes!" said Lady Sylvia, with a flash of color leaping to her face, "it *was* well over the Rhine — it was indeed well over the Rhine that they and their companions got before they thought of going home again!"

"Ah, yes," said he humbly, "but it is only the old seesaw. To-day it is Paris, to-morrow it is Berlin that is taken. The only thing is that this time I think we have secured a longer interval than usual; the great fortresses we have taken will keep us secure for many a day to come; our garrisons are armies; they cannot be surprised by treachery; and so long as we have the fortresses, we need not fear any invasion ——"

"But you took them by force: why should not the French take them back by force?" his wife said.

"I think we should not be likely to have that chance again," said he; "the French will take care not to fall into that condition again. But we are now safe and for a long time, because we have their great fortresses, and then our own line of the Rhine fortresses as well. It is the double gate to our house; and we have locked all the locks, and bolted all the bars. And yet we are not going to sleep."

We were again out on the wide and tenantless plains, and Bell was looking with great curiosity at the sort of land in which she was to find her home; for over there on the left the long undulations disappeared away into Colorado. And though these yellow and gray-green plains were cheerful enough in the sunshine, still they were very lonely. No trace of any living thing was visible — not even an antelope, or the familiar little prairie-dog. Far as the eye could reach on this high-lying plateau, there was nothing but the tufts of withered-looking buffalo-grass, with here and there a bleached skull, or the ribs of a skeleton breaking the monotony of the expanse. The lieutenant, who was watching the rueful expression of his wife's face, burst out laughing.

"You will have elbow-room out here, eh?" said he. "You will not crowd your neighbors off the pavement."

"I suppose we shall have no neighbors at all," said she.

"But at Idaho you will have plenty," said he; "it is a great place of fashion, I am told. It is even more fashionable than Denver. Ah, Lady Sylvia, we will show you something now. You have lived too much out of the world, in that quiet place in Surrey. Now we will show you fashion, life, gayety!"

"Is it bowie-knives or pistols that the gentlemen mostly use in Denver?" asked Lady Sylvia, who did not like to hear her native Surrey despised.

"Bowie-knives! pistols!" exclaimed the lieutenant, with some indignation. "When they fight a duel now, it is with tubes of rose-water. When they use dice, it is to say which of them will go away as missionaries to Africa — oh, it is quite true — I have heard many things of the reformation of Denver. The singing-saloons, they are all chapels now. All the people meet once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon to hear an exposition of one of Shakespeare's plays; and the rich people, they have all sent their money away to be

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

spent on blue china. All the boys are studying to become bishops —— "

He suddenly ceased his nonsense, and grasped his wife's arm. Some object outside had caught his attention. She instantly turned to the window, as we all did; and there, at the distant horizon, we perceived a pale transparent line of blue. You may be sure we were not long inside the carriage after that. The delight of finding something to break the monotony of the plains was boundless. We clung to the iron barrier outside, and craned our necks this way and that, so that we could see from farthest north to farthest south the shadowy, serrated range of the Rocky Mountains. The blue of them appeared to be about as translucent as the silvery light in which they stood; we could but vaguely make out the snow peaks in that long serrated line; they were as a bar of cloud along the horizon. And yet we could not help resting our eyes on them with a great relief and interest, as we pressed on to Cheyenne, at which point we were to break our journey and turn to the south. It was about midday when we reached that city, which was a famous place during the construction of the Union Pacific Railway, and which has even now some claim to distinction. It is with a pardonable pride that its inhabitants repeat the name it then acquired, and all right to which it has by no means abandoned. The style and title in question is "Hell on Wheels."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"HELL ON WHEELS."

WE step out from the excellent little railway hotel, in which we have taken up our quarters, on to the broad platform, and into the warm light of the afternoon.

"Bell," says our gentle Queen T., looking rather wistfully along the pale rampart of the Rocky Mountains, "these are the walls of your future home. Will you go up to the top of an evening and wave a handkerchief to us? And we will try to answer you from Mickleham Downs."

"On Christmas-night we will send you many a message," said Bell, looking down.

"And my husband and myself," said Lady Sylvia, quite simply, "you will let us join in that too."

"But do you expect to be out here till Christmas?" said Bell, with well-affected surprise.

"I don't think my husband would come to America," said Lady Sylvia, in the most matter-of-fact way, "after what has happened, unless he meant to stay."

"Oh, if you could only be near us!" cried Bell; but she dared not say more.

"That would be very pleasant," Lady Sylvia answered, with a smile; "but of course I don't know what my husband's plans are. We shall know our way more clearly when he comes to Idaho. It will seem so strange to sit down and shape one's life anew; but I suppose a good many people have got to do that."

By this time the lieutenant had secured a carriage which was standing at the end of the platform, along with a pony for himself.

"Now, Mrs. Von Rosen," said he, "air you ready? Guess you've come up from the ranch to have a frolic? Got your dollars ready for the gambling-saloons?"

"And if I have," said she, boldly, "they are licensed by the government. Why should I not amuse myself in these places?"

"Madame," replied her husband, sternly, "the Puritan nation into which you have married permits of no such vices. Cheyenne must follow Homburg, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden —— "

"No doubt," said the sharper-tongued of our women-folk, who invariably comes to the assistance of her friend — "no doubt that will follow when your pious emperor has annexed the State."

"I beg your pardon, madame," says the lieutenant, politely, "but Wyoming is not a State; it is only a Territory."

"I don't suppose it would matter," she retorts, carelessly, "if the Hohenzollerns could get their hands on it anyhow. But never mind. Come along, Bell, and let us see what sort of neighbors you are likely to have."

They were no doubt rather rough-looking fellows, those gentlemen who lounged about the doors of the drinking-saloons; but there were more picturesque figures visible in the open thoroughfares riding along on stalwart little ponies, the horsemen bronzed of face, clad mostly in buckskin, and with a good deal of ornament about their saddle and stirrups. As for Cheyenne itself, there was certainly nothing about its outward appearance to entitle any one to call it "Hell on Wheels." Its flat, rectangular streets were rather dismal in appearance; there seemed to be little doing even in the drinking-saloons. But brisker times, we were assured, were at hand. The rumors about the gold to be had in the Black Hills would draw to this point the adventurers of many lands, as

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

free with their money as with their language. Here they would fit themselves out with the wagons and weapons necessary for the journey up to the Black Hills; here they would return — the Sioux permitting — to revel in the delights of keno, and poker, and Bourbon whiskey. Cheyenne would return to its pristine glory, when life — so long as you could cling on to it — was a brisk and exciting business. Certainly the Cheyenne we saw was far from being an exciting place. It was in vain that we implored our Bell to step down and bowie-knife somebody, or do something to let us understand what Cheyenne was in happier times. There was not a single corpse lying at any of the saloon doors, nor any duel being fought in any street. The glory had departed.

But when we got away from these few chief thoroughfares, and got to the outskirts of Cheyenne, we were once more forcibly reminded of our native land; for a better representation of Epsom Downs on the morning after the Derby day could not be found anywhere, always with the difference that here the land is flat and arid. The odd fashion in which these wooden shanties and sheds, with some private houses here and there, are dotted down anyhow on the plain — their temporary look, the big advertisements, the desolate and homeless appearance of the whole place — all served to recall that dismal scene that is spread around the grand stand when the revellers have all returned to town. By-and-by, however, the last of these habitations disappeared, and we found ourselves out on a flat and sandy plain, that was taking a warm tinge from the gathering color in the west. The Rocky Mountains were growing a bit darker in hue now; and that gave them a certain grandeur of aspect, distant as they were. But what was this strange thing ahead of us, far out on the plain? A cloud of dust rises into the golden air; we can hear the faint footfalls of distant horses. The cloud comes nearer; the noise deepens. Now it is the thunder of a troop of men on horseback galloping down upon us as if to sweep us from the road.

"Forward, scout!" cried Bell, who had been getting up her Indian lore, to her husband on the pony; "hold up your right hand and motion them back; if they are friendly, they will retire. Tell them the Great Father of the white men is well disposed toward his red children —— "

"And wouldn't cheat them out of a dollar even if he could get a third term of office by it."

But by this time the enemy had borne down upon us with such swiftness that he had gone right by before we could quite make out who he was. Indeed, amid such dust the smartest cavalry uniforms in the United States army must soon resemble a digger's suit.

We pushed on across the plain, and soon reached the point which these impetuous riders had just left — Fort Russell. The lieutenant was rather anxious to see what style of fortification the United States government adopted to guard against any possible raid on the part of the Indians, exasperated by the encroachments of the miners among the Black Hills; and so we all got down and entered Fort Russell, and had a pleasant walk round in the cool evening air. We greatly admired the pretty little houses built for the quarters of the married officers, and we appreciated the efforts made to get a few cottonwood-trees to grow on this arid soil; but as for fortifications, there was not so much as a bit of red tape surrounding the inclosure. Our good friend who had conducted us hither only laughed when the lieutenant expressed his surprise.

"The Indians would as soon think of invading Washington as coming down here," said he.

"But they have come before," observed the lieutenant, "and that not very long ago. How many massacres did they make when the railway was being built —— "

"Then there were fewer people — Cheyenne was only a few shanties —— "

"Cheyenne!" cried the lieutenant, "Cheyenne a defence? — a handful of Indians they would drive every shopkeeper out of the place in an hour —— "

"I don't know about that," responded our companion for the time being. "The most of the men about here, sir, I can assure you, have had their tussles with the Indians, and could make as good a stand as any soldiers could. But the Sioux won't come down here; they will keep to the hills, where we can't get at them."

"My good friend, this is what I cannot understand, and you will tell me," said the lieutenant, who was arguing only to obtain information. "You are driving the Indians to desperation. You make treaties; you allow the miners to break them; you send out your soldiers to massacre the Indians because they have killed the white men, who had no right to come on their land. Very well: in time you will no doubt get them all killed. But suppose that the chiefs begin to see what is the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

end of it. And if they say that they must perish, but that they will perish in a great act of revenge, and if they sweep down here to cut your railway line to pieces — which has brought all these people out — and to ravage Cheyenne, then what is the use of such forts as this Fort Russell and its handful of soldiers? What did I see in a book the other day? that the fighting-men of these Indians alone were not less than eight or ten thousand, because the young men of the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail people could easily be got to join the Sioux; and if they are to die, why should they not do some splendid thing?"

"Well, sir," said our friend, patting the neck of one of his horses, as the ladies were getting into the carriage, "that would be fine — that would be striking in a book or a play. But you don't know the Indians. The Indians are cowards, sir, take my word for it; and they don't fight except for plunder. They are revengeful — oh yes — and malicious as snakes; but they wouldn't kill a man unless they could get his rifle, or his oxen, or something. The young men are different sometimes; they want scalps to make themselves big in the eyes of the gals; but you wouldn't find a whole tribe of Indians flinging their lives away just to make a fuss in the New York papers."

At this point we started off again across the plains; and the discussion was adjourned, as the Irish magistrate said, *sine die* until the evening. Only Bell was anxious to be assured that if Sitting Bull and his merry men should meditate one grand and final act of revenge, they would not make their way down to the plains of Colorado and take up their abode there; and she was greatly comforted when she heard that the chief trouble of the government was that it could not get the Indians to forsake their native hills in the north and go down to the Indian Territory in the south.

"I think, Mrs. Von Rosen," said Lady Sylvia, "that you will have some romantic stories to tell your children when you return to England. You would feel very proud if you compelled the Indians to address you as 'Brave squaw! brave squaw!'"

"I can assure you I am not at all anxious to become a heroine," our Bell said, seriously; no doubt remembering that romantic incidents have sometimes a knack of leaving children motherless.

And now "the Rockies" had grown quite dramatic in their intensity of plum-color, and there were flashing shoots of crimson fire high over the dusky peaks. But as we were driving eastward, we saw even more beautiful colors on the other horizon; for there were huge soft masses of color that had their high ridges of snow touched with a pale saffron as the light went down. And then, when the sun had really sunk, we found that strange phenomenon again appear along the eastern horizon — a band of dull dead blue lying close to the land, where no clouds were, and fading into a warm crimson above. Had this belt of colored shadow been a belt of mountains, we should have estimated them to be about five thousand feet above the level of these plains, which are themselves five thousand or six thousand feet above the level of the sea; and a strange thing was that this dusky blue and the crimson above remained well into the twilight, when all the world around us was growing dark. It was in this wan twilight that we drove out to a lake which will, no doubt, form an ornamental feature in a big park when the Black Hills miners, gorged with wealth, come back to make Cheyenne a great city. The chief attraction of the lake, as we saw it, was the presence of a considerable number of wild-duck on the surface; but we did not stay long to look at them, for the reason that there were several boats out after them; and the tiny jets of pink fire that were from time to time visible in the silvery twilight showed that the occupants of the boats were firing pretty much at random. As we did not wish to have a charge of No. 5 shot for supper, we drove off, and eventually were landed at the railway inn at Cheyenne.

We were quite conscious of having done an injustice to "Hell on Wheels" in taking only this cursory glance at so famous a place; but then we knew that all our letters — and perhaps telegrams — were now at Idaho, and we wished to get on as soon as possible. But as the present writer was unanimously requested by the party to pay a tribute of gratitude to the clean and comfortable little inn at the station, he must now do so; only he must also confess that he was bribed, for the good-natured landlord was pleased, as we sat at supper, to send in to us, with his compliments, a bottle of real French champagne. Good actions should never go unrewarded; and so the gentle reader is most earnestly entreated, the first time he goes to Cheyenne — in fact, he is entreated to go to Cheyenne anyhow — to stay at this inn and give large orders. Moreover, the present writer, not wishing to have his conduct in this particular regarded as being too mercenary, would wish to ex-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

plain that the bottle of champagne in question was, as we subsequently discovered, charged for in the bill, and honestly paid for too; but he cannot allow the landlord to be deprived of all credit for his hospitable intentions merely on account of an error on the part of the clerk. We drank to his health then, and we will do so now. Here is to your health, Mr. ——; and to yours, you kind friend, who showed us the non-fortified Fort Russell; and to yours, you young Canadian gentleman, who told us those sad stories about Denver; and we hereby invoke a malison on the Grand Central Hotel of that city, on account of its cockroaches, and its vinous decoctions, and its incivility; but all this is highly improper, and premature, and a breach of confidence.

We did indeed spend a pleasant evening that night at Cheyenne; for we had ordered for our banquet all the strangest dishes on the bill of fare, just to give our friends a notion of the sort of food they would have to encounter during their stay in the West. And then these steaks of antelope and mountain sheep and black-tailed deer derived a certain romance from the presence, on the walls of the room, of splendid heads and antlers, until it appeared to us that we must be mighty hunters just sitting down to supper, with the trophies won by our own sword and spear hung up around us. And then our Prussian strategist — who had acquired such a vast and intimate acquaintance with the Indians from his conversation with the Omaha idiot — proceeded to explain to us his plan of an Indian campaign; which showed that he was quite fitted to take the command of all the red men in Dakota. We were treated to a dose of history, too; to show that, in desperation, the Indians have often risen to commit a general massacre, apparently with no ulterior motive whatever. And of course, when Sitting Bull had swept down on Cheyenne and drunk its taverns dry, and when he had swept down on Denver and filled his pockets — if any — with sham French jewelry, surely he would come up to Idaho to pay a certain young lady a friendly call?

"Bell," said her husband, "you shall have a laurel wreath ready, and you will have all the neighbors trained and ready, and when the great chief approaches, you will all burst out with '*Heil dir im Siegerkranz!*'"

"In the mean time," said Bell sedately, "if we are to catch the train for Denver at five in the morning, we had better get to bed."

CHAPTER XLIX.

IN SOCIETY.

FIVE in the morning — pitch darkness all around the station — a clear star-lit sky — the flashing belt and sword of Orion almost right overhead. We had our breakfast of bread and apples in the great empty saloon; then we went out on to the platform, wondering when the Cyclops eye of the train would come flaring through the dark. For now we were within a few hours' journey of the point to which those messages were to be directed which would finally set at rest one or two grave problems; and there was a good deal of nervousness visible among our women-folk when we touched on these probabilities. But Lady Sylvia showed no nervousness at all. She was eager, buoyant, confident. She was clearly not afraid of any telegram or letter that might be awaiting her at Denver. Nay, when her friends, shivering in the cold and darkness of the early morning, were complaining of the railway arrangements that compelled us to get up at such an hour, she made light of the matter, and showed how, as we went south, we should have the beautiful spectacle of the sunrise breaking on the Rocky Mountains.

At length the train came along, and we got into the warm carriage, in which the conductor was engaged in cramming a blazing stove with still further blocks of wood. Very soon we were away from the scattered shanties of Cheyenne, out on the lone prairie-land that was to be our Bell's future home. And as we sat and silently looked out of the windows, watching a pale glow arise in the east, and trying to make out something on the dark plains below, suddenly we caught sight of some flashing lights of red and yellow. These were the breakfast-fires of some travellers camping out — probably miners or traders making for the Black Hills with a train of wagons and oxen. The light in the east increased; and then we saw all along the western horizon the great wall of the Rocky Mountains become visible in a stream of color — the peaks the faintest rose, the shadowy bulk below a light, transparent, beautiful blue. The morning came on apace; the silvery greys of the east yielding to a glowing saffron. There seemed to be no mists lying on these high plains, for, as the sun rose, we could see an immense distance over the yellow prairie-land. And the first objects we perceived in this lonely desert of grass were a number of antelope quietly grazing within rifle-range of the railway line, tak-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ing no heed whatever, though occasionally one of the more timid would trot off on its spider-like legs to a safer distance. Bell began to laugh. She saw the misery of her husband's face.

"Ah, well," said he, with a sigh, "I suppose if the train were to stop, and you went down with a gun, they would be away like lightning. *But a time will come;* and your husband, Lady Sylvia, will be with me to help me, I hope."

There was certainly no misery on Lady Sylvia's face, now that the brilliant light of the new day filled the carriage. Was this the pale, sad soul who had come away from England with us, out of sorts with the world, and almost aweary of her life? There was a color in her cheeks that nearly rivalled Bell's apple-blossom tints. There was an unusual gladness in her eyes this morning that we could not at first account for; but she let the secret out: she had been making elaborate calculations. The telegram she received at Omaha from Queenstown had been waiting for her two days before she got it. Then, taking into account the number of days we staid at Omaha and the leisurely fashion in which we had come across the plains, there was at least a chance — so she proved to herself — that her husband might at that very moment be landing at one of the New York wharves. It all depended on the steamer. Who knew anything about that steamer? Notoriously it belonged to the fastest of all the lines. Was it possible, then, that as we were chatting and laughing in this railway carriage on the Colorado prairies, Balfour might be on the same continent with us? You could almost have imagined that his stepping ashore had communicated some strange magnetic thrill to his wife's heart.

"We are getting near to Greeley now," said Queen T. to her friend Bell, looking rather eagerly out of the window.

"Yes," said the practical lieutenant, "and we shall have twenty minutes there for a real breakfast. An apple and a bit of bread is not enough, if you are travelling in Colorado air."

But I do not think it was altogether the breakfast — though that, as it turned out, was excellent — that led us to look out with unusual interest for this little township set far among the western plains; there were other reasons, which need not be mentioned here. And, indeed, we have the most pleasant memories of Greeley, as it shone there in the early sunlight. We walked up the broad main thoroughfare, with its twin rows of cotton-wood trees; and no doubt the empty street gained something from the fact that the end of it seemed closed in by the pale blue line of the Rocky Mountains, the peaks here and there glittering with snow. A bright, clean, thriving-looking place, with its handsome red-brick schoolhouse and its capacious white church; while many of the shanties about had pleasant little gardens attached, watered by small irrigation canals from the Cache-la-poudre River. As we were passing one of those tiny streams, a great heron rose slowly into the air, his heavy wings flapping, his legs hanging down; but a large hawk, crossing a field beyond, took no notice of him; and we were disappointed of a bit of extempore falconry. We had only a look at the public park, which is as yet mostly a wilderness of underwood, and a glimpse at the pretty villas beyond; in fact, our explorations nearly lost us our train. As we think of Greeley now — here, in England, in the depth of winter — it shines for us still in the light of the summer morning, and the trees and fields are green around it, and the mountains are blue under the blue of the sky. May it shine and flourish forever!

It is most unfair of the Americans to speak slightingly of Denver. It is a highly respectable city. We were quite astounded, on our first entrance, by the number of people who appeared in black coats and tall hats; and the longer we staid in the place, the more we were impressed by the fashion in which the Denverites had removed the old stains from their reputation by building churches. They have advanced much farther in the paths of civilization than the slow-moving cities of the East. In New York or Boston hotels the servants merely claim a free-and-easy equality with the guests; in Denver they have got far beyond that. The wines are such triumphs of skilful invention as no city in the world can produce. And then, when one goes into the streets (to escape from the beetles in one's bedroom), the eye is charmed by the variety of nationalities everywhere visible. A smart Mexican rides by, with gayly decorated saddle, on his long-tailed pony. Chinese women hobble on their small shoes into an iron-mongery shop. The adjoining saloon is called "*Zur goldenen Trauben;*" and at the door of it a red-haired Irishwoman is stormily quarrelling with an angry but silent and sulky negress. Over this seething admixture of population dwell the twelve patrician families of Denver, shining apart like stars in a silent

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

heaven of their own. We are not permitted to gaze upon any one of these — unless — unless? Those two people who stood on the steps of the hotel after dinner? They were distinguished-looking persons, and much bediamonded. The lady wore beautiful colors, and the red-faced gentleman had a splendid gold chain round his neck; and thus — so far as we could make out — they spake: —

"Jim," said the lady, "don't you remember that hop of Steve Bellerjean's that he giv after he run away wi' Dan Niggles's gal, to make up all around, when he found pay gravel, and married the gal?"

"No," said the other, reflectively, "I disremember."

"Well, that woman in yaller fixins that stared at me all dinner, I could swear was Steve's woman."

"But Steve run away from her," said the gentleman, who seemed to remember some things, if not the hop. "She didn't pan out well. Tried to put a head on him with a revolver — jealousy and rum. Steve went to Sonora; tried to bust the government; and the Greasers ketched him with a lariat, and his chips were passed in."

The gentleman in the gold chain had suddenly grown melancholy.

"Yes; Steve's chips were called," chimed in his spouse."

"That's what's the matter with all of us," continued her companion in a sad tone. "That's what no Fifteenth Amendment can stop; the chips must be paid. That's what I told the boys down at Gridiron Bend, when I giv my experiences and jined the church, and Euchre-deck Billy heaved that rock into the christenin'-place; sez I, boys, sez I, life gen'rally begins with a square deal, leastways outside the idiot asylum. 'Cordin' as you play your hand, will the promises be kep'. Sure enough, some has aces, and some not, and that's luck; and four aces any day is as good a hand as the Ten Commandments. With four aces, I'd buck agin the devil. But we don't have four aces in the first deal, unless mebbe the czar of Russia, or the Prince of Wales, or some of them chaps; and so life and religion is pretty much as we play the hand we've got."

The lady seemed to put another aspect on these moral truths.

"Hosea Kemp," said she, practically, "that pig-skinned Mormon fraud diskivered that when you raised him ten thousand, and raked in his pile; and he had a full, and you were only king high."

"That was before I knowed better, and I hadn't seen the vanities," said the repentant sinner. "But when I played, I played my hand for all that it was worth; and that's what's the matter with me. You kent fool away your hand and keep the chips; and that's what you find in the commandments. That's the idee." What the idea was we were rather at a loss to discover; but we were not exactly in search of conundrums at this moment.

Indeed, our arrival at Denver had put an end for the time being to our idling and day-dreaming. First of all, there were the letters (there were no telegrams for any one, so we imagined that Balfour had not yet reached New York); and in the general selfishness of each seizing his or her own packet, no one noticed the expression with which Lady Sylvia broke open the only envelope addressed to her. There was a turmoil of news from home, mostly of a domestic and trivial nature, but none the less of tremendous importance to the two mothers. And when they turned to Lady Sylvia, she was sitting there quite calm and undisturbed, without any trace of disappointment on her face.

"So Mr. Balfour has not reached New York yet," said Queen T., in her gentle way.

"I suppose not," was the answer. "I was calculating on the very shortest time possible. This letter was written some time before he left England. It is only about business affairs."

It was not until that evening that Lady Sylvia communicated the contents of this letter to her friend, and she did so without complaint as to the cold and formal manner in which her husband had written. Doubtless, she said, he was perfectly right. She had left him of her own accord; she deserved to be treated as a stranger. But the prompt answer to her message to him convinced her — this she said with a happy confidence in her eyes — of the spirit in which he was now coming out to her; and if, when he came out here, she had only five minutes given to her to tell him —— But the present writer refuses to reveal further the secrets that passed between these two women.

In fact, he would probably never have known, but that at this juncture he was privately appealed to for advice. And if, in the course of this faithful narrative, he has endeavored as far as possible to keep himself in the background, and to be the mere mouthpiece and reporter of the party, that *rôle* must be abandoned for a moment. He must explain that he now found himself in a position of some difficulty. Balfour had written out to Lady

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Sylvia, informing her of the collapse of his father's firm. It was hopeless, he said, to think of the firm resuming business; the trade that had made his father's fortune was played out. In these circumstances, he considered himself bound to give up everything he possessed to his creditors, and he wished to know whether she, Lady Sylvia, would feel disposed to surrender in like manner the £50,000 settled on her before her marriage. He pointed out to her that she was not legally bound to do so, and that it was a very doubtful question whether she was morally bound; it was a matter for her private feeling. If she felt inclined to give up the money, he would endeavor to gain her father's consent. But he thought that would be difficult, unless she also would join in persuading him; and she might point out that, if he refused, she could in any case pay over the annual interest of the sum. He hoped she was well; and there an end.

Now, if Lady Sylvia had had a bank-note for £50,000 in her pocket, she would have handed it over with a glad heart. She never doubted for a moment that she ought to pay over the money, especially as she now knew that it was her husband's wish; but this reference to her father rather bewildered her, and so she indirectly appealed for counsel.

Now, how was it possible to explain to this gentle creature that the principle on which an ante-nuptial settlement is based is that the wife is literally purchased for a sum of money, and that it is the bounden duty of the trustees to see that this purchase-money shall not be inveigled away from her in any manner whatever? How was it possible to point out to her that she might have children, and that her husband and father were alike bound by their duties as trustees not to let her defraud these helpless things of the future? Nay, more; it would be necessary to tell her that these hypothetical young people might marry; and that, however they might love their mamma, papa, and grandpapa, some cantankerous son-in-law could suddenly come down on the papa and grandpapa and compel them to make good that money which they had allowed, in defiance of their trust, to be dissipated in an act of quixotic sacrifice.

"I always thought the law was idiotic," says Queen T.

"The law in this case is especially devoted to the protection of women, who are not supposed to be able to take care of themselves."

"Do you mean to say that if Lady Sylvia, to whom the money belongs, wishes to give it up, she cannot give it up?"

"It does not belong to her; it belongs to Balfour and Lord Willowby, in trust for her; and they dare not give it up, except at their own risk. What Balfour meant by making himself a trustee can only be imagined; but he is a shrewd fellow."

"And so she cannot give up the money! Surely that is a strange thing — that one is not allowed to defraud one's self!"

"You can defraud yourself as much as you like. If she chooses, she can pay over the £2,000 a year, or whatever it is, to Balfour's creditors; but if she surrendered the original sum, she would be defrauding her children; do you see that? Or does your frantic anxiety to let a woman fling away a fortune that is legally hers blind you to everything?"

"I don't see that her children, if she has any," says this tiny but heroic champion of strict morality, "would benefit much by inheriting money that ought never to have belonged to them. That money, you know very well, belongs to Mr. Balfour's creditors."

"This I know very well: that you would be exceedingly glad to see these two absolute beggars, so that they should be thrown on each other's helpfulness. I have a suspicion that that is the foundation for this pretty anxiety in the cause of morality and justice. Now there is no use in being angry. Without doubt, you have a sensitive conscience, and you are anxious that Lady Sylvia's conscience should be consulted too; but all the same —— "

By this time the proud blood has mounted to her face.

"I came to you for advice, not for a discourse on the conscience," she says, with a splendid look of injured dignity. "I know I am right; and I know that she is right, children or no children. You say that Lord Willowby will probably refuse —— "

"Balfour says so, according to your account."

"Very well; and you explain that he might be called on to make good the money. Could not he be induced to consent by some guarantee — some indemnity —— "

"Certainly, if you can get a big enough fool to become responsible for £50,000 to the end of time. Such people are not common. But there, sit down, and put aside all these fantastic speculations. The immediate thing you want is Lord Willowby's consent to this act of legal van-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

dalism. If he refuses, his refusal will be based on the personal interests of his daughter. He will not consider children or grandchildren. Long before her eldest born can be twenty-one, Lord Willowby will be gathered to his fathers; and as for the risk he runs, he has not a brass farthing that any one can seize. Very well: you must explain to Lady Silvia, in as delicate a way as you can, that there might be youthful Balfours in the days to come, and that she must consider whether she is acting rightly in throwing away this provision ——"

"But, gracious goodness! her husband wants her to do so, and she wants to do so ——"

"Then let that be settled. Of course, all husbands' wishes are law. Then you must explain to her what it is she is asking her father to do, and point out that it will take a good deal of appealing before he consents. He has a strictly legal right to refuse; further, he can plead his natural concern for his daughter's interests ——"

"He ought to have more regard for his daughter's honor!" says she, warmly.

"Nonsense! You are talking as if Balfour had gone into a conspiracy to get up a fraudulent settlement. It is no business of hers that the firm failed ——"

"I say it is a matter of strict honor and integrity that she should give up this money; and she *shall* give it up!" says Queen T., with an indignant look.

"Very well, then; if you are all quite content, there only remains that you should appeal to Lord Willowby."

"Why do you laugh?"

"Lord Willowby thought he would get some money through Balfour marrying his daughter. Now you are asking him to throw away his last chance of ever getting a penny. And you think he will consent."

"His daughter shall make him," said she, confident in the sublime and invincible powers of virtue. Her confidence, in this instance, at least, was not misplaced — so much must be admitted.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE MARSHALATE:
A CHAPTER OF FRENCH HISTORY.

MAY 1873 — OCTOBER 1877.

THE elections of the 14th of October have opened a new chapter in the history of France. Whether Marshal MacMahon elects to submit to the national verdict, or to resign his office, or whether he has the evil courage to impose his will by force upon the French people, in any case the peculiar power he has wielded since the fall of M. Thiers must be replaced by something belonging to a different political order. The "marshalate," as it has been aptly named, was neither a pure republican government nor a frank despotism. It was an attempt to evade the oppugnancy between parliamentary institutions and personal rule; it was a compromise which no party in the State cordially accepted, and which was interpreted in different ways according to the diverse opinions of Frenchmen. It has come to an end in the clash of a struggle as momentous as any that France has witnessed since the overthrow of the Bourbon monarchy. Europe has watched its progress with the most painful anxiety. Nevertheless, though the issues are so grave, and the immediate consequences so obvious, it is not surprising that the political forces which have come into collision are imperfectly appreciated. A period of transition and of compromise is always a period of reserves, ambiguities, and confusions, and the history of France during the past four years has been so obscure and shifting, that it would be a reasonable matter for wonder if its undercurrents had been comprehended and remembered even by the most intelligent foreign observers. Yet if we would understand what has happened in France since the 16th of May, and what is likely to happen next month, it is necessary to trace back the tendencies of French parties and the ambitions of French statesmen through the maze of intrigue, passion, and illusion, the analysis of which is, it may be acknowledged, unattractive, but not by any means uninstructive.

It may be useful, therefore, to disentangle from the complicated annals of the marshalate the main threads of political interest. The progress of liberal opinion in France since the resignation of M. Thiers has been not less steady and rapid than it was during the *provisoire* established after the capitulation of Paris. But it has been so often and so ingeniously obstructed, that it is only by taking a broad view of the whole field of advance that we can measure either the pace or the ground that has been gained.

I. M. THIERS AND THE MONARCHISTS.

THE armistice of the 28th of January, 1871, brought to one section of Frenchmen a gleam of hope for long-unsatisfied ambitions. The monarchical parties in France had for more than twenty years

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

been excluded from power. The Legitimists were too proud to serve a mushroom empire; the Orleanists waged an unceasing war against the outrage on the principles of constitutional government which Louis Napoleon's rule was from the beginning and remained till the end. But they both knew well that when Imperialism broke down, it was neither the Comte de Chambord nor the Comte de Paris that would ascend the vacant throne. The empire, it was evident, could be overthrown only by a popular movement, and no popular movement in the France of the present generation was likely to result in the recall of either the elder or the younger Bourbons. Patient Legitimists — of whom there were a few — and sagacious Orleanists — of whom there were many — recognized the fact that the republic must succeed the empire, and they restricted their ambitions to a later opportunity. They argued that the republic must break down, and that in sheer weariness and disgust the country would then return to the old monarchy, reconciled with the claims of modern progress. Their chief anxiety was lest this chance should escape them through their family feuds. Ever since 1848, therefore, there have been Legitimists and Orleanists who dreamed of "the fusion" of the two branches of the Bourbons. In 1852 M. Thiers told Mr. Senior that the solution of the dynastic difficulty was to be found in the adoption of the Comte de Paris by Henri Cinq. But the exile of Frohsdorf is a true Bourbon, and he has consistently refused to accept any of those compromises which would have permitted the family of Louis Philippe to accept his headship. So when the empire fell, and the republic was dragged through the terrible ordeal of the war, the Monarchists were taken by surprise. Their opportunity, however, came sooner than they had expected. The Imperialists did not yet dare to lift their heads; the Republicans were unable to come forward as the advocates of peace. The Convention signed by M. Jules Favre at Versailles on the 28th of January, stipulated (Article 2) that an Assembly should be at once convoked to decide the question of peace or war. From this Assembly the Bonapartists were almost completely excluded, and the Republicans were hampered in their appeal to the electors by the vehemence with which M. Gambetta and some others advocated the war *à outrance*, a policy at the time denounced by M. Thiers as *politique des fous furieux*. The result was, that about two-thirds of the members of the Bordeaux Assembly were Legitimists and Orleanists, wealthy men, known to be lovers of peace and order, and regarded as peculiarly fitted to negotiate an arrangement with a great monarchy like Germany.

The Monarchists lost no time in fastening their grasp upon the power which had so unexpectedly passed into their hands. The age, the experience, the eminent services of M. Thiers had given him an undisputed claim to the highest place in the State, and the Monarchists had no reason to believe that he would not join hands with them. However, the conclusion of peace was the first task before the Assembly, and the slow performance of the terms agreed upon gave the majority an excuse for remaining invested with power after their original "mandate" had been exhausted. In the scheme for the provisional constitution of the executive power, the Assembly was ingeniously styled *dépositaire de l'autorité souveraine*, and M. Thiers was formally confirmed as president *en attendant qu'il soit statué sur les institutions de France.* Starting from these admissions, they advanced to the preamble of the Rivet-Vitet Constitution (passed the 30th of August, 1871, by 434 against 225 votes), which asserted for the Assembly "the right to use the constituent power, an essential attribute of the sovereignty with which it is invested." The Monarchists thus out-numbering the Republicans by nearly two to one, and having no Bonapartist rivals in the Assembly, might hope to arrange a restoration as soon as they had disposed of their disputes among themselves. The *Pacte de Bordeaux*, to which M. Thiers had given his approval in March, protected the majority from any sudden attack. It was stipulated that, while the work of reorganizing the administration was being carried out, it was the duty of all parties, to quote the words of M. Thiers, "*de n'en tromper aucun, de ne pas vous conduire de manière à préparer à votre insu une solution exclusive qui désolerait les autres partis.*" This understanding gave the Monarchists a chance of patching up "the fusion" at last, and of then using their majority to restore Henri Cinq, with or without a charter.

While M. Thiers was occupied with the task of paying off the German indemnity, and reconstructing the fabric of government which had been shattered by war and revolution, the majority in the Assembly were vainly endeavoring to bring the Comte de Chambord to some declaration which would enable them to present him to France as a constitutional sovereign.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

But Henry Cinq opposed to these efforts an unyielding resolution. He would never, he said, become "the legitimate king of the Revolution;" he would never consent to substitute the tricolor for the white flag. He even rebuked "the hours lost in seeking barren combinations." In fact at the close of the first year of the Assembly's authority, the prospects of a restoration seemed as distant as ever. The Bonapartists began to pluck up courage and to creep out of their obscurity. The partial elections showed that the tide of public feeling had turned in favor of the Republicans. The Monarchists had gained nothing, except the expulsion of most of the Republican officials from their places, and the reinstatement of great numbers who had served the empire and were still attached to imperialism.

In the mean time M. Thiers had shown a disposition to separate himself from the majority. M. Casimir Périer, son of the minister of Louis Philippe, and one of the chiefs of the Left Centre, was brought into the cabinet (October 11, 1871), and he lost no time in declaring that he regarded the republic as "the only possible government." In January 1872 M. Thiers pronounced himself in favor of the transfer of the legislature to Paris, a change most distasteful to the Right. He was beaten, and his defeat was probably due to the emphasis with which a month earlier he had insisted on the necessity of giving the republic a fair trial. The Monarchists shrank from the *essai loyal*, and their smothered anger against M. Thiers soon began to produce important consequences. A controversy between the president and the Assembly upon the question of protective duties led (January 19, 1872) to M. Thiers's first resignation, which however he withdrew in deference to the almost unanimous appeal of all parties. But the majority now saw that by choosing their own time and driving M. Thiers into a corner, they could again compel him to quit his place. Indeed, M. Thiers showed a fatal inclination to press the majority with threats of resignation, and in this way he carried his point when the period of military service was being debated in June 1872. It may be doubted whether M. Thiers ever sincerely accepted the attitude of deference towards a parliamentary majority which a constitutional ruler ought to assume, but it must be remembered that he did not possess the power of dissolution with which a constitutional king or minister can at any time secure an appeal to the country.

By the middle of 1872 it had become evident to the Monarchists that M. Thiers must either be subjugated or driven from power. The progress of Bonapartism alarmed Legitimists and Orleanists alike, and convinced them that further delays would be dangerous. Nearly all the by-elections went in favor of the Republicans; but some Bonapartists were elected, among them M. Rouher, and a brisk Imperialist propaganda was begun by secret committees established throughout France. The majority sent a deputation of nine members to the president to demand that thenceforward he should choose all his ministers from the ranks of the Right, but M. Thiers refused to give any such engagement. There was no formal rupture; but it was felt on both sides that if the monarchy was to be restored, it would be in despite of, and not with the aid of, the president. The immediate attack, however, was postponed, because precisely at this time the government achieved its most brilliant financial success in raising the loan of three milliards (one hundred and twenty millions sterling), the subscriptions offered amounting to forty-one milliards, or more than twice the national debt of the United Kingdom. The moment was not opportune for assailing M. Thiers. Yet some malcontents ventured to assert, that if there were a monarchy in France there would be no need of a heavy expenditure upon the army.

In November 1872, M. Thiers took another step away from the Right. He said, in his message to the Assembly: "The republic is the legal government of the country; to desire anything else would be a new revolution and the most formidable of all;" and he urged the necessity of proceeding without delay to the work of giving the republic "that conservative force with which it cannot dispense." This was M. Thiers's gage of battle. He declared that the restoration of national vigor, order, and confidence was complete, as the success of the loan had proved, and that therefore the time had come to set aside the Pact of Bordeaux, and to give France a definite form of government. The majority accepted the challenge. A commission was appointed to draw up an answer to the message, and M. Thiers was invited to give "explanations." He was very frank; he said: "My conviction is that monarchy is impossible, for there are three dynasties competing for a single throne. The Pact of Bordeaux has been torn in pieces by all parties. . . . Every one feels the necessity of getting rid of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the *provisoire*." But he added that he did not presume to dictate the form of constitutional changes which were indispensable. The Right, after secret consultations, determined to strike at M. Thiers by a law defining the responsibility of ministers. By this they hoped not only to compel M. Thiers to take his ministers from the majority, but to exclude him from the tribune. These aims were apparent in a report read by M. Batbie. M. Thiers, through M. Dufaure, resisted, and again urged the importance of "defining" the government. On M. Dufaure's motion a vote of confidence was taken, which gave M. Thiers only a majority of thirty-seven. The subject of ministerial responsibility and of the distribution of power in the State was referred to a Commission of Thirty, of whom nearly two-thirds belonged to the Right.

The Republicans had begun a movement for a dissolution, which quickened the apprehensions of the Monarchists. The latter, while they endeavored to gain time by prolonging the deliberations of the Commission of Thirty, approached the Comte de Chambord with new fusionist schemes. But Henri Cinq was immovable; he wrote (Febuary 5, 1873), "I have neither sacrifices to make nor conditions to accept. I expect little from the cleverness of men and much from the justice of God." The majority returned, therefore, to their schemes for diminishing the influence of the president. M. Thiers did not oppose them on personal points, content to find them moving, however slowly, towards the organization of the government and the dissolution. But the passions of all parties were now unchained. The session of 1873 was discredited by some riotous scenes, one of which ended in M. Grévy's resignation of his presidency of the Assembly, and some scandalous combinations, as when the Legitimists, on March 29, voted for the readmission of the Bonaparte family to the rights of citizenship.

2. THE 24TH OF MAY AND THE MARSHAL.

AFTER two years of half-concealed strife, the conservative majority in the Assembly had at length determined to measure its strength with M. Thiers. The declarations of the latter in favor of the republic, the electoral victories of the Republicans, the pledges which the Assembly itself had given by the law of the 13th of March to proceed at once with the constitutional debates, admonished the Monarchist leaders that they had no time to lose. Unprepared as they were with any definite scheme which would satisfy at once the Legitimists and Orleanists, they hoped so to retard the progress of events, when M. Thiers was once driven from power, that a restoration could be safely and quietly arranged. It is true that there was a section of the majority — the Imperialists, who had steadily grown in numbers and influence — to whom the plans entertained by "the party of the dukes" — the Orleanists and constitutional Legitimists led by the Ducs de Broglie, d'Audiffret-Pasquier, and Decazes — could not be satisfactory. Yet it was necessary to secure the adhesion of the Imperialists not only to strengthen the majority in the Chamber, but to make sure of the army and the civil administration. For many military commanders and civil officials had Imperialist connections, and M. Thiers, in his anxiety to separate himself from Radicalism, had given little substantial power to the Republicans. The alliance with the Bonapartists was concluded early in the spring of 1873, when M. Raoul Duval become secretary to the Commission of Thirty, of which the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier was the president, and M. Batbie, famous for his invention of the phrase *gouvernement de combat*, the "reporter."

The coalition only awaited a pretext, which was not long wanting. The extreme Left had been for some time discontented with M. Thiers's concessions to the majority, and had especially revolted against the severe treatment of the municipality of Lyons, which, proposed by the Right, had been accepted by the government. A vacancy in the representation of Paris was to be filled on the 27th of April. The ministerial candidate was M. de Rémusat, minister of foreign affairs, the personal friend of M. Thiers, a distinguished man of letters, and an old Orleanist converted to the republic by the logic of events. As "*un avertissement à M. Thiers*" the Radicals put forward M. Barodet, mayor of Lyons, a politician of extreme opinions. The Right, enchanted at the split among the Republicans, brought forward Colonel Stoffel, an avowed Bonapartist, not with any hope of gaining a majority, but with the intent to proclaim the conservative coalition. M. Barodet was successful, obtaining one hundred and eighty-five thousand votes, while M. de Rémusat had one hundred and thirty-five thousand, and Colonel Stoffel twenty-seven thousand. A fortnight later M. Ranc, for some time a member of the Commune, was elected in the Rhône.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

These "Radical" victories afforded a *casus belli.* M. Thiers at once made ready for the conflict. On the 17th of May, he "modified" his cabinet, getting rid of M. de Goulard, representing the Right, and of M. Jules Simon, representing the Left. The new ministers were MM. Casimir Périer, Waddington, and Béranger, all Left Centre politicians, hostile to Radicalism, but also pledged to the republic. Upon this ground the Right were ready to deliver battle. They closed up the ranks of the coalition; they ascertained that if M. Thiers were forced to resign Marshal MacMahon would be willing to accept the vacant place, and then their newspapers opened fire unsparingly upon the government. M. Thiers had been beaten in the Paris election, yet the whole blame of the Radical victory was cast upon him. Those who used to name him "*l'illustre homme d'état,*" now spurned him as "*le sinistre vieillard.*"

The Assembly met on the 19th of May, and M. Buffet, who had succeeded M. Grévy as President, read out a motion, signed by more than three hundred deputies, affirming that "the gravity of the situation demanded a cabinet at the head of affairs which by its firmness should reassure the country," and insisting upon the necessity of "a resolutely conservative policy." The debate was remitted to the 23rd, when the Duc de Broglie led the attack upon M. Thiers. M. Dufaure, the most conservative probably of the ministers, offered a feeble defence. But M. Thiers demanded a hearing in his own cause, which the Right could not refuse to accord. The decision, however, was predetermined. M. Target, at the head of fifteen members of the Left Centre, announced that his *groupe* would vote for the motion of M. Ernoul, a conspicuous "clerical," affirming that "the ministerial modifications had not given conservative interests the satisfaction that might have been expected." With the aid of the *groupe Target*, the Monarchists — Legitimists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists — rejected the order of the day proposed by the ministry, by 362 against 348 votes. It was not a glorious victory, but it was sufficient. The same evening M. Thiers sent in his resignation, which was accepted by 362 votes against 331. Without an adjournment, the majority elected Marshal MacMahon by three hundred and ninety votes, the Republicans abstaining *en masse.* At eleven o'clock at night M. Buffet, in the name of the Assembly, waited on the marshal and secured his formal acceptance. The fact was announced to the Chamber a few minutes after midnight. The *Journal Officiel* of the next day (May 25) published an address from the marshal in which he promised "the re-establishment of moral order," and pledged "the word of an honest man and a soldier" that, "with the aid of the Assembly, he would maintain internal peace and the principles on which society rests." The same day the list of the new ministry, prepared beforehand, like the marshal's nomination, was made public. The Orleanists — MM. de Broglie, Beulé, Batbie — had the greater number of places, but M. Ernoul (Legitimist) became keeper of the seals, and M. Magne (Bonapartist) minister of finances. This was M. Batbie's *gouvernement de combat.*

It is certain that if M. Thiers had been driven from power some months before, the choice of his successor would have dismayed and disgusted France. Down to the end of 1872, Marshal MacMahon was known to Frenchmen as a brave but unlucky soldier. In the Crimea he had displayed more valor than skill, and his strategy in the Italian campaign had been severely criticised. His earlier defeats in the war of 1870 would have cast upon him a serious responsibility, if they had not been forgotten in the more ruinous collapse of Sedan. And at Sedan, it was believed, MacMahon's will had been overruled by the emperor's political fears. Wounded and a captive, he came to represent in the eyes of Frenchmen the gallantry and the misfortunes of France. On his return from Germany he was entrusted with the highest command and with the task of reorganizing the army. But no glory, no popular enthusiasm gathered around his name. In civil affairs he was simply unknown. He had held a seat in the Senate under the empire, and on one occasion he had courageously opposed, as a few remembered, an oppressive law. There was no one, however, ready to affirm that the marshal knew anything more of political conduct and constitutional principles than one of his own orderlies. But when the majority found M. Thiers determined to keep the question of organizing the republic before the country, they turned to Marshal MacMahon, and set their journals to extol the marshal's merits, while they vilified the "*sinistre vieillard.*" After six months of assiduous trumpet-blowing, there was something approaching to an admission on the part of France that Marshal Mac-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Mahon was a great man. At any rate he had the army, it was believed, "well in hand," and his assurances that he would keep the peace were received by France, in her alarm and fatigue, with a sort of acquiescence.

3. THE DUC DE BROGLIE AND THE FUSION.

MARSHAL MACMAHON being unfit himself to exercise political power, the greatest influence in the State fell into the hands of the Duc de Broglie. This son of Louis Philippe's liberal minister, trained in the school of M. Guizot and posing at an early age as the defender of constitutions and parliaments in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, had been regarded under the empire as a deadly enemy of despotism in all its forms. But when his mastery of the arts of intrigue had organized the coalition which gave him power, and when he found that the country was unwilling to follow the path he had chosen, he quickly cast behind him his constitutional doctrines. So carefully had he studied the practices of the empire in attacking them, that he was well fitted to use them when the time came. The Duc de Broglie had persuaded himself that the Orleanists, though having less support in the country than either the Legitimists or the Bonapartists, could step upon the heads of the others to a supremacy preserved by skilful management of men. The larger operations of politics did not attract him, but supposing it were possible to restore the *pays légal*, the restricted suffrage, of Louis Philippe's reign, he was justified in believing in the results his cleverness might achieve.

The Monarchist coalition had thus gained their first point; they had the command of the army, the civil bureaucracy, the magistracy, and the Assembly. With such means, a restoration might be accomplished. No opposition was to be feared from the marshal who had long served an empire, who was an ardent Catholic, and who probably would accept with grateful joy the office of constable or lieutenant-general of the kingdom from its legitimate king. The officers of the army, the judges, the civil servants, were "made sure" by a rapid process of purgation. Scarcely a single person holding Republican opinions was retained in the service of the State three months after the eventful 24th of May. But the Assembly remained and "the king"—two immense obstacles to any solution. The majority in the Assembly was the work of the coalition, and among its members many Legitimists and the whole of the Bonapartists were jealous of the Orleanist success. The Bonapartists might perhaps be neglected, for the party in power always attracts fresh support, and the government spared no pains to draw over to itself some members of the Left Centre. But the Legitimists could not be dealt with so cavalierly. For them the approval—the advent even of the Comte de Chambord—was an indispensable requirement. On the other hand, the Orleanists could not accept the Comte de Chambord except as a constitutional king. To keep together a parliamentary majority, and to "bring out" the Comte de Chambord as a constitutional king, were tasks worthy even of the Duc de Broglie's unmatched skill as a "lobbyist."

During the parliamentary recess the Monarchical chiefs set to work with extraordinary zeal to patch up "the fusion." In August they triumphed over the scruples of the Comte de Paris, and sent that intelligent and amiable prince to Frohsdorf, to recognize, in so many words, his cousin of the elder branch as "the sole representative of the monarchical principle in France." This submission went far beyond the views of the Orleanist party, and it could only have been condoned by an understanding with Henri Cinq which would content the constitutionalists and make an alliance with the *centre gauche* possible. But neither the Comte de Paris nor those who prompted him had made any terms, and the liberal Monarchists found it necessary at once to protest. They insisted on knowing whether the Comte de Chambord would give constitutional guarantees or not. The Right could not refuse an answer, and delegates were sent to Frohsdorf to obtain "explanations" on the subject of a charter and "the flag." They brought back ambiguous utterances, which failed to produce calm. The Monarchists had appointed a committee of nine, one of whom, the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, told his friends that Marshal MacMahon had given him this warning: "If," said the marshal, "the white flag were raised against the tricolor, the chassepots would go off of themselves, and I could not answer either for order in the streets or for discipline in the army." The committee of nine, in alarm, despatched another envoy, M. Chesnelong, to Frohsdorf, who obtained an assurance that the Comte de Chambord would leave the question of the flag to be determined in concert with the Assembly after his return to France. The Monarchists confidently proclaimed

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

that "the restoration was made." But it soon appeared that the comte was appalled by the liberal interpretation placed upon his conversation with M. Chesnelong. He would not, in spite of all entreaties, remain silent. On the 27th of October, 1873, he published a letter from Salzburg, in which he protested against the pressure and the misunderstandings of which he was the victim. Never would he become a revolutionary (*i.e.* constitutional) king; never would he sacrifice his honor to the exigencies of parties; never would he disclaim "the standard of Arques and Ivry." "My person is nothing," he said, "my principle is everything: I am the indispensable pilot, the only one capable of guiding the vessel into port, because for this I have mission and authority." This letter demolished the work of the king-makers. The Orleanist princes refused to accept any compromise to which the "head of the family" was not a party.

There still remained, however, an expedient at which the Duc de Broglie grasped eagerly — the prolongation of Marshal MacMahon's power, not as a Republican president, but as a chief of the executive personally trusted. When the Chamber reassembled (November 5), the marshal himself was put forward by his ministers to suggest that while, on the one hand, the establishment of a definitive form of government "presented grave difficulties," on the other hand, the central power needed at once stability and extended authority. The Duc de Broglie's ministry, which lasted nearly twelve months, was occupied during the first half with the abortive scheme of restoration, and during the second with securing a prolonged dictatorship for Marshal MacMahon.

4. CONSTITUTION-MAKING.

THE Legitimists were naturally angered by the dispersion of the hopes they had cherished for months; but, on the other hand, the Bonapartists saw in the consolidation of the marshal's personal power a new encouragement. The latter were no more ready than the Duc de Broglie and his Orleanist friends to appeal to the country on behalf of their own candidate; the Prince Imperial was too young; the history of 1870 had not yet been forgotten. Nothing could be more satisfactory to the Bonapartists than the Duc de Broglie's efforts to establish Marshal MacMahon in authority as a watchful enemy of "Radicalism." They knew that a reactionary administration would be compelled, whatever its own leanings, to use the instruments which the empire had provided.

The prolongation of the marshal's authority was instantly submitted to the Assembly on its meeting in November. The Right proposed a term of ten years, the Left a term of five years; finally a seven years' term was accepted as a compromise. The title of president of the republic was confirmed. The "Septennate" thus established was supported by a majority of three hundred and eighty-three members, including several of the Left Centre, but excluding a band of malcontent Legitimists. The greater number of its supporters hoped to make it the cover for schemes of an Orleanist or Bonapartist restoration; others were attracted to it by the mere promise of stability; a few were, or professed to be, satisfied with the mention of the republic by name. A new majority, therefore, was substituted for the majority of the 24th of May, and the cabinet was modified to suit the change. MM. Ernoul and Labouillerie, Legitimists, resigned, and the Duc Decazes took office as foreign minister on the express stipulation that all "manifestations," whether Legitimist or Orleanist, Bonapartist or Radical, should be kept down. The Duc de Broglie still remained premier, and took to himself the portfolio of the interior. The ministry had thus become pure Right Centre with a slight leaning to the Left Centre, and with a careful repression of Orleanist hopes. The anger of the Legitimists was unrestrained, but for the time they were powerless.

Another Commission of Thirty, however, was immediately nominated to draw up the constitutional laws, and in this body the Legitimists were strong. Their proceedings showed a disposition to delay the organization of the "public powers," and to jeopardise the stability of which the authors of the Septennate had boasted. The Duc de Broglie devoted his attention more especially to the extirpation of those local liberties of which he had been the champion under the empire. The nomination of mayors and deputy mayors was transferred to the government by the law of January 15, 1874. The changes which followed were all unfavorable to the republic. Nevertheless the Republicans began to show a disposition to accept the Septennate as bound up with the republic, and the Duc de Broglie, by his ambiguities and vacillations, holding fast to nothing except the necessity of keeping the marshal in power, became the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mark for criticism from all sides. The first attack was opened by the Bonapartists. M. Rouher published a manifesto declaring that the Septennate was a truce of parties, but adding that when the day came for an "appeal to the people" (*i.e.* a plébiscite) there would only be two rivals — the republic and the empire. The ministry retorted with two strong circulars, prohibiting the civil functionaries and officers of the army from taking a part in the celebration of the Prince Imperial's birthday. The most striking effect of the Bonapartist movement was to induce the government to make overtures to the Left Centre, which, however, bore no fruit. The Legitimists, on the other hand, lost no time in declaring that they considered the Septennate no bar to a restoration. The marshal, they said, will never oppose his historic words, spoken in the Malakoff, "*J'y suis, j'y reste*," to the summons of Henri Cinq. It was clear that, though the Broglie ministry could on a critical occasion still command the votes of the coalition, the Legitimists and the Bonapartists had become insecure allies. The discontent grew to a head rapidly, and the 16th of May, not quite a year after the overthrow of M. Thiers, the Duc de Broglie was defeated upon the question whether the Electoral Bill should take precedence of the Municipal Bill. He was defeated, as he had triumphed in the previous year, by a coalition. The three groups of the Left were joined by fifty-two Legitimists and eighteen Bonapartists in hurling him from power.

The duke had, it was admitted, become the most unpopular minister that France had known since the days of Prince Polignac. His craft had overreached itself in every direction, and he found no party that would thoroughly trust him. The result of his painful labors, first to restore the house of Orleans, and then to establish the marshalate as a non-republican government, was what M. Rouher had predicted: the republic and the empire were left practically alone in the political field. During the ministry of the Duc de Broglie, and down to December 1874, twenty-one Republicans gained seats and six Bonapartists; not one royalist. A restoration of the Bourbons in either line was never more hopeless than in 1874.

No parliamentary party could be found to undertake the responsibilities under which the Duc de Broglie had fallen, and no coalition was for the moment possible. Marshal MacMahon accordingly formed what was called a business cabinet under the war minister, General de Cissey; but the influence of the Duc de Broglie was known to be still powerful both with the ministers and the marshal.

The Commission of Thirty continued to waste time in barren controversies, until in 1875 the marshal, losing patience, held several conferences of "Moderates" at the Elysée. In these it became evident that the "impersonal Septennate" would never be accepted by the Left Centre, and the hostility of the Legitimists being already known, the subject was apparently forced into an *impasse*. Under the influence of the Duc de Broglie, the marshal, in his message to the Assembly, made a final attempt to carry the Right Centre policy, but the jealousy of Orleanist designs was too strong, and the Chamber refused to adopt the course recommended in the message. The Republicans on this vote again were aided by the Legitimists and Bonapartists, but they could not count on a working majority, and when the ministers resigned, no one could be found to take their places. The marshal resolved to maintain them in power until the close of the debates on the constitutional laws, which at last the Chamber was prepared to carry through. It is unnecessary to follow the complicated discussions upon the "Public Powers Bill" and on the "Senate Bill," in which the months of January and February, 1875, were spent. It is enough to say that the ideas of the Left Centre most powerfully influenced the result, and that a considerable contingent of the Right Centre, led by MM. Wallon and Lavergne, co-operated with them. The Constitution, if not expressly establishing the republic, did so by a clear implication. The Right Centre, including the Duc de Broglie himself and the princes of the Orleans family, reluctantly yielded, though without resigning the hope of renewing the battle another day. The triumph of the Left Centre was for the time complete, and it was evident that the marshal could not decline to choose some at least of his ministers among its members.

To this point, then, had the Duc de Broglie's policy conducted the cause, or causes, he had championed. The anti-Republican majority was broken up; the Left Centre had become the most powerful and compact force in the State; the Republicans of all shades had been forced into union; the Right Centre had been driven to give an unwilling support to arrangements which established the repub-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

lic; Marshal MacMahon had unexpectedly taken the Septennate *au sérieux*, and was fast coming to believe that he, too, was a "providential man." Whatever interpretation the marshal might place upon the Republican Constitution — and it was certain that he would not construe it in a liberal sense — the continuance of his power familiarized France and her neighbors with the conception of the republic as an orderly and established government. But the control of the "political machine" had given the largest share of permanent power to men whose ambitions were bound up with the hopes of the empire.

Still the Duc de Broglie had some ground for hoping that he might retrieve his failing fortunes. His personal influence over the marshal-president was great, and though his unpopularity prevented him from taking office, he might hope that his voice would always be powerful in choosing the new ministers and directing their policy. He trusted in the skill of the government agents to hold the Republicans in check at the general election. Finally, he regarded the Senate, one-fourth of the members of which were to be chosen by the moribund Assembly, and the rest by electoral colleagues drawn from the councils of departments, *arrondissements*, and municipalities, as a stronghold of the peculiar conservatism which he professed. M. Gambetta, in a famous speech at Belleville, pointed out that this view was unsound, and that the Senate might be considered as a democratic institution — "a grand council of the communes of France."

M. BUFFET AND THE DISSOLUTION.

In March, 1875, the marshal reorganized his cabinet to fit in with the new Constitution and the increasing strength of the Left. After prolonged negotiations M. Buffet, the president of the Assembly, accepted the premiership with the portfolio of the interior. M. Buffet had certainly shown no favor towards the Left during the two years' hot debating over which he had severely ruled; he had been a minister of the empire, he had shared in the dreams of the fusionists. But it was believed that he had rallied sincerely to the Constitution, and he was known to be a strong man, who could, if he pleased, keep down the intrigues of the Bonapartists, and who could steadily guide the vacillating temper of Marshal MacMahon. The Left were on the whole satisfied with the choice of M. Buffet, especially as he brought into the cabinet with him three conservative Republicans, MM. Dufaure, Léon Say, and Wallon. It was with great reluctance that the marshal, who had repeatedly declared that he was a conservative, and would act only with and through conservatives, consented to this "capitulation." It was, however, inevitable, unless the restraints of the parliamentary system were to be wholly thrown off. The majority of the 24th of May no longer existed. The Legitimists and the Bonapartists were openly hostile to the Constitution, and neither one section nor the other commanded strength enough in the Assembly to maintain a cabinet in power for a single week. The Right Centre, which had formed the flower of the Duc de Broglie's scattered army, had partly drifted into the Legitimist and Bonapartist ranks, and partly had crystallized into a new party, the Constitutionalists, ready to support with the Left a Buffet ministry, but incapable, like the others, of undertaking any exclusive responsibility. The ministers, therefore, could not dispense with the good-will of the Left, and this, at the time, was to be obtained by very moderate concessions. For though the number of the Republicans had been steadily augmented by the results of the by-elections, they were still unable to hold their ground against a "fortuitous concourse" of the fractions of the Right except with the aid of the Constitutionalists. By putting the Left Centre forward as the representatives of Republican opinions, the moderate and extreme Left avoided the risk of alarming the Constitutionalists. Unfortunately there was a small group of irreconcilables — M. Madier de Montjau, M. Naquet, M. Ordinaire — who were mischievously ingenious in giving the government, the Constitutionalists, and the Left Centre reasons or pretexts for alarm.

The new ministry had to clear the way for the dissolution by the enactment of a great number of indispensable supplementary laws. The electoral question, the definition of the powers of the Senate and lower house, the control of the press, had all to be settled before the appeal to the country. But their progress was delayed by the line of policy which M. Buffet adopted. He seemed pained and ashamed at having allied himself with the Left, and he lost no opportunity of telling the Assembly his real opinions. He was jealous, it was said, of the vast though quiet influence which M. Thiers wielded over and through the Left Centre, and which was increasing every day. He was dismayed at the disappearance of the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Right Centre as a party, and was resolved to reconstitute it. He announced his intention of governing with a vigorous conservative policy; he refused to join in the sharp condemnation which the Left wished to pass upon the conduct of the Bonapartists; finally, he used all his efforts to diminish the advantages which the Republicans seemed likely to obtain at the general election. He procured the partial disfranchisement of the French colonies, always Republican; he insisted on obtaining a stringent press law in consideration of his surrendering the powers of the "state of siege." But the most remarkable aggression was upon the *scrutin de liste*, the system of voting for all the members of a department together, for which M. Buffet, aided by M. Dufaure, wished to substitute the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, or "unicorn" constituencies. The Left feared the latter system, because it gave excessive power to local and official influences; and the contest was a sharp one, though the Republicans had forced themselves to endure much from M. Buffet, and the liberal ministers had kept their seats in the cabinet. But the struggle was chiefly important as showing M. Buffet's unexpected success in rallying a Conservative majority. The Left Centre, in defending the *scrutin de liste*, found itself deserted by the Lavergne-Wallon "Constitutionalists," and by some of its own members, including the liberal ministers. To overwhelm them, the whole of the conservative sections combined. It was rumored that if, notwithstanding, the Left should triumph, the marshal would abandon his efforts at conciliation, and would take a Broglie-Fourtou cabinet, as he did a year and a half later. M. Buffet triumphed by 357 against 326 votes.

The blow was a severe one for the Left, especially as it had been provoked by the imprudent violence with which M. Gambetta had attacked the ministry and the moderate Right. But it proved the ruin of M. Buffet and the Right Centre. The latter believed that the opportunity they had missed in 1873 had returned, and became impatient to use their power. The election of the seventy-five life senators by the Assembly gave them an apparent chance of gathering in the fruits of victory. The Left proposed that a list should be selected, taken in fair proportions from the various parties which had voted for the Constitution. The Right refused, and the Left was thus driven to fight *à outrance*. Eleven Legitimists, headed by M. de la Rochette, the personal friend of the Comte de Chambord, offered their votes to the Left, provided they were themselves placed upon the liberal list. This was agreed to, and the result of the ballots showed that several Bonapartists, though without any similar agreement, must have voted with the Republicans. The fact was that the success of the Right Centre had alarmed both Frohsdorf and Chiselhurst, and at any cost the recrudescence of Orleanism was to be forced back.

The seventy-five life senators were thus distributed; fifty belonged to the three constitutional divisions of the Left, seven were Lavergne liberals, and ten ultra-Legitimists who had voted with the Left. The Legitimists adhering to M. Buffet, the Bonapartists and the Right Centre had only eight seats, three of which the Left Centre had conceded to the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, General de Cissey, and M. Wallon. M. Buffet and the Duc de Broglie were among the vanquished. But the former at least was not disheartened; before the final adjournment of the Assembly, which was fixed for the end of the year, he took care to obtain his powers over the press. He then launched a manifesto in which he declared that "the victor of Magenta and the Malakoff would never resign himself to become the plaything of factions and of Radical passions, and the instrument of their demands." This done, he was ready for the dissolution.

The Assembly adjourned on the last day of the year 1875. The senatorial elections were fixed for the 30th of January, and the elections of deputies for the 20th of February. In the mean time the marshal, under M. Buffet's inspiration, again warned the country against Radicalism, and extolled the "conservative and truly liberal policy" of his first minister. More than once there was danger of a rupture with MM. Dufaure and Léon Say, but harmony was outwardly preserved. M. Gambetta counselled the Left to preserve a cautious moderation, and his word of command was obeyed.

5. FROM M. DUFAURE TO M. JULES SIMON.

THE National Assembly which met for the last time on the 31st of December, 1875, had during its five years' tenure of power conferred one priceless benefit on France. It accustomed the French people to think soberly about politics, and to discuss political questions on a basis of practical compromises. If a Radical Assembly had been elected in 1871, it would

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

probably have attempted legislation for which the mass of the nation was not prepared, and would have given an opportunity for some new savior of society to sweep away parliamentary government, or at any rate to restore the *pays légal* of the July monarchy. But the weakness of the extreme Left in the country taught its leaders the necessity of prudence and *transactions*. Nothing in modern history is more remarkable than the gradual development of M. Gambetta's good sense, except the docile sagacity with which the so-called revolutionary party learned the lesson their leader was at so much pains to teach them. Having to co-operate at the same time with the Left Centre and M. Thiers, with the "Republican Left" and M. Jules Simon, M. Gambetta's organization — the *union républicaine* — was compelled to choose between isolation and "opportunism." It wisely chose the latter, and firmly held to it in spite of the angry protests of a few irreconcilables. And at the elections of 1876 this wisdom bore fruit.

The senatorial elections did not confirm the hopes of M. Buffet and the Duc de Broglie. The former was rejected in the Vosges; the latter only succeeded in the Oise by a coalition with the Bonapartist Admiral La Roncière le Noury, who had been dismissed from his command for an open attack on the constitution. The issue everywhere raised turned upon the interpretation of the clause which permitted the revision of the Constitution in 1880. The Republicans contended that this was not meant to justify a monarchical restoration at the end of the Septennate. The Bonapartists upheld the contrary, but insisted on a *plébiscite* in 1880. M. Buffet and the Duc de Broglie, with the Right Centre, threw into prominence the personal power of Marshal MacMahon, and while parading the revision clause, were careful to abstain from forecasting its operation. At the same time M. Buffet did not disdain the Bonapartist alliance, and the candidates of M. Rouher everywhere received the patronage of the ministry of the interior, except in one or two places where the liberal ministers, MM. Dufaure and Léon Say, were attacked by the champions of the empire. The result was that reckoning the life senators, the senate was thus divided: the extreme Left, 15; the Republican Left, 50; the Left Centre, 80; the Right Centre, 81; the Legitimists, 13; the Bonapartists, 40, while between the two sides of the house wavered a small body of 24 or 25 Constitutionalists, among whom were reckoned the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier and M. Bocher. If the last section remained true to the Constitution, M. Buffet's policy might be regarded as defeated.

The elections to the Chamber of Deputies gave much more decisive results. While the Senate reproduced almost precisely "the unstable equilibrium" of the National Assembly, the Lower Chamber was frankly Republican. The extreme Left had 98 seats, the Republican Left 194, the Left Centre 48, and the Constitutionalists 22. The minority was composed of 75 Bonapartists, 25 Legitimists, and 55 Right-Centrists. M. Buffet was beaten in four departments. M. Gambetta was elected by four of the great cities of France — Paris, Marseilles, Lille, and Bordeaux. Before the struggle M. Buffet's journals had announced that "the public security would be inevitably compromised," and the marshal's mission made impossible, unless a conservative Senate, and at least a "Moderate" chamber of deputies, were returned. It was thought for a moment that the marshal would defy the country, but he yielded. He accepted the resignation which M. Buffet promptly tendered, and formed a Left Centre ministry under M. Dufaure. Among the new ministers were several trusted conservative Republicans: M. Ricard, who took the portfolio of the interior, M. Waddington, and Christophle. M. Léon Say and the Duc Decazes remained in their former places. At one time it seemed probable that Marshal MacMahon would go still further, and a cabinet under M. Casimir Périer representing not the Left Centre only, but the Left Centre and the pure Left, was proposed. The marshal, however, refused to have anything to do with a pure Left cabinet, or to sanction the large changes in the bureaucracy which M. Périer deemed necessary for the security of the republic.

It was, however, a great step in advance to bring the marshal to the acceptance of a ministry that might be fairly called liberal. He insisted indeed on keeping the army, the navy, and the foreign office in the hands of ministers, two of whom at least would have been at once rejected if their nominations had been submitted to a parliamentary vote. But there was much to be said in excuse for the marshal. A dull man, ignorant of civil affairs, and accustomed to use the peremptory methods of military command, his head had been turned by the perpetual incense of contending parties, each of whom was eager to influence the executive chief, and to

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

exhibit him as a partisan or a sympathizer. He had come to believe himself indispensable, adored, the protector of order against revolutionary passions; and, believing this, it was scarcely reasonable to expect him to defer to the simple formulas which govern the conduct of constitutional sovereigns. Moreover, behind the marshal was the Duc de Broglie, now counselling compromise, now resistance, but always meditating a sudden blow at the Republicans.

The session of 1876 was uneventful. The Republican majority in the Chamber did nothing to justify the panic with which the news of their victory had been received by the conservatives. Yet exciting topics were not wanting. The amnesty claimed for the Communist prisoners by the majority, the authority of the Church over higher education, the honors to be paid at the funerals of officers of the *Légion d'Honneur* who were buried without religious rites, did undoubtedly show that the government was not in accord with the Chamber, and that the Senate was in accord neither with the executive nor with the lower house. While the Republican majority of the deputies had been increased by the invalidation of some conservative elections, and the choice of liberals in place of Bonapartists and Legitimists, a conservative majority on the Senate was formed by the filling up of certain seats lost to the liberals by deaths, and by the defection of the Constitutionalists. The main cause, however, of the weakness of the Dufaure ministry was its disinclination to grapple with the administrative question. Its liberal intentions were everywhere crossed and confounded by Bonapartist and Legitimist judges, prefects, and mayors. It was not astonishing that the Republican Chamber showed some dissatisfaction. But as M. Thiers in his posthumous address to the election of the ninth arrondissement of Paris has pointed out, in spite of this irritation, no Radical measures were carried; a conservative policy was maintained in the reorganization of the army, in the conduct of foreign affairs, in ecclesiastical relations, in finance, and, finally, with respect to the balance of power in the State.

M. Dufaure, finding himself checked both in the Senate and in the Chamber, resigned petulantly in December 1876. The attempts of the marshal to form ministries which would not force him further towards the Left failed. Neither the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier nor M. Grévy (presidents respectively, of the two houses) would undertake the task. It was, indeed, indispensable that the new government should rest upon a parliamentary majority. As M. Gambetta said, "*Il faut suivre la Chambre ou la dissoudre!*" For a moment again the marshal thought of an "extra parliamentary ministry," but the Left seemed ready to meet any expedient of this kind with a war *à outrance* upon the supplies. The Duc de Broglie himself was of opinion that "the pear was not ripe," and he advised Marshal MacMahon to send for M. Jules Simon, the leader of the moderate Left. It was only after a painful struggle that the marshal consented, but he did consent, and M. Simon came into office, taking with the presidency of the Council the portfolio of the interior. M. Martel, a respected member of the Left Centre and vice-president of the Senate, became keeper of the seals.

6. THE 16TH OF MAY.

M. JULES SIMON'S cabinet began with more than one success which ought to have reassured the marshal and the conservatives. M. Gambetta imprudently provoked a conflict between the Chambers on the question whether the Senate should be allowed to alter money bills or should be restricted, according to the English precedent and the right interpretation of the letter of the Constitution, to the rejection or acceptance of the budget as a whole. But on this point M. Jules Simon triumphed over M. Gambetta, and the danger of a collision like that between the Victorian chambers on the Darling grant a few years ago was averted. In other parts of his policy M. Jules Simon appeared for a time to triumph at once over the suspicions of the thoroughgoing Republicans and the prejudices of the marshal. He proceeded slowly but steadily to carry out the administrative changes from which the Dufaure cabinet had shrunk, and to place Republican magistrates, prefects, and other officers in posts previously occupied by avowed enemies of the republic. He did not resist, though he did not follow to its full extent, the energetic feeling of hostility to Ultramontanism which the majority in the Chamber began to show. He expressed sympathy with the movement for freeing the press from the trammels that M. Buffet and his predecessors had in the interests of "order" thrown around it. At length it grew apparent that M. Jules Simon, in spite of his dexterity in evading unpleasant issues, was, and was determined to remain, a parliamentary minister, not a

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

personal agent of Marshal MacMahon. The cabal which has ever since the 24th of May, 1873, been hidden behind the presidential chair came to the conclusion that it was time to strike a blow. On the 16th of May, a memorable date, the marshal sent a letter to his president of the council insisting that the latter did not possess influence enough in the Chamber to carry on the government, and reproaching him with his complaisance towards the Radicals. M. Jules Simon and his colleagues immediately resigned, and the "government of combat" was reconstituted, with the Duc de Broglie as premier and keeper of the seals and M. de Fourtou as minister of the interior.

The 16th of May was exactly the counterpart of the 24th of May. The Duc de Broglie had in both instances prepared everything beforehand, and sprung his mines with rare skill. But when he overthrew M. Thiers he had been able to organize a majority, and against M. Jules Simon no such success was possible. The imminent presence of disaster cooled the most heated spirits among the Republicans. In the Chamber, when the marshal's *coup* was announced, there was neither confusion nor excitement in the ranks of the Left. A resolution was proposed asserting the rights of parliamentary majorities, and carried by the whole of the Republican party. The action of the Senate, whose assent was needed for the dissolution, was awaited calmly, and only a few riotous Bonapartists such as MM. Paul de Cassagnac and Robert Mitchell disturbed the tranquillity of debate. M. de Fourtou, by a clumsy compliment thrown at the majority in the defunct National Assembly, gave the Republicans an opportunity of acclaiming M. Thiers as "the liberator of the territory," and of putting him forward as an avowed competitor for the presidency. Marshal MacMahon, by declaring his incompatibility of temper with the Radical majority in the Chamber, had appealed to the country against them, and it seemed clear that unless he cast off all pretences of respect for constitutional principles, he was bound to abide by the issue of the appeal. He had not, however, taken into account the important fact that so long as M. Thiers was ready to take his place, the country would not be frightened by his threatened retirement.

The Senate supported the marshal's dissolution decree by a majority of twenty. Exactly one-half of the senators (one hundred and fifty) voted in the affirmative. It is only fair to say that the conduct of the majority may be defended on constitutional principles. If Marshal MacMahon had been somewhat brusque in dismissing M. Jules Simon and installing the Duc de Broglie in his place, he was still guilty of no legal breach of the Constitution, and he was bound, like any other constitutional sovereign, to accede to the demand of his new ministers when, checked in the Chamber, they wished to appeal to the nation. The Senate cannot be blamed for sanctioning this appeal, nor could they have been blamed for refusing it. But it was apparent that many of the Constitutionalists and a few of the Left Centre politicians had drifted away from their allies in the popular branch of the legislature.

The dissolution once resolved upon, both parties braced themselves for a conflict more decisive than any that France had witnessed since the downfall of the Bourbon throne. The Left hoped to conquer by moderation, the Right by "vigor." M. Thiers, M. Gambetta, M. Jules Simon, M. Louis Blanc, M. Victor Hugo, were for once agreed upon immediate ends and means. The majority which had opposed the marshal's dismissal of his liberal ministers was to be returned unbroken, or if possible augmented. The "three hundred and sixty-three," whether Left Centre, Left, or extreme Left, were in the first place to be re-elected, and every anti-Republican seat was to be attacked. The Republicans, sinking all differences of ultimate objects, were to hold together on the constitutional ground which Marshal MacMahon had conveniently defined for them. He had declared that he could not govern with a Radical Chamber, and that the country had been entrapped into voting for Radical candidates in 1876 by the unauthorized use of his name. If the three hundred and sixty-three, or the greater number of them, were returned in spite of his denunciation, he would be compelled, it was hoped, to acknowledge that the country wished to be governed through the Republicans.

It is clear that the marshal, advised by the Duc de Broglie, had persuaded himself that France, in sheer despair of losing his guidance, would submit her own wishes to his. The Duc de Broglie himself had probably no such confidence, but he trusted much in the strenuous "management" of the political machine by M. de Fourtou and the official forces of the empire. These were means which, when the empire used them, the Duc de Broglie had repudiated in the loftiest disdainful mo-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ralities, but if they could only be employed to bring back a docile conservative Chamber, which would establish the *pays légal* and leave the Right Centre to govern it, all might be well. The duc's reckonings omitted the ambitions of the Bonapartists, who for their own part had no notion of being left out of the game, but were willing to postpone their claims to a later day.

So the campaign opened. Its incidents are too fresh in the recollections of all of us to need repetition here. M. de Fourtou did all that the marshal and the Duc de Broglie could have expected of him. Never, even under the empire itself, were the prefects, mayors, and all the rest of the bureaucracy so active. The voice of Republican opinion was everywhere strangled. The press was coerced; public meetings were bullied into silence; the most moderate statements of the political issue before the country were made the mark for vindictive prosecutions. The Duc de Broglie as keeper of the seals rivalled the "energy" of his colleague of the interior, and the indictment of M. Gambetta for a speech in which he laid down the constitutional principle that the chief of the executive, when he appeals to the country against a hostile legislature and is beaten, must "either submit or resign," appeared the high-water mark of "conservative" pretensions. But this was followed up by two proclamations in which Marshal MacMahon personally addressed the French people and told them that adverse elections would not force him upon M. Gambetta's dilemma. If defeated — for he made the defeat of his ministers his own — he would neither accept a ministry from the parliamentary majority nor surrender his place to any rival. "With the Senate," he would continue to govern and to maintain order.

What Marshal MacMahon meant by this oracular utterance is now the great problem before France; for the electors have not been terrified by his threats into voting against their convictions. As M. de Fourtou and the Duc de Broglie redoubled their "administrative pressure," the Republicans closed up their ranks and displayed a calm, moderate, and firm resolution, that won the admiration of even those who have little sympathy with the Revolution and its developments. The death of M. Thiers seemed a heavy blow, but it was sustained in a worthy spirit. M. Grévy was put forward as the representative of the same moderate but steadfast championship of parliamentary liberties of which M. Thiers, in the admirable State paper he left behind him, had justly claimed the credit. The government multiplied its restless and splenetic interference down to the very day of the election, and it received its reward.

On Sunday, the 14th of October, the votes of the French electors were taken in the midst of profound and imposing calm. The Republicans returned were three hundred and twenty-five, the anti-Republicans less than two hundred. A few seats remained to be disposed of on the second ballot (Oct. 28). The Republican majority is at least one hundred and twenty: as great as any English minister has commanded since the rout of the Whigs by Pitt. Such is the answer of France to Marshal MacMahon's challenge. How will "the simple soldier" of the Elysée receive the plain and disagreeable intimation that his pretensions are held incompatible with the rights of his countrymen?

E. D. J. WILSON.

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SORCERY OF LOVE.

BUT Gilbert Raine was more skilled in the art of raising the storm than in quelling it. At luncheon his allusions to the dispute vexed Rica, because they attracted Mr. Burneston's attention and made him, too, begin to tease.

Doris was preoccupied and so did not attempt to help her friend, and Rica, though she had tried to keep a smiling face, got up from table with eyes smarting from repressed tears, and a feeling of sore vexation with herself, for being so easily irritated.

She hurried away to her bedroom. "How stupid I am to let him vex me! I must go home to work," she said; "this holiday life evidently does not suit me, it has made me conceited, or I should not be so touchy."

"Doris," — Mr. Burneston had followed his wife into the garden after luncheon, — "do you know that Raine is really smitten with Miss Masham? I never saw him take so much notice of any woman. You know he was jilted some years ago. Poor old fellow, I don't think your friend cares a bit for him."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"Was he jilted?" but Doris spoke coldly; she had not at all relinquished her plan of marrying Rica to George, and she went on towards the houses where she knew she should find the gardener.

"Stay here a little," her husband said, and he sat down on the seat beneath the cedar. "Slater may wait. You seem to forget we have scarcely had a moment's talk since you came back."

Doris glanced at him from under the shade of her garden bonnet. She wondered he looked so grave.

"I am not going away again for a year, Philip, so you will have plenty of time to get tired of me."

"You were very good to come back so punctually," he said, and then he prodded with his stick the dry fir needles that formed a brown carpet at their feet. Presently, in a more earnest tone, "Are you really glad to come home to me, my darling?"

Doris's thoughts had gone back to George and Rica, at this she looked up. "Yes," she said simply, "of course I am glad."

But though she smiled sweetly Mr. Burneston was not satisfied. Till now his wife had been perfect in his eyes, and she was perfect still; but he had felt her absence very keenly, he had looked forward to her home-coming so ardently, that her equanimity almost ruffled him. Perhaps the contrast afforded by Rica Masham's impulsive nature had impressed him, for as he sat musing under the cedar, while he told himself that his wife's graceful self-possession was one of her rarest gifts, he felt a hungry longing that she would show a more impulsive fondness towards him.

He sighed. "You have not told me anything about your father or George; were they satisfied with your looks? I fancy from what you say that your mother was completely absorbed by her grandson."

"My father looks older, I think; and George — well, on the whole, I think George is greatly improved;" then with her wonted directness, "I was not hearty just now when you spoke of Mr. Raine and Rica, because I so dearly want her for a sister; please do not encourage him to like her."

Mr. Burneston smiled at her earnestness, and for an instant he thought reproachfully, "She can be warm enough about anything she has at heart."

"But are you sure George is free to care for your friend?" he said; "his is not a nature to change, and he did care for pretty Rose Duncombe, I'm sure. I used to see them together when you were away, remember."

"He does not deny it." Mrs. Burneston's cheeks flushed, as all that talk on the hilltop came back to her memory. "But, Philip, surely it is only a fancy; what can a clever, thoughtful man like him have in common with such a girl as that? He and Rica, who is really well educated, are much better suited to each other, and they seemed to find so much sympathy at the Cairn."

"Sympathy is not love, my darling, it belongs more to friendship. Some of the most ardent love-affairs I have seen have been between opposite natures, natures which actually clashed till love made them one."

Doris sat thinking.

"Philip! do you think," she said timidly, and the tone made his pulses beat quicker, it was so unlike the even, trustful voice he was used to — "do you think," she repeated, "that I have deteriorated, grown worldly, I mean? George says I have."

He put his arm round her and kissed her.

"George is a simpleton," he said.

"No, indeed he is not! he never speaks at random; it was about this subject: he said he loved Rose, and I said love was not the only requisite for a happy marriage, and that if he tried he would soon love Rica dearly, and he said I was worldly to set so little store by love."

"My dear child, you are simply perfect, but when you are as old as I am, you will know that this feeling, or sorcery, or whatever love may be, is the most obstinate and unchangeable of maladies. You," he glanced at her unresponsive face and sighed, "my darling, when you know more about love yourself, you will be more merciful to George."

"What do you mean?" she said. "It seems to me that you are as unreasonable as George is. He says I am too worldly to understand love, and you say I am too young. It seems to me that each person must love acording to his or her temperament. Rose is violent and uncontrolled, and she loves, I suppose, in the same manner, and" — she stopped self-convicted. George was neither violent nor uncontrolled, and then her own passionate love for her child thrilled through her reproachfully; and yet, though she knew he was waiting to be assured of her love, she could not deceive her husband.

"You are too good for me every way,"

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

she said, and her voice was so full of pain that he longed to take her in his arms and comfort her. "Have I not told you so?"

She got up hastily and went into the house. She met Mr. Raine and passed him, but neither of them spoke.

Raine hurried on to Mr. Burneston, he held an open letter.

"I say, Phil, here's no end of a mischief. It seems this letter — it's from Ralph to me, poor fellow! — was left in the bag by mistake this morning. Benjamin has just brought it in." Then seeing how pale and anxious the father looked — "He's not ill, old fellow, but he has got into a confounded scrape, and I'm afraid he will have to leave Eton."

BOOK V. — JEALOUSY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"LITTLE PHIL."

JUNE, "the sweetest and gentlest of months," was at its loveliest. The garden at Burneston Hall glowed with the purple and white and yellow of rhododendrons and azaleas — the last of every hue — orange, scarlet, purple, and primrose. Showing above these were groups of scarlet hawthorn and snow-balls of guelder rose, shaded with golden showers of pendent laburnum, the luxuriant wealth of autumn, but with the tender tints and coy delicacy of spring on the leaves and on the grass.

In the dark river nook made by the turn in the terrace wall was a plot of water-lilies. The white blossoms had opened widely, hiding their delicate green cups as they warmed their golden bosoms in their sunshine. They seemed to float like the starred queens of the river on green silken barges, here and there spangled with gold, as yellow nymphœas showed between the close-clinging raft of leaves. In the terrace wall, beside one pier of the steps, a wild rose had niched itself, and flung down long sprays to the water's edge — sprays which, in the early morning, had been green, but on which the warm sunshine had opened the hidden white buds into exquisite golden-centred roses.

Towards these flowers, which grew so high in air, before their long arms flung themselves down to the river, that they were plainly to be seen from the garden, little Phil Burneston was dragging his nurse. He was a fine little fellow, nearly three years old now, with a lovely face, not much like that of either father or mother, most like Doris in delicacy and regularity of features, but with fair silken hair and dark, sweet, brown eyes.

"I'se goin' to get Faith a nosegay, an' I will," he said in a sweet, decided voice. "I yikes to, an' gran'ma says I'se to do what I yikes, acos I'se a gentleman."

Phil's nurses had no great reverence for "gran'ma." He was allowed, while his father and mother were in London, to pay a yearly visit to the Cairn under the conduct of his grandfather, who came over to Steersley to fetch him and bring him home, and for about a month after his return he was so spoiled and tiresome that only his mother could control him.

"No, indeed, Master Phil, an' Missis Emmett wouldn't approve of such goin's on, an' your ma," added the London nurse with emphasis, "would be shocked."

"No, she wouldn't; oo are silly." Then he suddenly spied his mother at the glass door. "Mamma!" — he ran away to her, and clasped his arms round her knees — "oo doesn't mind me picking roses, does oo?"

"Don't pick those near the water, my boy. Come with mamma to the flower-garden, and Phil shall gather himself a nosegay. Come." She held out her hand.

But the little face still looked determined.

"Me wants roses. Faith yikes roses best; Ralph says so. Where is Ralph, mamma? Me wants him."

"You shall have some roses, darling. Come."

She did not stoop to give the child one of the passionate kisses which she gave him when there was no one by to see; the child's words had stirred into movement the serpent that poisoned her life — her jealousy of Ralph Burneston.

He had been home only a few days, and little Phil had clung to him with a love which hitherto the child had only shown to his mother. Phil was not much with Faith now. When he was about two years old the housekeeper had spoken her mind about his visits to the Cairn, and but for Mr. Burneston's intercession she would have been dismissed.

"She may remain, as you wish it," Doris had said; "but she can only be housekeeper for the future. She has done her duty by our darling; I do her that justice; but I can see that her influence would be prejudicial now."

"As you like, though it is hard on Faith." Mr. Burneston sometimes wished his wife would be less stern and unbending towards her servants. To the poor she was very kind and indulgent; but it seemed

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

impossible to her now to forget, even for a moment, that she was Mrs. Burneston of Burneston; and her husband thought she was very hard in her judgment of Ralph.

Mr. Burneston had gone off to Eton with Gilbert Raine, and although Ralph's fault had been grave and disgraceful, still Raine's influence and the squire's judgment had drawn him to be lenient towards the boy, who really seemed earnest in his promise of amendment. Mr. Burneston's idea was to keep Ralph at Burneston for a year with a tutor, and then send him to Oxford; but when this was proposed Ralph begged to be placed abroad with a foreign tutor.

"He is right," Doris said; "he knows he cannot resist temptation, and he will have far less temptation to drink in France than he would have in England; besides, Philip, I really shrink from living under the same roof with a son who could so disgrace his father's name; and — and I cannot bear to think of his influence on little Phil."

Mr. Burneston was silent.

"I have vexed you," Doris said; "forgive me. I did not mean to do it. If it ever becomes possible for our little one to be as much in fault as Ralph is, be sure that I shall wish you to punish him severely."

She put her hand on her husband's shoulder; but there was no caress in the action: it was rather as if she strove to prove that she had no bias against Ralph.

Mr. Burneston looked up at her earnestly as she stood before him, then he shook his head and smiled.

"We'll not discuss that, my love. God grant that you may never be put to such a trial! I have told you before that you are apt to judge hardly of yourself as well as of others, and I don't believe you would be as unloving as all that."

"Unloving!" Doris withdrew her hand as it fell by her side. "Surely justice and truth must come first; indeed, Philip, I shall always wish you to be much firmer with our boy than you seem to have been with Ralph."

"Poor Ralph!" Then as he rose from his chair — for this talk had taken place in his wife's room — "Ah, my darling, if you loved me better — and you will some day, I know — you would not be so very hard on Ralph."

Her husband left the room as he spoke. "So very hard on Ralph!"

Doris felt as she thought over the subject that it could not be again discussed between them; it touched them both too nearly on points which they could not see with the same eyes. "If you loved me better!" Her heart ached sorely at her husband's words. She could not accuse herself of any failure in wifely duty.

"He is exacting," she said proudly. "I do love him; I cannot always be telling him so. I like to be with him better than any one except baby."

She was deeply wounded. When they next met, her husband tried by more than usual tenderness to efface the memory of his words, and Doris was too high-minded to show any rancor or coldness; but her reserve increased, and certainly her husband's appeal did not produce the effect he had hoped.

After a few months Ralph announced himself so pleased with his French life — he was placed with a French *savant* close to Tours — that he entreated to be allowed to remain, choosing to spend his summer holidays in excursions to Switzerland, the Tyrol, etc., rather than at Burneston. He refused to return to England, even for Christmas, to the infinite relief of Doris.

But when the first summer holidays came she persuaded her husband to spend a fortnight with his son, while she went to the Cairn to fetch home little Phil, who had been staying with his devoted grandmother.

Last year Gilbert Raine had volunteered to accompany Ralph to the Tyrol, and now in this bright fine weather the young man had returned without invitation to Burneston.

He had shown so much affection for little Phil that Doris had softened towards him, and had even taken his part against his father. Mr. Burneston found his son greatly altered. On Sunday he had yawned all church-time, and had made jokes about the sermons; then he smoked from morning till night; and besides these "foreign habits," as his father called them, Ralph had evidently coarsened both in manner and language.

Even Faith had said, "Eh, Maister Ralph, whist, will ye noo?" more than once; but Phil could talk of nothing but his "big brother," and he worried to be with him all day long.

"Where's Ralph, mamma?" he said plaintively. "Me wants Ralph dreffully."

Doris stopped, and clasped the baby hand in hers.

"We'll go and find him, darling," she said. Her jealousy even was conquered for the moment by that compelling power — a child's entreaty.

But when they reached the rose-garden,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

a round plot surrounded by wire arches on which snowy clusters of blossoms with tassels of rosy buds contrasted with glorious creamy and with dark velvet-like crimson flowers, the child clapped his hands with delight.

"Me wants two — fee — four — five, all for Faith," he said. "Ralph says Faith yikes roses. Mamma, dho find Ralph; will 'oo tell Ralph me wants him arectly?"

It was the first time the child had ever sent her away from him, and she felt pained that it should be for Ralph.

On her last visit to the Cairn, George had been absent, but John Barugh had urged her strongly to cherish affection between Ralph Burneston and his little brother; this thought came back now and helped Phil's entreaty.

"Do you love brother Ralph so much?" She looked down sadly into the baby face, feeling as if it were no longer her special property.

"Welly, welly much! Me would yike to go to cool wiv Ralph," and the sweet dark eyes were lifted wistfully to the mother's face.

"Oh, Phil!" — there was such pain in her voice — "like to go to school away from mamma?"

"Dess — me would tum home adain;" then, with his little decided manner, which so perfectly imitated his mother's, he said, "Dho an' find Ralph arectly, will oo, mamma?"

Doris called the nurse, and turned towards the house. Her dark, finely-marked eyebrows were closely knit; the deep-set liquid eyes looked full of trouble, and the firm rosy lips were pressed together. All at once her troubled look turned into a smile.

"After all, it is natural; the child has never seen his brother before. The novelty of a brother is delightful to him, and I suppose there is a natural feeling towards him. Phil is so good and sweet that he may be of use to Ralph; only I must see how Ralph behaves. I can't have my precious boy injured by bad example, and I suppose Ralph will be often here now."

For the first time a chill doubt of the power of her own influence troubled Doris. She remembered that, yielding as her husband was, he always contradicted her about Ralph, and seemed to doubt her judgment in regard to him. Gilbert Raine too in his rare visits had shown the same distrust.

"But surely," she said, "if Ralph does not treat me better than he used to, his father will not care to have him at Burneston. I will be as kind as possible; and, come what may, I will not speak against Ralph to his father. Surely then Philip will believe in my justice towards his son."

As she went into the house she met Benjamin Hazelgrave.

"Where is Mr. Ralph?" she asked.

"Maister Ralph? He's gaen oop t' village, ma'am. Ah thinks he's mebbe gaen'd te Maister Sunley's aboot t' fishin'."

Since that memorable day Doris had not gone into either of the stone cottages opposite Church Farm. She had learned at the Cairn that Rose had twice left home to fill the situation of nursery governess. She believed that she was still away.

"I hope so," she said as she mounted the hill; "though I suppose Ralph is too much of a fine gentleman now that he has been abroad and in society to care to flirt with a village girl like Rose."

She had reached the top of the hill; and, turning her head resolutely away from Church Farm, she looked on to Sunley's cottage. He was not sitting at the door; the door itself was closed, so was the window-shutter. Evidently Joseph was away from home.

While Doris stood she wondered at herself. Was it likely that Ralph would come, just to please his little brother, if he had set his mind on sport?

"But still he would be pleased I took the trouble to seek him," she said.

All at once the door beside her opened, and Ralph came out of Mrs. Drummond's cottage. Doris saw the door shut by some unseen hand, and she knew that it could not be that of Mrs. Drummond, who for more than a year had been bedridden, and was tended in Rose's absence by Sukey Swaddles.

"It may be Sukey Swaddles now," Doris thought; but the next moment Ralph, who had not yet turned towards her, tapped at the door; he put in his head and said something, and then the door closed again. But Doris had seen Rose's flushed face, and had seen too that the girl perceived her.

Ralph was unconscious of Doris's presence, and he turned to go down-hill, muttering to himself.

For a moment Doris stood undecided, then she hurried after her stepson.

"Ralph!" He turned; his bronzed, bearded face looked quite unmoved by the sight of her. "You have been talking to Rose Duncombe," she said. "Ralph, indeed you must not go to see her; it is wrong."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Ralph looked first surprised, then insolent, then he laughed.

"Really," he said, "I think you had better not interfere with me, Mrs. Burneston. I can manage my own affairs."

Doris knew that she had spoken hastily and imperiously, but still she felt that she was right. She said, "I cannot see wrong done without trying to prevent it. It is not good for Rose."

"Rose! — nonsense! You had better mind your own business," he said, interrupting her roughly. "You will do more harm than good." He turned and went up-hill again, past the church along the highroad.

A bright flush rose on her delicate face, but she checked her anger.

"I said I would not speak against him to his father," said Doris; "I will not. I will show Philip the danger of keeping Rose here, and leave it all to him. She must be sent away this time."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SQUIRE'S PERPLEXITY.

THE only chance Doris had had of speaking to her husband was as they went down to dinner.

They used the drawing-room when they had visitors. At other times Mrs. Burneston's sitting-room was the usual rendezvous before dinner, but sometimes she and her husband met in the gallery into which their dressing-rooms opened.

They met there to-day, and as the gong had sounded they went down-stairs arm-in-arm.

As they reached the bottom of the staircase, Ralph appeared above at the arched recess beside the bust of Clytie.

"Rose Duncombe is at home again just now," Doris said in a low voice; "it is not safe for Ralph, is it?"

The squire shrugged his shoulders; but the troubled look, which he had worn since Ralph's return, deepened.

"Perhaps not," he said; then Ralph joined them and they went in to dinner.

Mr. Burneston was very silent, but he was too much occupied with his own perplexity to notice the evident estrangement between his wife and his son — the forced politeness of their frigid reserve.

Doris left the table as soon as dinner was over to seek the peace and soothing which her child had such power to give to her — though now a slight dread hovered over these meetings with her darling, the dread that he should speak of Ralph. She shrank from the strong, overmastering dislike, but it pursued her. Hitherto she had found a refuge from it with little Phil, but now that the baby voice made Ralph its constant theme, Doris almost writhed under the added torture.

"I fear I hate him," she said, as she went up-stairs, "he is so weak, so vain and shallow; and now there is a new manner, that of a confident coxcomb; all the freshness of boyhood has left him, and he is only twenty. I cannot go on living with him in this way. Either I must conquer this hatred, or he must go."

Ralph left the dining-room almost directly after Mrs. Burneston did; his father's silence bored him, and besides he had to keep an appointment he had made with Rose. His father's face cleared when his son went away, but his eyes were still full of sadness. Although at different periods he had lived out of the world he had always been full of pursuits; his time and his thoughts too had been fully occupied; he had never indulged in self-communing, nor had he, except on rare occasions, troubled himself to think out his son's future. He was an optimist; all had hitherto gone right with him and his, and therefore all would go right to the end. This would have been his theory had he been questioned on it, till Ralph came back from his self-imposed exile.

The disgrace Ralph had incurred at Eton had pained and shocked his father; but Mr. Burneston shook trouble off easily, and disliked to be reminded of it. The evident change in his son's expression and manner had disturbed him on the youth's return from France, but even then at first Mr. Burneston had laughed at his own anxiety, and told himself he was growing a fidget. Away from Ralph, he shook off the uneasiness he felt; but each time this became more difficult. His attention was constantly roused by some look or word which showed how great the change was; Ralph's utter irreverence and his frequent oaths shocked his father, and the coarseness of some of his remarks.

To-day the squire sat thinking far more seriously than usual.

"Yes," he said, "Doris is right. Ralph is just in a mood to make a fool of himself with Rose Duncombe; and though I really believe the girl is good and steady enough, still his foolish notice of her may unsettle her; it is not fair to risk even the chance of it for the poor little girl."

He sighed, he disliked trouble, and yet he was strongly moved to go out at once and speak to Rose. He knew that it was useless to ask his wife to interfere, for he

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

had silently comprehended the dislike she felt towards the pretty village girl. He had a good deal of fatherly liking for Rose; she had grown up under his eye, and he liked to look at her in the way he liked to look at anything that pleased him; but he had spoken to her very seldom since his marriage, lest it should vex Doris. Indeed the Burneston people generally said that marriage with the farmer's daughter had made the squire "much less free" than he had been when single.

"Yes," he said at last, "I'll see Rose at once. It would be easy for her to go to the Cairn for a bit," he thought, as he went into the hall to get his hat. "If I wrote to Mrs. Barugh I am sure she would ask her at once; I know George would thank me for giving him the chance of seeing her. Poor little girl, I should be sorry if she was made unhappy."

He looked uneasy and then laughed.

"I am foolish about Doris," he said; "she would not be human if she was not wrong sometimes, and she is quite wrong about George and Rose. This marriage would do very well. The worthy fellow would make a good woman of her."

So he sauntered quietly up to the stone cottage — not through the steep village, but round by the vicarage and then across the glebe-field — the secret pain and pleasure of his life. He loved to picture his beautiful wife as the child to whom he had at once given his love, and yet he felt that Doris always shrank from any reference to that first meeting.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Dear girl! Why should she not have whims as well as other people?" he said, looking at the gate. "I want her to be perfect, I suppose."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ROSE AND THE SQUIRE.

It is a certain truth that true love has an elevating influence, and often rouses character in a being who without it would never have emerged from the mere monotony of commonplace. The shade of disappointment which tinged Mr. Burneston's overmastering love for his wife served to keep it unselfish and purified. He was far more sympathetic and less careless in his feelings for others than he had been before his second marriage, and he now felt roused up to protect Rose from his son's folly.

As he drew near the hazel copse he heard a rustling; he turned his head inquiringly and stood still, just within sight of the little gate that led from the nut-wood into the glebe-field, with a corresponding entrance set at right angles into the churchyard. Though it had grown quite dusk within the wood, there was a clear space round the gates, and as he stood looking Rose Duncombe came hurrying out of the wood; she pushed open the gate into the churchyard, and then closed it behind her. Having done this she stood still, leaning back on the gate, and clasped her hands over her eyes. It seemed to Mr. Burneston that she was either in pain or in grief.

He hesitated; then, finding that the girl stood still, quite heedless of any observation, he went close up to the gate leading into the field. It was so near the one against which she leaned that he could have touched Rose's shoulder.

She stood like a statue, utterly absorbed in her great grief. She saw her love for Ralph in all its strength, and she knew, with the sure insight which a true love sometimes gives, that she was wasting it on a worthless object. A pit seemed to open at her feet, dividing her forever from Ralph. If she stretched across it after him, there was no firm hand to steady her steps and guide her safely over the yawning rent.

"It's just play to him," she said passionately; "an' it's my very life; he cares nowt for me! Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

But the passion was soon wept away, and her sadness deepened.

"Rose!"

She gave a little cry, and looked up and saw the face she had loved so dearly all her life, and which she had grown to idolize in Ralph, but now with a pitying, kindly look on it which seemed to Rose older and far kindlier than the squire's. Her heart went out to him in an agony of love and remorse.

"Don't speak kind to me, sir; ah cannut bear it. If you kenned what ah'd been deeain, you'd be ower put aboot to speak a word to me."

She spoke in a wild, shrill voice that startled Mr. Burneston, and made him look round at the rick-yard to see if Shadrach or his wife were within hearing.

"Hush! hush, my poor child! Come home now," he said quietly, "I want to speak to you."

He stepped over the low wall of the churchyard and stood beside her. "Come!" He touched her arm and went on. Rose followed mechanically, past the grey headstones gleaming in the dark,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

past the screen of weird fir-trees, along two sides of the low granite wall, till he reached the entrance facing the church porch.

He held this gate open for his companion to pass through, and then followed her closely. She had spoken so desperately that he felt afraid she would run away from him.

But Rose went on to the cottage doggedly and heavily. The burst of passion had left her stupid and dazed with sorrow, for the sight of Mr. Burneston did not bring any comfort, it only strengthened the renunciation of Ralph, which she had plainly seen before her as she leaned against the gate.

"Rose, can I see your grandmother, or is it too late?"

The girl looked at him dreamily. "It's ower late," she said, "but gran'mother's sure to be waking. Ah'll tell her you want to speak wi' her, but ah doobts if she'll hear you."

She went up-stairs slowly, as if she had suddenly grown old, but came down again in a minute.

"Gran'mother's sleepin', sir. Shall I waken her?"

"Oh no, I'll see her to-morrow; and I'll see you too, you are tired now."

"No!" She roused herself and stood in his way to the door. She was very pale, and her lips trembled. "You'd best speak now; you'd best not trust me, as ah doesn't trust myself. Oh, sir, ah'll tell you all. Ah've been talkin' and listenin' to Master Ralph, an' mebbe if you don't forbid me ah sal gan on listenin'. Ah loves to hear him talk, an' ah's nane so much pleasure i' my life 'at ah can give him up all at yance — sae noo, that's it!"

The desperation in her voice shocked him.

"No, Rose," he said gently, "I am sure you won't try to see Ralph again, and I'll tell you why. If you care for him you will not try to get him into further disgrace, and I am already very angry with him. These meetings are harmful to you both."

"Ah told him you would be angry, but he didn't seem to think so. But it's all my fault, sir, indeed it is — he's not to blame!"

Mr. Burneston looked stern. He wanted to counsel Rose, and did not know how to begin. The acquaintance could not have gone far, he thought, or she would be less suddenly frank. He stood looking at her. "Sit down, my poor child, and listen to me quietly," he said presently. "It isn't right, you know, Rose, to meet young men like Master Ralph in the evening."

She looked wounded.

"Didn't ah say ah'd been deeain wrang? What mair can I say? Ah've teld him 'at ah wadn't see him again."

"Rose, you must go away for a time." He spoke very kindly. "I don't blame you so much, my poor lass. You will wish to go away, Rose, to please me — won't you?"

She looked up passionately; then, as the yearning pity in his kind, gentle face stole into her heart, she clasped her hands over her eyes and sobbed.

"Dunnut — ah teld you nut — dunnut speak kind nur look kind. Ah's nut worth it; but oh, Mr. Burneston, ah'd try all ways to please you, but dunnut ask me t' go schoolin' again; it makes me feel 'at ah'd like to drown myself."

He looked surprised and shocked.

"I never meant that, lass; but you shall go and stay with Mrs. Barugh at the Cairn. Listen!" — he raised his hand to check the fiery answer he read in her face as her hands left her eyes — "they will all make you very welcome there, and you will be a great comfort to Mrs. Barugh. She has been ailing lately, and your kind nursing will cheer her up."

Rose looked eager.

"Did Mrs. Barugh sae 'at she would be fain t' see me?" she asked. Then she shook her head; "If she'd written to me, ah'd ha' credited it — but ah cannot otherways."

"You cannot expect her to write when she is ill, Rose." Mr. Burneston hesitated, for in his heart he guessed Rose would be unwelcome to Mrs. Barugh. "But surely you will take my word. I will write to-morrow, and tell them to expect you the day after. I will see that you reach Steersley in time for the coach. Now it is settled, is it not?"

Rose looked unwilling.

"Ah cannot say ah want to go when ah'd liefer stay," she said sullenly, keeping her eyes on the ground.

She looked so like her old childish self, with her flushed, tear-stained cheeks and pouting lips, that Mr. Burneston felt inclined to manage her as he used to manage her ten years ago.

"Come, Rose," he said, "your grandmother always said you would do anything to please me, and yet the first time I ask you really to do the thing I wish, you refuse. This is not kind, Rose."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Rose grew very red, and her head drooped on her bosom.

"Will it really and truly please you, sir, or is it only to fret him?"

"He deserves punishment" — Mr. Burneston frowned — "but it is for my sake and yours, Rose, that I wish you to go away quite as much as — as for any other reason. Come, you used to be a tractable girl, don't let me find you changed. You have no father to advise you, and you ought to listen to me as if I were your father."

He held out his hand, and smiled so kindly at her that the girl's pride melted, and she took his hand in both of hers and kissed it reverently, but with all her heart going out to him. "Ah'd lay down my life to please you, sir, you're so kind an' good," she sobbed. "Ah said ah always would. Ah'll go whenever you please."

"That's right, that's a good little girl. Well, then. I'll send some one the morning after to-morrow, at five o'clock, to drive you to Steersley. You will breakfast at the inn and wait there for the coach, and some one from the Cairn will meet you at the village and drive you up to the moor. You will have no trouble, everything will be settled for you. Now, good-bye," — then looking suddenly grave, "Stay indoors to-morrow, Rose, and if my son should call, which is not likely, do not talk to him."

"Ah winnut, indeed ah winnut."

"Go in," he said, as she opened the door for him, "and don't stand looking after me. Good-bye, God bless you, my poor dear child!"

Rose obeyed, then she went back into the little bare parlor and sat down.

"Oh, he is kind an' good. Ah could kiss the ground he stands on. Ah do love him. Ah believe if he teld me to walk to Lunnon ah'd try to deea it. Is it because he's Ralph's father, or is it 'at ah loves Ralph becos he's like t' squire? Ah loved t' squire first. Well, he's gitten his will o' mey. Ah've gien my word to deea just t' very thing 'at ah doesn't like, an' to put up with Mrs. Barugh's mincing an' snubbing ways, an' wi' George's sermons — poor lad, ah mun not be hard on George, for ah's in his debt. Ah cannot give him what he's given me." She turned as if from some hateful thought, and the look of sullen despair overspread her face again.

"Oh, my heart will breeak. Ah cannot gan away. Ah teld Ralph 'at ah'd nut meet him again, but even noo ah langs to be with him. Na yan ivver spake so sweet to me as he does; an' whiles he looks an' whiles ah listens it's like heaven," she murmured. "What fur should ah give it up? it's ower hard, ower cruel."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MRS. BARUGH'S UNWELCOME GUEST.

The letter which Mr. Burneston wrote was to Mr. Barugh instead of to Dorothy. Without throwing any blame on Rose, or even hinting that she had any special liking for his son, he said that for certain reasons he had decided it was better Rose should be kept away from Burneston for a couple of months or so, and that if it did not suit Mr. Barugh to receive her he should be grateful if he would find a temporary home for her in the village. "Poor little Rose looks ill and worried," he added, "and the change will, I think, be of real service to her. I have not said anything about it to Doris, so perhaps it may be better not to allude to my interference in the matter. I think George's advice and influence would be very valuable to poor Rose just now."

On that morning John Barugh met the postman on his way, so no one at the Cairn knew that Mr. Burneston had written to him.

At first the farmer had been sorely puzzled — his mind was always slow in struggling to grasp facts — but as he walked with long striding steps across the moor he began to understand. He had not heard of Ralph's return, but it seemed to him that there was some one in or near Burneston, perhaps staying at the Hall, who was paying more attention to Rose than the squire thought good for her.

"He's rare an' thoughtful an' kind, an' ah's reet fain tu help him."

A sly smile spread over the serious, weather-beaten face. "T' missis is touchous aboot Rose; ah's dootful hoo shea'll tak' it."

He considered for some time, but there was little time to spare; finally he turned back and went indoors, startling Dorothy by his unexpected return — startling her still more when he abruptly told her she might expect Rose as a visitor in the afternoon.

He made the announcement as briefly as possible, and then retreated, leaving his wife too much surprised to ask questions.

Dorothy stood looking at the door he had closed after him, then she said three times in rapid succession, varying the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

accent with each explosion, "Well, I never!"

Her first thought was to get George out of the way, but there was no time for this, and as she stood thinking it seemed to her that the danger was less great than she had fancied it far off.

That curious mounting in ideas which comes to some people from the promotion of their friends and relations, had told strongly on Mrs. Barugh. She was still a farmer's wife, but since her daughter's marriage she had thought it necessary to keep two maids instead of one, to use her silver forks every day instead of keeping them locked up, with various other small innovations, tending, as she considered, to establish her position as the mother of a real lady. Her horizon had so mounted that, although she could not drag John up with her, she tried to persuade herself that his rusticity was merely a way he had, and that he would "pass muster," as she expressed it, whenever the day should come — that day which shone like some bright particular star on the limits of Dorothy's horizon — when she should find herself installed as a visitor at Burneston Hall.

It seemed to her too that George had benefited greatly by his visits to Mr. Hawnby, and she had hoped much from Rica's society. It had been a general disappointment that Miss Masham had not repeated her visit to the Cairn. Her mother's lingering illness and death had chained her at home, but Mrs. Barugh knew that she had at last promised to spend a short time at Burneston, and she hoped would also come to the farm.

"If he cares for Miss Masham, it isn't in nature that he can care for Rose too," said the anxious mother; "there's often more in fancy than in reality; not that he's breathed her name, but seeing her here with her common ways, and thinking of the difference between her and that sweet young lady, must surely open his eyes to the foolishness of his fancy, even supposing he still does care for Rose."

She settled her cap, and threw both its long lavender strings irritably over her shoulders.

"Anyway, it is a folly to have her here," she said pettishly; "but when John has that strong manner on him, you might as well try to reason with a rushlight for spluttering."

George had gone away very early on one of his long expeditions across the moors; he took his dinner with him on these occasions, and came in late. To-night, though Dorothy had been eagerly expecting his arrival, she was too busy talking to Rose to notice it. George stopped at the parlor door, the strange but well-known voice thrilled through him, and set his heart beating and his pulse throbbing with mad excitement. Yes, there was Rose! This moment, which he had so longed for, to see his one only love seated at his own hearthstone between father and mother, had come at last.

The door was open, no one heard his approach, and he stood in the shadow of the doorway gazing his fill at Rose.

She looked pale and sad. He noticed that she scarcely answered his mother's flow of talk. A feeling that was half enjoyment, half shyness, held him back; he watched the light glistening on her golden hair, the pretty turn of her head with its small pink ears, and the exquisite crisped waves in which the shining hair rolled back from the creamy temples. Her pensive, subdued look added a fresh charm — it gave the refinement to her he had sometimes missed. He could restrain himself no longer, his eyes were dancing with delight as he came forward.

Rose heard his step, but she would not look round. Mrs. Barugh felt suddenly tongue-tied, the farmer only was easy and natural.

"See thee, mah lad, here's a stranger fra Burneston. Noo, mah lad, thoo's reet doon fain tu see Rose?"

"That ah is; ye're reet eneeaf, fayther. How are yu, Rose, an' how's t' gran'-mother?"

Rose flushed at George's warm welcome.

"She's no better nor no worse," she said fretfully; "there's no use me trying to make her hear, it hurts my throat to speak to her, she's deafer than deaf, she only hears Maister Sunley, no one else."

"It's a sore affliction," John said seriously, while Dorothy glanced at George to see how he took Rose's grumbling.

Poor woman, her heart sank within her at what she saw. There he stood, his large tender brown eyes fixed strainingly on Rose, as if striving to get her face by heart, while she never once turned to glance at him.

"Rose," he said presently, "there's light enough still to see t' garden; that's not much, yu'll say, but beyond's t' glorious, far-stretching moor. Eh, my lass, yu've niver seen such a sight; there's nowt in Burneston can marrow 't."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Rose tossed her head. At that moment she felt sore and angry. How broad and rough George's talk sounded after Ralph's soft voice and pleasant flattery! here was George taking the upper hand already.

"Burneston's not t' only place in t' world, lad," she said scornfully. "I've lived in a sight of places besides Burneston;" then recollecting her position as a visitor she turned smiling to Mr. Barugh.

"Do t' cows an' pigs thrive as well up here as they did at t' Church Farm?" she asked.

"Weel, lass, t' feedin's maistly doon riverwards. Ah'll show ye t' Cairn t' morn 'at's a'most fower tahmes as big as t' Church Farm, bud gan yer ways wi' George an' see t' sun set ower t' valley, it's a grand seeght, an t' e'en's clear."

Rose went unwillingly to get her bonnet; no one seemed ever able to disobey John Barugh's express wish.

Mrs. Barugh shrugged her shoulders, but George's eyes thanked his father heartily.

"Now look you here, John" — Dorothy had scarcely patience to wait till the pair had left the house — "if George takes up with that pert girl and disgraces us all, you've only yourself to thank for it, that you have."

The farmer went up to the mantelpiece and filled his pipe, then when he had puffed out a few whiffs he smiled kindly at her puckered face.

"Coom, mah lass, yu munnut be fractious. Yu've left that off, and ah lahkes yu best wivoot a froon. Lahke will tak tu lahke, honey. Hevn't yu said monny a tahme 'at a man sud be heead, an' 'at a lass sud better hersel' when sheea weds? Rose'll suit George better nobbut Miss Masham ud suit him, thof tu mah thinkin' Rose has nae great lahking fer t' lad. Mebbe she's bespokken."

Mrs. Barugh's pale face grew almost as red as her husband's broad hands.

"You're certainly not proud o' your own flesh and blood, John. To think of a girl like Rose refusing our George, and not feelin' she's honored by him! No; my hope lies t' other way. I think George may prefer Miss Masham."

"Posh!" John snapped his broad fingers. "Change is not in t' stuff 'at George is made on; that's where t' lad favvours his sister. Mebbe it's t' oa'nly bit o' lahkeness atween 'em."

Dorothy could only shake her head. He rarely spoke of Doris, but the mention of her at this disturbing crisis was overpowering. Yes, Doris — what would she say? What could she think of this folly of George's?

"Ah, she's got a will of her own," said the poor mother to herself. "If she'd been in my place, her man wouldn't have durst bring a visitor home without asking her leave."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ON THE MOOR.

Next morning the breakfast was a very quiet meal. George ate his porridge in silence, while Rose was so completely wrapped up in her own thoughts that when Mr. Barugh spoke suddenly to her she nearly let the milk-jug, which she was passing back to Mrs. Barugh, fall on the floor.

"Hollaw," said John, "a penny fer yur thowghts, lass; it's new fer ye tu be musin', Rose."

Rose grew pink to the roots of her yellow hair, then she glanced timidly at Mrs. Barugh.

Dorothy was signalling and frowning severely at her husband; it seemed to Rose that Mr. Burneston must have told her secret, and the pink flush deepened to a burning red. Her hands trembled, so that she could hardly hold the knife and fork with which she was cutting some bacon.

George was angry and sheepish; he felt that something ought to be said, but did not know how to say it; he could only try to get Rose away from his mother's vexatious glances. He was too angry to reflect, or he might have been surprised at his own indignation.

"It's all mother's fault, every bit of it," he said to himself; "we s'ud all be happy and comfortable but for her; she's a firebrand."

"Would yu like to see t' farmyard, Rose?" he said as the silence continued.

"Oh yes, I should." She jumped up and ran away for her hat. John Barugh burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well, mah lad, it's plain you're a chip o' t' a'wd block; noo if ah'd send that tu yur mudher when we war courtin' sheead ha' her neb at mey."

Dorothy's vexation overcame her prudence.

"You make mistakes, John; George and Rose are old friends, that's all, they're not thinkin' of courtin'."

This was the opportunity her son was waiting for.

"I'll not answer for Rose," he said. "I can only hope father's right. I dunnut

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

know why yu should think me changeable," he added stubbornly. "I've loved Rose all my life, an' shall love her let coom what will."

"Oh, George!" but Mrs. Barugh was stopped, the rustle of Rose's gown gave warning that she was coming down the creaking, uneven staircase close to the half-open kitchen door, for except during Doris's visit meals were not allowed to be served in the parlor at the Cairn.

George hurried to the door and met Rose in the passage; he was thankful to be spared for ever so brief a space the strife which he saw must come.

His father was on his side, and therefore he was in the right. I do not think that George, in the excitement of his joy and his love, remembered his sternness to his sister, who had her mother's good-will, though not her father's, in her choice, and yet George loved his mother much more truly than Doris had loved John Barugh; but then love blindfolds its victim completely, the soft witchery flings its veil over reason, natural affections, duty, even honor, dulling the eye to see, the ear to hear, and the heart to feel all save its own teachings.

George walked on silently beside Rose, watching the color come and go on her bright face, and the eager interest with which she looked around her.

Yesterday George had put a great strain on his longing for open speech with Rose. He had felt as we all feel when a bird lights on the hand, or within a short distance — a word, a movement even, may fright the shy, wished-for creature away forever.

It was such joy to be with Rose, to feel the rustle of her garments as she walked beside him, to see her loved face and watch the changes of expression thereon, that, though his ardent love, kindled to intensity by her sudden presence, longed for a nearer, fuller communion, he still refrained from seeking this lest he should lose the bliss he had.

Meanwhile his silence, the slight unconversational answers he made to her idle surface talk, drove Rose almost to frenzy. She could not choose but think; the overpowering events of these last days, days unmatched by any previous experience, filled her mind and claimed to be dwelt on.

But the bliss of those moments spent with Ralph was so alloyed with the certainty that he was no longer the "Master Ralph," the boy whose image she had so fondly cherished, that there was as much misery as bliss in going back to them. Then there was the squire. How good, how kind, how forbearing he had been! How thoughtfully he had provided for her comfort on the journey!

She looked furtively at George as they walked. How good and amiable he was, but oh how dull and tiresome he seemed after Ralph! Almost unconsciously her resentment rose against her companion, as recollection showed her how much he had taught her. But for his teaching she would perhaps not have noticed the change in Ralph.

She gave a groan which made George start. His eyes met hers, and the agony in them set all his self-restraint loose.

"What ails yu, lass?" he said very tenderly. "Is it aught 'at ah can set straight for yu?"

The very contrast of his tone with the slighting insolence she felt in Ralph's manner to her stung her. How could she answer his question, and tell him she groaned for the change that had come over Ralph Burneston! George would utterly despise her if she confessed that she cared for a man from whom she shrank with a kind of fear. Her good angel was striving hard with Rose, and at that moment she felt a distaste for goodness, because she felt dimly that a protecting influence came between her and Ralph.

"D'yu mean preaching?" she spoke scoffingly. "No, thank yu, George — yu mean kindly, but I've got beyond that."

Again their eyes met, and she shrank under the intense sympathy in his.

"Tell me, lass, what's amiss," he said softly, and sadly too, for something warned him not to speak of his love; "nothing eases a trouble like the sharing o' it. When we were bairns, d'yu mind, I used to help yu to carry t' milk across t' road because yu said it war heavy, eh, Rose?"

He bent down and looked into her troubled face.

"I dare say," she said more quietly, "you're right; no doubt you're always right, George, but just now I hate right." She stamped her foot, her anger getting vent with her words. "I wish I couldn't see wrong, and I hate you because you've taught me the difference."

He grew very pale.

"Will yu bide wiv yoursel' awhile?" he said at last; "ye'll master yoursel' best alone. Pray, Rose, honey, pray hard; if yu cannot say aught else, say 'Good Lord, deliver me!' It's the evil one's self 'at's got his hold on yu, an' only God and your own will can set yu free."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

She put up both hands and turned her back on him.

"Yes, go, an' I'll thank yu," she said; then mockingly, "I say, deliver me from cant."

She looked round after a minute — George was gone. There was a gate in the hedge leading to the fields below, and she thought he must have passed through it.

The moor rose steeply on her left, and she turned hurriedly to climb its heather-covered side; she longed to be free from the chance of observation, to be off the yellow highroad which, though rarely traversed, led from the village in the valley to a larger town far beyond the moor.

She tried to be angry with George, but instead she felt that his presence had soothed and quieted her, spite of herself.

"Did he say pray? — ah! but prayer's not for such as me. How can I pray to be delivered from loving Ralph when I so love to think of him?"

Above her rose a crag — a mass of black gritstone, looking like the tower of some old castle. It was too steep to climb; but presently she saw a little path, a kind of winding stone staircase cut in the rock, overgrown here and there with tufts of grass, and bent, and heather. Up this she made her way to the top, a broad smooth platform of rock some eight hundred feet above the river, marked by the line of trees in the valley below. Facing her was a whole range of lofty hills, and all around the far-reaching brown and crimson moor. Below, at some distance, was a small tarn, a cold, sluggish-looking pool. Rose shivered, and turned her back on it. More than once during her journey she had wished vehemently for death as an escape from her misery, but the sight of this dark, silent pool set her pulses beating in strong revulsion.

"I'm like a child," she said, "I don't know what I want. He's taken the taste out of my life for everything but talkin' to him; why was I so weak-minded as to come here? why don't I go back and take my chance o' seein' him?"

She sat down on the broad stones. She would not go back to the Cairn; if they missed her they might come and seek her on the moor.

"They're kind — too kind for the likes o' me," she said sadly, "for I brought it all about myself. Oh, why couldn't Ralph an' me keep as friends! Why, when I used to seek after seein' him I only thought of amusin' myself, an' of listenin' to his voice, an' lookin' at his sweet face, so like his father's, an' what harm could ever come to any one from talkin' and lookin' at t' squire? Ah!"

The deep sigh was like a groan — it seemed the breathing of despair.

"'Twas Doris did the mischief first. Mebbe I'd never ha' known I loved Ralph if she hadn't come and taunted me; mebbe then I'd not have lived on the thought of him as I've done day and night these years he's been away. I didn't know how I'd got to love him till my heart shrank at the change in him. Why, before it seemed to me that I was old beside him — he hadn't a word or a thought that was amiss — an' now he's quite altered." Then, with a burst of self-reproach, "I don't care what he is — I love him more than life!"

Then she sat silent, crouched on the stone.

"Yes, love him," she said wildly, "love him! And yet ah know ah mustn't love him."

She looked round in terror, as if she feared her own thoughts would take bodily shape; then she fell forward on the stone. "Good Lord, deliver me!" she gasped, "deliver me from temptation!"

Dinner was half over at the farmhouse when George came in.

He looked anxious and tired, but he turned white when he saw Rose's place empty.

"Where is she? — where's Rose? Hasn't she come in?"

"I thought she was with you; and really, George, I think you might both try not to keep dinner waiting." Mrs. Barugh spoke peevishly; but the farmer was studying George's face.

"Eat yer dinner, mah lad; yu need it," he said kindly. "Ah'll gang an' leeak fer t' lass." He thought that George had asked Rose to marry him, and that she had refused him.

"No, no," George said abruptly; "ah mun go myself. We parted an hour ago. Mebbe she's lost the path."

He hurried along the yellow road to the spot where he left Rose. She was nowhere to be seen; but the moor rose so steeply that it was impossible from below to see any distance across it.

George was tired and exhausted, but he climbed the steep bank as Rose had climbed it, and paused for breath when he reached the top.

On the top of the crag above him was a

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

woman; he felt sure it was Rose, and he began to climb up the broken stone steps far more slowly than she had climbed them; but half way up he paused and flushed a deep red, then he put his hand to screen his eyes and gazed intently at a man hurrying away across the moor.

With a sudden exclamation George turned to look for Rose; it seemed to him that she was kneeling on the rock.

"Rose!" he said.

She started and cried out as she rose up.

"It's you," she said, and he thought she looked glad.

"Had yu lost yer way?" he began; then fear and anger found a vent. "Wasn't that Ralph Burneston goin' ovver t' moor? What's he doin' here? What can you have to do wiv him? Answer me, Rose. What has he been saying to yu?"

He held her arm roughly; his voice was harsh; his eyes, no longer tender and beseeching, flashed out the passion that was choking him. Rose looked at him coldly.

"He has nowt to do with me; I sent him away."

"Bless yu, lass, for that word!" He clasped her hand in both his. "Don't be angered wiv me fer speakin' roughly, an' for thinkin' yey wad love a man who meant no good to yu. Though he's t' squire's son, he's a false-hearted blackguard."

"Stop there — how dare yu! I may send him away for my own reasons; but I'll not hear him blamed by yu, an' I'll not tell yu a word he said, so there!"

"Listen here" — George was carried away by the excitement of his feelings and his joy at her quarrel with Ralph. "Yu need tell me nothing, lass; I know it every word; your face tells me. Oh, Rose, my darling! t' Lord is with yu, sure and certain, or you'd not have sent him away. How can yu say 'at yu loves one 'at hates the Lord, who bought yu for his own at the price of his own life?"

She listened, but she shuddered and turned away.

"I don't want to hate yu, George," she said, "but I shall if I listen any more. It's your teachin' that's made me quarrel with him. Some day, I may see it different; now I hate t' very sight of yu."

She darted off northwards in a different direction from that by which George had approached or Ralph Burneston had left her. George ran after her as fast as he could, but his lame foot tripped against a block of grit hidden by the grass, and he fell heavily. When he got up, bruised and shaken, Rose was out of sight.

From Tinsley's Magazine.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S MOTHER.

> Vom Vater hab' ich die Statur,
> Des Lebens ernstes Führen,
> Vom Mütterchen die Frohnatur
> Und Lust zu fabuliren.
>
> GOETHE.

IT requires an effort of the imagination to picture the chancellor of the German empire — the "man of blood and iron," as he has often, and not quite unjustly, been called — standing at his mother's knee, listening to the fairy tales and ghost stories with which Teutonic infancy in particular is so frequently amused. Had the biographers sketched the boy Otto as surreptitiously taking down from the shelves of his father's library the "Prince" of Machiavelli, or some such kindred book, no reader would have doubted the fact for a moment. It would have so delightfully tallied with that trite and nearly always untrue aphorism, "The child is father to the man." But no, they represent him as snowballing in the streets with lads of his own age, disporting himself in field and woods, climbing the highest trees on the ancestral domain, and being delighted with the entertainment provided for him by his mother. So true is it, what Helvetius and his set maintain, "that an infant of genius is quite the same as any other infant, only that certain surprisingly favorable influences accompany him through life, especially through childhood, and expand him." And the process of expansion, to bear fruit, must, as history has nearly always shown, be accomplished by the mother. "The father was the heart, the mother the wisdom, of the family," once said a lady, a near relation of the Bismarcks. These few words give us not only a picture of both parents, but also of the influence they had upon their offspring. This lady's opinion is further confirmed by several other connections and friends. In Frau Louisa Wilhelmina von Bismarck's character the predominating trait was ambition, and this she allowed to become the principal guide in the education of her youngest son especially. Unlike the fisherman in the Arabian tale, who could not foresee what shape and form the genii from his casket would take, she hesitated not in foretelling the remarkable *rôle* he was to play in the history of the nineteenth century. But she did not live to see her prophecy fulfilled. She was sleeping in the grave long before her son became a great and world-renowned man. Frau von Bismarck descended from a family of *savants*, the Menkens from Leipzig. Already once

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

they had intermarried with the *noblesse*, one of her great-aunts having become the wife of the Reichsfreiherr von Hohenthal, the founder of the elder branch of the Counts von Hohenthal. But the Menkens themselves had for years been famous in the scientific world, nearly every generation contributing its representatives, who by sheer worth and unaided exertions rose to exalted positions. Frau Bismarck's father proved not an exception, but a modification. He took to diplomacy. He entered his country's service under Frederick the Great, and obtained, through the recommendation of the minister Von Hertzberg, whose schoolfellow he had been, a position in the secret intelligence department. Having been sent to Stockholm on an important mission, he proved himself so useful to Queen Louisa Ulrica, Frederick II.'s sister, that, on his return, he was appointed private secretary to the cabinet. Under Frederick William II. he was made a state councillor, but Bischofswerder aiming at almost irresponsible power, Herr Menken resigned, to the great regret of the crown prince, who thought very highly of him, and who immediately after his accession offered him a similar proud position in his own cabinet. It was he who drew up the address from the throne for that monarch, a speech which, at the time, made an extraordinarily good impression.

Menken was a liberal in the soundest acceptation of the word. An ardent and staunch advocate of progress, he wished for nothing better than to see his country enjoy that religious freedom which it owed to the great Frederick, but which under his successors somewhat declined. To regain for it its former vigor was one of his constant aims. In order to accomplish this he even went so far as to become a warm partisan of the French Revolution, though he cordially condemned the excesses of the Jacobins, which sentiment, however, did not prevent his attempting to sow the tenets and aspirations of the first French National Assembly in his native land, hoping that they would bear fruit there. During his protector's reign he took an active and prominent part in state affairs, having more than once held the portfolio of the interior with such *éclat* that his royal master offered him a title, which he declined, proud of exercising his functions as a mere commoner, and of being an exception to the nobility, who, in those times, arrogated to themselves such exalted posts as their prerogatives.

The Menkens kept a sumptuous establishment, as was the habit at that period, not only with the aristocracy, but also with the higher government officials, and even with the wealthy merchants. In Berlin luxury and display had reached their zenith. The almost Spartan simplicity and absence of show repugnant to the inhabitants of the capital, but practised solely under Frederick William I. from fear of the king, who despised all refinement and elegance, had been replaced under Frederick the Great, still more under his successors, by an excess in the opposite direction.

A similar phenomenon to that witnessed at the restoration of the Stuarts in England became observable in Prussia, when Frederick the Great took his father's place. The reaction was less violent and profligate than under the "merry monarch," seeing that the restriction had not been quite as severe as that under Cromwell. A starving wretch, on being set before a table loaded with food, is very likely to clutch at the most substantial fare, be it never so coarse. If he be less hungry he is apt to be more discriminating, and soon to want his share of the delicacies on the board.

Thus it was with the Berliners. The magnificent court festivities which took place at the beginning of Frederick's reign, and which were resumed on a somewhat smaller scale after the Seven Years' War, were eagerly imitated in miniature by private families. A large house, furnished in the height of the then prevailing French fashion, its walls covered with valuable pictures and expensive statuary, was the *sine qua non* of *bon ton*. In these *salons* the most charming and brilliant entertainments were given, the company vying with each other as to who should display the greatest extravagance. It was the same with dress, in which the court of Frederick's successor set an example of spendthrift lavishness that soon permeated all ranks of society. Many families, in endeavoring to keep pace with their rivals, brought themselves to ruin. In vain did Frederick William III. try to introduce a more sensible and modest way of doing things. Neither his own nor his young wife's unassuming habits could prevail against an evil which was too deep-rooted to be eradicated, save by slow stages.

Cabinet-councillor Menken, though a decided opponent of systematic extravagance and luxury *per se*, swam nevertheless to some extent with the current. He led a social, agreeable life, moving with his family in the most æsthetic Berlin cir-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

cles, where political and religious liberalism had effected a secure hold. During the summer he occupied a country house in the environs of Potsdam, which he had built for himself, and surrounded by a magnificent garden and tastefully laid-out grounds, being very fond of horticulture, and spending most of his leisure time in tending his flowers. His *parterres* were a never-failing source of joy to his numerous guests. Among these might often be seen the little crown prince, afterwards Frederick William IV., and his brother, Prince William, the present emperor. Their tutor, Delbrück, was on terms of the most affectionate friendship with Herr Menken, and remained after the latter's death on the same loving footing with his family. In after years the late king of Prussia often remarked that his love for flowers received its birth in Menken's garden. The councillor's children, a son and two daughters, received, as may well be imagined, a most careful and enlightened education, inasmuch as the father imbued them early with his own views and principles. But they had the misfortune to lose him when still very young, the second daughter, the subject of this memoir, being scarcely twelve years old. She was born on the 24th of February, 1790. Richly endowed by nature, both physically and mentally, her amiable disposition and social acomplishments obtained for her many stanch friends and zealous admirers. When the child ripened into the maiden she presented a noble, beautiful appearance; a strong mind and a knowledge of her own worth and self-reliance spoke in every feature; but the well-formed mouth, with its loving expression and dimpling smiles tempered all these *hauteurs*, and made her a prize, to win which was the dearest wish of many a youthful suitor in her most immediate circle. She had scarcely reached her seventeenth year before Herr von Bismarck-Schönhausen offered himself as her husband. His must have been a tender affection to cause him to brave the caste prejudices of his time, and to marry a plebeian girl, who, let it be said in justice, was in every way worthy of enchaining the heart of the noblest *Junker*. He himself was rather distinguished for his handsomeness and good-nature than for intellectual qualities. Intended for a soldier's life, his education had been most superficial; he was a bold rider and a keen sportsman, that was all. But his want of learning was amply compensated by his ready humor, his easy temper, and stalwart appearance, which, combined with his noble-heartedness, made him a very lovable person indeed. Fair Louisa Menken was, however, not deeply smitten with him, but the persuasion of her relations made her accept him. After the nuptials, which took place on the 7th of July 1806, Herr von Bismarck took his bride home to his country seat Schönhausen. Through a magnificent park, under the spreading branches of patriarchal oaks clothed in their verdant summer garb, they drove to the Schlosz. The vassals and *valetaille*, in holiday attire, received the newly-wedded pair with loud acclamations of joy. The Schlosz looked more like a plain private dwelling than an ancestral demesne, and its outward and inward simplicity made but a sorry impression on the young wife, accustomed from her birth to a certain splendor and elegance. The fashions of the period had left their traces on the mind of Frau von Bismarck — as we henceforth must call her. She was fond of dazzling and showy surroundings. But no attempt was made by her to alter her husband's paternal home: she soon came to the conclusion that a country establishment did not require the same attempt at display as the dwelling which vanity rears for itself in town.

Built on a quadrangle consisting of two stories, crowned with a high roof, the Schlosz presented a very sombre and heavy appearance. The apartments were correspondingly dull, with their low ceilings, wainscotings, and mantelpieces loaded with carving. The so-called garden-room on the ground-floor, large and spacious, had a beautiful look-out upon a far-spreading park, ornamented with picturesque flower-beds, fountains, and statues. Up the first flight of stairs was the dining-room, with two drawing-rooms on its left. To the right was the sitting-room of the young matron, leading to the bedroom, behind which was an alcove or recess, in which her eminent son Otto first saw the light. On the other side was the library, of modest dimensions, two of its walls occupied by enormous book-shelves, filled with venerable calf-bound tomes. Fiction, inspired by fancy, would fain linger and create a picture of boy Bismarck ransacking the contents of the intellectual department of his birthplace, were we not so positively assured, by those who know best, that of all rooms in the house that one beheld his presence least. Biographers proper are very useful and indispensable adjuncts to literature; but their existence would perhaps be better

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

appreciated by readers of the lighter fare, if they were not invariably accompanied by a couple or so of incontrovertible facts, which, like hounds, they let slip from the leash at the slightest scent of the fox's frisky brush in the way of unauthenticated comment.

To resume. The Schlosz stood on a terrace planted with venerable lindens and chestnuts, whose intertwining foliage spread into a natural roof, beneath the cool shadow of which the inmates of the house loved to pass their days in summer. The favorite spot in the park, however, was a small artificial island, half hidden among the willows bordering the piece of water, across which a rustic bridge led to a pavilion. This solitude seemed to breathe a poetic feeling on the atmosphere, and it was here that Frau Bismarck in after times passed the many tranquil hours when she was free from pain.

The honeymoon was spent in all manner of festivities, partly given at Schönhausen, partly at adjacent country-seats. The whole neighborhood vied in giving a hearty welcome to the young wife, whose plebeian origin was overlooked in virtue of her beauty, amiability, and social gifts. There were dinner and hunting parties, balls, and entertainments. The political commotions of the year 1806 soon made an end of this pleasant existence. The crushing defeat at Jena left the Germans practically powerless to stop the invading tide of the French, who spread all over the land, finding their way also to Schönhausen. Frau Bismarck was in her sitting-room when she heard her country's enemies storming up the stairs. In another moment they were at the door. At the sight of the handsome woman they made a rush towards her. With one bound she was in the library, barring the means of ingress behind her. The soldiers followed her, and prepared to remove the obstacle with their bayonets, the marks of which are visible in the door to the present day. But she was too quick for them. While busy with their onslaught she fled by another exit, and left the house. Just then her husband luckily came to her aid, and conducted her to a wood close by, in the densest part of which he hid his wife, to shield her from the outrages of the horde of plunderers. As their stay was of short duration, Frau Bismarck was enabled to leave her place of concealment and return home. Truth to tell, Herr Bismarck had not altogether been unprepared for these unbidden guests. One of his precautions had been to bury his ready money and valuables beneath the pavilion on the little island spoken of before. When the danger was over, his first steps were directed to the spot in question. Great was his concern to find the earth disturbed, and much gold lying scattered about. But not a coin was missing; the sum was correct, so was the plate; and it was soon proved that not the French, but his dogs, had been trying to convert the place into a Tom Tiddler's ground.

And here let me for a moment pause in my task of chronicling the facts of Frau von Bismarck's life, to reflect upon the episode just related. The biographer who tells of a man or woman long after that man or woman has ceased to live, has an evident advantage over him who sets about the task while his hero or heroine is still among his contemporaries. He has, as it were, in his own power the arrangement by which Theseus found his way backward out of the labyrinth; and if he would avail himself with still greater effect of this clue, he should retrograde even a good way into the parent's existence. Is it not very certain that Otto von Bismarck, while a child, had often heard this scene of the French invasion described? Were not the bayonets' points imbedded in the door? And does it need a great stretch of imagination to detect in that determination of thoroughly humiliating the old enemy of his country a little mixture of private revenge? We simply ask the question. We leave it to be answered by the reader himself.

The anxiety and alarm consequent upon the French did not last long; and as Herr von Bismarck was fortunate enough not to have had his pecuniary interests seriously damaged by it, he continued his former way of living. With the young wife a more serene sociability had taken up its abode in the Schlosz. Receiving company became a frequent occurrence, both husband and wife loving to exercise their hospitality. Spring and summer were very pleasant to Frau von Bismarck in the country; but as soon as autumn appeared and nature had no longer any smiling pictures to bestow, she returned to the capital. The fond husband took a town house, thither to pass the winter months, though he himself, as a keen sportsman, often regretted the absence of his vast and beautiful woods.

A pleasant life was the one in Berlin. Frau von Bismarck delighted in society, in going to and giving parties. She remembered the charming, interesting circle that used to frequent the paternal home,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and her own was furnished in an expensive and tasteful manner. She aimed at living on the same scale as the highest *noblesse*, without dispensing, however, with the artistic, scientific, and literary element from which she had derived so much pleasure while a girl. Through the disastrous war with France and consequent scarcity of money, luxury had materially decreased in Berlin. Many families were seriously impoverished, while the financial resources of all were more or less impaired. Lavishness and magnificence had to be replaced by simplicity and retrenchment. But not to every one is it given to discard at one stroke the habits and predilections of a lifetime — to do without the show and parade of a sumptuous existence. The Epicurean school says, "Give us the luxuries, and we will dispense with the necessaries." Frau von Bismarck was in this respect one of its disciples.

Her society was much courted; and as she was not altogether free from vanity, she derived a great deal of pleasure from these social *réunions*. Her ambition was to shine not only in her own immediate circle, but to surround herself with the wittiest, cleverest, and most scientific men, and, by preference, with those who professed the liberal opinions of her late father, which were hers also. Among such she aspired to take a high standing. Her preference for the plebeian element, from which she sprang, was always noticeable, and has descended to her famous son. It is a sufficiently known fact that Prince Bismarck honors talent and knowledge — nay, even seeks for it, irrespective of the birth or position of their possessors.

Among the most favorite pastimes of his mother was the game of chess, in which, for proficiency, she rivalled the best players of her time. Music, in which she also excelled, was another of her accomplishments. In town, as well as in the country, she kept a diary, in which she noted down her every incident and thought, and experience derived from them. Unfortunately it was destroyed after her death. Had it been preserved, it would no doubt have given us many an interesting page from the infancy and youth of the imperial chancellor.

During her summer residence at Schönhausen she displayed a lively interest in what nowadays would be called "high farming." She was fond of introducing new experiments, which did not always turn out to the best advantage. But she leaned more to the grandiose and brilliant than towards the practical and useful. The autumn found the family generally at Ems; for this lively, sprightly, and life-enjoying woman began ailing at a very early age. The temporary establishment at this fashionable resort was in no way inferior to that in Berlin. Whether Frau von Bismarck in the beginning of her wedded life reciprocated the all-absorbing love her husband felt for her, is a doubtful question; but certain it is that the union was a happy one. The noble nature and lovable qualities of Herr von Bismarck could not fail to arouse in one endowed with similar qualities a feeling of self-congratulation at being the chosen object, and at the same time the arbitress, of such a man's destinies. Hear what Saint-Prosper, a no mean authority on such subjects, says: "Dans l'amour il y a le plus souvent une personne qui aime et l'autre qui est aimée. L'amour-propre chez cette dernière supplée au sentiment qu'elle n'a pas." The author of this profound aphorism has not gone far enough. He should have said that this *amour-propre* nearly always merges into *propre et vrai amour*. This was so in this instance. Their union was blessed with six children, three of whom died at an early age. The youngest boy is the present imperial chancellor, Prince Otto von Bismarck, born the 1st of April 1815.* Besides him there are still his elder brother, the Kammerherr and Landrath von Bismarck of Külz and Jarchelin in Pomerania, and the sister who married the Kammerherr von Arnim of Krochlendorf.

A more indulgent, fond, and doting father than was Herr von Bismarck it were difficult to find. He had neither eyes for his children's misbehavior nor sufficient strength of mind to punish them for it. The youngest son soon showed himself a lively, boisterous lad, full of mischief, delighting to tumble about the floor, or run about the garden and park in search of birds'-nests and kindred means of enjoyment. Every object in nature inspired him with a deep-felt interest, and drove him to study its phenomena with a more than precocious understanding and application. The scene of his infantine and youthful exploits was, however, not the park of Schönhausen. A twelvemonth after the birth of Otto, Herr and Frau von Bismarck had removed to the estate of Kneipholz, which came into the former's possession at the death of one of his relatives. This

* We recommend this fact to hair-splitting antiquaries, who would prove that all children born on tha day have invariably turned out fools.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

dwelling was still more simple and devoid of ornament than the one left; the garden was, however, more beautiful; the domain was situated in a smiling and fertile region. Here, also, Frau von Bismarck took to agricultural experiments, which brought more loss than profit. She kept to her old system, which was not unlike the nigger uprooting his potatoes an hour after their planting to examine their progress.

Though the mother loved the children no less than the father, she was soon forced to recognize that the latter's reprehensible indulgence was likely to have a damaging influence on their offsprings' career. She deemed it therefore best to send them, even at their tender age, from home, to a more severe and disciplined establishment. Otto, when but six years old, was packed off to a boarding-school in Berlin, where his elder brother had already resided for some time. The chancellor gave it as his opinion in after days that this early leaving of home had not been good for him. To the parents also the continual absence of their children proved too trying; and it was resolved that the lads, during the winter months at least, when their elders were in Berlin, should share their quarters. The town house was in the Behrenstrasse, close by the Operaplatz. It is related that little Otto was often seen in these days, disporting himself with his schoolfellows and others, in the then somewhat uncultivated sandy open square. Wind and weather seemed to have been of little consequence to him; on the contrary, slush, and especially snowy slush, appears to have possessed a great attraction, and many a scrape is recorded which his too free indulgence in that agreeable pastime of snowballing led him into.

During the summer vacations the lads came to Kniepholz, where it was their greatest delight to roam the livelong day in the open air through the woods and the meadows. It was here that the chancellor laid the foundation of his knowledge of agricultural economy and science. But the mother did not altogether allow her sons to spend their time in idleness: she insisted upon part of it being devoted to study. She was notably strict in this arrangement with her youngest son. She seems never to have wearied of inciting him to acquire learning; nor did she hide the hopes she had built upon, and the almost prophetic certainty she had, of his future greatness. Hannah's reliance on Samuel's prospective eminence, inspired by the divine voice, was as doubt when compared with Frau von Bismarck's inviolable belief in her Otto's celebrity, derived from maternal observation and perspicuity. Sad it is to think that she did not live to see the realization of her confident presentiments and foresight. The elder son she had destined for the profession of *Landrath* (provincial councillor); the youngest for the diplomatic career, because she, if no one else, foresaw his fitness for it.

When in the country, the mother devoted much of her leisure to reading, and indulged in it often till the early hours of morning, especially in later years, when she passed sleepless nights, tortured by the disease which in the end caused her death. Her favorite literature was ghost stories, in curious contradiction to her own enlightened tendencies, and entirely at variance with the education and impressions she had imbibed in the paternal home. How often had Herr Menken railed against and ridiculed the foolish supernatural beliefs and spiritualistic manifestations which then, as now, were greatly in fashion! If he could not openly declare his contempt for the "mystic rubbish" by which King Frederick William II. appeared to set such a store — and which his two celebrated ministers, Bischofswerder and Wöllner, as much imbued with the thing as their master, even introduced on the stage for this master's pleasure — he made up for this enforced silence by an incessant condemnation of the folly at home and in the company of his friends.

During the reign of the monarch just spoken of, the tenets of the Rosicrucians spread far and wide. Truth to tell, their aspirations and prophecies were enticing enough. They not only professed to be in possession of the philosopher's stone, but to have the command over unlimited treasures, and to be able to summon at will the spirits of the departed. They more than once performed ghost scenes for their royal gull. In one of these incantations they had shown him in succession the emperor Marc-Aurelius, Leibnitz, and the Great Elector; nay, they had done more: the *revenants* had spoken to his Majesty in hollow, deep-sounding voices, as coming from the grave, thanks to the coöperation of a skilful ventriloquist. On another occasion the ghost of the king's son, the Count von der Marck, whom his father had dearly loved, was evoked and appeared. The Rosicrucians were adepts in these dexterous tricks, which were nothing more than carefully-planned optical delusions. The *séances* were, as far as

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

possible, kept a secret from the general public; but notwithstanding this, the belief in them spread pretty quickly, and many among the faithful asked for nothing better than the presence of such a phenomenon, which would unveil to them either the past or the future. Literature found a godsend in the mania: there was a perfect deluge of ghost stories and fairy tales. Even Schiller could not resist the pervading temptation, and produced his "*Geisterseher.*"

The mystic and wonderful have a great attraction for sentimental temperaments, and Frau von Bismarck was in no wise free from sentimentality. Add to this that Schönhausen, in common with all old castles, had its quota of traditional and hereditary legends, which are such near kin to *ghost-seeing*. An uncle of the present chancellor maintained that on one particular night he had beheld a ghostly form, which beckoned and conducted him to the vaults, where it showed him a door with a lock in the shape of a heart. The apparition uttered no sound, but by its gestures seems to have wanted to express the presence of a treasure hidden in that particular spot. The visitee awaited with strong anxiety the break of day, when he immediately repaired to the subterranean regions, which he subjected to a prying search, in the full conviction of lighting upon a treasure trove. The result of his exploration was the discovery, in one of the deepest recesses, of a small door with a lock in the shape of a heart, hitherto known to no one. But there was not the slightest trace of a treasure — nothing more than a passage that led to the chapel. But henceforth there was a firm conviction that a ghost had appeared to the gentleman. No one seemed to have had an idea that it might have been a dream.

A dream is not a dream,
  Until we wake and find
That what reality did seem
  Was but the fancy of the o'erstrung mind.

And the waking was delayed a long while. Others, again, gave it as their opinion that the library at Schönhausen was not altogether safe from such nocturnal intrusions. An old servant, who slept in the apartment during the master's absence from home, declared that he felt more than once a chill puff of air, as of some one breathing over him. Further was it said that at night a muffled sound was heard going carefully up the stairs. The dogs, however, always on the watch, did not bark, nor was there any one found when the door was opened.

Even in the last forty years, since Frau von Bismarck's death, Schönhausen has maintained its reputation for these legendary adjuncts to a noble and ancient castle. Her now famous son avers that, while passing the night in the alcove where he was born, he had distinctly heard the opening of a door and light steps in the adjacent room, while immediately after the cry of "Who's there?" uttered by one of the guests sleeping there, resounded in the next apartment. At the same moment, as he fearlessly jumped out of bed, the clock struck twelve. After he had searched carefully everywhere, without discovering aught unusual, he returned to his couch, and slept soundly till morning.

The interest of Frau von Bismarck in ghost stories need cause us no surprise when we reflect that probably there was not the slightest belief mixed up with their reading, and that it was a mere pastime. When young, she heard these things a great deal spoken of; and we all know what charms the mysterious and supernatural possess for youth, when fancy has as yet received no check, and is still in full play. When she came to Schönhausen, the traditions of her future home were detailed for her edification. What more natural than the wish to be the heroine in one of these interesting scenes? But she meets with no such good fortune: the wish remains unfulfilled. She has still one course open to her whereby to excite her fancy, stimulate her imagination; and heroically — mock heroically I was about to say — she avails herself of it. If she cannot have the real thing, she will at least have the best imitation. She will take to the literature that shall enable her to soar into the ghostly spheres, and to cast a glance into the supernatural regions. In her latter years, when pain often debarred her from sleep for whole nights, reading was her only relief. When she was too weak to do so herself, she had some one to perform the office until daybreak; and even then she beguiled the time in discussing the stories just related. There is still among the heirlooms of the family a much-bethumbed volume of a work, in vogue some forty years ago, yclept "*Die Seherin von Prevorst,*" by Justinus Kerner.

The two young Bismarcks not being very comfortable at the college whither they were at first sent — notably the younger, who had many causes of just complaint — it was decided, as in the interest of their education they could not yet leave Berlin, to furnish them with a

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

little household of their own in the town mansion. A faithful and trustworthy female servant — Trine Neumann from Schönhausen — was despatched to look to the domestic concerns, and a tutor engaged to aid them in their labors. But the arrangement did not turn out so well as was expected. The tutors were frequently changed; one decamped with all the Lares and Penates, and cash-box to boot. Meanwhile the elder son was sufficiently prepared to begin his military career. His junior returned to another gymnasium, where he was somewhat more at ease than in the former. The last of which he was an inmate must have been like a second home to him, as he conceived a sincere affection for its director, Bonnell, an affection which lasted until the latter's death.

The children's religious welfare was looked after by the celebrated Schleiermacher, who also baptized them. As it is pretty certain that their education depended more upon the mother than the father, there is scarcely a doubt that she had the casting vote in the choice of the spiritual guide. We may see the clear proof of her enlightened ideas in these matters by this selection. "And notwithstanding this, how can we reconcile them with this love of spiritualism and ghost stories?" asks the latest biographer of her son.

When Otto took his place in the higher forms of his school, his extraordinary intelligence and application, hitherto unnoticed by others, sprang suddenly to the fore. He learned easily and quickly. History was his favorite study. He displayed an unwearied zeal; every hour was taken up in the reading of the world's chronicles, but especially of those that dealt with the vicissitudes of his own country and those of the neighboring states. We may picture the mother's pride as the most glowing reports of her darling's progress reached her ear; we may imagine the proud and brilliant future she mapped out for him. But dearly as she loved him, she never allowed him to be content with the mirage of eminence only: she cheered and supported him with a firm hand on the road to reality. Such mothers are the roots whence spring great men. They know that the planting and pruning is not sufficient. They know that the balmy breezes that produce dreamy music from the poplar will elicit no sound from the oak, that it requires the hurricane to make these sing.

Before Otto had reached his seventeenth year he was at the university. He wanted to go to Heidelberg; but the mother preferred Göttingen. She was afraid that the art of imbibing enormous tankards of beer — an art so assiduously cultivated in the former town that it may almost be said to form part of the curriculum — would become a habit with her son. "A beer-vat cannot scale a mountain, and you have one before you, on the top of which is fame," said she. Otto conformed to the wishes of his mother, and to Göttingen he went. He was by no means a straitlaced young man; he joined in every amusement of the *Burschen* life, dressed like them, adopted their tone and manners. He was foremost in freaks of all kinds; but displayed that strong will and determination for which he afterwards became so famous.

Having been invited to a ball, at which the prettiest girls in the town were to be present, our young student orders a pair of varnished boots for the occasion.

As the eventful day drew near, and the *chaussure* was not sent home, he grew somewhat uneasy, the more as his friends kept repeating to him, "You'll not have your boots; the shoemaker disappoints every one."

"I'll have them in spite of that," replied the future chancellor.

The day before the entertainment Bismarck enters the shop. "And my boots?" asks he.

"I am very sorry sir," is the reply; "but I have so many orders on hand for to-morrow's ball ——"

"Ah, is that it?" cries the furious youngster; and, banging the door behind him, he leaves the house.

A quarter of an hour afterwards he comes back, accompanied by two of those enormous dogs which the German students are in the habit of feeding at the expense of their association.

"You see these dogs?" This to Crispin.

"Yes."

"Well, I swear that they'll tear you to pieces if you do not send my boots by to-morrow afternoon, five o'clock."

With this he went out again. But a *commissionaire*, paid *ad hoc*, was kept stationed in front of the dwelling, reminding the poor fellow at every minute, "Do not forget Mr. Bismarck's boots."

He had but the night to finish them. At ten o'clock he closes his shop, resigning himself to pass the hours on his stool instead of in his bed.

Suddenly the stillness is broken by the barking of the dogs, and the voice of their master singing out, "Snob of my soul, your life is in danger! Remember your family!"

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The following day the boots were sent home in time.

As thus metamorphosed into the reckless student he came home for his holidays, his mother was far from pleased with his manner and appearance. They contrasted much with her *beau idéal* of the refined, elegant bearing a *diplomate* should make his own; and as she never dreamt of any other career for him, she began to have her misgivings about the continuance of a student's life. She was afraid that it would make him swerve from the path she had marked out for him.

From Göttingen young Bismarck went to Berlin, to complete his studies at the university there. He did not trouble the professors much, and was as little seen at their lectures as he had been at those of their Göttingen colleagues. Nevertheless he passed a brilliant examination, having, as the time for it approached, spent night and day in its preparation. The son's extravagances were not altogether unknown to the mother; but when she saw him stalwart and confident as Hercules after his twelve labors, her maternal fears were set at rest. Curious to relate, neither his *débuts* nor his labors in the forensic career, which he at first embraced, were of a kind to inspire much hope in her who cherished such great expectations.

Meanwhile the financial circumstances of the Bismarcks had become much impaired, partly owing to the sumptuous life when in Berlin during the winter; also to the expensive yearly excursions to Ems and elsewhere; but most of all to the agricultural experiments introduced on their estates. In 1838, therefore, the sons proposed that the parents should leave them not only the reversions, but grant to them the present possessions of the demesne in Pomerania, and that they (the elders) should return to Schönhausen. They intended, by a more careful supervision and management of the land, to make it more remunerative, and by this means to ward off the total ruin which threatened the family; seeing that Schönhausen, thanks to the care bestowed upon it for several years already by a conscientious and business-like relative, was yielding a substantial revenue. The plan was carried out. The illness of Frau von Bismarck, increased of late, obliged her to repair to Berlin to consult the most eminent physicians. But her disease, hopeless and incurable, terminated fatally in the capital on the 1st of November, 1839, when she had not quite reached fifty.

The old friends of the family, to whom the mother's ambition for and estimate of her younger son were no secret, have often said to the chancellor, while he was as yet but an ambassador in St. Petersburg and Paris, "Bismarck, if your mother could have but witnessed this!"

For once a mother's legacy to posterity has not been lost in transmission. Whether the recipients are quite pleased is another question. As for Frau von Bismarck, we may sing with Anacreon: —

Thus after death, if shades can feel,
Thou may'st, from odors round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

IV.

THE ARTIST.

SEVERAL weeks had elapsed. The agitation the invalid had evidently felt on reading the letters, and which had even caused a short attack of illness, had gradually lessened. Life in the little house pursued its usual quiet course. Reading, music, and sewing filled the time, and the pastor's lesson hours were regularly attended by Erica. Social intercourse with the latter's family formed, with the exception of a walk or drive, the only amusement of the young girl, whose life had no greater diversity until the middle of summer.

This festive and harvest season to the inhabitants of Waldbad was now approaching. The houses awoke from their winter sleep, opened their shutters, and let the sunlight glitter on their shining windowpanes. The tangled creepers were arranged, and trained over symmetrical walls and pillars. The gay curtains, which were to afford protection from the ardent heat of the sun, appeared in the glass-roofed verandas, while tables, chairs, and benches were arranged within to invite guests. The long-closed doors of the bathing-houses were also opened, and from the chimney of the warm bath rose a column of smoke which announced the opening of this establishment. Waldbad rubbed the winter sleep from its eyes, and waited with

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

eager, joyous anticipation for the things that were to come.

Erica noticed all these symptoms of awakening life with eager interest. She joyfully informed her mother of finding the first primrose, the first violet, as a token of returning spring, and the invalid was kept exactly informed of the progress of the season — in Waldbad even the rudest fishermen spoke of the season. The villa of the rich merchant M. had now opened its shutters, and would soon receive its owner's family. The castle-like edifice near the down awoke from its repose, and the lawn before it was gay with large and small children. To-day the sailor Peter had rented his house, and to-morrow another fisherman's rooms were to be occupied.

The feeble mother listened to all these reports with a kindly, sympathizing smile. Her sufferings had increased to such a degree that it required all her strength to conceal them from the young girl's eyes, and she was glad to see her attention absorbed and diverted. She, too, rejoiced in the approach of summer, from which she hoped to obtain some mitigation of pain, though she had long since relinquished all hope of cure.

Erica, to whom exercise in the open air was a vital necessity, found herself at this time — when her mother's usually strict rule was somewhat relaxed, and a holiday silently agreed upon — almost constantly out of doors. Even the meals were eaten in the little veranda, if the mild air permitted her mother to remain there. The young girl, whose life was usually so solitary, revelled in the society of companions of her own age, most of whom she had known a long time, as they usually spent every summer in Waldbad with their parents.

Dear as all these friends were to her — youth is quick to bestow this title — she did not omit her lonely walks. The forest and sea she knew and loved in their various changes, and which had so often been the trusted companions of her solitude, retained their attractions even now. As habit had steeled her frame against fatigue and made her fearless, she often extended her walks to a greater distance than other young girls would have ventured to do or even thought proper.

One day, when the sun was pouring its golden rays upon the earth, and sea and sky vied with each other in their radiant blue, Erica set out upon one of these expeditions.

Her round straw hat was soon removed from her head as too hot and uncomfortable, and hung on her arm as a basket, in which she collected flowers and ferns to carry home to her mother, arranged in a beautiful bouquet. Thus she strolled slowly along through the forest, inhaling the spicy odor of the pines, and listening to the monotonous murmur of the waves, which echoed in subdued tones from the distance.

The forest seemed to be taking a noonday slumber, the stiff branches of the firs were motionless, and not a leaf stirred on the trees. The birds were silent, save now and then a low twitter sounded from the boughs. The sea blinked sleepily with its huge blue eye, and its monotonous lullaby seemed to grow fainter every moment. The beetles in the tall ferns buzzed gently, as if in dreams, and the bees, usually so busy, remained motionless in the flowers. Even the little clouds sailing athwart the radiant sky seemed spellbound in their places, as if surprised there by some magic slumber.

The young girl strolling through the forest soon felt as if she were under the ban of this lassitude. Her steps involuntarily slackened, her eager glances rested on the ground, and her head drooped on her breast. To lie down on the blooming heather, under the shade of one of the larger trees, seemed to her a very desirable position, and she looked around for a suitable place.

She happened to be in a little glade, and as she noticed on the opposite side a group of oaks and beeches, whose dense foliage seemed to promise an unusually cool shade, she turned her steps towards it. But she had scarcely reached the open space, when she suddenly stopped and gazed in surprise at an object she now perceived. This was an easel, placed at no very great distance from the clump of trees, but whose owner was nowhere to be seen. A small portable camp-stool stood close by, a large sun, or rather rain, umbrella, lay open beside it, in short everything showed that the artist must have just left the spot.

Erica's curiosity was excited by objects so unusual to her. She did not think that the owner of the property, like herself, might have become tired and thrown himself on the heather; on the contrary, these unclaimed articles, in the midst of the forest, seemed wonderful to her. Her fatigue had disappeared as if by magic, and with all her former eagerness she hurried towards them.

With her eyes fixed steadily on the easel, on which her keen glance already detected

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the outlines of the drawing, she sprang forward, and had almost reached her goal, when suddenly stumbling over some object, she almost fell. The hat on her arm actually dropped on the ground and poured its contents over the sleeper, whose foot had been the unseen obstacle. The latter seemed to have fallen into a tolerably sound sleep under the shade of a small thicket, for he gazed languidly up at the young girl without rising, and merely brushed the rain of flowers from his face.

Erica was startled, but she had been educated in too much seclusion to find her situation very embarrassing. She only felt anxious lest she might have hurt the sleeper, and therefore bent frankly over the young man and asked, —

"Did I hurt you? Are you frightened?"

He did not look very much alarmed, and his features also betrayed no pain; on the contrary, he seemed to take the unexpected meeting very quietly. He now slowly raised his head, rested it on his arm, and gazed at the young girl before him, without thinking of rising or answering. Erica instinctively felt the want of respect this conduct expressed, and therefore said in quite a different tone, —

"I asked whether I had hurt you. You can surely tell me if I startled you, and I will cheerfully ask your pardon."

A smile flitted over the face of the recumbent figure. "Surely you can see how I am trembling, little fairy, so pray apologize."

The words, and still more the tone in which they were uttered, aroused the young girl's anger. She seemed to be taken for a child and treated as such. She was uncertain whether to go on and leave the stranger to his fate, or remain and compel him to be more respectful. He was still lying outstretched on the heather, with his head resting on his arm, gazing up at her. His calm, almost weary glance, formed a singular contrast to the angry light that flashed in Erica's brown eyes, which were fixed indignantly on her companion. She had now formed her resolution, and picking up the hat that was lying on the ground, walked hastily away.

But she had scarcely taken a few steps, when — she knew not whether it added to her vexation, or aroused her pleasure — the young man stood at her side. In spite of his apathetic appearance, he must be capable of moving rapidly if he could start up and overtake her so quickly.

"Don't run away, little mystery, I haven't half finished guessing," he said laughing. His tone did not sound particularly respectful, any more than the words, which, however, did not now offend Erica, on the contrary she turned her head towards her companion, and said in the same manner, —

"I think you have had plenty of time."

"My ideas are rather slow, little fairy. You must be indulgent. From whence do you come? Not from the water, for then you would of course have long floating robes and a garland of rushes in your hair. You can't have sprung from a tree either, the costume is not appropriate, and besides ——"

"Well, besides?" asked Erica.

"Besides, my foot, over which you stumbled, plainly proves your corporeal existence. Contact with such ethereal creatures does not usually leave behind the black and blue spots which it can undoubtedly show."

"So I really did hurt you. Very well, you can take it as a punishment. But is it so strange to meet other people in the forest besides nymphs and dryads?"

"So you too are familiar with the world of mythology — well, to be sure, it would not be strange to meet 'other people' in the forest, if the other people did not happen to be a young — very young girl ——"

"I am seventeen years old," Erica could not help interrupting.

"Is it possible? If I were not already so deeply in disgrace with you, I should say that I thought you were only fourteen, but I shall beware of making any such confession. So it is a young girl of seventeen who extends her walks so far, and yet is neither a fisherman's child nor one of the summer visitors."

"How do you know I am not a summer visitor?" asked Erica, quickly. But she had scarcely uttered the words when a look of sudden intelligence flitted over her mobile features. For an instant her face clouded, as if sorrow, anxiety, or mortification had touched her, but the next instant it brightened again, and she pointed to her simple calico dress, saying in a tone of delicate irony, —

"Oh, I understand! The costume is not appropriate."

The young man made no reply; he gazed earnestly into her face, and then said, in a very different tone from the one he had previously adopted, —

"Pardon my inquisitiveness, if I ask your name. Easy as it is to read your thoughts in your face, the hieroglyphics of the name are not imprinted there, and I acknowledge my curiosity."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Again a shadow flitted over Erica's features, Some secret struggle was evidently taking place in her mind, which surprised the young man the more, as there seemed to be no cause for it. At last she said softly, with downcast eyes, —

"I really do not know myself why the name will not cross my lips, but I cannot gratify your wish. But you are going too far from your easel," she added hastily. "Farewell, my path lies in this direction," and with a hurried nod, she turned and walked quickly away.

The young man looked after her in astonishment, and then murmured laughing, "Upon my word, the little one dismissed me like a schoolboy. Poor little thing," he added gravely, "I know very well what deterred you from telling me your name. You are beginning to feel ashamed, and really the pastor's little daughter — for that you undoubtedly are — ought not to appear in such a faded, miserable dress. We Germans must believe our preachers have plenty of heavenly riches, and therefore can dispense with worldly goods, since we allow them to obtain so small a share of them; and yet we talk enthusiastically of the poesy of a country parish, which, however, with the exception of the vine-covered parsonage, often offers little enough of it, but a great deal of want and deprivation. At any rate I will call on the pastor here; I should have no objection to see the little one again. She is a child, and not even a pretty child; but it is interesting to watch the April-like changes of expression in her face; besides she has eyes like a deer, timid and trustful, clear, frank, and yet penetrating."

"Since Katherina — oh, I beg pardon, Kathinka," said the young man, laughing gaily as he corrected himself, "took the whim to come here, I must, in the wilderness of ennui that extends immeasurably before my eyes, consider even meeting a child as an adventure."

Meantime the young artist had returned to his easel, seated himself in his camp-chair, and commenced to draw, but he soon laid the pencil down again, rose, and prepared to leave the spot. "Is it sleep or meeting the pastor's little daughter that makes me unable to work?" he muttered half angrily, as he folded the easel, shut up his camp-chair, and took both under his arm.

"Now I must drag these things over the long road home, it is unfortunate when ennui leads people into these romantic freaks. And the august Kathinka has no idea of the extent of the sacrifice I am making for her; she sets a tolerably high value upon her society, and is just as artless about it as in her exaggerated estimation of the rank, which has brought her nothing but sorrow. But suppose I go towards the sea with my burden; I believe it is the nearest way, and besides there will be a chance of meeting the pastor's little daughter again."

V.

THE FOREIGN SAILOR.

When Erica had so hastily dismissed her companion, she hurried into the forest without any definite object. The excitement in which — though unable to comprehend the cause — she found herself, prevented her from paying any special attention to the path she pursued, and made her only desire to get away as far as possible to be unobserved.

When had she ever before felt her poverty bitter, or been ashamed of the simple dress this poverty forced upon her? Was she not doing an injustice to her mother, who uncomplainingly endured so many deprivations, and by these alone had obtained the means to give her daughter a good education? Why had she never before realized the want of harmony between this education and her circumstances, how had she been so happy in this poverty until now?

Had she not every summer seen the prettily-dressed children of the rich merchants without the slightest envy, without even feeling a wish for similar finery? Had she not really pitied her friends for the restraint their toilettes involuntarily imposed upon them, and considered herself fortunate in being able to wander so freely through the fields and forest, or use the oars? The only blessings which hitherto she had understood how to value God's fatherly hand had bestowed on all with equal lavishness. The sunlight and the blue sky, the fresh sea-breeze, the odor of the forest, the rustling of the wind, and the song of the birds did not require wealth to be enjoyed, the poorest could revel in them with equal delight.

Was not all this beauty now outspread before her in the most abundant measure, and yet she still felt the sting, which pressed the more sharply into the young heart, because it had hitherto never known its pain? She again recalled the scene through which she had just passed, and once more asked herself, "Would that young artist have behaved with the same

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

carelessness if one of her girl friends had met him? Was it only because he really thought her a child, or because he believed her inferior to him in station, that he had accosted her in such a manner? Even his hurrying after her — which at first had really conciliated her — now appeared in quite a different light, and seemed to show how little respect the young man had paid her.

Erica, who knew nothing about the forms of society, and had scarcely ever had an opportunity to converse with young men — for Waldbad had hitherto possessed few attractions for them, and usually numbered only women and children among its guests — possessed no standard by which to form a correct judgment of his conduct, and therefore the more she reflected upon the young artist's behavior, the ruder it seemed. A bitterness never known before crept into her heart, and naturally prejudiced her against the person who had aroused it. She hoped she should never meet him again, that nothing would remind her of him, and thought that, with the gradual forgetfulness of the event, the unpleasant feelings excited by it would also fade. Absorbed in her meditations, she had paid so little attention to the path she was following, that when she now looked around, she was surprised to find she had wandered so far. She found herself in a ravine filled with stunted pines and bushes, whose steep sides sloped to the sea, whose waves — as if angry at the resistance they encountered — beat violently against the rocky shore. Nature's noontide slumber seemed to be over, for a fresh breeze blew from the water, drove the clouds swiftly over the sky, sighed through the bushes, and wailed in prolonged tones at the end of the ravine, through which it wandered like a prisoner.

Erica listened to the familiar sounds, and her features gradually resumed their usual expression of quiet content. She sat down on the soft moss that covered the ground, for she felt wearied by her long walk, and gazed over the waves. Clouds of mist, like a light veil, began to rise slowly from the water, and gradually filled the air. Near the horizon they seemed to be growing denser, for a thick grey wall obscured the blue sky. Almost imperceptibly, even to Erica's keen eyes, the slender masts of a large ship, rocking upon the waves with furled sails, were relieved against the grey background.

At this time the sea was often covered with vessels going to the harbor of Swienemünd, and Erica would therefore have scarcely thought it worth while to notice the ship, if she had not observed a boat approaching the shore from that direction. Soon after the skiff grounded in an inlet close by, and Erica saw two men jump out, while a third remained in the boat. The new-comers walked hastily up the wooded ravine, and thus soon approached the young girl.

Was it fear that suddenly seized upon her, or merely reluctance to meet other strangers? She did not know, but instinctively concealed herself from the approaching pair by forcing her pliant figure among the bushes, and thus leaving the way open for the new-comers. The latter seemed to be engaged in earnest conversation, and as they drew nearer Erica recognized one as a Waldbad fisherman. The dress of the other was very similar, for he also wore a pea-jacket, long boots reaching almost to the knee, and a cap with a sort of cape hanging down the back. He must therefore probably be a fisherman, only Erica wondered why he had turned up the collar of his jacket so high, and drawn his cap so far over his face that his features could scarcely be distinguished.

As the men were walking so rapidly, she thought she should soon be relieved of their presence, but they stopped at the very spot where she had just been sitting, and she heard the stranger say, —

"I have changed my mind, Wilms; I won't go with you. I can learn the ground well enough afterwards, and I am afraid of being seen and thus exciting useless suspicion."

"But you promised to speak to my wife yourself, sir," replied Wilms.

"Are you afraid of your wife, friend, that you need my help?" said the other, laughing somewhat rudely.

"I am not afraid, you do not think so, sir, but I don't know how to put the matter to her. She is poor, but she is an honest woman, and will scarcely consent."

"Oh! pshaw, no hand shuts itself against money. And, besides, I ask nothing wrong. I want nothing except now and then to have a little information from her, the rest is not her concern. But come, I'll go with you. There is a storm brewing at sea, which will soon burst, and then the fine gentlemen and ladies will stay at home and not annoy me with their stares. Come, let us make haste!"

The two men walked quickly on, their steps soon sounded fainter, and at last no trace of their presence remained. Erica left her hiding-place, and looked around to

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

see if she were really alone. The stranger was right, a storm threatened to burst.

The bank of mist now almost covered the sky, the water had assumed a strange, greyish-green hue; the wind, which for a time seemed to have died away, the next instant blew in short, violent gusts. The water-fowl circled low over the waves, on which they sometimes appeared to rest, and their light plumage gleamed brightly through the darkening air. The twittering of the birds in the forest had died away, and nothing was audible except the rustling of the branches and the creaking of the pines, shaken by the gusts of wind.

Erica must hasten her steps if she wished to reach home before the storm burst, and thus was obliged to follow the two men. The speed with which she moved prevented her from thinking about the words she had heard, though the whole affair seemed strange, even unpleasant. When the footpath ran in a straight line for a short distance, she saw the dim outlines of the two figures before her, but the men walked forward so quickly that, even with the greatest haste, she did not fear overtaking them. Now a bright flash darted from the sky and vanished in the sea, soon followed by the rolling thunder. It growled menacingly in the distance, and quickened Erica's pace almost to a run. The last patch of blue sky was now covered with clouds, and single heavy drops, messengers of the coming rain, fell upon the earth. Again a jagged line of fire darted from the grey clouds, lingered for an instant in the horizon, and then also disappeared in the sea, while a louder peal of thunder announced the nearer approach of the storm.

Erica glanced around in search of some temporary shelter, for it was impossible to reach home before the outbreak of the tempest. She would not have been afraid to take refuge under a tree, for the storms that rise from the sea rarely pass over the land; but unfortunately there were none near except pines, whose needles — as they did not even stand very close to each other — would have afforded very little protection from a heavy rain. So she had no resource except to go on, although the drops fell faster and faster.

To shorten the distance, she went across the forest, and when she again emerged into the fields encountered such a violent gust of wind that it almost lifted her from the ground. She hastily tried to reach the sand-hills of the neighboring down, where she would at least find some protection from the storm. A fisherman's hut, built close under the down, which now appeared before the fugitive, was a welcome sight, and she walked rapidly towards it.

Just as she was about to enter, she remembered that this was the dwelling of the very Wilms she had just seen with the stranger. She lingered irresolutely a moment, and then pushed the door open.

The dark entry, which seemed to serve both for kitchen and smoking-room, was pervaded with such an oppressive, disagreeable atmosphere, that the young girl was almost tempted to go out again into the rain, now pouring from the sky in torrents. But she had already been seen, for a half-grown boy, who was standing at the inner door, and had probably been listening a little, suddenly started from his stooping posture and approached her.

"Nobody can come in here! Go out again! Go this moment," he said, with the characteristic rudeness which makes such an unnecessary display of strength, because only too conscious of its own weakness.

But this incivility, exaggerated as it was, did not intimidate Erica. On the contrary, she answered laughing, "What are you thinking of, you silly boy, to tell me to go out in this way?"

The "silly boy" did not seem offended by her reply, but instantly changed his rude manner and approached her.

"I have got myself into a nice muddle, to be sure, Fräulein Erica," he stammered in an embarrassed tone, passing his hand through his hair. "Yes, what am I to do now?" he added in a louder voice, looking inquiringly into her face.

"What are you to do? Open the door and let me into the room. One can scarcely see one's hand before one's eyes, and the smoke is suffocating."

"That's all very well, Fräulein Erica, and I should be glad enough to do it; but father put me here to keep watch, and said he would beat me if I let any one into the room."

Erica started; she thought of the stranger and the promised conversation with the fisherman's wife. If it had formerly seemed not altogether agreeable to meet him, he certainly could not possibly know that she had been listening to him, and the desire to obtain protection from the storm had conquered all hesitation. Now, for the first time, she remembered that the man was alone and did not wish to be seen, and was angry with herself for having forgotten the fact and entered the hut.

"Never mind," replied Erica. "I will

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

stay here a few minutes; it is raining so hard that the storm cannot last long."

"Let the girl come in!" the stranger's voice suddenly exclaimed. There he stood close beside her, still with the collar of his jacket turned up, and his hat pulled low over his face. Her eyes involuntarily sought to distinguish his features, but the darkness was too good an ally for her to be able to perceive more than the dim outlines of a bearded countenance.

Nay, she could not even see whether the beard was light or dark. The stranger had also turned to leave the hut, and Wilms, with officious civility, threw open the inner door, exclaiming, —

"Come in, Fräulein Erica!"

"*Fräulein* Erica?" cried the stranger, in a mocking tone, again turning his face towards her. He said no more, however, but with a slight shrug of the shoulders, walked out of the door into the pouring rain.

A sudden pang shot through Erica's heart at this jeering exclamation. The wound dealt that day, which was scarcely healed, re-opened and bled violently. Yesterday she would probably have attributed the sarcasm to her childish appearance, but now it awoke the deep sorrow of life, mockingly pointed to the abyss on whose edge she had hitherto walked so unsuspiciously.

She was so engrossed in her own thoughts, that she scarcely noticed the singular conduct of the fisherman's wife, who, after a hasty greeting, troubled herself no farther about her visitor, but stared fixedly out of the window at the flashing lightning, which from time to time lit up the room with its dazzling brilliancy, while the peals of thunder made the panes rattle.

Not until Erica — when the rain at last ceased — had set out upon her way home, did she think of the altered manner of the woman, who was usually so lively and talkative, and say to herself that it had probably been caused by her conversation with the stranger.

From Nature.

SINGING MICE.

PERHAPS the following account of a singing mouse may be of interest to your readers.

Last winter we occupied the rooms we now do at Menton. Early in February we heard as we thought the song of a canary, and fancied it was outside our balcony; however we soon discovered that the singing was in our *salon*, and that the songster was a mouse; at that time the weather was rather cold, and we had a little fire, and the mouse spent most of the day under the fender, where we kept it supplied with bits of biscuit; in a few days it became quite tame, and would come on the hearth in an evening and sing for several hours; sometimes it would climb up the chiffonier and ascend a vase of flowers to drink at the water, and then sit and sing on the edge of the table and allow us to go quite near to it without ceasing its warble; one of its favorite haunts was the wood-basket, and it would often sit and sing on the edge of it. On February 12, the last night of the carnival, we had a number of friends in our *salon*, and the little mouse sang most vigorously much to their delight and astonishment, and was not in the least disturbed by the talking. In the evening the mouse would often run about the room and under the door into the corridor and adjoining rooms, and then return to its own hearth; after amusing us for nearly a month it disappeared, and we suspect it was caught in a trap set in one of the rooms beyond. The mouse was small and had very large ears, which moved about much whilst singing; the song was not unlike that of the canary in many of its trills, and it sang quite as beautifully as any canary, but it had more variety, and some of its notes were much lower, more like those of the bullfinch. One great peculiarity was a sort of double song, which we had now and then — an air with an accompaniment; the air was loud and full, the notes being low, and the accompaniment quite subdued. Some of our party were sure that there was more than one mouse until we had the performance from the edge of the wood-basket, and were within a yard or two of it. My son has suggested that many or all mice may have the same power, but that the notes are usually so much higher in the scale that, like the cry of the dormouse and the bat, they are at the verge of the pitch to which the human ear is sensitive; this may be so, but the notes of our mouse were so low, and even the highest so far within the limits of the human ear, that I am inclined to think the gift of singing in mice is but of very rare occurrence. JOSEPH SIDEBOTHAM.

Hotel de Menton, Menton, S. France, October 31.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XX. | No. 1748.—December 15, 1877. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXV.

CONTENTS.

I. THE RUSSIANS, THE TURKS, AND THE BULGARIANS. At the Theatre of War, . . *Nineteenth Century*, ... 643
II. ERICA. Part IV. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . *Frau von Ingersleben*, ... 656
III. M. THIERS: A SKETCH FROM LIFE, BY AN ENGLISH PENCIL, ... *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . . 664
IV. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XL., ... *Harper's Bazar*, ... 688
V. BUDHIST SCHOOLS IN BURMAH. By the Director of Public Instruction in British Burmah, ... , ... *Fraser's Magazine*, ... 692
VI. DA CAPO. By Miss Thackeray. Part III., . *Advance Sheets*, ... 699
VII. THE MOTION OF "CIRRUS" CLOUDS, . . *Academy*, ... 704

POETRY.

SUNFLOWERS, ... 642
ADRIFT, ... 642
BEFORE THE WINTER, ... 642

MISCELLANY, ... 704

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

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

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

SUNFLOWERS.

THEY blossom brightly, straight and tall,
Against the mossy garden wall,
Beneath the poplar-trees;
The sunbeams kiss each golden face,
Their green leaves wave with airy grace,
In fresh September's breeze.

On one fair disc of gold and brown,
A purple butterfly lights down;
A sister-blossom yields
Her honey store, content to be
A late provider for the bee,
Flown here from clover fields.

Each dawning day, when climbs the sun,
And steadfast till his course is run,
These royal blossoms raise
Their grand, wide-opened, golden eyes,
To watch his journey through the skies,
Undaunted by his blaze.

The butterfly may sleep or soar,
The bee may steal their honey store,
But still the flowers gaze on,
With burning looks of changeless love,
Toward the day-god, high above,
Until the day is gone.

Fair maid beside the garden wall!
Thy lithe form copies, straight and tall,
The sunflower's stately grace:
The golden tresses of thine hair,
Like sunflower-rays do weave a fair
Bright halo round thy face.

And through their shadows looking down,
We find thine eyes of softest brown
Like sunflowercentres are;
We watch thee standing in the bloom,
The God-given sunflower of our home,
Yet meek as evening's star!

Ah, watching thus, high thoughts arise,
Deep thoughts, that fill our time-worn eyes
With fearful, hopeful tears.
God give thee sunshine on thy way!
God crown thy happy summer day
With peaceful autumn years!

In due time coming, on thy breast
Love's purple butterfly may rest,
And nestle close to thee;
And ere thy summer-time is o'er,
Thy sweetness may yield honey store,
For life's brown working-bee.

But evermore, though love should come
And fold his pinions in thine home,
Lift thy calm gaze above!
Mark thou the sunflower's constant eye,
And follow through life's changing sky,
The sun of faith and love.

All The Year Round.

ADRIFT.

DRIFT, let it drift; the cords are snapped that curbed it;
The rigid anchor holds that bark no more;
Th' impatient sails whose fluttering so disturbed it
No longer flap beside the sombre shore.
Out of the haven, 'thwart the roadstead gleaming,
Beyond the far bright offing hath it passed;
Still of some golden goal a-dreaming, dreaming,
O'er the wide deep that light bark drifts at last.

Let it drift on, nor blast nor billow checking;
No whirlpool to engulf, no rock to break;
The sea a mirror smooth for its bedecking,
The sky a blue pavilion for its sake.
On let it drift, the laughing mermaids weaving
Fantastic rings its devious course around;
And the gay syrens mocking its believing
With sweet, delusive ecstasies of sound.

Yet bright skies change; Hope's refluent tides run widely,
And Fortune wrecks great wonders with her wand.
So on some wintry eve, while I am idly
Counting the dusk waves on the sombre strand,
Haply before me from the offing shaded
A helmless bark shall drift in shattered state,
Its golden name, "The Mary," blurred and faded,
Tangle and bitter brine its only freight.

Spectator. J. S. D.

BEFORE THE WINTER.

THE rain is making rings on the river,
And the dead leaves in the black trees shiver;
The desolate sparrows under the shed
Are dreaming of summer and crumbs of bread.

Thin, dirty children play in the gutter;
A row of rogues by the wall-side utter
Their daily curses, and "watch for a job,"
And know they have something to earn or rob.

O the rain, the rain, in cold winter-time!
And the bitter bread that is bought by crime!
The fog and the frost from morning till night,
And no coal to burn or candle to light!

It is coming, coming: summer is dead;
The comfortless clouds are thick over head;
And snow will soon come to whiten the moor,
And the poor will remember that they are poor.

St. James. GUY ROSLYN.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE RUSSIANS, THE TURKS, AND THE BULGARIANS.

AT THE THEATRE OF WAR.

I REGRET that for a few lines at the outset I must be egotistical, in order to explain what claims I have to speak on the subject of which this article treats. During the last five months I have been with Russian soldiers on the march or in the field; during the last three months I have been with them in Bulgaria north of the Balkans. I have been a close spectator of much hard fighting; I have been repeatedly with Cossacks or other cavalry acting as the extreme advance; I have traversed Bulgarian territory and entered Bulgarian villages in advance of any Russian troops. I have lived with, talked with, and dealt with the Bulgarian population, and taken great and persistent pains to ascertain their real condition and true character. I cannot profess to have had much close acquaintance with Turks, although I have taken every opportunity of talking (of course, through an interpreter) with prisoners, and with those who remained behind in the villages and towns, or who returned to their homes subsequently to the Russian occupation. But I have striven to note what they had done and what they had left undone. I have seen their conduct in battle, and their handiwork on the battlefield after the battle was over; I have striven from the aspect and surroundings of their deserted habitations to realize the habit of their lives in the time when as yet no enemy was within their gates. In fine, I may aver that my opportunities for observation have been exceptional, if not indeed unique, and I can further aver, in no spirit of boasting, that I have striven very hard to make the most of my opportunities.

Yet another short paragraph of egotism. I believe that I came to the work as completely a *tabula rasa* in the matter of prejudices, or indeed previous familiarity with the subject, as it is well possible to conceive. My work has always been the work of action; of politics either home or foreign I know shamefully little, and for them I ought to blush to own have cared yet less. Of the Eastern question I had not made even that extremely perfunctory study which the wide if thin field of leading articles affords. I had indeed repeatedly seen Turks as well as Russians fight in the Servian campaign of the previous year, but it was not difficult to discern that the fighting in Servia was not always "on the square." Having come thus blank to the observation of what has been passing in Bulgaria during the summer and autumn, I have no right to speak now as an argumentator, or commentator, or speculator; I can only venture to ask for some recognition simply as a witness, to which character in the following article I shall strive to confine myself. I ask to be regarded as an accurate witness, limiting myself to the sphere of my own personal observation: first, because I do in all humility think that I have some faculty of keen observation; secondly, because I am without any conscious prejudice except in favor of a good fighting man and against maudlin cant. And finally, I would ask to be regarded as an honest witness in virtue of the fact that what I am now doing must be greatly to my own detriment. In obeying the compulsion to fulfil a duty, I must offend many whose good-will I would fain cherish, must let go many friendships which I value very dearly. In virtue of this paper I am resigning the promised honor of a decoration which is given to foreigners with extreme rarity, and never given at all — wherein lies the pride of having it — but for some specific act of conduct on the battle-field.

I. THE RUSSIANS.

THE Russian has so many charming qualities, that there is a sense of ungraciousness in referring to his qualities of another character. He is a delightful comrade, his good-humor is inexhaustible, he puts up with hardships with a light heart, he is humane, has a certain genuine if unobtrusive magnanimity, and never decries an enemy. In the whole course of my experiences I encountered only two boorish and discourteous Russian officers. There can be no greater mistake than that the Russians are a suspicious race. The frank simplicity of the army amounted to a serious military error; spies might have

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

swarmed unchallenged, and I have no doubt were in truth plentiful. Newspaper correspondents, once received, were accorded a freedom of movement, and were unchecked for a boldness of comment, with a liberal toleration, and often indeed a frank encouragement, unprecedented in the annals of war. There was something magnificent, although it was not quite war, in the open candor of the advice given to correspondents, a week or so in advance, to betake themselves to specified points where interest was likely to develop itself. Generals or staff-officers seldom hesitated to communicate to the inquiring correspondent the details of their dispositions, or to allow, indeed to encourage him, to visit the forepost line. It is to the credit of correspondents with the Russians, many of whom were necessarily inexperienced in the discernment of what might probably be published as against what ought to be withheld, that the responsibility of self-restraint was so generally recognized. The Russian officer has the splendid valor of his nationality; he is no braggart, but does his fighting as a matter of course, and as part of the day's work, when he is bidden to do it. As for the Russian private, I regard him as the finest material for a soldier that the soldier-producing world, so far as I am acquainted with it, affords. He is an extraordinary weight-carrying marcher, tramping on mile after mile with a good heart, with singular freedom from reliance on sustenance, and with a good stomach for immediate fighting at the end of the longest foodless march. He never grumbles; matters must have come to a bad pass indeed, when he lets loose his tongue in adverse comment on his superiors. Inured to privation from his childhood, he is a hard man to starve, and will live on rations, or chance instalments of rations, at which the British barrack-room cur would turn up his nose. His sincere piety according to his narrow lights, his whole-hearted devotion to the czar — which is ingrained into his mental system, not the result of a process of reasoning — and his constitutional courage, combine to bring it about that he faces the casualties of the battle-field with willing, prompt, and long-sustained bravery. He needs to be led, however; not so much because of the moral encouragement which a gallant leader imparts, but because, his reasoning faculties, for lack of education, being comparatively dormant, he does not know what to do when an unaccustomed or unlooked-for emergency occurs. He is destitute of perception when left to himself. Somebody must do the thinking for him, and impart to him the result of the process in the shape of an order; and then he can be trusted, while physical power lasts, to strive his pithiest to fulfil that order. But if there is nobody in front of him or within sight of him, to undertake the mental part of the work, the Russian soldier gets dazed. Even in his bewilderment, however, he is proof against panic, and we saw him with sore hearts at Plevna, on the 30th of July, standing up to be killed in piteously noble stubbornness of ignorance, rather than retreat without the orders which there were none to give. The Turkish soldier is his master in the intuitive perception of fighting necessities. The former is a born soldier, the latter a brave peasant drilled into a soldier. If the Turk advancing finds himself exposed to a flank attack, he needs no officer to order him to change his front: he grasps the situation for himself; and this is what the Russian soldier has neither intuitive soldierhood nor acquired intelligence to do.

Of the multitudinous "atrocities" on Turkish refugees charged against the Russian soldiery with so great persistent circumstantiality by Turkish authorities and their abettors, I have never found the smallest tittle of evidence, and on soul and conscience believe the allegations thereof to be utterly false. But as I must not speak of mere belief, it behoves me to say that of all events which occurred south of the Balkans I have merely hearsay knowledge. "Atrocities" in plenty were, however, charged against the Russians north of the Balkans, and respecting these I can speak from a wide range of personal experience. The Turks resident in the towns and villages of Bulgaria were peremptorily enjoined by commands from Constantinople to quit their homes and retire before the advancing Russians. In

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the great majority of cases they did so, and their evacuation was accomplished before the first Russian reached the vicinage of their abodes. This was so at Sistova, at Batuk, and at many other places where murder and rapine were circumstantially and lyingly averred against the Russian soldiers. The Turks who anywhere chose to remain were unmolested without exception, so far as I know. The orders that they should be so were strictly inculcated on the Russian *éclaireurs;* the Bulgarians were made acquainted with the injunctions of the emperor by the imperial proclamation widely, although surreptitiously, circulated in Bulgaria before the Danube was crossed. To this day you may see the cadi of Sistova walking about the town with an air as if he owned it. Gorni Lubnica is a large village not two hours' ride south of the imperial and grand-ducal headquarters in Gorni Studeni. Nearly half its population were Turks, more agricultural than most of their fellows, and of these a considerable number chose to remain in their dwellings and take their chance of the Russians. They were unmolested by the Bulgarian inhabitants and equally by the Russians. They dwell contentedly in their cottages, they have reaped their harvests and thrashed out their grain; you may see them fearlessly sauntering about their lanes, turban on head, none making them afraid. About Poradim, on the Plevna front of the Russians, many Turks remained in their dwellings; they met with no molestation, and are now earning a livelihood by carting to the front projectiles to be hurled against their brethren. It happened that by an accident I entered the town of Bjela in advance of the Russian calvary, and while there still remained on its outskirts some Turkish irregulars. These went; nearly the whole of the civilian Turks had already departed, but there remained behind a few, some living openly, some seeking concealment. In the evening the Russian calvary came in. The Turks who had chosen to stay openly at home were simply visited by an officer and bidden to stay where they were; those in concealment were searched for by the Russian soldiers aided in their investigation by the Bulgarians, when discovered kept under guard all night till the general had seen them, and then liberated, to return to their homes and avocations. The pillage of the subsequent night by Russian infantry stragglers was the only instance of serious indiscipline of which I am cognizant, and it was no pillage of Turks, but a rough miscellaneous sack of property, Bulgarian as well as Turkish, in which no personal injury was inflicted. A number of Bjela Turks who with their families had sought refuge in the woods around, and were suffering much from hardship and exposure, were visited and invited to return by order of the emperor. They reoccupied their habitations, reaped their harvests, and I have seen them walking about the place among the Russians and Bulgarians with the utmost independence of bearing. When the Turkish soldiers in a panic evacuated Tirnova, there remained behind some sixty Turkish families. The Russian force was a flying detachment chiefly of Cossacks. Tirnova swarmed with Bulgarians professing bitter hostility to the Turks, fraternizing warmly in copious raki with the Cossacks. Now, if ever, was the train kindled for insult and injury to the Turks at the hands of the Russians, under the temptations of instigation and drink. But by the Russians not a hair of their heads was injured, not a scrap of their property touched. As soon as might be, the officer in command detailed a guard to protect from marauding Bulgarians the section of the Turkish quarter where the population remained, and that guard was maintained till the Russians instituted at Tirnova a civic government. Constantly accompanying Cossacks and other Russian cavalry in reconnaissances on the front of the Rustchuk army, I never noticed even any disposition to be cruel. Where Turks were found they were made prisoners, in virtue of the obvious necessities of warfare; when complained of, the accusations were judicially examined and justice done deliberately according to martial law. I do not aver, remember, that atrocities were not committed on fugitive Turks; but not by the Russians. While the Turks yet remained in their entirety in the mixed villages, the Bulgarians did not dare to meddle with

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

them. Nor would they venture to interfere with remnants remaining behind from the general exodus, because they knew the terms of the emperor's proclamation, and were afraid to be thus actively vindictive. But reprisals were not to be apprehended from Turks "on the run," encumbered with wives, children, and household substance; there was little danger that any brutality perpetrated on these forlorn fugitives should reach the ears of the Russians; and the Bulgarians in places questionless hardened their hearts, and fell on with bitter, currish venom. But north of the Balkans, at least, Cossack lances and Russian sabres wrought no barbarity on defenceless men, women, and children. The Russian of my experience is instinctively a humane man, with a strong innate sense of the manliness of fair play. The Turkish prisoners I have ever seen well and even considerately treated.

The main causes of the inability of the Russian armies to achieve successes proportionate to the undoubted intrinsic quality of their fighting material are to my thinking three: corruption; favoritism (with its inevitable concomitant and result, intrigue); and general deficiency of a sense of responsibility among the officers all down the roll. Let me devote a separate paragraph to each of these blighting causes.

I tremble to think how high corruption reaches in the Russian army; I shudder to reflect how low it descends. It permeates and vitiates the whole military system. To be venal, so far from not being recognized as a crime, is not so much as regarded as a thing to be ashamed of. Peculation faces the inquirer at every turn; indeed it lies patently, glaringly on the surface. An illustrious personage, high in the army and near the throne, has mines which produce iron. Desiring to sell this iron for military purposes, he, spite of his rank and position, had to accede to the universal usage, and bribe to gain his purpose — a perfectly honest and legitimate purpose. A Vienna contractor comes to intendance headquarters with intent to sell boots to the army. He learns that it is no use to forward his tender direct in a straightforward business way; he must be introduced. He finds the right person to introduce him, and duly arranges with him the terms under which the favor of introduction is to be accorded. The introduction is made, and the contractor displays his samples and states that he is prepared to supply boots of that quality at six roubles a pair. The answer given him is that his offer will be accepted, but that his invoice must be made out at the rate of seven roubles per pair, although the payment will be at the rate of the tender. The Russian government had an account with the Roumanian railway, whereon the statement of the latter showed the former to be a debtor to the amount of ten million roubles. The Roumanian people pressed for payment, but obviously a preliminary duty was a searching audit. The Russian functionary concerned comes to the director of the railway with a proposition. This proposition is that the audit shall be a merely formal operation, on condition that he, the Russian functionary, shall receive a *douceur* or commission of half a rouble on every thousand roubles, for smoothing the track of an operation which if rigidly, far more if hostilely, carried out, must be arduous and vexatious. Fifty copecks on each thousand roubles seems a bagatelle, but where ten millions of roubles are concerned, the *dustouri* reaches the pretty penny of nearly a hundred pounds. Scarcely anywhere are the accumulated Russian stores — at Bucharest, at Fatesti, at Simnitza, at Sistova, at Braila — protected by shedding from the destructive influences of weather. Why should they be, when it is in the interest of all concerned except the State and the army, that the inevitable result should ensue — the rotting and condemnation of a huge proportion of the accumulated stores? The contractors are paid by a commission on the quantity of material laid down by them in certain specified places; their commission is earned when that work has been accomplished; their commission swells in proportion to the quantities of fresh supplies rendered necessary by the unserviceability of what has already been laid down. Every intendant concerned has a pinch, greater or smaller according to his position, of this commission; it is to the direct general and several interest of the gang that as much weather damage as may be shall occur among the supplies when once laid down. If any man wants proof of the universal system of plunder, he has only to visit Roumania and use his eyes. He will find the restaurants thronged with gentlemen of the twisted shoulder-knots. Their pay is a pittance, and it is in arrears: Jews, Greeks, and Bulgarians, the debris of the mercantile class, they have no private fortunes. But each gallant beswordered non-combatant eats of the costliest dishes, and orders sweet champagne in grating French; the *tout ensemble* of him would

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

not be complete unless his companion were some French or Roumanian beauty, as venal as himself, who is serving him as he is serving Holy Russia. A French correspondent, with a disinclination for going to the front, and a desire to employ his spare time, has been employing himself in collecting and authenticating cases of peculation throughout the Russian army, the record to be published at a safe season when the war is over. The exposure will astonish the world — at least that portion of the world which does not know Russia. In the mean time I venture to assert that every article of consumption or wear supplied to the Russian army costs, by the time it comes into use, more than double what it ought to do under a well-managed and decently honest system. Of other and yet baser corruption — of the little difficulty with which men of whom other things might be expected are to be found willing to be virtual traitors for a consideration, by offering to sell secrets and secret documents — I dare not trust myself to speak. The subject is too grievously melancholy.

Favoritism brings it about that commands are bestowed on men within its ring-fence, with little or no reference to qualifications. The Russian officer does not need merit if he can only attain to "protection." With "protection" a youngster may be a colonel in command of the grizzled veteran of hard campaigns and many decorations, who, destitute of "protection," is still but a first lieutenant. The aim in making appointments at the beginning of this war seems to have been to exclude from active service every man who has ever distinguished himself in a previous command. Todleben has been only sent for now as a last resource. Kauffmann, the conqueror of Khiva, was left behind to chew the cud of his experience. Bariatinsky was not withdrawn from the neglected retirement into which he had been suffered to lapse. Kotzebue's experience of command in active service remained unutilized. Tchernaieff, who with a mass of untrained militia kept the Turks four months at bay, was left for months to cool his heels in Russia, was at length insulted with the offer of the command of a brigade in Asia, and has now finally been ordered back into retirement at the instance of the archduke Michael — jealous of the ovations with which a fine soldier and really capable chief was received on arriving at the former's headquarters. Nepokoitchitzky's claim to be chief of the staff lies simply, so far as I can gather, in his knowledge of the Danubian valley on the Roumanian side of the river, derived by having served in the force which in 1853–4 scarcely covered itself with glory in fighting against the Turks. At Ploesti he seemed to me to fulfil the *rôle* of a superior sort of staff sergeant, always walking about with a handful of returns and states. He is a dumb man — and dumb seemingly from not having anything to say. Levitsky, his *sous-chef*, is a young professor, utterly devoid of experience except in the handling in manœuvres of comparatively small bodies of men; pragmatic and arrogant, but with a strong will, which, in conjunction with his incapacity, has been one of the chief factors in the failure hitherto of the Russian army. But he is within the ring-fence of "protection," and holds his ground against the clamors and murmurs of the army. To be within that pale is to be safe, if not from contumely, at least from open disgrace. If there be one thing more certain than another in connection with this war, it is that Prince Schakoffskoy ought to have been tried and broke for insubordination and disobedience of orders at the battle of Plevna of the 30th of July. But he still commands his army corps, and, so far as I know, did not even receive a direct reprimand. In the old days Krüdener would have been sent to Siberia for the unmilitary and insubordinate act of assembling a batch of correspondents, and essaying to vindicate his conduct through them to the world by the publication of the essentially private orders under which he was forced peremptorily to act. But he holds his position in command of a corps, although his immunity may indeed be owing to the fact of his grimly and threateningly holding the telegrams which exonerate him at the expense of others. Schilder-Schuldner, the hero of the utterly "unspeakable" first fiasco at Plevna, still retains the command of the fragment of that brigade which his crass blundering shattered there. General Kriloff, who the other day, entrusted with a mass of Russian cavalry, and charged with the task of blocking the Sofia road, supinely failed to intercept reinforcements and supplies marching on Plevna, enjoys the equivocal credit of an exploit which the English military reader may be excused for regarding as well-nigh impossible. He commanded for a year a cavalry division at Warsaw, during the whole of which time he possessed no charger, although he drew rations, or rather their money, equivalent for six.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Favoritism as inevitably begets intrigue as rottenness engenders maggots. Under an irresponsible absolutism the Absolute must have an almost impossible thoroughness and strength of purpose if favors do not frequently go through caprice and from other motives than the sheer claims of honest desert. So far as I can see, even the recognition of merit in the Russian court and military circle is too often capricious. Young Skobeloff had fought as splendidly on the grey morning when we crossed the Danube and plashed through the mud on its further bank to come to close quarters with the enemy, as on the day when he gained the name of the "hero of Lovca," or on that other later day when he stood master of the three Turkish redoubts on the south-west of Plevna. But whereas on the news of Lovca he was toasted at the imperial board, and whereas the Plevna fighting worthily earned him his lieutenant-generalcy, after the first exploit, when the emperor embraced Dragimiroff and shook hands with Yolchine, he turned his back ostentatiously on Skobeloff, simply because he was out of favor, and had not yet got back into favor by dint of hard fighting. Every Russian circle I have had experience of — the camp, court, the head-quarter staff, the subsidiary staffs, the regiment, the battalion — each is a focus of unworthy intrigue. Men live in superficial amity one with another, while, to use an Americanism, they are "going behind" each other by every underhand means in their power. Young Skobeloff was under a cloud, and Prince —— was his enemy. Skobeloff, who is not a courtier, cleft the cloud with the edge of his good sword, and the cloud drifts on to settle above Prince ——. General Ignatieff is in high favor, seemingly fixed firmly in his place close to the emperor's right hand, a man of power, influence, and position. The bad fortune of the war goads certain people, on whom the odium lies of that bad fortune, to wrath against the man who had done so much to bring the war about. There is a period of swaying to and fro of the forces of intrigue, and then Ignatieff goes back to Russia to assist his wife in the nursing of her sick sister. The wheel will come full circle again, no doubt, and then that presently afflicted lady will recover. The mischief of this all-pervading intrigue is that it is a distraction of the forces that ought to be concentrated on real and earnest duty. A man cannot concentrate all his energies on aiding in coping with the king's enemies without when he has to spend — or waste — a share of them in plotting to get the better of a man in the next tent, or to foil the devices of that man to get the better of him. And unfortunately, the man who is the greatest adept in intrigue, and benefits by it in the attainment of a high place, has not always — indeed, as intrigue is demoralizing, it may be said seldom — the qualifications which the high place into which he may have intrigued himself demands.

The deficiency in an adequate sense of responsibility is greatly caused by the evil treated of in the last paragraph. But, indeed, it seems to me that the lack of that thoroughness which a sense of responsibility inspires is innate in the Russian military character, so far as preparation, organization, and system, distinguished from mere fighting, are concerned. The Orientalism of the Russian extraction tends to *laissez-faire* — hinders from the patient, plodding, steady industry of the north-German soldiering man. Nobody holds himself directly charged with the responsibility of the urgent mending of a bridge, and the bridge is not mended. Nobody has it borne in upon him that it is a bounden duty he owes to himself, to his comrades, and to the State, to see that reserves are ready at hand to be used in the nick of time, and an enterprise collapses for want of reserves. A general of division gets an order to send forward into the fight two of his regiments. His luncheon is spread under yonder tree. A German or an English general would disregard his food, and concentrate himself on the proper execution of the work; his staff-officers would compete with each other in orderly zeal for the successful fulfilment of the order, and crave furthermore for the good luck of being permitted to take a share in the "fun." It is as likely as not — I have witnessed the scene — that the Russian general endorses the order, and passes it on to the brigadier by the messenger who has brought it, while he and his *fainéant* staff-officers, who have been sitting supinely about when they ought to have been in the saddle, seek the grateful shade of the tree and the contented enjoyment of the refection. Coming down from the Shipka Pass while the fate of the fighting there hung in the scales, I was sent for by the commander-in-chief to give a narrative of what I had seen. The circumstance vividly impressed me, that with the exception of Monseigneur himself, nobody appeared to feel that the general staff, and he himself as a member of it, had intense, engrossing,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

overwhelming concern with the issue of that terrible combat. The subject was discussed with vivacious interest — indeed, with curiosity, with more or less of intelligence; but very much in the tone in which it might have been discussed by a coterie in the Army and Navy Club. With the exception indicated, there was no recognition or apparent realization of responsibility. I left the kibitka with the curious sense that I, the stranger and the foreigner, was, save one, the man who felt the most concern in the episode and the result. Except as regards the actual fighting, there is a strange, inappropriate dilettantism about the soldiering of the officerhood of the Russian army. There is a disregard of the grand military fact that if success is to be achieved, every man, each in his place, must put his hand to the work as if he were working for his own hand — ay, for his own honor and his own life.

One word as to the emperor. I would have it to be understood that no word I have written can apply to him. His position, in proportion to the fulness with which his character is recognized, must move to the sincerest respect and the deepest sympathy. He is a true patriot, earnestly striving for the welfare of his country. But he toils amid obstacles, he struggles in the heart of gathered and incrusted impediments, the perception of which on his part must, it seems to me, kindle wrath which is unavailable, bring about misgivings which must awfully perturb, induce a despair which must strike to the very heart. He is not answerable for the growing up of the false system which strikes at the vitals of the Russian army, but he cannot but recognize the blighting curse of it. He is not the Hercules to cleanse the huge Augean stable; but he knows, and in this hour of terrible trial must revolt from the foulness of it with a disgust that is all the more loathing because it is impotent. I sincerely believe that the emperor is the Russian who in all unselfishness suffers the direst pangs of anguish under a Russian disaster.

II. THE TURKS.

THE Turks have blundered greatly in the management of their military affairs, but two mistakes of theirs were of such exceptional magnitude, that they loom high above minor errors. The Turks are barbarians, pure and simple. They have neither part nor lot in civilization: their religion and its injunctions, their origin, the area of their empire, their conservatism, bar them out from membership in the European family circle. It may be and has been contended that this being so, Europe is no place for them; but with this phase of the subject, involving as it does argument, I have no concern. I would merely remark that when it shall have been conclusively proved that they are out of place in Europe, there remains the physical task of acting on the conclusion; and that task, to the lot of whomsoever it may fall, does not quite bear the aspect of a holiday undertaking. Meanwhile they are barbarians, and they are in Europe. As barbarians and as non-aggressives, it would have been quite consistent for them this spring to hold some such language as the following to all whom it might concern: "We do not want to go to war, but if any power thinks proper to assail us, we give due forewarning that we are barbarians, and will defend ourselves by barbarian tactics. Our religion enjoins on us the ruthless slaughter of the infidel. If we are assailed we give fair warning that we will neither ask nor give quarter; that we will, *more nostro*, torture, chop, hack, and mutilate our wounded enemies, encumber ourselves with no prisoners, despise such finicalities as flags of truce; our battle-cry will be *deen* to the Giaour. You are entitled to know this, because the knowledge may be a factor among the considerations which affect your final resolution. If after this intimation you are still bent on assailing us, why, then, come on and see how you like it." This intimation the Turks did not make, but they have consistently acted according to its literal terms. I have myself seen great clumps of mutilated Russian dead on battle-fields. I have watched, without the need of a glass, the Bashi-Bazouks swarming out after an unsuccessful attack on the part of the Russians, and administering the *coup de grâce* with fell alacrity, under the eyes of the regulars in the sheltered trenches. This style of fighting is working its inevitable result on the Russian soldier, who hesitates to face this grim additional casualty of the battle-field, and it is no improbable supposition that the candid premonition of it would have weighed with the Russian authorities on whom would have vested the responsibility of making war in the face of it. But the Turks have tried to blow hot and cold — to profit by their barbarism, and plough with the heifer of civilization. While slaying and sparing not, they have addressed whining, and it may be added lying, appeals to Europe, invoking the enactments

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of the Geneva Convention, which they themselves set at naught. Wielding the axe and chopper of ruthless savages, they have acted like a pack of querulous and mendacious old women, in cackling to Europe their trumped-up allegations of violations of civilized warfare on the part of their enemies. They have thus sacrificed the sternly intelligible consistency of an attitude of persistent indomitable barbarism, and have admitted the jurisdiction of a court from whose bar it should have been their policy to stand aloof. This has been one capital error on their part: an error which may cost them infinitely dearer than defiant contumacy would have done.

Their second cardinal error comes within the pale of civilized warfare. Not having chosen to resist in force the Russian crossing of the Danube, and having elected to fall back before the invaders of Bulgaria, it was on the part of the Turks a grave military omission that they did not lay waste the territory which they left open to that invader's occupation. Had the territory been exclusively inhabited by their own people, it would have been none the less a military duty to have destroyed the crops, burnt the villages to the last cottage, and left only desolation behind them. It might have been that some fanatic philanthropists might have clamored of the inhumanity of this line of action; but sensible people would have sorrowfully recognized it as one of the stern necessities of ever-cruel war. The Russians could have uttered no reproach, with the precedent in their own history wrought by Kutusoff, Barclay de Tolly, and Rastapchin. If precedents are wanted of a later date, the American civil war — a war between brethren — swarms with them. If the Turks should have obeyed the demands of a military necessity, had the civilian population been mainly their own people, how much less incumbent on them was it to admit deterrent humanitarian considerations as the case stood! The whole Turkish population was ordered back by a command from Constantinople: there remained only Bulgarians, coreligionists of the invader, notoriously sympathizers with his aims, notoriously disaffected to Turkish rule, sure to become guides, spies, hewers of wood and drawers of water to their "deliverers," willing vendors to these of their substance. To leave behind, instead of reeking desolation, a land flowing with milk and honey, a land swarming with unmolested friends to the invader, was a piece of military lunacy almost unparalleled. The Turks should have driven the Bulgarian population inland before them to the last man, and left extant not a sheaf of barley that could have been destroyed. That they did not do so was the second of the two glaring mistakes I have indicated. When the defects of the Russian supply system are taken into consideration, there is no need to waste space in detailing the certainty, or in speculating on the probabilities, with which desolating tactics were pregnant.

It is no task of mine to inquire why the Turks did not pursue these tactics. It may be said that they did not because of their crassness, their hurry, their carelessness, their lack of military foresight; why suggest further reasons? But the outcome, as a hard fact, stands that the Bulgarian population, left behind unmolested when the Turks fell back, were spared unheard-of suffering. They were in fact left in full enjoyment of their prosperity, it might be forever, certainly for an indefinite period. I want to know, if the Turks choose to assert that they thus sacrificed themselves and spared the Bulgarians from motives exclusively of pure humanity, on what valid grounds is any one to contradict them? If I find my way into a cellar full of untold gold, and am found coming out with empty pockets, am I not, even were I by habit and repute a thief, entitled to claim that my honesty deterred me from plunder? I have said that the Turks are barbarians, and that they are ruthless savages when their fighting blood is up; but there is no inconsistency between this attribute and the attribute of contemptuous good-natured humanity, or rather perhaps tolerant unaggressiveness, when nothing has occurred to stir the pulse of the savage spirit. And I sincerely believe, on the evidence of my own eyes and ears, that the Turks — the dominant race in virture of those characteristics which, until the millennium, will ever continue to insure the dominance of a race — allowed the Bulgarians — the subject race in virtue of those characteristics which, while they exist, will always make a race subject to some one or other — to have by no means a bad time of it. Proof of this belief I will adduce in detail when I come to deal with the Bulgarians. But just cast a hasty glance at the conduct of the barbarian Turks during the past two years. The period opens with the Bulgarians, subject indeed to the Turks, taxed, no doubt, heavily and arbitrarily, annoyed occasionally by a zaptieh who must have been nearly as bad as the omnipotent "agent"

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

on the estate of an Irish absentee landlord, bound to dismount when encountering a Turk on the road, just as a rural inferior at home is virtually bound to touch his hat to his local superior; but withal prospering mightily. The recently imported Circassians are a thorn in their flesh, against whom they have to put up iron bars and keep numerous fierce dogs, precautions which do not always avail; but the Circassian nuisance may be "squared" by judicious occasional presents of poultry and farm produce to the moullah of the district. The Bulgarian population, it is true, are debarred from aspiring to any, even the meanest public function, not even having the distinguished privilege, so much prized by the business Englishman, of being summoned on a jury when private avocations are exceptionally engrossing. To judge by the manner in which the Bulgarian civic functionaries appointed by Prince Tcherkasky are presently fulfilling their duties, from the municipal councillor who is making haste to be rich by pillaging alike casual Russian and resident countryman, to the street policeman of Tirnova or Gabrova, who, clothed in a little brief authority, whacks about him indiscriminately with his ratan, it may be questioned whether the general progress of the world was seriously retarded by the enforced abstention of the Bulgarians from a share in the management of public affairs.

It was no doubt a sad thing that the stalwart manhood of the Bulgarians was debarred from proving in the defence of the country that it had a heart in keeping with its thews and sinews, although circumstances may inspire a doubt whether the iron of this prohibition ate deeply into the Bulgarian heart. The country was badly governed, or rather in effect it was hardly governed at all, and this is exactly the state of things in which the astute man who knows the trick of buying protection is sure to get on by no means badly. I do not mean to say that it was all smooth and pleasant for the Bulgarians, or indeed for any of the races of which the population of Turkey in Europe is made up; but their lot, from all I have been able to learn, was tolerable enough. It seems to have been a lot for which the practical British philanthropist would gladly see a considerable section of his fellow country-people exchange their own wretched, sodden, hopeless plight. The life of the Bulgarian was eminently preferable to that of the miserable victims of the "sweater" who exist rather than live in Whitechapel garrets. I think Devonshire Giles, with his nine shillings a week and a few mugs of cider, would cheerfully have put up with the zaptieh, exclusion from a share in the management of public affairs — although his home share of that privilege is so large and so highly prized — and would have even been resigned under the dispensation of debarment from military service, for the sake of the rich acres of pasture and barley land, the cattle and brood mares of the rural Bulgarian. I know that the Russian peasant soldier who has crossed the Danube as the "deliverer" of the Bulgarian from "oppression," feels with a stolid, bewildered envy that, to use a slang phrase, he would be glad indeed "to have half his complaint."

The times, no doubt, had a certain roughness, and occasionally there were Bulgarians who could not accept the roughs with the smooths, and who kicked against the pricks. There have been Irishmen who have manifested active discontent with the rule of the "hated Saxon," and who have been made to suffer for their peculiar way of looking at things. The discontented Bulgarians sometimes were sent to prison, but mostly escaped into neutral territory without undergoing this infliction; and wherever they found themselves — in Bucharest, in Galatz, up among the hills at Cronstadt, or down in the flat at Crajovo or Turn Severin — there they seduously plotted against the Turkish dominance over the Bulgaria from which they were exiles. I suppose they had a perfect right to do this, and to strive to implicate in their plots their brethren who still remained "oppressed," if prosperous: only the man who plots and the man who joins a plot must, like the man who speculates, be prepared to take the consequences of failure.

As for the argument that the Turks were new-comers and have no abiding places in European Turkey, but that their tenure there is but the empire of superior power — if that is to be admitted and acted on, there logically follows a revolution in the face of the world, and all but universal chaos. We must quit India, and bid an apologetic adieu to the Maori, the Kaffir, and the Hottentot, the Spaniard from whom we wrested Gibraltar, the Dutchman from whom we masterfully took the Cape. We are to take ship from the jetties over which frown the Heights of Abraham, and leave the French *habitants* and the remnant of red men left at Cachnawaga to settle between them the ownership of Canada East. Poland must

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

revolt against Austria, Prussia, Russia; the Tartars of the Crimea are to make a struggle for independence; the Irish are to drive forth the Saxon viceroy and his myrmidons at the point of the shillelagh; the Austro-Hungarian empire shall blaze into a chaotic conflagration, in which "furious Frank and fiery Hun," Serb, Magyar, Croat, and Teuton shall seethe confusedly.

The Bulgarians who abode at home, ignoring their substantial prosperity, and stimulated by their grudge against the Turk by reason of his masterfulness and his religion, tempted further by encouragement that came to them from Russian sources in Constantinople, listened to the voice of their exiled countrymen persuading them to insurrection. Persistent efforts have been made to minimize the radius and importance of the organization of that uprising, which collapsed so futilely and for which the penalty was so tragic. But these efforts can avail nothing before hard facts. When Tchernaieff was in England last winter, he detailed to me the widespread ramifications of the organization for the revolt all over Bulgaria, north as well as south of the Balkans, of which documentary evidence and fullest verbal assurances were furnished to him by the various committees outside Bulgaria, as he passed through the south of Russia and Roumania on his way to Servia. I could name several gentlemen with whom Tchernaieff, during the same visit, entered into the fullest particularity of details on this subject. It was by reason of the assurances of support and co-operation on which his knowledge of this organization entitled him to rely, that he dared to violate strict military considerations, and struck across the frontier into Bulgaria as soon as Servia had declared war. We know how feeble and patchy was the rising of the Bulgarians in reality, but that was owing not to the scanty area of the organization, but to the unpracticality of the conspirators and the faint-heartedness of the instruments. There was no outbreak at all north of the Balkans, but do not let it be supposed therefore that there was no organization for revolt. At Poradim, just before the July battle of Plevna, I, in company with a Russian staff-officer of high position, fell in with a Bulgarian who, now a thriving villager there, had during the previous year been the agent in Plevna of the American Book Society. Six years previously he had been imprisoned for active disaffection, but had regained his liberty by bribery. He had been the head centre of the insurrectionary organization in and around Plevna in 1875–6. He showed us the lists of memberships and of subscriptions — the latter not particularly reckless in their liberality. Everything had been prearranged, but when the time came there was not even a "cabbage garden" rising. The conspirators realized that the theory and practice of insurrection were two very different things, and remained content with the former luxury. The "head centre" had thought it prudent to relegate himself to village life, and to make a friend of the local moullah through the medium of presents of poultry.

The Bulgarian risings, then, such as they were, occurred. The Turks probably were unacquainted with the extent of the organization, but we must assume that they at least knew something. For the rest, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. They had their hands full already. Montenegro and the Herzegovine were harassing them sorely; Servia was getting ready for war with all the energy of which she was capable. Other insurrections threatened in other regions of the great incongruous empire. This one at least was in the hollow of their hand; it must be crushed, stamped out, annihilated. The barbarian had got his provocation, and the savage strain in his blood went aboil. We all know what happened in the hapless regions where afterwards Mr. MacGahan wrote and Lady Strangford worked. It can be the task surely of no decent man to be the apologist of the Turkish wild beasts who ravaged and ravished in those fell days. But, on the other hand, indignation is misplaced against wild beasts, who simply do what "'tis their nature to" when provocation kindles the savage "streak" in their nature. What is the use? It is folly to feel wroth with the elephant who goes "must" and pulverizes his mahout. He is "must," and there is an end of it.*

* Nor can the barbarians, on whom rests the responsibility of the horrors of Batak and Prestovica, urge in extenuation that the history of races claiming the graces of civilization can afford them some instances which, in some sense, they can cite as precedents. It is a calumny that a modern Galgacus might have said of the men restoring quietude to the north of Scotland under the personal superintendence of Duke William of Cumberland, malignantly styled the Butcher, "*Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*" It is the most baseless chimera that a British general still alive commanded with a suave "Ah, exactly, a thousand thanks!" that a batch of "niggers" should be blown from the mouths of British cannon, whom two words of inquiry would have proved to be performing menial service to his own column, or that British lancers in the same campaign could boast of having three women spitted on their lances at the same time. Pelissier, "alias Le Roy," was one of the mildest of men, and

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

But the Turkish barbarities, like the Bulgarian actual risings, were localized. Perhaps the Turks were ignorant of the north-Balkan complicity; perhaps they ignored it; perhaps, seeing it had come to nothing, they gave no heed to it at all. Be that as it may, in all my wayfarings, from the Lom near to the Vid, from the Danube to the Balkans, I could neither hear of nor find human being who had suffered because of the business of last year; and I am sure I inquired sedulously enough. I found no man scored with yataghan slashes, no woman with a story of outrage, which from my later experiences I believe she would have been frank enough with if she had cause to speak. Last year's straw-stack stands in the farm-yard of every Bulgarian cottager; the color of its thatch proves that his habitation is not an erection of yesterday. The two-year colt trots on the lea along with the dam and the foal. His buffaloes are mature in their ugliness; his wife's white-metal water-pails are pitted with the dints of years. And if the belongings of the rural Bulgarian furnish testimony to the hitherto stable security of his way of life, not less do the surroundings of the towns-people prove their abiding conviction of non-molestation. Of the vines whose leaves and tendrils spread with verdant green shade over the garden arbors of Sistova, and whose fruit clusters dangle on the brown fronts of Drenova's old oaken houses, the gnarled stems are as thick as my wrist. Pretty Maritza of Tirnova shows you proudly her blooming balsams, and tells you how she took the trouble to bespeak the seed a year in advance from a famous balsam-cultivator across the Balkans in Kesanlik. It is to be doubted now whether he will ever grow balsams more. Her mother displays the yet remaining large stock of her last autumn's preservings. And, by the way, it was of this same mother that the tale was written to England how the pasha had informed her he would hang her, and indeed had even fixed the day for the operation, on the charge of concealing some obnoxious personage. I was given to understand, indeed, that some unpleasant communications had passed between the pasha and the good lady, but how much, or little, she was perturbed thereby, may be gathered from the fact that she did not desist from her placid preparation of paprika paste — no, not on the very day named or reported to have been named for disqualifying her from the further enjoyment of that dainty.

The Turkish soldiers, when the Russians made good their footing on the southern bank of the Danube, evacuated Sistova without so much as breaking a twig on the front of a Bulgarian house. Their civilian brethren had already departed with like unanimity of harmlessness. The disorganized bands of soldiers fell back through the rural villages without so much as filching a Bulgarian goose or requisitioning a Bulgarian egg. A Turkish army abode for days around Bjela, and finally departed, its rearguard consisting of irregulars, without a jot of injury wrought on the townfolk or their property. All along the Turkish retreat from the Jantra to the Lom, the Bulgarian experienced the same immunity. The Turkish inhabitants quitted, and the Turkish troops ran away from Tirnova without a blow or a robbery. It may, in fine, be said that the Turks departed absolutely harmlessly out of the territory from the Danube to the Balkans, of which the Russians stood possessed when their area of occupation was largest. How the Bulgarians requited this forbearance — or immunity, if the other word seems to ask too much — will have to be told later.

As the Russians have drawn in from the outskirts of that area, and the Turks have occupied the vacated territory, the immunity has ceased. It is not given to barbarians to accept with Christian resignation, or civilized phlegm, the spectacle of their dwellings wantonly razed, their crops stolen and sold, their little garden patches obliterated. They know that the miserables they find unaccountably remaining in the villages, deprived of Russian protection, were the culprits. They know that these welcomed the enemy of the Turk, acted as his guides, served him as spies, and found in him a customer for the Turkish crops. They know that these hung on the rear of the hapless retreating Turkish villagers in July, and slew them ruthlessly — men, women, and children — when the safe chance offered. So the "unspeakable" Turk lets the rough edge of his barbarism come uppermost again, and perpetrates atrocities — inflicts reprisals? Bah! what matters it about a form of words?

the insurgent Arabs, who died in the caverns of Dahra, perished from accidental asphyxiation. It is a ridiculous untruth that the military policy of the United States of America, as regards the Red Indian, is that of deliberate extermination. In the annals of Poland, 1831 is a halcyon year, and as for Mouravieff, he was soft-hearted to a fault.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

III. THE BULGARIANS.

I HAVE found it impossible to avoid saying a good deal of the Bulgarians when writing under the preceding heading, and so much are the two subjects intermingled that in writing under the present heading I cannot hope wholly to exclude reference to the Turks. It must be understood that as I have never been across the Balkans, my observations in the character of a witness must be held as applying exclusively to the Bulgarians between that range and the Danube within the region of the Russian occupation. Nor must it be forgotten that this country is Bulgaria proper, where the Bulgarian race is purest: the Roumelian Bulgarians are affected, whether for good or evil, by a considerable miscellaneous intermixture of other races.

An outspoken Russian of my acquaintance, after a large campaigning experience of them, gave it as his belief regarding the north-Balkan Bulgarians that they must either be the result of a temporary lapse in the creative vigilance, or that they must be accepted as a refutation of the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest. My Russian friend had doubtless good cause of disgust for the Bulgarians, but I venture to regard his expressions as rather too strong. My experience of the Bulgarians, indeed, is that they have fewer of the attributes calculated to kindle sympathetic regard and beget genial interest than any other race of whose character I have had opportunities of judging. But they have some good points, more especially the rural Bulgarians. They have prospered by reason of sedulous industry practised to some extent at least under arduous conditions, and this is an unquestionable merit. Their prosperity has indeed been used as an argument why the Turks, whose bent is far from being so keenly towards industry, and who accordingly do not display evidences of so great material prosperity, should therefore cease to be the master people. It is not for me to combat this or any other argument, but I may venture to suggest that if a maximum of prosperity is to be regarded as the criterion, we Britons must retire *en masse* into private life in favor of the Jewish element in our midst. It tells doubtless in favor of the Bulgarian that he is in name a Christian; although his "evidences of Christianity," so far as I have cognizance of them, consist chiefly in his piously crossing himself in starting to drive a vehicle for the hire of which he has charged double a liberally reasonable sum, after having profusely invoked the name of the Saviour to corroborate his asseverations that the price he asks is ruinously low. He cannot be denied a certain candor, which sometimes has a cynical flavor in it, as when he coolly tells a Russian, who in the character of his "deliverer" is remonstrating against his withholding of supplies or his extortionate charges for them, that "the Turk was good enough for him, and that he didn't want deliverance." The Bulgarian is singularly adaptive. He realized his "deliverance" with extreme promptitude of perception, resulting in bumptious arrogance. He drove his ox-cart with nonchalant obstinacy in the only practicable rut, and grinned affably when your carriage-springs were broken in scrambling out of it to pass him. In the towns he held the crown of the causeway; in the country regions near the forepost lines he sees it to be expedient to pursue the career of a double spy and a double traitor.

In the preceding section I have spoken at length of his material prosperity prior to the arrival of the "deliverers." The two races — Turk and Bulgarian — dwelt apart; and the Bulgarian, as he drove his wainload of bearded wheat, or his herd of plump cattle and fertile brood mares down the slope to his white cottage among its cornstacks bowered among the trees by the fountain, must often have smiled grimly as his eye caught the barer farmyards and the scantier comfort of the Turkish quarter, and the ramshackle hovels among the scrappy tobacco-plots of the Circassian squatters on or beyond the outskirts of the village. The Bulgarian kept the village shop, and the Turk, when he came for his necessaries, had to sniff the hated odor of pork sausages. The village swarmed with Christian pigs, free to roam into the Turkish quarter till chevied by Moslem dogs. If in the towns and large villages the Bulgarian ear had to put up with the call of the muezzin from the minaret of a mosque, the Osmanli were fain to tolerate the clangor of the bells from the glittering towers of floridly ornate Christian churches. For every mosque in Bulgaria there are at least three churches. Draw near to Sistova from what direction you will, the sparkle of the metallic covering of the towers of churches, imposing in all the showy garishness of Byzantine architecture, first meets the eye. From the Russian batteries on the blood-stained height of Radisovo you discern where lies Plevna nestling among the foliage, not by the slender white minarets, but by the glit-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tering domes and stately spires of her Christian churches.

If ever one race owed a deep obligation to another, the Bulgarians did to the Turks, for the forbearance of the latter in leaving them and theirs unmolested in the evacuation before the advancing Russians in the last days of June and in July. The non-molestation on the part of those "unspeakable" barbarians was as thorough as that on the part of the last remnant of the German army of occupation, which Manteuffel marched from out the gates of Verdun through fertile Lorraine and over the new frontier line bisecting the battle-field of Gravelotte. And how was this forbearance requited — a forbearance that might have gone far to dim the memory of the conventional "four centuries of oppression"? The moment the last Turk was gone from Sistova — not before, for your Bulgarian is not fond of chancing contingencies — the Bulgarians of that town betook themselves to the sack, plunder, and destruction of the dwellings vacated by the Turks. They might have served an apprenticeship with the Circassian, so dexterous and efficient was their handiwork. I have seen few dismaler spectacles than that presented by the Turkish quarter of Sistova when I visited it two days after the crossing. To me, as representing a journal whose good-will the Bulgarians cherished, the Bulgarian *patres conscripti* of Sistova strove to mitigate the disgrace of this wanton outrage. It had been wrought by the scum of the place while as yet order had not succeeded to anarchy — the Cossacks had had a hand in it, which was a lie — the town was ashamed of the outburst of spite, for which nevertheless it was hinted there was some palliation in the "four hundred years of oppression." But stern measures had been taken to arrest any further devastation (there was little left to wreck), a committee had been formed to collect into the care of the authorities all the plunder, penalties had been enacted for its retention, and the effects were to be stored to await the return of the owners, to whom in the mean time — some of them being understood not to have gone far — overtures were to be sent begging their return and assuring them of safety. I went out from among the *patres conscripti*, and, ascending the staircase in the minaret of a mosque which had been wrecked and defiled, saw from the summit Bulgarian youths pursuing unchecked the work of wanton destruction on outlying Turkish houses. If the committee was ever formed at all, no results followed. The plunder remained with the plunderers; nobody was punished.

The conscript fathers of Sistova told me also that, to save Bulgaria's discredit in the eyes of Europe, emissaries would be sent out into the villages and towns, praying their inhabitants to behavior more worthy of civilization than Sistova had been able to compass. If they were sent with such a message, it must have been read backwards by the recipients. In every town and village of Bulgaria whence the Turkish inhabitants have fled, their houses were at once wrecked, the huts of the Circassian burnt to the ground. Colonel Lennox and Lord Melgund must be able to testify with how great order the Turks evacuated Bjela. I can speak to the unharmed state of the place when I entered it while as yet the Turkish irregulars were not out of sight. I can speak also to the zest with which its Bulgarian inhabitants began to wreak their spite on the houses of the Turks as soon as they believed that the presence of Arnoldi's dragoons on the heights above the place deprived the work of any risk. Before the emperor came to Bjela, it took some days to repair or clear away the dilapidations wrought in the Turkish bey's house which he was to inhabit, and after all his Majesty could not but have noticed evidences of the ravage which had been wrought on it. Now this bey was a special favorite of the Bjela Bulgarians. He had effectually kept Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians from molesting them, and they had begged the good man not to go, assuring him that they would tell the Russians how much they owed him. He had to reply that his orders from Constantinople were imperative, and farewells passed with protestations of mutual goodwill. If the bey had thought better of it, and had come back next day, he would have returned to a house wrecked by his well-wishers of the day before. For aught I know, the fittings and timbers of the abandoned Turkish houses of Tirnova still furnish its Bulgarian inhabitants with their supplies of firewood. This was so the last time I was in Tirnova, in the end of August.

It would be interesting to hear Prince Tcherkasky's candid opinion as to the fitness of the Bulgarians for civic self-government. I never had but one occasion to appeal to an official Bulgarian, and the result was not encouraging. I had bought a pony from a Bulgarian citizen of Sistova. As I was not prepared for the moment to take the animal away, I handed to the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

vendor, in the presence of witnesses, half the purchase-money, and a trifle to keep the pony well till I should send for it in a couple of days. The transaction occurred in the man's own house; he was no horse-coper, but everything around him indicated that he was a respectable citizen. Two days later I sent my servant for the pony. On his way he met the citizen riding the beast. My servant hailed him, whereupon he immediately wheeled about and galloped off to parts unknown. My servant, and subsequently myself, visited his residence, where his sister, who was his housekeeper, smiled blandly upon us, and declared herself ignorant whither he had gone or when he would return. I made a formal complaint in writing to a Bulgarian official in the police-office indicated as the right man to whom to complain, but never again saw either citizen, pony, or money. The complaint died a natural death.

Let me say a few words of what was virtually the civil war between the Turks and Bulgarians, which fringed the edges of General Gourko's operations across the Balkans. I speak, it is true, from hearsay evidence, but there could be no better nor more direct hearsay evidence. The Bulgarians begged arms of the Russians, and received them; then, hot with the fell memories of last year, and conscious that Russians were with and for them, they fell on the Turks with the most ruthless reprisals. I anticipate with interest the publication of his experiences by Mr. Rose, the correspondent of the *Scotsman*, who accompanied General Gourko's advance, and in whose way fell frequent opportunities of witnessing the conduct of armed Bulgarians. Be it understood I am not blaming them for what they did. I neither praise any one nor blame any one. But this I say, that all the Turks are reported as having done on their reoccupation of the districts, the Turkish grip on which was temporarily let go by reason of Gourko's raid, is on credible evidence not one whit more barbarous than was the conduct of the Bulgarians towards the Turks when Gourko's star was in the ascendant. The barbarian has acted like a savage in his reprisals; the Christian acted equally like a savage in what were virtually his reprisals for what happened a year previously. The one "terror" has but followed on the other. Apologists for the proven barbarity of the Bulgarians — men who acknowledge that they saw them driven away with horror by Russian officers from their work of slaughtering Turkish wounded, over whom an advancing Russian column had passed — advance the plea, *ad culpum minuendam*, that the Bulgarians have at least not ravished. There is told a different tale in the sad spectacle of the four Jewish ladies, sisters, now forlornly resident in the house of a merchant banker in Bucharest of their own faith — outraged by God knows what ruffiandom of uncounted Bulgarians in sight of their own father as he lay dying murdered in his own house in Carlovo.

I ought to say that what I have incorporated in the foregoing article has been gathered by me piecemeal with constant assiduity, by dint of personal investigation and questioning. I have tried never to let an opportunity slip of getting even a scrap or a sidelight of information. My medium of questioning was my servant, a Servian of whose truthfulness I have had long experience, and who spoke Bulgarian with the fluency of a native, and Turkish and Russian very fairly. I may add that, as a Serb, he was a bitter Turko-phobe, and that all his sympathies were with the Bulgarians. ARCHD. FORBES.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

VI.

MOODS.

THE storm was followed by very bad weather, which for several days prevented Erica from taking a walk; but, to her mother's astonishment, she bore her imprisonment very patiently, and sat at the window for hours with her work or a book, gazing at the muddy road, on which nothing was to be seen except now and then some unfortunate wayfarer, wading slowly through the morass. She sometimes laughed gayly, nay, a little mischievously, when the ample light robe of a lady, or the polished boots of a gentleman, by no means suited to such a road and such weather, offered a very unlovely spectacle. The laugh was followed by some roguish remark, which keenly and somewhat pitilessly exposed the ridiculous side of the sight; but directly after the brown eyes gazed dreamily at the raindrops dripping from the trees, or the clouds that swept swiftly athwart the sky, and the lips,

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

which had just curled so mischievously, now parted in a sweet, sad smile.

The invalid cast searching glances at her daughter. Erica's altered manner excited her surprise, for although seriousness and mirth often alternated in her changeful nature, the gayety had hitherto been untinged by any shade of mockery, nor had she ever before shown any predisposition to dreamy reverie. Her delight in nature, and solitary intercourse with it, had not developed such a side to her character; on the contrary, her eyes had wandered frankly and freely over the outside world, and though she had listened with delight to the chorus of birds around her, it did not prevent her from closely observing to what species the singers belonged. It was the same when her eyes roved over the sea. True her glances were first turned towards the white sails that floated over the blue plain; but from the shape of the vessels and position of the masts, she could determine the ship's nationality as quickly as the best sailor.

"Don't you want to go and see your friend Caroline?" asked the invalid, when Erica's eyes had rested on the clouds a long time, though her dreamy gaze rendered it doubtful whether she was really looking at them.

The young girl slowly turned and glanced at her mother with such a hesitating expression, that it seemed as if her remark required the most profound meditation.

"No, mamma," she suddenly exclaimed, with an impetuosity that formed a singular contrast to this deliberation. "Caroline can come here if she wants to see me."

"Caroline might think the weather too unpleasant; she is not hardened to it, like you."

"Then she can stay at home, I don't ask for her society."

"What is the matter, Erica? Has any one vexed you?"

Erica's lips quivered, her long lashes drooped over her eyes, and the book in her hand trembled so violently that the leaves rustled. She started up, seated herself in her old childish fashion on her mother's little footstool, and laid her head on her lap.

"I wish the whole gay crowd had gone, and we were alone again in Waldbad," she said softly. "I don't like all these people."

"Yet you were anticipating their arrival for weeks, and exulted at the sight of every new-comer."

"I was a child, mamma, and any change pleased me."

"And you are now a week older, Erica. That must make a great difference, of course," replied her mother, smiling.

The young girl's face showed no sympathetic reflection of the smile; it still remained grave, and she answered almost bitterly, "I know now that I was a fool to rejoice over the coming of these people, who live in another world, and have such different views and feelings. Our house and your presence now seem like a quiet, happy refuge, to which I can fly; like a strong castle, around which the storm raves in vain, or a peaceful island, on whose shores the waves dash violently.

"Do you find it so terrible out in the world, Erica?" asked the invalid, forcing herself to smile again, though her lips quivered.

The young girl gazed earnestly into the face of the speaker. "Yes, mamma, I feel like the horseman who was attacked by wolves, and escaped into the farmhouse with so much difficulty. How calmly he must have listened to their useless howling! When I am with *you*, mamma, who can harm me?"

"What a strange comparison, child!" said the old lady, with a shade of sternness in her tone. "I must insist upon your making a frank confession. What has happened to cause this mood?"

"Nothing, nothing," murmured Erica, hiding her face in her mother's lap. But the next instant she raised her head, threw her arms around the invalid's neck, and whispered lovingly, "My dear, dear mother." Then she started up and hurried into the next room.

The old lady looked after her with a sorrowful glance. "Poor child," she murmured sadly, "the battle of life seems to be beginning early. I hoped to have protected you from it, hoped to see your cheerfulness undimmed until my eyes closed. Yet sooner or later it must come."

The following day the weather seemed to be in the best possible humor, and strove to atone for its previous rudeness. The sky was clear, the sun shone in unclouded brightness, a fresh, invigorating breeze blew from the sea, and the trees, bushes, and grass exhaled an aromatic fragrance. Old Christine had therefore set the table in the veranda, and adorned it in the daintiest manner, not only for her "dear lady," but also for the benefit of the passers-by, who must thus perceive that very respectable people lived in the house. She had even placed in the centre a bouquet of heather blossoms and long slender grass, which she had gathered

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

early in the morning. Dewdrops were still hanging on the flowers, and glittering like tiny diamonds on the delicate spires of grass.

The old lady seemed agreeably surprised when she came out to breakfast, and kindly thanked the servant. Erica, on the contrary — whose features to-day wore their usual expression — only said, roguishly, —

"We should not have had such fine things indoors, eh, Christel?"

She then began a lively conversation with her mother, and the latter smiled as she thought how quickly the clouds had passed away from her child's young heart. But Erica said very positively that she did not want to go out, and after breakfast was over sat down with her work on the steps of the veranda, which afforded a wide view of the sea and country.

The little tract of land immediately in front of it, which had formerly been a well-kept garden, now seemed greatly neglected. As the sterile soil required careful cultivation, Christine was not strong enough to keep it in order, and it had gradually fallen into a condition which was scarcely entitled to the name of garden. Moss and heather had crept into the turf, tiny firs — children of the neighboring forest — were sprouting up everywhere, the few flowers that remained dragged out a miserable existence, and the paths were so overgrown as to be scarcely distinguishable. One alone, which led to the well, Christine, with great difficulty, kept in the neatest order. This well undeniably contained the best water in the whole village, and therefore was the pride of the old servant's heart, but at the same time the object of ceaseless anxiety, for — on account of the very excellence of the water — it suffered constant attacks from the whole neighborhood.

Christine had done everything in her power to put a stop to this unpleasant state of affairs; she had scolded the water-stealers, complained to their mistresses, and nailed to the fence a large plank, bearing the inscription, "No water to be taken from here on pain of punishment." Sometimes she had even hid among the bushes, burst suddenly upon the unsuspicious offenders like a thunder-storm, and driven them from the well with a torrent of abuse. At other times she had stood for hours at her window on the watch to frighten the intruders by her shrill voice. But all her trouble was useless. All the servants in the neighborhood had evidently leagued against her, and whenever poor Christine went to the village to make any purchases, she was sure, on her return, to meet people bearing freshly-filled pails. If she were busy in the house, the pump was sure to be set in motion, and even when, after the toils and troubles of the day, she at last sought her couch, the creaking of the pump-handle, moved by some unauthorized hand, roused her from her bed.

If Christine had been able to read, she would perhaps have consoled herself with the fate of the old lady whose grass-plat was constantly threatened by donkeys, and who, with all her exertions, was unable to drive this dark shadow from the horizon of her life. The thought of the shout, "Janet, donkeys!" would perhaps have made the angry cry, "Go away from the pump!" less shrill. But she was ignorant of the similar calamity endured by the old lady, and firmly convinced that no human being on earth had so many annoyances as she.

Erica, who at first had sewed very busily, soon let her work fall to gaze at the landscape, for she rose and went down the steps of the veranda. Christine was just approaching with a pitcher of water, and a face in which a tempest was brewing. Erica sprang towards her, and said, laughing, —

"Has any one been at the pump, Christel, that such sparks are flashing from your eyes?"

"Well, I shouldn't think that would be much to laugh at," replied Christine, sulkily; "if I can get no water in the course of a few days, Fräulein Erica won't be able to come to me for a fresh drink every fifteen minutes, as she does now. Just look at this yellow water, and the ground around the well is like a sponge, they have poured so much on it."

"They were in too great hurry, for fear you would catch them, Christel, and the rain has made the water yellow."

Christine shrugged her shoulders. "*Our* pump give yellow water on account of the rain! I thought you had more sense, Fräulein Erica. Hundreds of pails have been stolen to-day."

Christine was inclined to indulge in longer lamentations, but Erica had already glided away, and was wandering around the neglected little garden. She then sat down on the grass under the shade of a thick clump of bushes, but had been deprived of the sun too long to find this pleasant; so she soon came out again and watched the rabbits owned by some of the neighbors' children, which seemed to feel perfectly at home here, and conducted themselves accordingly.

Then she joined Christine, who was tak-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ing advantage of the sunny day to air the beds, and, casting sinister looks at the rabbits — next to the attacks on the pump the greatest sorrow of her life — was beating the feathers violently with a slender hazel rod. Now and then a rabbit which boldly approached too near received a vehement blow with the whip, as a tangible proof of her unfriendly feelings, for Christine had unfortunately been compelled to renounce all hope of driving them away entirely.

Here too Erica did not linger long, but went to the street, leaned over the fence, looked at the passers-by, and soon after turned away in the opposite direction, and, again leaning over the railing, gazed at the forest with equal interest.

The old lady watched her daughter's movements with a smile, but did not disturb her by any questions. When dinner had been served on the veranda, and the invalid retired to take her afternoon nap, Erica also disappeared in the house, but a short time after emerged in a very different dress, prepared to go out, and left a message with Christine for her mother, who was not yet visible.

"Why, Fräulein Erica," said the old servant in astonishment, "where are you going, you have made yourself so fine?"

Erica blushed. "I am going to see Caroline Sternau, please tell mamma so."

It had certainly not been her intention to pay the visit, but after this statement she considered her word pledged to do so.

She therefore turned into the street that led to the beautiful villa, whose balconies, supported by pillars, large, bright windows, and numerous verandas, gave it a very stately appearance, which rendered it the principal object in the view from Erica's modest veranda.

The fair weather had tempted countless pedestrians into the open air; a gay crowd thronged the streets, and Erica often met acquaintances to whom she nodded and said a few words. There was so large a majority of ladies in Waldbad that the dark clothes of a gentleman rarely mingled with their airy toilettes. In consequence of this, an independence prevailed which is rarely seen in a watering-place. The passing groups talked and laughed very gaily and loudly, and seemed to have no anxiety about being overheard by strangers. They formed little knots in the middle of the street, or walked alone, hummed songs, and if occasion required unceremoniously climbed a fence which obstructed their progress. The older gentlemen, who sometimes appeared, were undoubtedly the papas, or at least the uncles of the singing and laughing ladies, and therefore their presence did not disturb the universal gaiety.

If, at very rare intervals, a young man displayed his polished boots on the street, his appearance excited a surprise which was by no means comfortable for him. The old ladies eyed him with glances of displeasure, as if indignant at his presumption; the young girls looked after him, less unkindly, it is true, but with an expression of smiling astonishment, and only his position as brother or cousin could in some degree justify his presence to himself, and relieve him from the uncomfortable feeling of being an intruder in this circle.

Erica therefore rarely met young men, but whenever this did occur, a feeling of dread stole over her lest she should see the young artist whom she so eagerly desired to avoid. Her heart throbbed violently at the approach of every young man, and she uttered a sigh of relief when she perceived that he was not the object of her fear.

She had reached the vicinity of the beautiful villa, and as she could now consider all dangers happily passed, felt, strangely enough, a sense of disappointment instead of pleasure. There is a certain charm, even in fear; timid people are most anxious to hear about ghosts, and the human heart has so much need of emotion, that it is sometimes inclined to pay a high price for it.

As Erica walked slowly along the trellis-work fence that enclosed the garden before the villa, she felt a slight shade of ennui, which she had scarcely known before, and would have liked to turn and go home.

The garden was large, and laid out with great taste. Infinite labor had been lavished upon the cultivation of the sandy soil, and the clumps of trees, with their luxuriant foliage, the beautiful plants and patches of flowers that enlivened the fresh green turf, would scarcely allow one to believe that, on crossing the little hill before him, he would have the waves of the Baltic almost at his feet.

When Erica had nearly reached the lawn before the house, she saw through the fence a small party assembled on the gently sloping hillside, and recognized her friend Caroline, her older sister and younger brother. But the flush that suddenly crimsoned her cheeks probably had as little connection with them, as with the old lady seated on the veranda watching her children. Perhaps, however, the responsibility rested on the young man, who,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

stretched lazily on the grass, was playing with one of the boys and occasionally exchanging a jesting word with the young girls.

Erica's eyes need not have been as keen they were, to enable her to instantly recognize in the recumbent figure the man she feared. That was the same delicately-cut, oval face she had seen under the oak-tree, the same quiet dark eyes, over which the lids drooped wearily. There, too, was the luxuriant brown hair, framing the handsome countenance, the indolent attitude, the slender, elastic limbs, which were capable of such rapid motion. Doubt was impossible, it was he, and she had been in the act of rushing into the very jaws of the lion.

She thanked the fortunate accident that had prevented it, and wished to turn back at once, but curiosity bound her to the spot. The clump of birches and alders beside which she stood concealed her admirably from the group on the turf, while she could watch it perfectly. Her friend Caroline had probably expected the visit, for she was unusually well dressed. The light, ample, airy summer dress fell gracefully around the slender figure; rose-colored ribbons fluttered from her waist and shoulders, and her fair hair was also bound with a bright pink band and adorned with fresh flowers. Erica had never seen her look so pretty, and the spectacle engrossed her attention so entirely that for the present her thoughts were occupied solely with her friend.

In this particular she seemed to sympathize with the young man, for when she again glanced towards him, she perceived that his eyes were also fixed upon Caroline. He had rested his head lazily on his arm, in the same way that he had done under the oak, but when he spoke to the young girl the words must have been very gay and interesting, for she listened with evident pleasure, and sometimes her musical laugh fell upon Erica's ear. A quantity of flowers lay on the grass beside her, and she now began to weave a wreath. The artist sometimes handed her a bud, or took away one that did not please him, and when the boy — with whom he had just been playing — again tried to claim his attention, he pushed him aside and devoted himself entirely to the beautiful sister.

Erica's eyes involuntarily turned from the bewitching group to herself, and scanned her own appearance with scrutinizing glances. She had not thought herself so ill-dressed before, on the contrary had considered her attire very pretty, but she was forced to acknowledge that it could not compare with Caroline's. The dressmaker in Waldbad might be a very estimable person, but she evidently did not have the latest fashions, and Erica was shocked when she compared her narrow, short little frock with the airy floating robe, whose artistic folds fell so gracefully around its wearer.

Had she been blind that she had not noticed this difference before, not perceived what a wretched appearance she presented beside her charming friend? It was not envy that crept into her heart, but an almost wild agony. That one glance had made her realize how impossible it would be for her ever to enter that circle. That sphere and hers must ever remain aloof from each other, and as if she wished to see no more of it, she turned from the trellis and walked on towards the sea.

VII.

THE LITTLE FAIRY CASTLE.

TEARS hung from Erica's lashes, and her lips quivered painfully, as she walked over the down. She did not suffer the fetters of grief to bind her long, however, but indignantly raised her head and crushed back her tears.

"Is not my world beautiful?" she said to herself. "Have I not my mother, my forest, my sea? Shall I now, like a fool, begin to long for things that hitherto have had so little charm for me, and which I know I shall always be denied? When all these people have gone away again, when I see and hear no more of this other world, my former happiness will return, and I shall remember this time only as a bad dream."

The expectation of this happy future calmed her. An evil which had so evidently been caused by these strangers, must of course vanish with them; this very childish logic was sufficient to console her. She could cheerfully endure a few sorrowful weeks, when she could so distinctly fix the end of her troubles; so she would not spoil her beautiful walk, but heartily enjoy it, especially as the listlessness she had just felt had fortunately entirely disappeared.

This time she took a different direction from the one she usually followed, and rambled over the down, which, though treeless, was covered with moss and heather. But in spite of her efforts, her thoughts would not be controlled, but constantly reverted to that one unpleasant

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

subject. Her imagination supported them in their disobedience, and with painful distinctness constantly conjured up the group on the turf. She was therefore astonished when she perceived that she was close by the somewhat neglected churchyard.

Single firs — harbingers of the neighboring forest — stood among the smaller clumps of stunted pines, and the grey knots of felled trunks gleamed forth from amid the bristling needles that carpeted the ground. From this spot neither sea nor village was visible, nothing appeared but the monotonous hillocks of former downs — from which the coast had long since receded. At some distance the forest closed the melancholy scene, which seemed well suited for a place of mourning.

Erica entered the open gate of the little churchyard and sat down on one of the graves, where a certain feeling of peace stole over her. "There is rest here," she murmured, leaning her head against the mound. "Here all sleep the same slumber, the eyes that have wept many tears, as well as those which have shed none." The thought of death — which often has less terror for youth than age — stilled the tumult of her heart. Her eyes closed, and dreams conjured up pictures of the gayest life, in lieu of images of death.

She was roused from her slumber by loud words spoken close beside her. "Damnation, it isn't she," said a man's voice, and she hastily started up, for she thought she knew the tone. The speaker had already turned, and she saw him striding off between the graves. He was elegantly dressed, and evidently one of the guests at the watering-place, so she must be mistaken in supposing she had recognized the voice of the foreign sailor. To her astonishment, the sun was already low in the horizon, and she sprang up to go home. She did not take the shortest way through the village — she would have been obliged to pass the garden again — but went across the hills of the down to reach the forest on the other side of Waldbad, and thus gain her own dwelling.

In the midst of these hills, as if conjured hither by fairy hands, stood a beautiful little castle, whose balconies and towers made it resemble some elfin palace. The dreary surroundings also contributed to the striking effect of the edifice, for no trace of a garden was to be seen, nothing but heather and briars, and two huge beeches which stood close to the gabled end, and protected the windows from the sun's rays by their dense foliage.

A rich speculator, whom fortune's wheel had raised to wealth, was the builder of the little palace. Unfortunately, however, he was soon forced to experience the fickleness of her mood, for the edifice had scarcely been completed when its owner was declared a bankrupt. The pleasure-grounds remained untouched, the elegant rooms stood empty and were offered to the guests at the watering-place. But generally the little fairy castle — so the villagers had not inappropriately named the house — was the last to be rented by strangers. It was some distance from Waldbad, as well as the bathing-houses, its elegance made it expensive, and thus only necessity could induce visitors to hire it.

Erica was therefore the more surprised when she perceived that the house already showed traces of being occupied. Most of the windows were open, groups of chairs and tables stood carelessly about on the verandas as if they had just been left, and on the balcony on the first story she even saw books and sewing. Her interest was fully aroused, and as the path led directly by the villa, which was unprotected from curious eyes even by a fence, she quietly took advantage of the circumstance. She had already approached quite near the house, when a white figure suddenly appeared at one of the lower windows, and made Erica pause. The apparition, however, probably did not consider the young girl worth noticing, for not a glance wandered towards her, but with a large white cloth that fluttered like a banner, it seemed to be beckoning to some one, though Erica could not see any human creature on the downs. The latter, however, soon discovered that the cloth was not intended as a greeting, but used for cooling purposes, and was no little surprised at the hot blood of the person she was watching, for it is seldom excessively warm at the seashore, and the day was by no means calculated to require such a vigorous use of any cooling apparatus.

When the hand at last fell by the side of the white figure, as if exhausted, the watcher for the first time perceived that it was not, as she had supposed, a woman, but a man who seemed to suffer so excessively from the heat. A tall white cap surmounted a very round face, a white jacket clothed a portly figure, and a white apron reaching to his neck completed the uniform attire. The person she saw before her was therefore evidently a cook, and Erica was very much excited by this important discovery. A feeling stole over

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

her like that experienced by a child when it first enters a menagerie and sees the wild animals of which it has so often heard; a roaring lion, a growling bear, or an ape making funny grimaces.

A man cook had hitherto been an unknown personage in Waldbad. The rich merchants had contented themselves with women, and even the inns — or hotels, as they called themselves — had not risen to the dignity of employing masculine rulers of the kitchen. Christine, however, who, probably somewhat against the mother's will, often told the child Erica about the old days of splendor, had described such a cook, who had presided over the kitchen in her parents' house. This cook played a very prominent part in Christine's tales, because she had commenced her career under him as kitchen-maid.

This Herr Mandel had been very prone to sudden fits of passion; he had not only boxed Christine on the ear, but once a saucepan, hurled by his powerful hand, struck her on the head with so much violence that she fell senseless on the floor. But this — as she never failed to add — was only at the commencement of her apprenticeship; afterwards her stern master had acknowledged her many services, and she had kept a reverent memory of him, in which his image was so transfigured, her tales had woven such a nimbus around the extraordinary man, that the idea of a cook had become fixed in the child's imagination as the climax of all earthly splendor.

And now here close before her was a real living cook, who looked, apart from his dress, like any other mortal, nay, to speak frankly, like rather a commonplace person. His desire to cool himself was perfectly intelligible, the more so as Erica, when he turned from the window and afforded her a full view of the interior of the room, saw the kitchen fire blazing brightly, and well supplied with pots and pans. She was somewhat surprised, for at this season Christine would not allow a single coal to glimmer on the hearth, but a cook probably did not submit to the universal sensible rule of saving fire, but boiled and roasted just as he chose.

She now perceived near the hearth a little cook, the exact image of the larger one, and also clad in white from top to toe. Erica smiled: it must be the universal custom of cooks to be served by kitchen-boys, for Herr Mandel had also had one, and all the other servants had used the unfortunate boy as a conductor for the lightnings of Herr Mandel's wrath. This too was probably a fixed habit on the part of cooks, for the stout white man had scarcely turned away from the window, when he seized the lad by the collar and jerked him back from the hearth.

The young girl was extremely eager to see the end of the scene, but unfortunately, just at that moment, the wife of the fisherman, Wilms, came out of the door and approached her. Erica blushed at being caught listening, and though she would have liked to ask the woman with whom she had taken service, she quickly conquered her curiosity and passed her with a slight bend of the head. But she had scarcely turned the corner of the house, which concealed her from the woman's eyes, when she again paused and looked into the windows.

On the ground floor the curtains shut out all curious glances, but on the second story the windows were open, and Erica saw a table handsomely laid for three persons. What was the paltry little bouquet that had adorned her mother's breakfast-table so prettily, compared to the magnificent flowers arranged in a silver vase which stood on this table? Shallow silver dishes contained the finest fruits, the most delicate confectionery; ice-holders of the same metal held long-necked champagne-bottles, decanters and goblets glittered brightly, and Erica gazed in astonishment at the array of glass and silver. Surely only a man cook could suitably provide for such a table, and the little fairy castle seemed to have found occupants worthy of its name.

Her eyes now wandered over the other windows, and remained fixed upon a wonderfully beautiful woman, totally unlike any other Erica had ever seen. Her figure was tall and regal, and the countenance, with its regular features, recalled the statues of the Greek gods. Her chestnut hair fell in luxuriant curls over her snowy shoulders, and a light blue dress of shining silk floated around the Juno-like figure. Costly laces were used upon this costume with lavish abundance, and also arranged with white roses in the brown hair. The white arms were encircled by magnificent bracelets, and a string of pearls rested on the beautifully-formed neck.

A more critical spectator than Erica would probably have thought the lady too richly attired for her country surroundings, but the young girl's delight was unshadowed by the slightest tinge of censure. The cook, the table, the lady, formed such a closely interwoven chain of

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

magnificence, that she was too full of admiration to be capable of criticism.

The lady was standing quite near the window, and thus afforded the young girl a full view of her person. Now, however, she turned back into the room, raised in her arms a fair-haired little boy about four years old, who must have been sitting on the floor, kissed him, and seated him at the table that she might play with him more easily. Erica, who now looked farther into the apartment, suddenly perceived in a rocking-chair a young man, in whom she instantly recognized the artist. He undoubtedly preferred a recumbent position under all circumstances, for he was lying very far back in the chair, rocking slowly to and fro, and, to Erica's angry surprise, comfortably smoking a cigar.

This time his appearance caused no agitation. The storm in the young heart had wearied it, and rendered it no longer capable of keen impressions, or else the strange surroundings had bewildered her—at any rate it almost seemed as if she had expected his presence here. The beautiful lady now claimed all her attention, and she saw her play with the pretty boy without apparently taking any special notice of her companion. She now approached him with the child, but the young artist put out his hand to keep her away. Meantime the active little fellow had slipped down and was playing about the room, while the lady leaned on the table close beside the rocking-chair. She pushed the young man's hair away from his forehead, and bent down to press her lips upon it, but the latter leaned so far back that she could scarcely reach him, removed his cigar, and — did she really see aright? — puffed a cloud of smoke into the Juno-like face.

The lady did not even seem angry, but laughed and pulled him by the ear. Erica did not know whether she ought to be most angry with the rudeness of the gentleman, or astonished at the indulgent gentleness of the beautiful lady. Yet once more a certain feeling of satisfaction, which she would have found it difficult to explain even to herself, stirred within her.

The door of the dining-room now opened, and a servant, in elegant livery, entered. At the same time a nurse carried the fair-haired little boy — apparently much to his dissatisfaction — into the next room, while the beautiful stranger, leaning on the young man's arm, passed through the open door of the dining-room. Another lady, who had hitherto remained unseen, rose and followed the pair.

Unfortunately, just at this moment several persons appeared, so that Erica was compelled to relinquish her post of observation. She had not gone far when she met her friend Caroline.

"Did you know we had a princess here, Erica?" cried the latter. "Although she is only a Russian one — as her irreverent brother always adds — it is at least a good beginning; German princesses will come too, and then Heringsdorf can't boast of any advantage over Waldbad."

"So the lady in the fairy castle is a Russian princess?" asked Erica breathlessly, "and the young artist is her brother?"

"The young artist? Who is he?"

Erica blushed. "I saw him with an easel, and supposed he was an artist."

"I dare say he may paint now and then; but he's far too lazy to become a real artist."

"And what is his name?" Erica forced herself to ask.

"Herr von Altenborn, or, to speak more correctly, Baron von and zu Altenborn. I believe he has a castle not far from the frontiers of France. The fame of Waldbad is extending farther and farther, I feel proud even of the Russian princess."

"And why isn't a Russian princess just as good as any other?"

"Oh! of course there are distinguished Russian princesses too, but they form a very small minority. Most of them, according to our ideas, have no royal blood in their veins. The Bagadoff family, papa says, is not numbered among those of real princely birth, and he knows all about such things, because he is consul. But we shall have a delightful season; the princess is very fond of pleasure, and has already made a great many gay plans."

"I am very glad of it for your sake, Caroline. But now good-bye, I must go home," and this time Erica took the shortest path — for the garden was no longer dangerous. A tumult of the most contradictory feelings filled her young heart, in which, however, the melancholy that had of late so greatly predominated formed the smallest share.

She had recoiled from the many new impressions that confused, intoxicated her, and yet produced the singular delusion that she had experienced some great joy.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From Macmillan's Magazine.

M. THIERS: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY AN ENGLISH PENCIL.

[THREE years ago, at a *soirée* at the house of M. Thiers, the author of this biography asked his assistance in collecting materials for a sketch of his eventful life. He kindly said, "I will give you every assistance in my power. Call on me in the mornings, when I am not so much absorbed by visitors — at six o'clock, if you like. Bring a list of questions. Question me without fear of giving offence. I shall answer truthfully, asking nothing of your friendship, but something of your indulgence." He was as good as his word. To render him the justice he deserves longer explanations would be needed than the space in these pages can afford. — E. C.]

THE French Revolution had a first and second growth. That of 1789 was associated with the storms, the showers, the sunshine, the wild blasts, the freshness, bloom, and promise of spring. It came up in Floréal and Prairial, and ripened in Thermidor and Fructidor. That of 1830 was brilliant, but autumnal. Its flowers came out on the eve of a long winter, and, save in a few exceptional plants, had no great development. The men of the States-General were impelled by lofty motives; in working for France they conceived they were working for the world. In their estimation the loss of a colony was of small importance compared to the denial of a principle. Splendid talents were not wanting in the generation of 1830. But they were deficient in the *vis vitæ* of youth and the sacred fire that inspires noble aims. Of this second growth M. Thiers was one of the highest types. His long life is closely bound up in the French history of the last half-century. The fierce light of journalism which played on him in his zenith, showing with prosaic distinctness his public and private failings, was, as the evening of his career drew nigh, succeeded by a semi-obscurity, which presaged one of the worst political hurricanes of modern times. In his seventy-third year he emerged from the partial retirement in which he had lived after the *coup d'état*, to save France from wreck. He succeeded beyond the hopes of friends confident in his great abilities. The task he accomplished has no parallel in history. The difficulties he had to deal with were many and stupendous. He compared himself to a pilot engaged to bring a shattered hulk safely into port in the face of a raging and dangerous sea, with a jealous captain, and a mutinous crew, who threw him overboard the moment he had refitted the ship. Thiers, president of the Third Republic, well redeemed the errors into which intemperate love of action, passion for his country's glory, and ambition, had hurried him in younger life. His political sun may be said to have set when he was ejected from the presidency in 1873. But after it went down its rays shot up from below the horizon, and cast upon the illustrious octogenarian a brighter glow than it ever did at any earlier period of his career.

There was not much that was epic in the astonishingly rapid and successful struggles of M. Thiers — first against poverty, and then for fame and power. It was not that he was destitute of courage, for in him that quality was carried to the extreme of intrepidity and audacity. But it was allied with an amount of address which we do not generally associate with the heroic character. He was rather the hero of a child's story, than of a poem intended to celebrate great faculties and surplus activities devoted to great ends, although he was in no small measure endowed with both. From youth to old age, when a nettle was raised to strike him, he never shrank from roughly handling it. But he preferred, when it was possible, to talk the person who flourished it into laying it down. Violent conflict with an enemy was repugnant to him. He was often called a worshipper of force, but in reality he had small sympathy with it when not manifestly directed by intellect. In northern races, the barbarian constantly breaks out in the finest gentleman. There was not a trace of barbarism in Thiers, notwithstanding the poverty in which he was reared. Bismarck, who is not a man of very delicate feeling, was charmed with his super-civilization, and at Versailles complimented him upon it. "Talk on, talk on, I beseech you," he said to him, when they had laid aside grave business for lighter conversation. "It is delightful to listen to one so essentially civilized." There was not a trace of the primitive man in Thiers. He was the heir, truly, of all the ages in the foremost rank of time, and of the races who made the Mediterranean basin the centre of antique civilization.

M. Thiers was born in a troublous period of the world's history. The eighteenth century was going out in social and political storm and upheavals at the time of his birth, which happened at Marseilles on the 16th of April, two years and nearly nine months before the nineteenth

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

century, with its mechanical and industrial revolutions, came in.

In the diary of the physician who attended at this event, this curious entry was made: "A cinq heures ce matin, j'ai assisté à l'accouchement de la fille d'Amic. Douleurs des plus vives, et prolongés pendant vingt heures. Présentation mauvaise. Temps de gestation presque dix mois. Enfant du sexe masculin, turbulent, et très viable, quoique ses membres inférieurs sont peu développés. La jeune mère était en proie à des grands chagrins, ce qui explique ces accidents. Son mari s'est suavé de chez lui, et elle ne sait pas ce qui lui en est devenu. La femme Lhommaça s'est trouvée auprès de sa fille."

An inauspicious entrance truly on life's stage! The deserted young wife, whose miseries are thus briefly recorded, had, ten months previously, made a love-match, and in consequence quarrelled with her family. They were of Levantine origin, and, among themselves, spoke in the Greek dialect. "The woman Lhommaça" was the aunt of the poet Chénier, and the wife of an enterprising and rich merchant named Amic. Taking pity on her daughter in her distress, she gave her and a tribe of stepchildren shelter in a house belonging to herself, which happened to be unlet. It was then numbered fifteen, in the fifth *isle*, or block, of the Rue des Petîts Pères, a new street, connecting the Place St. Michel with the suburb of La Plaine, and called after a Jesuit confraternity which had formerly established itself on a property through which it ran. "40" is the number this house now bears. It is valued at twenty-two thousand francs, but was not worth half that sum in 1797. Madame Amic mortgaged it in 1816, to enable Thiers to study law; and when she went in 1825 to live at Bouc, where he purchased a cottage for her and his mother, she sold it for thirteen thousand francs to a M. Delestrade. Madame Thiers is now negotiating its purchase. She intends to furnish it with part of her late illustrious husband's art collection and books, and present it to the town of Marseilles.

The Amics and Lhommaças belonged to the same Levantine clan. They were warm-hearted people, quick to resent and sharp in their resentment, but soon disposed to forgive and forget. They appear also to have been enthusiastic royalists. Their reputation as such induced Thiers the elder, who was a friend of theirs, to fly for shelter, in the White reaction of Thermidor, to the house of his future father-in-law. While hiding there, Amic's daughter, a young girl of remarkable beauty, energy of character, and keenness of tongue, fell in love with him. She pitied him for his misfortunes, was dazzled by his brilliant parts and plausible manners, and, regardless of his poverty and family encumbrances, insisted on espousing him. To understand a great man well we should know something of his family history. In troubled times Frenchwomen have strong political sentiments, and know how to assert them. Thiers's mother was no exception. The honeymoon over, she quarrelled as much with her husband about his opinions as about his convivial habits, which tended to keep him in the poverty into which he had fallen. Her royalism was not modified later in life by her son's successes, and she mourned over his revolutionary leanings when he arrived at man's estate. Her husband was a little mercurial person of almost universal aptitudes, great wit, too great enterprise, and a petulant temper, which ill disposed him to bear the lash of his wife's tongue. A royalist *émigré*, the Marquis de Fonvielle of Toulouse, sketched a portrait of him in 1808 which might serve for a caricature of our M. Thiers. The marquis made a voyage with him from Genoa to Carthagena in Spain, on board the "*Virgen del Pilar*," and said of him, in writing to a relation in France: "This little man is a talking and gesticulating encyclopædia, and the most amusing creature I ever came across. One cannot start any subject with which he is unfamiliar. It is impossible to have seen any wonderful thing that he has not witnessed. He knows the entire globe, round which he tells us he sailed with Captain le Marchant. I somehow doubt if he ever did, though he bears cross-examination well, and surmounts with address every objection to his story. He is precise in the employment of technical, scientific, and nautical terms, in the description of the countries visited by the captain, in the designation of latitudes, officers, men, and log-book dates. He reasons better than any sailor on the art of navigation, explains with surprising clearness the manœuvres of the crew, demonstrates as pat as the alphabet the laws of storms and currents, and shipbuilding. If asked to give an account of what passss in the moon, he would be at no loss to furnish one. He parrots every scientific theory and system, and really he looks like a parrot raised in some incomprehensible way into a human being."

This "talking encyclopædia," just before

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the birth of his son Adolphe Louis, was employed as a dock-porter; but he had seen prosperous days, and had been educated for the bar. His father belonged to the burgess aristocracy which, from 1560 to 1775, when Marseilles lost its liberties, exercised well-nigh uncontrolled sway over that town. Moreover, he was annalist to the Hôtel de Ville, and wrote an erudite history of Provence. The annalist was the son of a notable cloth merchant, a friend of M. de Marbœuf, the governor of Corsica, and had built himself a palatial mansion in the Rue de Mazade. He was magnificent in his expenditure, and a man of brilliant parts. The fame of his suppers — which had an artistic character — reached to Paris, and his house was the resort of the chief people of Marseilles. In making a venture with the American colonies he was ruined. He lived to the age of ninety-seven. His son, the archivist, died in his ninety-fifth year at Mentone, whither he fled from the republicans, who persecuted him for having incited the burgess party to seize on the Jacobins representing the Convention, and throw them into the dungeons of the Château d'If. M. Thiers's father, following the revolutionary current, helped to release the prisoners. For this service he was named registrar to the Tribunal of Public Safety, a position which, under the White Terror, drew upon him the wrath of the royalists, and led to his taking refuge in the house of Amic, where he met his second wife. The illustrious statesman who died last September was not, therefore, as has been frequently said and written, the son of an illiterate workman. His father, as we have seen, was a man of excellent education, and, for the city in which he lived, of high extraction and unquestionably ancient lineage. M. Thiers resembled him in every point, except his incapacity to succeed. He was in the habit of disappearing suddenly, to engage in the strangest kind of mercantile and other ventures, and of not turning up for long periods, when he reappeared empty-handed, but full of hope. The English fleet, which prevented him from executing a military contract obtained in 1797, did not prevent his going, soon after, to Italy. He went there as *impresario* of a company of players which he had formed. At Milan one of his actresses obtained for him the monopoly of the gaming-tables. Thence he pushed on to Naples, where his wit and unflagging spirits gained him influential patrons at court and the favor of Joseph Bonaparte and his wife, whom he had known at Marseilles.

For a while he led a splendid life. Suddenly collapsing, he turned up in Carthagena, where he started a house of business, and then sold it to go to Madrid. In that city King Joseph and Queen Julie (*née* Clary) took him by the hand, and, but for the crash of Vittoria, he might have prospered. The presence of the English, however, served as an excuse for not sending more money than he did to his suffering family; and the direct pressure of their arms on his business speculations helped to foster in his son's mind the intensely national and bellicose spirit which the stirring events of the consulate and empire had generated in it. This brilliant, roving, speculative Marseilles Micawber had a passion for houses, which he transmitted to Adolphe. In 1831, full of hope in the patronage of the creator of the July Monarchy, he hastened to Paris with a scheme for irrigating and reclaiming the Crau desert outside of Marseilles. Thiers severely admonished him, and asked him what he owed him. "Everything," urged the prodigal parent. "Do you think that if, when my grandfather failed, I had resigned myself to a life of penurious economy and stagnation, you would be the man you are?" The argument told. The son, who had a strong instinct of filial duty, granted his father a pension, and sent him to Carpentras to direct the post-office, with authority to appoint a daughter by his first wife deputy post-mistress. There the old man took a cottage at a short distance from the Allée des Platanes, and lived in company with a pack of dogs. He frequently got into the hands of Jews, who speculated upon the scandal it would occasion if they arrested him for debt. In 1833, Thiers, then minister of public works, gave him twelve thousand francs for consenting formally to his marriage with the co-heiress of M. and Madame Dosne. To insure the non-appearance of his troublesome parent at the wedding, the minister for three weeks previously hired all the places in the stage-coaches running from Carpentras and other towns of the Vaucluse to Lyons.

When length of day runs in the blood, traditions are tenacious. Those of the Thiers family went back to the very origin of the city which for generations they had helped to rule, to agitate, and to enrich. It was said that they belonged to a servile Punic colony, transplanted from Africa by the Romans, of which vestiges existed up to a very recent period. There seems to have been in the race that subtlety, that tenacity which hides itself under a flexible

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

exterior, that genius for dealing with present difficulties, and that repugnance to abstract theories, which distinguished the Carthaginians. At a *fête* given by Marseilles to Mirabeau, an allusion was made to this Punic legend by the committee of management. They decided that at the gala representation in the theatre their illustrious guest should sit between two young ladies of remarkable beauty — Mademoiselle Thiers, aunt of the statesman, and Mademoiselle Noble; Mirabeau between the *noblesse* and the *tiers* was the pun they proposed to put in action. Mademoiselle Noble, or Nobili, of Italian ancestry, was dressed to personify old Rome, and Mademoiselle Thiers, Carthage, the trading state of antiquity. The play was the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*." Mirabeau asked the young ladies did it interest them? "What more interests us," replied Mademoiselle Thiers, "is to find ourselves beside the *gentilhomme bourgeois*." The *mot* was repeated by the great orator in the *salon*, and its author became the heroine of the evening.

Thiers was adopted in early infancy by his grandmother Madame Amic. She got two flourishing merchants, named Rollardin and Barthelière, to stand for him at the baptismal font; and it was well for him that she did. Leaving the house in the Rue des Petits Pères to her unhappy daughter — with whom, when her own fortune was engulphed in a subsequent disaster, she went back to live — she took her grandson to her *bastide*, or country-house. It was on one of those limestone hills clad with parasol pines which run east of the city into the Mediterranean. The bright sun, the bright sea, the aromatic herbage, and the balsamic emanations from woods that gave shelter, but did not impede the circulation of the air, were powerful stimulants to mind and body. In his writings M. Thiers recurs to the impressions he received in childhood on that luminous hillside, looking down on the blue glinting bay and crowded port. He was allowed to run about wild. When the *bastide* was sold, and Mme. Amic obliged to share her daughter's lodging, she did not curtail her favorite grandchild's liberty. His playground, after he went back to the Rue des Petits Pères, was another limestone hill, now built over, and called Les Baumettes, from caverns in its flank. Thiers was a young Ishmael among the street Arabs that gathered there. To his latest days he recurred with pleasure to his boyish games and warfare at Les Baumettes. His recollection of them and of the happy tone they gave his intellect prompted him to give a cold reception to schemes for endowing France with infant schools. M. Thiers often sustained against Guizot, who was a thorough schoolmaster, that young children are better employed birdnesting and thrashing each other out of doors, than locked up in ugly, close rooms, poring over lessons which they should be allowed only to glance at.

The boy Thiers had a very narrow escape of receiving no education whatever. His grandmother was loath to part with him. She feared for his health, for which his phenomenal smallness augured ill. Then she dreaded to part with the small sum of money that remained to her after the wind-up of her affairs. When Rollardin — one of the child's godfathers and kind protectors — set on Joseph Chénier to obtain for him a *demi-bourse* at the Lycée, the mother protested against a son of hers ever wearing Bonaparte's livery, or eating bread provided by him. The Duc d'Enghien's execution had revived her old royalist fanaticism. She execrated the emperor and the empire, and thought no good could come of their schools for higher instruction. Barthelière — the other godfather, with whom the young Adolphe spent his Sundays, and who divined the future that was before him — interfered. He threatened to apply to the still absent father, who had a legal right to decide as to the manner in which the boy was to be educated. Under this menace the two ladies yielded, and Thiers was prepared to compete for the *demi-bourse*, for which his cousin Chénier obtained him a nomination. At the examination which was to open to him the doors of the Lyceum he obtained high marks. Rollardin bought his outfit, and Barthelière undertook to pay those school expenses which the municipality did not bear.

Thiers's first Black Monday was in October, 1808. A good boy he certainly was not, but an able boy he constantly proved himself. To keep at the head of his form he scarcely needed to apply himself, so rapid was his apprehension and so tenacious his memory. In the humanities he was weak, unless when asked to comment on the classic authors that he had to study. The leisure his superior capacity secured for him was spent in practical jokes and escapades, cleverly imagined and boldly executed. A more mischievous sprite never tormented an usher. In planning a trick, it was his way to ingratiate himself with the masters, and to secure the favor

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of probable witnesses. Under the Marseilles professors his higher faculties did not assert themselves. They were suddenly brought out by the menace of expulsion, conjoined with fresh family disasters, and the arrival from Paris of a teacher for whose memory M. Thiers, to the end of his life, entertained a profound reverence.

For the first time in his life he knew what it was to venerate as well as to love a human being. Maillet-Lacoste, the new professor, was a young man of noble and engaging countenance. His air and manners were those of a perfect gentleman, contrasting strongly with the easily excited provincial pedagogues, under whom Thiers had heretofore been placed. Master of himself in all circumstances, he soon became master of the Lyceans in his class. Thiers was the disciple and pupil of Maillet-Lacoste, who in teaching him mathematics sought to raise his moral standard. The Parisian tutor was a martyr to his political faith. Issuing with a high number in a batch of one hundred and ninety from the Polytechnique, where he had been a comrade of Arago, he elected to be a civil engineer. But, writing a pamphlet against the consulate, and signing a protest against the empire, he was sent in disgrace to teach mathematics at the Lyceum of Marseilles. In talking politics he was reserved. But the precocious intellect of Thiers led him to unbosom himself, and master and pupil discussed political ethics during the evening recreation in the arcades of the court. On the Thursday holidays they visited the museum, and a library formed out of the spoils of the convents and châteaux of Provence. Maillet-Lacoste was alive and in obscurity when Thiers became president of Louis Philippe's council. His old pupil — who, if at times a slippery politician, loved the intimate companionship of honest men, and was firm in his friendship for them — wrote him an affectionate letter in which he offered him an important post in the department of public instruction. Maillet-Lacoste declined in terms which, if read by the light of subsequent events, seem prophetic. "I cannot," he said, "accept anything from you since you have broken with those who wished to found a republic in 1830. You then condemned France to another series of political convulsions. The peasantry still remember with affection the *régime* to which they owe their emancipation. They hate Bonaparte, their recollections being still fresh of how he took their sons for the cannon's maw. They also hate the Bourbons, their secular oppressors. The priests labor among them to distort the republican tradition, and are likely to succeed. You will live, I am persuaded, to see the downfall of your citizen king, and the priest-deceived people refusing to let you have a republic when you want one. They will impose on you some sort of clerical despotism — perhaps the empire *minus* Bonaparte and *plus* the Jesuits. The days of July robbed me of a fondly cherished hope. I used to think your luminous intellect could not long be taken in by a system resting neither on instinct nor principle. Those participating in your government will condemn themselves to a course of unworthy expedients, the example of which will rot the fibre of the nation. You are exposing yourself to be tempted precisely where you are weakest. The best thing I can wish you is to be soon obliged to retire from office, and that for a long time."

Under the quickening influence of Maillet-Lacoste Thiers soon found work, for which he had a prodigious capacity, easier than idleness. The many-sidedness of his mind placed him foremost in most branches of learning. But no effort of the will could enable him to master foreign languages, or commit to memory long passages from the Latin and Greek authors. All he could attain to by persevering labor was to read and understand a Greek or Latin book at sight. The ideas they expressed he rapidly caught up, made his own, and retained; but the words in which they were embodied slipped from him, though when he met them again he remembered them at once. A language of Gothic origin had no hold whatever upon his mind. It was forgotten as soon as learned. When M. Thiers was engaged in his historical work he tried hard to learn German and English, in order to read the pamphlets, newspaper articles, street songs, and state papers bearing on the wars of the First Republic and of Napoleon. The labor was fruitless. The historian acquired Italian because his ears in childhood were familiarized with the Provençal dialect. He believed that but for the fact of his mother's family and friends having spoken among themselves in a Greek *patois*, Homer, in whose spirited battle-pictures he revelled, would have been to him a sealed book. But the literary aliment on which his imagination chiefly fed was not borrowed from antiquity. Boys in the public schools of France, at the beginning of the century, when Thiers was a boy, were encouraged to read

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the *Moniteur*. He devoured its accounts of Napoleon's prodigious victories, and triumphal marches and counter-marches over Europe. He followed the *grande armée* over the atlas which lay in his desk, and explained to his class-fellows strategical and geographical points, and the obstacles which the conqueror overcame. The *Bulletin de l'Empire* was read aloud by professors to their pupils in the Lycées. It was written in a tawdry, declamatory style for the ignorant multitude, which furnished raw material for Bonaparte's armies, and facts were too often made to give place for high-flown epithets. Thiers amused himself by taking a bulletin of victory for a theme, and expanding it into a full account of the battle, which he read aloud at recreation in the courtyard, and carried home with him to his relations on the Sunday following. His grandmother carefully stored up these juvenile compositions, suggested by the bombastic poverty of the official newsman's style. A sketch of the bridge of Lodi — a retrospective study — is as full of action as one of Horace Vernet's battle-pieces. These early writings, some few of which still exist, were permeated with the military spirit of the time in which they were written. Thiers's genius was awakened by the increasing din of war, and by the bonfires on the Provence mountains which blazed forth the news of land victories to hostile fleets standing out at sea. In a youthful essay he maintained, with an argumentative skill which must have astonished his preceptors, that France, to avoid being the weakest, should be the strongest of European powers. Her exceptional advantages would render her an object of covetous enmity, and tempt less favored nations to plunder her. In supporting his thesis, Thiers argued against the too easy exchange of agricultural wealth for money, which he thought would weaken the real sinews of war, and tend to the accumulation of treasure and the diminution of defensive power. He maintained that a strong population with simple habits and intelligence had more expansive power than one that was wealthy and luxurious. This idea, in 1872, governed M. Thiers's commercial policy, as shown in the Navigation Bill, and was at the bottom of his opposition to the second emperor's commercial treaties. To mathematics as to composition, Thiers applied himself at school with ardor. He had a taste for them, and knew that proficiency in them would, if he grew tall enough to qualify him for military service, enable him to make a figure in the army. Fifty-eight years later, his early love for science came out again. At Tours, in the month of October, 1870, he procured a whole library of scientific works, which he studied with ardor. This occupation calmed the fever into which he was thrown by the memorable events of that year, and the political inactivity in which he was kept by the jealousy of the delegate government, and the fears of M. Clement Laurier, lest one so expert in the analysis and management of budgets should interfere with the financial schemes in which he had embarked. At Bordeaux he went through a course of physics and chemistry in the following months of November and December.

Thiers having in 1814 completed the university curriculum, his *demi-bourse* dropped, and he returned to the house in which he first saw the light. The long blockade and the naval triumphs of the English had well-nigh reduced Marseilles to a state of inanition. His grandmother, to whom he owed so much, had let the lower floors of her house to a shopkeeper, and had anticipated several years' rent. She was sharing her pittance with Madame Thiers in the garret story. The latter did what she could to earn a little money, sometimes doing needlework for an army contractor, sometimes keeping the accounts of her mother's tenant, and sometimes, in the hot weather, selling iced coffee on a stand in the Place St. Michel. One of her daughters had learned confectionery. She it was who set up a *table d'hôte* in the Rue Basse du Rempart, and placed on the signboard "Pension bourgeoise de Madame Ripert, sœur de M. Thiers, ancien Président du Conseil du Roi Louis Philippe." A stepdaughter had started on a gay career, and subsequently died in a hospital at Carpentras. There were other children in a miserable condition, for whom Adolphe ultimately provided. To Charles he gave a consular appointment, and he bought a farm in Normandy for Isabelle, who died there unmarried, in the year 1874.

Thiers cheated this wretchedness by borrowing books and by reading in the town library. The godfathers continued to ask him to their houses, and were in many ways useful to him. He contributed to his own support by painting miniatures, a branch of art in which he attained excellence. He often exercised himself in oratory in the cockloft in which he slept. His grandmother and a lad of his age were his audience. The former thought him superior to Mirabeau, whom she had heard.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

He at that time cultivated the Ciceronian period, and also the bombastic manner of Napoleon's military harangues. At Rollardin's table he sustained discussions with Royalists — who were then on the winning side — in a more natural, and we may suppose more effective style. His warm-hearted old friend advised him to go to the bar, the army being closed against him on account of his dwarfish stature.

Barthelière and Chénier, on the other hand, advised his entering a counting-house, where he would be received on advantageous conditions. But Thiers was too fond of the muses to forsake them. He somehow imagined he was to play a great part in the history of his country, but did not well see how he could open to himself a literary and public career. Old Madame Amic found him the means. Encouraged by her friends, and by a non-juring priest of whom she took counsel, she realized her little property so far as she was able, and went to settle at Aix, an old parliamentary town, rich in historical remains and in châteaux stored with works of art. There there was a law-school of repute, which her grandson entered in 1816. In it he made the acquaintance of Mignet, his true and inseparable friend forever after. Thiers was gifted with an irrepressibly sanguine spirit. He used to divert himself at Aix, planning how to rule France when he should be a minister. "*Quand je serais ministre*," was often in his mouth. On reaching the ministerial altitude, he was to drive an unfortunate old apple-woman, whose stall faced the law-school, in a coach and four through the town, and bid the prefect appoint her son *concièrge* to the prefecture. The latter part of the promise he kept. Moreover, he used to tell his mother and grandmother that out of his ministerial salary he would buy a certain cottage in the romantic village of Bouc, half-way between Marseilles and Aix. He was better than his word. In 1832 he sent for the former to share with him the grandeur of his ministerial residence; but feeling herself out of her element there, and disliking the cold, foggy winter of Paris, she elected for the Bouc cottage, where Mme. Amic was already comfortably installed. In this retreat they both died at advanced ages, as their tombstones testify.

If M. Thiers had sought through France he could not have found at this stage of his career another institution so well fitted to prepare him for the course he was to run as the one to which he went to study law. Aix was the capital of Provence under Réné of Anjou. From the time of its union with France, it was, in the old juridical language, a *pays d'état*. It enjoyed privileges unknown elsewhere, except at Marseilles, and was the seat of a parliament for a hundred years. The scenery about it is superb, and the town and its environs are in themselves an historical museum. There was much wealth in the locality, which, with the liberties enjoyed by a highly gifted race of people, conduced to intellectual activity. Mignet was an Aixois. His social relations there were valuable to Thiers. They embraced opulent and very hospitable parliamentary families spared by the Revolution. The Marquis d'Albertas had a gallery of which any monarch might have been proud, and culled from every modern state in which art had flourished. Vanloo's genius was discovered by an Albertas, and his pencil employed to decorate the château. The Marquis de Lagoy was an amateur of rare medals, in collecting which he had encumbered his estates. He had had the good fortune, when the armies of Bonaparte were plundering Italian villas, palaces, convents, and galleries, to acquire portfolios filled with sketches and drawings of the old masters. The collection formed by the Marquis de Bourguignon de Fabrigoule he had since left to the museum of Aix. The Marquis de la Rochette and M. Sallier, by whom the finances of the Bouches du Rhone were then directed, had also galleries and private museums in which comparative studies could be made of ancient and modern schools, and history learned from Gallo-Roman bronzes, coins, marbles, cameos, and inscriptions. Thiers, who intuitively turned to what was beautiful in art and nature, here formed healthy and refined tastes. He endeavored, when fame and fortune had crowned his industrious youth and manhood, to reproduce in his house in the Place St. Georges what he remembered in the mansions of the parliamentary notables at Aix.

The French aristocracy of the eighteenth century had one very salient virtue: it was disposed to encourage merit wherever it might be found. In its social usages, apart from the court of Versailles, it was in this respect democratic. Rousseau, after giving a picture of the corruption and giddiness of the ladies of rank who directed opinion, hastened to say their faults were redeemed by their penetration in discerning the meritorious, and their generosity in aiding and bringing them forward if they were poor and in obscurity.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

The parliamentary families of Aix adhered under the restoration to the intellectual traditions of the last century. Thiers was taken up and cherished by some of them. He was a delicious toy for old Voltairean nobles. No doubt they objected to his politics, which were Jacobin; but they put up with him for the sake of his loquacious wit, and the zest it gave to the conversation in which he mingled. A *salon* or a *cercle* where he talked became an intellectual gymnasium. To exercise himself in full liberty in dialectics, he at this time formed a club called the Cénacle. At first it was intended for none but law-students; but judges tinged with liberalism, and nobles who wished well to the new reforms, having sought to join it and being admitted, it grew into one of the first debating societies in France. Its founder was its youngest member. Mignet was a year older. D'Arlatan de Lauris was already a judge of the court of appeal and a member of the Academy of Aix, a circumstance which enabled him to render the master-mind of the Cénacle a service that opened to him the road to the far-off capital.

Eleven miles from Aix, on the southern flank of Mount Libaou, in the midst of woods and cascades, and standing out on a rocky platform, there is a feudal castle, square, massive, and gloomy, with turrets at its angles. Its vast hall, built by the Romans, was an armory, in which are collected weapons of all ages and countries. The other apartments, some of them of grandiose proportions, are sculptured and painted by master-hands. Cardinal Isoard was the owner of this castle in 1818, and had constructed an oratory wherein to enshrine the body of St. Severin, presented to him by Pius VII. Before the castle had come into his possession it belonged to the Vauvenargues family, and was presented to Joseph de Clapiers Vauvenargues, first consul of Aix, as a reward for his devotion in relieving the victims of the great Marseilles plague. He was the father of Vauvenargues the moralist, who died at the age of thirty-two, in the retreat of Prague, and was styled by Voltaire the "master-mind of the eighteenth century." D'Arlatan de Lauris was connected with the De Vauvenargues, and took Thiers to see their castle. He also recommended him to the cardinal, who received him graciously and asked him to come often and study the old rooms and hall in detail. While there Thiers conceived the idea of writing the life of Vauvenargues, which he confided to D'Arlatan. Being without money he proposed to publish by subscription. His friend not only encouraged him in the idea, but — without revealing his motive, which was to do a kindness to the young student — he suggested to the Academy to grant a prize of five hundred francs for an eulogium on Vauvenargues. His pretext was that they should not be surpassed in liberality by the Academy of Nismes, which had offered the same sum for an essay on Charles VII. That prize had been won by Mignet. He went to Nismes to be crowned towards the end of 1820, and thence to Paris to find materials for another prize offered by the Academy of Inscriptions "on the state of government and legislation in France at the accession of St. Louis, and the institutions founded by that king." But to return to Aix and Thiers.

The essays on Vauvenargues were to be sent in anonymously, with sealed envelopes containing the authors' names. Thiers having read his at the Cénacle, the secret of his authorship got out. One half of the Academy was for him, and the other half against. The adjudication was put off to the next session. Thiers for this paper obtained an honorable mention. But in the interval between the two sessions, he wrote in a different style, and from another point of view, a second essay. The faithful Mignet, to whom he sent it, transcribed and posted the copy in Paris. It had for its epigraph, "Man is in the world to act; the greater his activity the better he accomplishes his destiny." Action, the essayist regarded as the supreme rule and end of life, and freedom and energy to act the supreme felicity of existence. This estimate of happiness was sincere. M. Thiers had no experience of the beatific vision of the Hindoo. Incentives to devouring activity rejuvenated him when he was old, and rescued him from the physician's hands when medicine and hygienics failed. But to pursue the narrative of his life, and show more completely the slender hinge upon which his destinies and the greater ones involved in them turned. The stratagem of the Paris postmark succeeded. Aix rang with laughter when the trick played on the royalists was discovered. There were public rejoicings in honor of Thiers. The Cénacle gave a banquet in his honor, at which he announced his intention of starting immediately for Paris. On the day following he was entertained in the name of the liberal party by M. Borely, an eccentric judge, and an offer was made

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

him of a seat in the Chamber for Aix at the next vacancy. It was not however accepted before 1830.

It is commonly and erroneously understood that Thiers and Mignet journeyed together from Aix to Paris. His fellow-traveller was Méry, one of the brilliant band turned out by Marseilles under the restoration. They passed through Burgundy in the merry vintage season, seeking hospitality in farmhouses and country inns, often dining at the wayside on bread and cheese and a bunch of grapes, and visiting the noteworthy places lying near their route. Weary of body and sore of foot, but buoyant with hope, Thiers entered the *maison meublée*, in the Passage Montesquieu, in the garret of which Mignet lodged. In the darkness of the unlighted corridor the tired traveller knocked at the wrong door. The room he fell upon was occupied by another Marseillais, Rabbe, a polemist, rugged, violent, forcible, and pitiless, who, for the ill-luck of the monarchy, was drifted by a domestic hurricane to Paris. He was giving a bowl of hot wine to some brother Bohemians, when he heard a knock at the door. On opening, a little man with a bundle in his hand entered, and said he was looking for M. Mignet, whom Rabbe knew to be out. The stranger asked to be allowed to sit down until his friend's return, and advanced towards the table looking wistfully at the hot wine. He wore a coat that had been green and was faded into yellow, tight buff trousers too short to cover his ankles, and dusty and glossy from long use, a pair of clumsy Blucher boots, and a hat worthy of a place in an antiquary's cabinet. He face was tanned a deep brown, and a pair of brass-rimmed spectacles covered half his face.

Mignet, when he entered, embraced him. In the expansiveness of his joy he asked him to share his room. He spoke of himself as a millionaire, which relatively to the recipient of his hospitality he was. Had he not been awarded a first prize by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres for his essay on France under St. Louis? and had not Chatelain, his fellow-townsman, charged him with the foreign editorship of the *Courier Français*, in which he was pelting away at the monarchy in a series of letters on English history? But in sharing his poor chamber he did not forget that Madame Thiers had said to him of her son — "Adolphe will never go afoot. He will first hang on to the back of a carriage, and then work his way to the top, throw the driver over and seize hold of the reins." It may be observed that she spoke in anger, which is cruel. When she so denounced her son, she was excited by the assassination of the Duc de Berri and the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, events which did not shake his political opinions. But it may here be observed that, in his old age, M. Thiers returned so far to the royalism of his mother as to speak with unfeigned admiration of the good faith and chivalrous impulses of the Comte de Chambord, "*qui n'a jamais voulu mettre son drapeau dans sa poche.*"

While Mignet was deducing from his moral consciousness a system of English policy applicable, as he thought, to France, Thiers was spending his days in the museums and public libraries. Party passions had reached a white-heat pitch in 1821. Napoleon had just died. The government was in the hands of old *émigrés*, who had forgotten nothing of the ancient *régime* and learned nothing of the new, for the simple reason that they were at Coblentz, and elsewhere abroad, while the changes effected by the Revolution were operating. On the other side there was a youthful nation. The carnage of Bonaparte's wars had left France, in 1814, peopled with aged men, women young, old, and middle-aged, and boys. The State might have been likened to a ship in full sail, in a heavy sea, with an inexperienced pilot, and without ballast. There were scarcely any men in the prime of life. Guizot — a patriarch among the liberals of 1821 — was entering his thirty-third year. Royalists tore Voltaire out of his grave, and threw his bones into a ditch, pursued the old Conventionals, and made Louvel's crime a pretext for a movement to restore the lands, confiscated and sold by the revolutionary government, to their rightful owners, and to re-establish entails and primogeniture. Republicans called Marie Antoinette a Messalina, and a traitor to the country over which she reigned. In thus throwing stones at her they hoped to hit the Duchesse de Berri, her niece, a dissipated, thoughtless, and fanatical princess, and her daughter, the childless Duchesse d'Angoulême, to whom misfortune had imparted bitterness, without the majesty of trials nobly borne. She was the queen in expectancy. Her husband — in most things a nullity — had very decided opinions about the Revolution and the liberals: for just then nobody was bold enough to call himself a Revolutionist or a Bonapartist. Thiers — who knew very little

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

about the Revolution beyond the fact that it enabled Bonaparte, at that time his hero, to overrun Europe — thought he should like to study the men engaged in it. This he did in the *Moniteur* and the other gazettes published in Paris in the interval between Turgot's dismissal and the 18th Brumaire. He found all the journals that he wanted at the Bibliothèque Royale. The notes he took there were the commencement of his history, which grew up under his hand almost of itself. Mignet simultaneously began his history of the Revolution, which was published in 1824, and at once attained a European reputation. Six translations of it were brought out in the course of three years in Germany alone.

Thiers was called to the Aix bar. His acumen and legal knowledge were admitted by his brethren of the long robe, and by the judges there. Rollardin, to keep him in the south, promised to obtain for him the best commercial clients at Marseilles. In emigrating to Paris, he counted a good deal on his professional knowledge as a means of advancement. But when he arrived there, he found that his poverty excluded him from practising as a barrister. To belong to the order of advocates in Paris it is not enough to have passed brilliant examinations. The council of the order must be satisfied that the person seeking admittance is already in receipt of an income placing him above the temptations of want. Moreover, he must have a respectably furnished domicile, and produce proof that the furniture is paid for. The admission fees were not very heavy; but they were altogether beyond the reach of Thiers, whose fortune was comprised in the five hundred francs awarded him by the Aix Academy, and a small sum which his grandmother had squeezed out of her narrow pittance. He had therefore to lay aside the reasonable ambition of making a name and winning honorable ease at the Paris bar. His pen, or perhaps his pencil, was the sole resource that remained to him. Fans were studied in the shop windows, and an attempt was made to paint others. Applications for employment were addressed to booksellers and newspaper editors, and accompanied by copies of the prize essay. A letter of introduction from Dr. Arnaud, a member of the Cénacle, was forwarded to Manuel, the deputy for Marseilles, a narrow-minded, hot-headed man, who, however, was endowed with the fervid eloquence of the south, and was intelligent enough to see the irremediable incompatibility between the Bourbons and revolutionary France. When he received the letter, he made a memorandum of it with the intent of making an appointment with M. Thiers. But in the stirring parliamentary incidents which his daring attacks on the monarchy called forth, he forgot all about it. Thiers heard that the Duc de Larochefoucauld Liancourt wanted a secretary, and lay in wait in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies for Manuel, from whom, on making himself known, he obtained a recommendation to the duc, with another to Bodin of the *Constitutionnel*. There is hardly a biographer of Thiers who does not confound this passage of his life with the riot in the Salle des Pas Perdus provoked by Manuel's arrest. Manuel was torn from his seat by the collar by two *gendarmes*, and dragged to gaol. Thiers, then reporting for a newspaper, rushed from the gallery, and, reckless of the danger which he ran, harangued the bystanders, and called on them to rescue their outraged representative like men. This happened soon after the death of Louis XVIII. (a king in many points resembling our Charles II.), and in the beginning of the *règne du parti prêtre* under Charles X, the mitigated James II. of the house of Bourbon. General Foy also died this year, and Thiers organized a monster manifestation at his funeral — to protest against the grant of an indemnity of a *milliard* to the *émigrés*, and against the sacrilege law, in virtue of which a man who insulted the host in a street procession was condemned to lose his hand. The *incident Manuel* and the Foy funeral made Thiers known to the turbulent youth, the discontented Bonapartist officers, and the disaffected *prolétaires*. But more than two years before these events took place he had obtained and resigned the secretaryship at the Duc de Liancourt's, and had become a journalist under Manuel's auspices.

This is how he entered the *Constitutionnel*. They wanted an art critic; Thiers was asked if he thought himself equal to a review of the Salon, — a task proposed by an editor anxious at once to honor Manuel's recommendation, and to rid himself of his *protégé*, whose æsthetic education he was far from suspecting. Thiers's first notice was a literary event. Delacroix, then an unknown artist, had exhibited his "Dante and Virgil in Hell." Thiers wrote "that of all the pictures in the Salon, this was the one that most revealed a coming master. One saw in it a powerful conception and the free flow of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

talent. It presented with epic force to the critic's eye the selfishness and despair of hell. In the treatment of a subject which lay on the confines of the fantastic, severity of taste was observable. The drawing, which hasty judges might think deficient in dignity, was, whatever were its defects, redeemed by the truth of the details, and the fidelity with which the poet's vision was rendered. The pencil was ample and firm, the color vigorous, though perhaps crude. Delacroix designed his figures, grouped them, and set them in action with the boldness of a Michael Angelo and the fecundity of a Rubens."

Of David's "Rape of the Sabines" he said: "In making these reflections in the interest of art present and future, we do not the less consider David in the light of a great master. A man who has worked a revolution in the taste of a nation with so keen a perception of the beautiful as the French must be an artist of the highest order. He has rendered an important service to our school. But it is undesirable that a superstitious admiration of his works should prevent new geniuses from coming forward. We must take care not to imprison present and future art in the limits of a style which in the hands of imitators must become cold and pedantic. No doubt a prime condition of art is correctness of outline. But it may be asked whether under this pretext critics do not check the inspiration of those artists who seek to throw more life, more health, and more of nature's truth and freshness into their works. M. David delivered us from the conventions of the eighteenth century. He formed others, the destruction of which in their turn should not annoy him and his admirers. One epoch should never be jealous of another; nor should those who have made a step forward prevent others from making another."

Thus M. Thiers's first achievement was to deliver French art from the pseudo-classic tyranny of David, and to obtain justice for Delacroix, whom Baron Gros had publicly called a lunatic and a sign-board dauber. The management of the *Constitutionnel*, judging Thiers by the success of his Salon, gave him permanent and well-paid employment. His department was the "*Variétés*" on the third page. They were to embrace literary criticisms, biographies, and scientific papers well baited to catch idle readers. The next telling article was a review of Montlosier's "French Monarchy." Montlosier was a eulogist of Louis Quatorze, whom Thiers condemned because on its road to St. Denis his body was neglected by his courtiers, and followed by the imprecations of the people. The reviewer maintained that had Louis Quatorze been a great king, who exercised despotism for the glory of the nation, his death would have been attended with a reaction in his favor; and the Parisians — who are prompt to strike in anger, but quick to forget and forgive the faults of patriotic though severe rulers — would have followed his hearse in silent sorrow. Fifty-six years after this judgment was passed the people of Paris, oblivious of the hard chastisement inflicted on them by M. Thiers, escorted his remains in speechless grief to the tomb in Père la Chaise.

Thiers's literary merits and dash rapidly brought up the *Constitutionnel* to be the leading organ of the *bourgeoisie*. He was endowed with nothing short of a genius for journalism. Prompt, agile, gifted with ready tact, and quick to feel the public pulse, and to divine smouldering passions and bring them to the surface, he instinctively eluded the snares and pitfalls in his road. When the superior deities refused to listen to him, he knew well how to array the Acherontians on his side, though in rousing them he ever took high ground. Sentiments and ideas which vaguely agitated the multitude he shaped with ready skill into clear aphorisms, which circulated like current coin. He did not fear repeating himself, but was careful to vary the form of his repetitions. It was an axiom of his that when a speaker wants to carry away a stolid assembly or uncultured mass, he should often present the same argument, but each time in a new verbal dress. Thiers had a native repugnance to what was hazy. His mind turned, of itself, towards the light. However obscure a controverted point, he laid his finger, as if by intuition, on the knot of the question, and, with an address that charmed the bystanders, undid the bewildering tangle. Lonis XVIII.'s death heightened the growing antagonism between royalty and the nation, which had been roused from the passivity of depletion by the liberal movement in Spain, and its suppression by a French army under the Duc d'Angoulême's command. Thiers at this juncture was enjoying literary laurels culled in the Pyrenees, from which he wrote a series of letters to the *Constitutionnel* describing his holiday tour. It was asked if he might not advantageously be promoted to the political department. The manager thought he could, and, finding he struck a national chord, was for letting him work with an

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

unfettered pen. But the more timid shareholders sought to moderate the trenchant vigor of his polemics. To have a voice in the direction, he purchased a share with borrowed money procured through the instrumentality of Schubart, an obscure German bookseller, the original of Balzac's Schmucke, in "*Le Cousin Pons*." This Schubart used to dine at la Mère Saguet's, a cheap *gargotte* in the Passage Montesquieu, with Charlet the caricaturist, Sigalon, Mignet, and Thiers, for whom his admiration was extravagant. Schubart rendered his idol the service of taking him to Baron Cotta, the opulent German publisher, and asking him to grant the loan the young journalist stood in need of. Under the new impulsion the *Constitutionnel* took a well-defined color, attained the largest circulation a French newspaper was ever known to command, and forced the king to place M. de Martignac, a dynastic liberal, at the head of the government. The debates in the Chamber furnished M. Thiers with his themes. The daily "copy" was written in a clear hand, which advanced steadily across the paper in lines wide apart to leave room for corrections. As each page was filled it was cast on the ground. The task done, a clerk picked up the sheets and set them in order. The blotting-paper was seldom used. Thiers bore interruption in speaking better than in writing. Before sitting down to his desk, he studied authorities with Benedictine patience and minuteness, and classified his subjects. But from the moment he took his broad-nibbed goose-quill in hand until he had done with it he did not raise his eyes from the quire of glazed foolscap before him. This habit, formed in the bureaux of the *Constitutionnel*, he never dropped.

His article sent to press, the rest of the evening was spent in society. As he slept in the middle of the day, he was able without fatigue to sit up late at night. Lafitte, a Bonapartist banker, and the associate in military contracts and other speculations of Ouvrard and Dosne, whose eldest daughter is now Thiers's widow, opened to him the great world of the liberal *salons*. The exquisite man of the world whom this generation will not easily forget, who was never more at home than at the Elysée receiving the representatives of the great powers, "was," says Lomenie, "remarked in Lafitte's and Talleyrand's drawing-rooms for his fluent speech and vivid southern imagination. The dwarfishness of his stature, the oddity of his visage, half hidden by a pair of goggles, the singular cadence of his voice, his jerking motions, the see-saw action of his shoulders, his short legs, his want of manner, fantastic clothing, and manifest genius, contributed to fix attention on him." The fame of a duel arising from a love affair, one of the few really romantic episodes in his long existence, helped to lionize him. At Aix M. Thiers believed himself to be eternally enamored of a young girl of majestic beauty and decayed family. He courted her, wrote verses about her, was affianced, shed bitter tears in parting, and kept up a tender correspondence with her extending over many months. The fame of his newspaper articles reaching Aix, where a maiden's bloom soon fades, the young lady's father came to Paris to call upon Thiers and ask him to fulfil his promise. Poverty was pleaded in stay of execution. A year's delay was asked and granted. At the close of the twelve months there was another visit. M. Thiers vowed unalterable affection, but represented that his income, which was precarious, would not suffice to keep both his mother and a wife. He therefore begged for a further delay, which drew on him the ire of his visitor, who next day insulted him in the lobby of the Chamber. A challenge ensued. The offender's seconds were Rabbe and an Aixois lawyer, and those of the offended party Mignet and Manuel. The young lady's father was allowed to fire first. Aiming low, to make sure of his adversary, he shot between his legs. Thiers fired into the air. The match was broken off; the girl died of grief; her lover preserved an affectionate remembrance of her. Unsolicited, when he became a kingmaker and minister, he gave her brothers and father lucrative situations. Her letters and love-tokens he preserved in a drawer. In his extreme old age he was known to shed tears over them. This episode dropped from the memory of his contemporaries. A second and a hotter duel was fought with Bixio in the garden of the Chamber of Deputies in 1849, that representative having, on Thiers declaring for Louis Napoleon, taxed him with treachery. Want of physical courage was not a defect of the little great man, who in his ministerial uniform headed the troops sent to dislodge the insurgents from the Rue Transnonain, in one of the terrible street wars that disturbed and closed the reign of Louis Philippe. A witness of the discharge of Fieschi's infernal machine yet living says, that on that occasion the king remained cool, and that Thiers, undaunted by the explosion, jumped from his horse, and ran to examine

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the house whence the smoke issued. A few inches taller, and his skull would have been carried away. The bullets that went over his head lodged in Marshal Mortier.

Thiers, when he was a journalist, maintained the native vigor of his mind by a strong feeding process. He never suffered his brain to grind chaff. If he wished to describe a battle he visited the fields in which it was fought, talked with the peasants, made notes of current legends, compared them with the more precise evidence, consulted strategists, studied military bulletins and commissariat returns, and checked them with the market prices. A visit to Prince Jerome Bonaparte at Florence for the purpose of obtaining the loan of historical documents, put him on the track of an intrigue carried on by Queen Hortense, Comte d'Orsay, and Lady Blessington. Its object was to open France to Napoleon's proscribed family by procuring the translation of the emperor's remains from St. Helena to the Invalides. Lord Palmerston in 1840 on learning Thiers's bellicose intentions from King Leopold — whose wife was warned by Louis Philippe — lent himself to this intrigue, as a source of embarrassment to "the government of March." Guizot, then ambassador at the court of St. James's, was instructed to defeat it, and to bribe the inhabitants of Gore House to sell him Bonapartist secrets. He declined to enter into relations with Lady Blessington, giving as his excuse the irregularity of her position. "Thus," said M. Thiers to the writer of this article, "through Guizot's false Puritanism, Louis Philippe neglected a clever woman and her still more talented paramour, whose knowledge of Bonapartist conspirators would have been invaluable in showing where to suppress ferments that were not without influence in Feburary, '48."

When Thiers was engaged in publishing his "*Tablettes Historiques*" — which happened in the third year of his sojourn in Paris — Talleyrand met him at the Comte de Flahault's, hailed him as the leader of "*la Jeune Garde*," which he insinuated was to upset the restored monarchy. He encouraged him to visit him at the Hôtel St. Florentin, and ask for information concerning the court of Louis XVI., and the meeting of the States-General. There the young journalist grew to be the head of the liberal party, which embraced three distinct sections. Talleyrand had been offended by the royal family. To avenge himself he encouraged the "*Jeune Garde*" (Thiers, Mignet, De Rémusat, and Victor Cousin) to repeat the English Revolution of 1688, and to discern a William of Orange in the Duc d'Orléans, "who without stirring a step was always advancing to the throne." Louis Philippe kept aloof from the promoters of his candidature. At the same time he made the *bourgeoisie* feel that he was their man. While seeking to render himself popular by placing the Duc de Chartres, his eldest son, in the Lycée Henry IV., he avoided Talleyrand and the *habitués* of his Green Salon, and he never saw Thiers before the Sunday preceding the promulgation of the Ordinances. The circumstances under which they found themselves in the same room are too remarkable to be omitted here.

Thiers was on intimate terms with a Mme. de Courtchamp, the wife of a notary. This lady had a summer residence at Bessencourt, in the valley of Montmorency, near the Château St. Leu, where the children of Philippe Egalité were brought up by Madame de Genlis, where Hortense Bonaparte received the allied sovereigns, and where, on the return of the Bourbons, the last of the Condés went to live with Sophie Dawes, an Englishwoman whom he had imported from Vauxhall, and had married under false pretences to the Baron de Feuchères. At St. Leu there was a theatre, built for Madame de Genlis and her pupils. Mme. de Feuchères was fond of acting on its boards. French ladies who would not enter her drawing-room had no objection to go to her theatricals, and to talk to her and accept her refreshments in the green-room. Marie Amélie, however, with her grown-up daughter, Louise, afterwards queen of the Belgians, and her sister-in-law, Madame Adélaïde, visited the baroness. On the 25th of July there was a theatrical *fête* at the château to which Mme. de Courtchamp was asked along with her family and friends. M. Thiers had come from Paris to spend the Sunday with her, and was taken by her to the *fête*. They were placed close to the Duc d'Orléans and the baroness. Mme. de Courtchamp said in a low voice, pointing to Louis Philippe, "That's your future king." "Do you hear," cried the Englishwoman, joyously, "what this lady calls you? She says you are the future king." As the company were in the green-room in the interval between the acts an aide-de-camp of the Duc de Bourbon, who had galloped the whole way from Paris, came in with the tidings that the Ordinances were signed, and would be posted on the walls

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

of Paris the next day. Thiers, hearing it, took leave of his friends. The Baroness de Feuchères ran after the notary's wife, and said, "Press him, if there should be a revolution, to think of the Duc d'Orléans. What a wise, noble king he would make! I am sure he will consent. In any case Madame Adélaïde will make him. I have congratulated her, and she takes it well."

Thiers in the days of July went back to Bessencourt. Mme. de Feuchères drove over there to tell Mme. de Courtchamp that she was going to Neuilly to influence the Orleans family. They were looking to her to obtain the Condé heritage for the Duc d'Aumale, who indeed obtained it on the death of the Duc de Bourbon in the month of August following, less seven million francs, secured (in a presumably forged will) to the baroness. M. Thiers, in retailing this anecdote to the person now writing it, ended by saying, "*Je vous dis la vérité comme si j'étais devant Dieu.*" *

The "History of the Revolution" appeared in monthly parts. Its two first volumes came out in the names of Thiers and Felix Bodin, a well-known journalist, who stood sponsor as an attraction to readers, but had no part in the authorship. From the 18th Brumaire to 1823, the date of the opening number, the name of every actor in the Revolution who did not turn against it had been delivered to obloquy. Thiers's temerity in standing up as the champion of the States-General and Convention alarmed the liberals. One newspaper only, the *Constitutionnel*, noticed the first and second volumes. The great defect of the work is its being in ten volumes, as it is the greatest defect of the "Consulate" to be in twenty. Its author had not the time to be briefer. If his style was rapid, clear, simple, and picturesque, it was redundant and often garrulous. His muse was not draped in antique folds. She went slipshod and wore a *bourgeois* dressing-gown. The third volume was rapidly bought up. In proportion to the reactionary violence of the old *émigrés* at court the enthusiasm of the young nation for the "History" rose. Thiers stirred ashes under which fire lay smouldering. Political passions were intensified by proprietary interests which had no other justification than the justice of the Revolution. If we could imagine the French peasants and *bourgeoisie* menaced by the party of moral order with the confiscation of all the real property taken from the privileged classes in '93, we might form a vivid idea of the course of events in Charles the Tenth's reign.

The monthly parts of M. Thiers's "History" affected the nation more deeply than the speeches of M. Gambetta do now. It was unfortunate for France that, in proving the right of the active and intelligent classes to the wealth which had lain idle from time immemorial in the hands of the king, Church, and aristocracy, he provided and indeed suggested arguments to the Socialists, who up to 1830 scarcely counted in French politics. It would have been more conducive to quietness in the ensuing reign if he had simply pleaded the *fait accompli* without attempting its justification in a land where untutored men can be logicians.

Thiers, whose polemics had changed the composition of the Chamber of Deputies and wrested the administration from *le parti prêtre*, did not cease to work for the *Constitutionnel* while pursuing his engagements with the booksellers. He furthermore wrote regularly for the *Globe*, and for De Rémusat's *Encyclopédie Progressiste*. In 1828 he brought out a book on law and his financial system, and on English banking, which he afterwards studied in London, Manchester, and Liverpool, as well as his ignorance of English would admit. While driving these enterprises abreast he also drew up a plan for a universal history, to obtain materials for which he purposed spending ten years in travel along with Victor Jacquemont. La Place was preparing his voyage of circumnavigation; Thiers asked leave to join the expedition as its historiographer. He was named by M. Hyde de Neuville, on condition of his bearing all his own expenses. His outfit was bought and his sea-chest on the road to Havre, where

* Whatever chance there was of the Duc d'Orléans's elevation to the throne being sanctioned by opinion, he threw it away in shielding the Baroness de Feuchères from justice, and in accepting for his son, the Duc d'Aumale, the legacy of the Condé estates. None of the presumed murderers were tried. A property belonging to the domain of St. Leu was given to the official who cut down the duc's body from the window-bolt to which it was found attached by the neck with a cravat, tied, not in a slip, but in a tight knot. Louis Philippe's consort was a pure and virtuous princess; but when it transpired that during the Duc de Bourbon's life she had interested herself in trying to get Madame de Feuchères presented at court, and was in the habit of writing affectionate letters to her, Marie Amélie's virtues militated against the new dynasty. Those personally unacquainted with her unjustly condemned her as a hypocrite, and spoke of her as an accomplice in "the mysterious strangulation." A popular song, called "*La Reine Cagotte*," wrongly attributed to Béranger, was sung under the palace windows. Its vogue was due to the aspersions which it cast on the queen. When Paris learned how she had sent her eldest son to visit the cholera patients at the Hôtel Dieu, this lampoon fell into discredit.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"*La Favorite*" lay, when Charles the Tenth's liberal premier, De Martignac, was brusquely dismissed, and the clerical Prince Polignac, whose policy was guided by the direct inspirations of the Virgin Mary, gazetted in his stead. This act and the May *coup de tête* of Marshal MacMahon are closely analogous. Thiers, overrating the strength of the reaction, turned back to do battle for the *bourgeoisie* against it. The generation brought up in Napoleon's Lycées was at his back. There was scarcely any middle-aged generation to moderate its youthful zeal. Fire is a good servant, but a bad master. It might be said to have had the mastery in France before it burned itself out in the days of July. Thiers, feeling the *Constitutionnel* clogged with timid shareholders averse to risk, yet eager for somebody else to strike, resolved to found a journal of his own, in which to fight the reaction with a free pen. Among all his rich and discontented friends he did not find one to stake a franc on the enterprise. He had to fall back on Mignet, Armand Carrel, and Savelot, a struggling bookseller. The paper was called the *National*. Its object was to hold the Bourbons within the charter, in the avowed hope that, finding the door shut, they would jump out of the window and break their necks. The rich *bourgeoisie* did not answer to his whip as well as he expected. The populace answered too well. At a review the dauphine and the Duchesse de Berri were menaced by the mob, and the troops looked on with folded arms. Thiers, who certainly was urged to action by no mean motive, afterwards regretted, and with reason, that he had not waited a little. France was not yet ripe for the revolution of which he was the artificer. Having hastened its outbreak, he had not the power or the wisdom to bring it to a happy issue.

"Who are they now imitating in Paris?" wrote Cavour to his French Egeria. In 1830 there were two opposing currents of imitation. At the Tuileries the energetic, ruthless, half-barbarous czar Nicholas, the secret ally of the French court in a plan for remodelling the maps of Europe and northern Africa, was set up by the Gascon Polignac as a model to the weak-brained, amiable, and bigoted old king, who had passed his youth at the fancy farm of the Trianon, in playing the part of Colin in the "*Devin du Village*." Benjamin Constant, the founder of the *doctrinaires*, and his adepts were full of the English Revolution of 1688, which, without at all understanding, they wished to repeat, but did not exactly know how. But the last thing they would have thought of was an appeal to the fighting faubourgs. Thiers's love of action, in his prime, was excessive. He was imbued with the military spirit of the empire, and, though not rancorous or revengeful, was fired by a feeling of hatred against the dynasty. Hatred is a distorting medium, and it misled Thiers. Talleyrand, who had an antipathy to straight lines in politics, while encouraging him in his revolutionary strategy, pushed him into the *doctrinaire* current. Armand Carrel stood out against the *bourgeoisie* monarchy when it was mooted to him; Mignet and De Rémusat were committed to it in their newspaper articles, and wonld on no account retract what they had advanced. Thiers, who at the beginning of 1830 had no distinct aim beyond forcing Charles X. to "break his neck," allowed Carrel, who was a downright sort of man, to write in a republican sense. The court winked at his leaders; but it could not help taking issue on the one in which Thiers held up the Duc d'Orléans as the constitutional rival of the unconstitutional king. He was prosecuted. Before a week was over a patriotic subscription covered the fine of seventy-five thousand francs imposed upon him. This manifestation was met by the Ordinances, which cowed the two hundred and twenty-one deputies, who had just been re-elected against the king and De Polignac, and intimidated the *bourgeoisie* which had fattened under the empire and during the sojourn of the Allies in Paris. Thiers, with the utmost difficulty, and as much by dint of finessing — in which he was assisted by De Rémusat — as by force of eloquence, prevailed on forty out of the forty-three editors of journals who, at the first alarm, ran on Monday morning to deliberate at the *National* office — to sign the protest which he drew up in their presence. Having heard of the Ordinances on Sunday night at St. Leu, he was not taken by surprise. He sent the protest to press, and, at considerable personal risk, superintended the printing. Standing on the shoulders of Nestor Roqueplan, a young Marseillais journalist — the only Nestor, the wits remarked, among the men of 1830 — he posted the document on the walls of his own house in the Rue de la Grange Batelière. On the 27th his *doctrinaire* friends and the two hundred and twenty-one were preparing to fly from him. The stone flung by a child from the rubbish of a house in the Palais Royal, which the Duc d'Orleans had freshly de-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

molished, and the deadly reprisals taken, happened just as Thiers was beginning to lose heart. The boy's corpse, borne by some masons, was made a rallying-point for the excited populace, which marched through the centre of the city, crying, "Death to the murderers of the innocent!"

Thiers, coming out of the house of Cadet Gassecourt in the Rue St. Honoré — where he was organizing a committee of resistance — met the excited crowd. In the street he found himself between the armed populace and the soldiers, who were headed by a Bonapartist officer known to him. The order to fire was on the colonel's lips. Thiers cried, "*Vive la ligne!*" A glance of intelligence passed between him and the colonel, which the foremost *émeutiers* noticing, gave a sign to the people to disperse to the right and left into the side streets, to rally again in a few moments. The troops marched to the Hôtel de Ville. The same evening De Rémusat, who acted as a scout for Thiers in the days of July, ran to tell him of a meeting at Guizot's. Generals Sebastiani, Gérard, and Lobau, Lafitte the banker, Casimir Périer, Manguin, and others were consulting there on the best way of patching up the quarrel with the court. Thiers flew to the Rue Ville l'Evêque, where he was coldly received, Guizot reproaching him with confounding the desire with the power of the government, which he himself thought too weak to be long dangerous. The generals were ill disposed towards the dynasty. However, on military grounds they advised submission. Assuming that Paris was going to rise, the insurrection would be hemmed in near the Hôtel de Ville and crushed. Prompted by the widow and son of Marshal Ney, his own son-in-law, Lafitte started a plan for sending a deputation to Marmont, the minister of war, avowedly to protest against fratricidal bloodshed, but really to ascertain the price he would set upon inaction. While minister and banker were parleying, which they did with an affectation of blunt honesty, Royer Collard came to warn Thiers that a warrant was out for his arrest and that of his partners in the *National*. Dejected at the weak-kneed attitude of the *bourgeoisie*, who pretended to see nothing but a *gasconade* in the Polignac Ordinances, they all went to hide, first in the Vale of Montmorency, and then at St. Ouen, at the house of a royalist lady, a friend of De Rémusat's, who undertook to keep them informed of the course of events. He sent them word next morning that Paris was well up, and Marmont opposing the revolution feebly. They might return in safety, which they at once did. Had they remained a few hours more away the crisis would have had a different end. In their absence the *National* had become the headquarters of the insurrection. They found it in possession of Cavaignac, Bastide, and Joubert, the inventor of barricades. Thiers was received with the cry of *Vive la république!* Before he had time to look about him De Rémusat again ran in to apprise him of a meeting at Lafitte's to consider proposals expected from the king. Thiers went thither in breathless haste, and got there before Charles's envoys. In vehement terms he addressed the meeting, saying that what the situation required was not a change of government but a change of dynasty. It was argued that the king was too weak to do much harm. Thiers answered that the country did not need a weak administration, but one strong in the confidence of France, and willing and able to restore her to her legitimate rank in Europe. What dynasty would he propose? he was asked. Napoleon II. was, for the time being, out of the question. The few present favorable to a republic only thought of one as an expedient for keeping open the Bonapartist succession. Thiers cited 1688. Louis Philippe's name was advanced. But would that prince risk accepting a crown which the great powers might force him to relinquish?

Thiers thought of what he had heard at St. Leu, which emboldened him to go to Neuilly and make an offer of the crown. But what of the victorious populace which had borne the brunt of the battle? De Rémusat undertook to gain his kinsman Lafayette, and, by his instrumentality, Paris to the Orleans scheme. It was De Rémusat who proposed holding the regal title in reserve, until the victors of the barricades had laid down their muskets. Meanwhile, the Duc d'Orléans was to bear the title of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. Ary Scheffer, the drawing-master of the young Orleans princesses, offered to go with Thiers and procure him an audience of the duc or duchesse, or Madame Adélaïde. The Prince de la Moskowa placed his carriage at their disposal. The roundabout drive they were forced to take to Neuilly was interrupted by dangerous adventures which would have filled a superstitious man with dark apprehensions, and which did shake Thiers's nerves. On reaching the duc's villa the Ulysses sent to negotiate with him was

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

shown to his Highness's cabinet. A blue-eyed, flaxen-haired lady of noble presence, Marie Amélie, granddaughter of Marie Therèse, a niece of Marie Antoinette, entered. She informed M. Thiers that the duc was at Riancy, in the Forest of Bondy. The envoy then stated his mission. He was dusty and grimy, and his dress disordered; the duchesse treated him with *hauteur*, spoke severely of the part the *National* had taken in working Paris into a revolutionary fever, and refused the crown in her husband's name. Madame Adélaïde here came in. Thiers suspected, and always retained the suspicion, that the Duc d'Orléans was eavesdropping, and had instructed her what to say. It was his opinion that they both thought Marie Amélie had been too categorical. M. Thiers again stated his mission to the princess. No man ever knew better how to bait a hook. Very frank, very outspoken in public, and on the whole very consistent in his politics, which were rather "national than liberal," he was of Carthaginian subtlety in turning difficulties and recruiting adherents. So he audaciously pointed to the flaw in the title to the colossal estates which the giddy, warm-hearted Duchesse de Berri had wheedled the king into restoring to the Orleans family; an illegal act of favor, it may be observed, which gave consistency to the report that the court intended to restore the properties confiscated at the Revolution to their rightful owners. Charles Dix, M. Thiers declared, was down forever; unless Louis Philippe replaced him he would be unable to retain the appanages he inherited from the illegitimate children of Mme. de Montespan and Louis Quatorze. The republicans would — and that legally — take them from him, and then plunder the rest of his property. "I am," said Thiers, "a son of the Revolution. I know the audacity of its *personnel*. The Duc d'Orléans's popularity is our only safeguard. His refusal will facilitate the success of the republicans, who, after devouring him and his, will turn round and rend us." The princess, affecting to be struck by the great and noble part her brother could perform in saving France from a second republic, which she assumed would take the guillotine for its fulcrum, assured M. Thiers that Louis Philippe would devote himself to the country and accept the crown. At his request she agreed to go in the evening into Paris, escorted by General Sebastiani, and repeat this promise to a meeting of the deputies. Two days previously the Baroness de Feuchères had been at Neuilly.

De Rémusat with equal success conducted the negotiations at the Hôtel de Ville, where Lafayette was bent on setting himself up as a second Washington.

Thiers was a fatalist in theory. His whole active life was in contradiction to his fatalism. Yet the consequences of his actions justified his fatalistic doctrines. Wounded patriotic pride moved him at Aix, and in the *Constitutionnel*, to attack the elder branch, whom the Allies had imposed on France. The revolution of his making did not get rid of the subservience of the government to foreign States. Indeed it was a link in the great chain of causes which culminated in the mighty westward roll of the Teutonic wave in 1870. His aim, indefinite in January, when he was founding the *National*, had clearly shaped itself in July. It was to erect a monarchy of which he would be the master, and employ it in restoring the military glory of France. He thought a king owing him his crown, of domestic habits, fond of counting up his money, and intelligent enough to understand his minister's value and his own weakness, would hamper him less than a turbulent democracy, in executing his design. His mistake was in not testing the temper of the tool before he entered on the task. Louis Philippe and Thiers did not complete each other. They got in one another's way. As citizen king, the July monarch was without that social *prestige* in which the English hereditary queen finds a compensation for her limited authority. The day Hélène of Mecklenburg, Duchesse d'Orléans, made her entry into Paris, an apple-woman said to a *grande dame* of the Faubourg St. Germain, "Is it fair of you, who can see the bride at the Tuileries, to shut out my view of her?" "What a mistake!" returned the lady. "You have much more chance than I of being invited to the court balls of the *bourgeois* Philippe." The republicans railed at him for impeding the revolution in accomplishing its destinies. He was fond of power, but under the constitution he was to have no personal action on public affairs, and not being an elector, or a national guard, or a deputy or a juror, he was less than the plainest *bourgeois*. Meanly prudent in his foreign policy, he would risk his good name and the peace of France to further the advantageous settlement of a son or daughter. Lord Palmerston was enabled to defeat Thiers's spirited policy in consequence of the Princesse Louise d'Or-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

léans's marriage with King Leopold. Unhampered by Louis Philippe, Thiers would have taken up what was national and progressive in the Bonapartist tradition. The early laurels of Louis Napoleon, and the commanding place he took up in Europe in 1852, show that M. Thiers was not oversanguine in his estimate of the fighting force of France. He urged Louis Philippe to brave the powers whom Talleyrand feared, by sending an expedition into Belgium. "This is," he said, on hearing of the fall of Antwerp, "a good beginning; there must be at least twenty years' war, which I hope to direct, before France will be her own mistress, and Europe find her real balance." In the opening years of the monarchy, the incompatible tempers of the king and the kingmaker did not appear, the latter having thrice refused a portfolio, until he had served an apprenticeship in a subordinate department. To enable himself to master exchequer business, an institution of the empire was revived in his favor, and he was made councillor of state to the finance ministry. Practically he directed this department the whole of the time that he was undersecretary to Baron Louis Lafitte and Casimir Périer. He emerged from the penumbra when he thought "Providence stood in need of him to crush the Duchesse de Berri's Vendean rising." The unlooked-for termination of that Legitimist movement brought much odium on M. Thiers and his monarch. A caricature of 1832 gives a back view of Louis Philippe in a court dress, tricolored clocks to his silk stockings, and tricolored ribbons bordering his sabots. He has a bunch of gaoler's keys in one hand, and the charter in the other, and is seated on three cages. "Blaye" is written on the uppermost, in which there is a fair young lady, the Duchesse de Berri, weeping. In the two lower ones are "La Force," and "La Bicêtre," filled with journalists and beaten *émeutiers*. Underneath is the ditty: —

Le Roi po, po, po,
Le Roi pu, pu, pu,
Le Roi po,
Le Roi pu,
Le Roi po, pu, laire.

Notwithstanding this, the "popular" king was a clement prince, and Thiers was not a bloodthirsty minister. He disliked useless loss of life. But if fighting was inevitable he did not mind what number of men were slain. He had an unavowed leaning towards Lynch law, and a repugnance to executions in cold blood. This explains at once his terrible severity in dealing with insurrections, and his leniency to Prince Louis Napoleon after the Strassburg affair, and to Bazaine and the officials of the third empire. In putting down rebellion he was outwardly a stickler for legality. His hardest actions were sanctioned by the letter of the law. The immorality of a law did not trouble him. Whatever he saw he saw well; but he was too short-sighted to perceive what dreadful ferments would be occasioned by using weapons forged by dishonest legislators. Law was rigorously followed in the military tribunals which went on sitting after the fall of the Commune, and still sit. Yet in itself and in its consequences this expedient was odious and fraught with danger. M. Thiers's excuse before posterity will be that between the White Terrorists of the Assembly and a Bonapartist conspiracy, fostered by Prince Bismarck, he was forced to hurry on the peace negotiations. M. Thiers had nobody near him save M. St. Hilaire, to support him in his wish for an amnesty from which only the murderers of the generals at Montmartre and of the hostages should be excluded. The Republican members of his cabinet were opposed to clemency — M. Jules Simon from fear of passing for a Communard in the Assembly, M. Victor Lefranc from ambition to marry his two children to the son and daughter of Samazeuil the financialist, M. Dufaure from native hardness, and M. Jules Favre from weakness, and incapacity to resist the loud, undiscerning cry for vengeance on the Federals. Thiers pleaded warmly for Rossel before the "Pardons Committee," but his eloquence was lost on M. Piou, the vice-chairman. He secretly protected Rochefort and Courbet, and connived at the escape of numbers of misled but excellent persons, who would have been shot if sent to stand their trials before courts-martial. I heard him say, on the eve of the general elections of 1876, that he had no option between harshness to the prisoners and a revolt which would have brought the Germans down again on France. For a whole week there were twenty thousand captives, and scarcely four hundred police, soldiers, and *gendarmes* to guard them. Orders were given to shoot pitilessly any one who grumbled, any one showing a disposition to mutiny, or to escape; and to arrest anybody found commiserating the vanquished.

Thiers's advent to power, which in all his long career he exercised for little more than five years, was always coincident with wide-spread tumult and insurrec-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tion. His antecedents under the July government deprived him of the moral force which might have enabled him to show more leniency than he did in putting down the risings under Louis Philippe's reign. Workmen did not see by virtue of what divine or other law the middle classes were to have the monopoly of revolt. "The gentleman-premier," Comte Molé, was able to grant the amnesty which Thiers felt bound to refuse. In the "*Procés de la Cour des Pairs*," Carrel and Cavaignac charged him with first inciting the Parisians to rebel, and then cheating them out of the republic they had won, and of which he himself became eventually the patron. The part he acted in the days of July stood in his way in 1848, and again in 1871, when he was suspected of playing the game of the royalists. This suspicion did more than anything else to fan the flames of civil war in 1871. Nevertheless, it was unjust. M. Thiers then wished to stand by the republican form of government, for which he had pronounced at Berryer's funeral, and again at Bordeaux, when the news of the fall of Paris reached him there. Both there and at Tours he repeatedly told the diplomatists in communication with him, that nothing else was possible. When the Orleans princes — who in violation of the law were staying at the Duc Decaze's seat at Grave, near Libourne — came privately to see M. Thiers at the Hôtel de France, he intreated them to go back to England and stay there till France had calmed down, and the statute proscribing them was repealed. They appealed to his *dévouement* as an old minister of Louis Philippe to become their partisan. Thiers expressed his respect for the late king, but told them that he was the servant of his country alone. When they went away Madame Thiers asked whom he had been talking with in his bedroom. "Les Princes d'Orléans. Ces jeunes gens, je les connais, n'est-ce pas? Eh bien! toujours eux; eux d'abord: le pays après. Quand j'ai servi le père, je ne servais pas sa fortune — je servais la France. Je respecte beaucoup la memoire du roi, mais les affaires de ses enfants ne sont pas celles de la patrie. Il les a trop souvent confondus; moi, je ne les confond pas. Ces princes veulent que je me refasse Orléaniste. Moi je désire faire le salut de mon pauvre pays."

In one of our morning conversations M. Thiers gave me a long explanation, the substance of which I here parenthetically give, on the influence of family affairs on Louis Philippe's public actions. The policy of his reign might be divided into two parts. In the first part, the king was ostentatiously constitutional. From first to last he was himself a Voltairean; but from 1832, the date of his eldest daughter's marriage with the king of the Belgians, he took pains to favor the Protestant form of religion and of free thought. Between '40 and '48, his efforts converged towards the transformation of his government into a personal one. The feelings of the court on religious questions underwent a violent change. Jesuitism was encouraged to be aggressive. Marie Amélie, who was a paragon of domestic virtue, was, unhappily for the monarchy, a bigot; but, for reasons that will shortly appear, she kept her bigotry down in the first of the two periods, and sacrificed religious prejudices to the extent of consenting to the marriage of the prince royal with a Protestant princess who was not susceptible of being converted to Catholicism.

About 1841 the queen cast off the reserve she had imposed on herself, and entered into closer relations with her family and those members of the Catholic party who were not Legitimists. Any one expressing sympathy with the Duchesse d'Orléans, a meritorious, enlightened, and unambitious princess, was treated coldly by her mother-in-law. The causes of this change from ostentatious constitutionalism and free thought were traceable to the marriage of Queen Victoria, in the following way. M. Thiers, in 1831, wanted to annex Belgium, the Catholics there being then with the French. When diplomatic obstacles were raised, he proposed to make the Duc de Nemours king of that state. Louis Philippe caught at the scheme; but, unknown to his ministers, the English government having proposed a match between Leopold and the princess Louise of Orleans, Leopold became the king's own candidate. It was the same thing to him to have a daughter queen or a son king, and there was the advantage that the princess could be raised to a throne without disturbance or danger. At Compiègne, where the princess Louise was married, Leopold adroitly, with what motive may be supposed, encouraged a hope, already formed, but not expressed beyond the royal circle. It was to secure the hand of his niece, the Princess Victoria, for the Duc de Nemours.

The Orleanist monarchy was popular with the victors of the Reform Bill agitation, who owed their victory in some degree to the *contre coup* of the July revolu-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tion. England was tired of going to war with France. She might be expected to regard favorably a marriage which would be a pledge of peace. The young princess was being brought up in very liberal ideas. The one objection, and it was a grave one, was the religion of the Duc de Nemours. Liberals and Tories would entertain an equal horror of a Roman Catholic suitor. The duc should become a Protestant before the match could be proposed. Leopold also represented that in William IV.'s lifetime nothing could be done. When William died, the intrigue which had been quietly pursued was actively pushed forward. The marriage of the prince royal was hurried on, and celebrated at Fontainebleau against all precedent, according to both Lutheran and Catholic rites. A family Bible was presented by the officiating pastor to the bride and bridegroom before the whole court. M. Jules Janin, summoned from Paris to furnish the *Débats* with an account of the wedding, was requested to give prominence to this incident, and to the Lutheran celebration. Protestants were appointed to the best places in the new household. The bride's stepmother, a princess of Hesse Homburg, was set on to write letters eulogizing the Orleans family to her connections in England.

Louise of Belgium, who was invited to the coronation of Victoria, undertook to show a miniature of the Duc de Nemours to the young queen. Ary Scheffer was engaged to do a profile likeness in crayon having the same destination. A campaign was got up in Algeria to give the suitor an opportunity of playing the hero. The Chamber being economic, Louis Philippe out of his own pocket doubled the credit opened to furnish the brilliant equipage in which Marshal Soult outshone every other ambassador in the procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster. Soult was instructed to flatter the Duke of Wellington, and to feast Apsley House veterans. In conversing with English political men, he was to dwell on the king's Protestant leanings and his attachment to constitutional principles. It was with surprise and chagrin that Louis Philippe and his wife received the notification of the queen's engagement with Prince Albert. Marie Amélie felt herself in the situation of one who had sold herself to the tempter, and been cheated by him.

The Duc d'Orléans's accidental death soon followed — an event which she took as a chastisement inflicted for having lent herself to this marriage with a Lutheran. Louis Philippe had no longer any family inducement to clog himself with English constitutionalism. Catholic matches for his sons presented themselves at Naples and Madrid; the nuncio was counted to assist in removing obstacles to them. Christina and Carlotta came to Paris. The Duchesse d'Orléans was isolated, and court favor withdrawn from Protestants. M. Guizot found he would either have to retire or promote personal government, Jesuitism, and the Spanish marriages. He chose the undignified alternative. Quinet and Michelet were silenced at the College of France. Thiers felt called upon to deliver his famous speech on the strides the Jesuits were making; Paris was convulsed with religious agitation; and all because Louis Philippe wanted to make up for the loss of an English match on which he had set his heart, by obtaining for one of his sons a Neapolitan, and for another a Spanish heiress. M. Thiers well said, "*Toujours eux; eux d'abord: le pays après.*"

Thiers's mistake was in not having made his own conditions when he found himself imposed on the Assembly by the national voice and the national disasters. He meant to found a republic. Had he said so in the tribune at Bordeaux the Commune would have never attained the proportions it did. M. Thiers had little in him to draw him to the side of monarchy beyond readiness to adapt himself to what he thought the pressing need of the day. From time immemorial Marseilles, his native city, has been, in manners, customs, and institutions, essentially democratic. He loved power less for what it brought him than for the opportunities it gave him of exercising his vast energies and varied faculties. The reproaches of Carrel and Cavaignac he may have merited, but not the suspicions of the people of Paris at the end of the siege. One of the causes of this misunderstanding was the privacy in which he lived from the *coup d'état* until he was returned by a Parisian *arrondissement* to the Corps Législatif. The multitude does not note slow transformations even in the opinions of men living in the full blaze of publicity. How could it perceive those operated in retirement? Thiers's compatriots in his lifetime fell also into the error of judging him by their own vanity. Self-confident he was, but vain never. He did not mind what the world said of him, provided his own judgment pronounced in favor of his actions.

In his direct relations Thiers was kind and genial, but he was not a benevolent

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

man. His great rival, Guizot, was not amiable, but he was humane. He mourned over the tragic destiny of the class whom the Greeks personified in Hercules, and the Hebrews in Samson. He wished to restore sight to the poor hoodwinked giant at whose blindness the Philistines made merry, though he did not see much harm either in the worshippers of Dagon or their mirth, and would have preserved their temple to them. The immortal side of the working-man was uppermost in his mind; but he forgot that the way to another world lies through this, and that the soul's health often depends on earthly surroundings. Thiers loved France, the nation; and cared very little for Frenchmen beyond his personal friends and acquaintances, until he became their idol. The popularity he enjoyed as he was descending to the tomb softened him, elevated him, and beautified his whole being. It would not be correct to state that he was enamored of an abstraction. What he liked was the peculiar civilization of which Paris is the centre, and the pleasant land that gave him birth. He would secure to that civilization all the liberties necessary to its easy development; and during the greater part of his life he had no more pity on those it pressed severely upon than a victorious general for the men slain in battle, or a priest of Juggernaut for the votaries under the car-wheels. His easy successes prevented him from sympathizing with the unfortunate, if their misfortune was the only claim urged for his pity. Theoretic fatalism did not hinder him from eliminating luck from the factors which go to build up individual prosperity. If people did not get on, the M. Thiers of 1848 thought it was their own fault. The power which Louis Napoleon and his Elysée accomplices won by bold gambling modified this view, which underwent further changes towards 1870, when he thought charity to the poor, and a large meed of it, a duty of the rich. Speaking of luck, I remember his saying one day that he accounted for the favor the empress Eugénie enjoyed abroad by the belief which her rise in the world induced in a lucky star. Young women, having no fortune but pretty faces, were encouraged to be of good cheer by her dazzling success. For some years after her marriage suicides among shop-girls and seamstresses underwent a remarkable diminution. The hope that Louis Napoleons of some kind would present themselves dissipated suicidal despondency.

Thiers was neither intriguing nor meanly ambitious. When he saw men in power blundering, he was moved to snatch their cards from them and play them out. If he could not use his cards according to his own judgment, he threw down the whole hand and went away. His tenacity in climbing the greased pole with a ministerial portfolio on the top, was only equalled by the agility and grace with which he descended. If he made a mistake he had no difficulty in saying his *mea culpa*. The list of errors into which he fell in trying to carry out great plans was a long one. He was wrong in stirring up the paving-stones to revolt against Charles the Tenth; he was wrong in taking for granted the malleability he wished to find in Louis Philippe; he was wrong in so soon unmasking his foreign policy; he was wrong in giving Louis Napoleon credit for sufficient intelligence to prefer him — the glorifier of the "great emperor," and the unrivalled administrator — to De Morny, De Persigny, De Maupas, and Fleury. Universal suffrage once granted, he was wrong in seeking to withdraw it, however unripe France was for it. At the same time there was wisdom in the speech in which he protested against political power being given to "the vile multitude," since he clearly explained that by that term he meant a swell-mob of vagrants, unwilling to create settled habitations for themselves and their families. He was right in trying to get the *déchéance* of the empire voted by the Corps Législatif, which was preparing to follow his advice when it was invaded, and a provisional government proclaimed. But he was grievously wrong in refusing to join the latter on the 4th of September, and in putting himself at the head of the delegate branch.

Another of his errors was listening to professions of unalterable attachment from M. de Falloux and his party at Tours, and assisting them to secure the return of a "rural" party to Bordeaux. But his prime mistake of all was the negotiating peace, which he alone was competent to negotiate, without first imposing his own conditions on the parties who turned him out of the presidency on May 24. M. Thiers, with a bad grace, accepted Gambetta, who on his return from Russia thought he was conspiring with the Orleanists. From the surrender of Metz he was in open enmity with the dictator. Every effort, after the 30th of October, seemed to him a waste of strength. He wanted to economize the national resources, and recoil the better to spring forward; and, with the aid of such allies

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

as time and jealousy of Prussia would create, endeavor to reconquer the Rhine frontier. M. Thiers, at the Hôtel de Bordeaux, evoked on every side latent hostility to Gambetta. Sharpshooters of the press were set on against him, and poisonous tongues to clamor. He stood between the dictator and the diplomatists who followed the delegate government to Tours. Lord Lyons, I remember, about the time Lord Odo Russell was at Versailles, called on Gambetta to converse with him on the questions then uppermost. M. Thiers, informed by his ubiquitous agents, came in like the unbidden fairy of the story at the royal christening, and nipped in the bud the negotiations which the dictator was feeling his way to open.

The unwelcome visitor divined the orders given to let nobody pass the anteroom where the churlish Pipe-en-Bois kept guard; found his way up by a back stair, and walked in, unannounced, to where Gambetta and the ambassador thought they were safe from eavesdroppers and intruders. At that time, when mighty issues were at stake, to have offered M. Thiers a share in the government would have been tantamount to abdication. In fact, it was impossible for men of ability, unless they were of docile disposition, to work with him. When they had the quality of docility he grew attached to them, and if they enjoyed a special superiority over him he bowed before it. He accepted M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire's direction on questions of political probity, and was guided by him in advising the Assembly to organize the republic.

On the 25th of May the ex-president occupied a little sunny dusty *entresol* in the Boulevard Malesherbes, in the corner house next to St. Augustine's church. The heat and noise disturbed him at his work. MacMahon was at the Elysée, and the Hôtel Bagration was not yet discovered. Directly he had moved there, he asked M. Leverrier to continue with him the astronomical studies in which in his rare intervals of leisure he had taken refuge from the petty passions that raged around him at Versailles. He received his own visitors in a room littered with botanical and geological specimens and books of science. Vauvenargues's essay on the human mind lay on his desk near an encyclopædia open at the page "*Histoire Naturelle.*" "He had seen a good deal of perverse mankind, and wished now to refresh himself in the works of the great God." Louis, his trusty *valet de chambre*, told his master's friends that he had never known him in a more cheerful state of mind. His conversation was lively and original, betraying no chagrin. When amusing gossip about "the ducs" and "the princes" was retailed to him, his face lighted up, and his eye took an arch expression. He was unfeignedly sorry when he thought that the Comte de Paris "*se déshonorait*" in lending himself to the fusionist intrigue which brought forth the Septennate. M. Thiers's room opened into the garden of the Hôtel Bagration, in which on Sunday mornings he received his visitors between seven and nine o'clock. He wore a padded brown cashmere dressing-gown, a broad-brimmed hat, a black cravat, glazed shoes, and black gaiters. With a magnifying glass he would run off from the subject of conversation to examine a blade of grass, a leaf, a flower, an insect that caught his eye. At half past nine he sat down to answer private letters, which he could not leave to his secretary. His own notes and letters were written on gilt-edged paper. In punctuating he reread what he had just penned, sentence by sentence, as he went on, but seldom from beginning to end.

In the June following his retirement to private life, Bismarck, who wrote to Manteuffel that France was in the hands of an Ultramontanist faction, thought seriously of retaining Belfort as a security for the observance of the treaty of Frankfort by the new government. Thiers got Russia to interfere, and went to Switzerland in August to thank Prince Gortschakoff, who was there, for the service he had rendered to the French nation. Verdun evacuated, and the war indemnity paid, Manteuffel wrote to Thiers requesting a souvenir of their personal relations. The ex-president sent the marshal the "History of the Revolution, Consulate, and Empire," with an autograph dedication. But before he could acknowledge the present, the recipient had to ask his king's — for Manteuffel will never call William by his imperial title — permission to accept it. "And so, marshal," said his majesty, "you are proud of this handsome gift?" "Yes, sire, it is a literary monument" — which in point of bulk it certainly was, for it was in fifty volumes. "And what have you thought of giving in return?" "Nothing as yet, sire." "Well, to pay M. Thiers in his own coin, send him in my name and yours the works of Frederick the Great, which my secretary is charged to hand you."

M. Thiers stood by himself as a parliamentary orator. I do not affirm that he was peerless, but I say that no other speaker

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

whom I have ever heard, or heard of, resembled him. He was called a *Prudhomme spirituel* by another tribune of his time. Certainly, he spoke to catch the ear of M. Prudhomme, and, in addressing him, let fall pearls and diamonds, which were to be picked up by intelligent listeners. Greek art was the perfection of common sense, so was M. Thiers's oratory when stripped of its *précautions oratoires*, the object of which was to gain a favorable hearing from stupid *bourgeois*. In the tribune, he took the attitude of a man at the wheel in a raging storm. Ascending it, his hands were filled with sheets of paper, in which, at wide distances from each other, notes in black, red, and blue ink were traced in legible characters. These memoranda, however, were not referred to in the course of the interminable, chatty monologue, which sparkled with brilliant traits, and culminated in a period that passed into general circulation directly it was uttered. "All the ideas," said Ste. Beuve, "flowed from facts;" and he might have added, facts well masticated and digested, for whatever Thiers read — and his reading was universal — he made his own. With his small stature and thin, piping voice, he gave the impression of a babe teaching wisdom to doctors. When he rose to philosophical amplitude, and — being assured that Joseph Prudhomme's ear was caught — put forth his dialectic vigor, the contrast between his physical weakness and his mental power was very impressive.

Thiers was respected by time to the last hour of his life. When death struck him his faculties were unimpaired. A premonitory symptom of his end, in the form of acute pains above the nape of the neck, caused him to hesitate just after the 16th May, when Gambetta asked him to lead the Republicans against MacMahon. They were accompanied by bleeding at the nose. Dr. Barthe, however, who was afraid of paralysis of the lungs, did not pay much attention to these symptoms. The family of the statesman conjured him to keep quiet. He said he would, barred his door for three days against strangers, felt the pains worse, and said he would rather die at once.

Resuming his lifelong habits, and throwing himself with ardor into the campaign against "the ducs," he became quite well, and told his friends that in the heat of the agitation he had picked up a store of strength. The one thing that made him uncomfortable was the want of a view from his house, which is at the bottom of a hill. Noisy Philistinism at Dieppe irritated him, and the rolling of the waves on the shingle kept him awake. The terrace of St. Germains commanded a fine view, and there were green pleasant drives in the vicinity; so to St. Germains he went. His last earthly lodging was in the pavilion in which Louis Quatorze was born, with whose funeral, as already mentioned, the national obsequies of M. Thiers so curiously contrasted.*

In the retirement incidental on the *coup d'état*, Thiers began to "educate his conscience." The death of his mother-in-law, which plunged him in the deepest grief, helped forward the purifying work. He rose with the events which brought his country to the brink of ruin. A sense of his popularity mellowed him in his latter days, when his features took a dignity and his manners a sweetness hitherto foreign to them. Bonnat and Mlle. Jacquemart have not made this transfiguration — for transfiguration it was — felt in their portraits of him. The best likeness I have seen is a three-sous engraving, striking, charming, and impressive, signed "Chapon," and published by Alfred Duquesne of the Rue d'Hautfeuille, Paris. His Majesty, *le Petit Bourgeois*, who never sought to rise above the *bourgeoisie*, and whose death made a greater stir in the world than the end of the most powerful king or emperor, is there shown to the life. In one thing it fails. I am sorry to say it does not give the very peculiar hands of Thiers. They were the hands of a toiler and an artist. In their general outline they were square; the last phalanx of the finger was smooth and pointed, and the nail narrow and pinkish. The right hand opened well to gesticulate, and was offered frankly to the visitor, without, however, demonstrative warmth. The left remained shut, with the thumb extended its full length. In looking at a portrait or a statue which pleased him, M. Thiers made use unconsciously of his thumb, as though he were modelling in clay a likeness of what he was admiring.

Thiers's sympathy with animals was one of the lovable features of his disposition. In looking over memoranda of visits paid to him I find some of a breakfast at the Elysée, to which General Chanzy, M. Rouland, the governor of the Bank of France, an African traveller, the president's family and household, and I, sat down. The conversation, which had run upon the war

* See the critique on Montlosier's "History of the French Monarchy" — 1822.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

indemnity, Count Arnim's incredulity as to its payment, and the climates of Versailles and Enghien, turned upon horses, M. Thiers going to visit a horse-show in the evening. He expressed great sympathy with the chevaline race, and spoke in glowing terms of the exquisite sensibility of the race-horse. The modern thorough-bred, the pride of English grooming, was not so picturesque, he said, as the old-fashioned hunter. But it was superior in its capacity to express delicate shades of feeling. Blind people had a sort of facial sense which enabled them, unassisted by their hands, to tell the height of a man in passing him by; whether the shutters of a shop were up or down, or whether the countenance of a person before them was severe or smiling. The whole skin of the thorough-bred horse, he imagined, was endowed with this sense. He thought that if the horse had the organ of speech it would be the most demonstrative being in creation. Nature gave it a mask which, by drawing down the skin tight over its face, debarred mobility of expression. It could not, because of its bulk, rub against a human being like a cat, or paw like a dog, or wag its tail, or whine, or utter sounds that caressed the ear. Yet such was the intensity of its feeling that it found channels for its eloquent expression. What in art or nature was there so eloquent as the eye, the nostril, and the quivering skin of the thorough-bred? M. St. Hilaire here observed that the skin-sensibility of the horse is becoming more developed. I ventured to observe that the race-horse one sees now at Longchamp is a less splendid animal than the thorough-bred of thirty years ago. Thiers agreed that it was less vigorous and picturesque. The exquisite barbs of Gascony were instanced as an argument in favor of the persistence of a fine type, which once fixed is not easily degraded.

M. Thiers's library had a world-wide celebrity. It was an abridgement of the most renowned museums of Europe; a handy edition of the greatest works of art in the cities he had visited in his artistic and historical peregrinations. He commenced his collection on a settled plan in 1833, when he sent Sigalon and Boucoyran to Rome, the one to copy for him "The Last Judgment," and the other Raphael's paintings in the Sistine Chapel. Sigalon died as he finished his work, which was a superb interpretation of the original masterpiece. Thiers wanted it to fill a space over his library mantelpiece. The copyist happily caught the precise, firm touch of Michael Angelo, who painted neatly and with an unfevered hand the prodigious beings that rose before his mind's eye. The transparent water-color tones, as they were managed by Sigalon, came nearer to the old frescoes than could an oil rendering. When the statesman and historian felt his eyes tired he was fond of resting them, especially on wet days, on the souvenirs of galleries he had seen, on the walls around him. They were hung with nice judgment. Each, suiting its next neighbors, retained its full value. From his desk M. Thiers was able to contemplate reductions of the "Sistine Madonna," "The Assumption" of Titian, the Bolognese "St. Cecilia," "St. Jerome's Death," Raphael's "School of Athens," "The Sibyls," "The Acts of the Apostles," and "The Transfiguration," which was opposite "The Last Judgment." Choice prints were transferred to the panels of the doors, and coated with a yellowish varnish. The bookcases, not higher than an English sideboard, were of a tone to harmonize with the pictures and statues. M. Thiers's official relations enabled him to procure photographs and copies of what was best worth reproducing in the royal, papal, grand ducal, and civic palaces of Italy, Spain, Dresden, Holland, and Belgium. The Windsor collection he could never so much as see, beyond that part of it adorning the chambers to which Messrs. Colnaghi's tickets procure admission.

M. Thiers made few hard-and-fast rules in his life. One of the few was to "defend ferociously the public purse," and the other not to give house-room to any but first-rate objects of *virtu*. After finding out for himself what was super-excellent in a gallery, his way was to sit as long as was possible before it, and to return again and again until it was well fixed on his brain. He then got a copy made, if of a fresco, in water-colors, and if of an oil-painting, in oils. Buonarotti — for so he preferred to call Michael Angelo, to associate him with that other giant, Buonaparte — drew him seven times from Paris to Florence. The "Sistine Madonna" attracted him to Dresden; and he travelled twice through Spain to see the portraits at the Escurial. One evening at the Place St. Georges, the wearisome monotony of travelling over plains was talked of. Thiers said to the person who started this subject, "When I find myself in a flat country, I shut my eyes and evoke the statues of Michael Angelo. They are familiar spirits who answer to

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

my call. I am fond of their companionship. Michael Angelo makes us feel the meaning of the apparently tragic destiny of man. Misery is a spur to effort, and effort is the fountain of all greatness. His works are full of consolation. What can be more consoling to the afflicted than his 'Nursing Madonna' in the chapel of the Medici? Affliction has ennobled her, as it ennobles every one who takes it for what it is — a spur to stimulate us to higher action. In contemplating her I have often thought of the lesson she might have given to a certain king I knew. The tragic destiny of her infant, whose future she divines, fills her with despair. But her maternal love will not be a hindrance to him when the time arrives for him to remain an obscure *prolétaire*, or become the most illustrious martyr of progress. She has the instinct of his grandeur. Noble pride in the struggle with maternal tenderness will gain the victory. A secular tree stripped of its leaves and resisting the wind affects me like that Madonna." He bought from the Salviati family the bronze duplicate of this marble, which was given by Michael Angelo to Salviati, bishop of Florence. Mme. Thiers intends to present it to the Louvre.

The doors of the library were kept by an Apollo and a satyr, copied by Mercie from the antique. "The Last Judgment" was flanked by reductions of the Farnese Hercules, and the "Slave" of Michael Angelo, which is conceived in the spirit of the "Nursing Virgin." Bronzes copied for M. Thiers from the tomb of Lorenzo de' Medici were stolen from the Garde Meuble, where Fontaine, the Communist, placed them. They were never found, and were sorely missed by their rightful owner, who called them the "schoolmasters of his soul." Other copies in marble were since done, but somehow they did not speak to M. Thiers the same language as the lost ones. Between them and the bronzes there was all the difference that a pious old lady might find between a favorite text in the authorized version of the Scriptures and a more accurate rendering in a new translation. "Day" and "Night" and "Dawn" and "Dusk," which had got into the hands of an old-clothes man, were recovered. They stand at the corners of the library. A common sentiment, that of intense grief agitates them. Were a young, heroic, majestic queen, whose heart is open to compassion, to hear each groan, see each scene of woe, and know of every injustice perpetrated in her state, she would look on the world with the profoundly sad eyes of these four statues. Between two of them was placed an *alto rilievo*, in *terra cotta*, of an entombment, also by Michael Angelo.

A mere list of the other grand, glorious, and charming works of art in the library and its ante-room would be tedious; and the space at my disposal does not admit of anything fuller. I shall therefore close with the mention of a pen-and-ink drawing of which M. Thiers once said: "All military and political science is comprised in that sketch." Leonardo da Vinci drew it rapidly, probably to fix a felicitous idea. A band of brave knights, mounted on incomparable chargers, are fighting an army of skeletons on foot. The host of dry bones have the best of the battle. Some are falling, and others rising from the ground to replace them. Infantry, here, sweeps away cavalry. The starving classes swamp the privileged orders. Famine seizes upon power. We admire most the noble cavaliers. But the artist forces us to ask, Why did they feed their horses so well when hunger was decimating their fellow-men? The skeletons, whether we like it or not, will gain the victory, for, again to quote M. Thiers, "They are struggling to infuse a little of God's justice into man's institutions."

EMILY CRAWFORD.

This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), *being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in* THE LIVING AGE *from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

CHAPTER L.

A NEW COMPANION.

THE arrival of the new sovereign to take possession of the ceded dominions had been made known to the people at Eagle Creek Ranch; and soon our poor Bell was being made the victim of continual interviews, during which agents, overseers, and lawyers vainly endeavored to get some definite information into her bewildered head. For what was the use of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

reporting about the last branding of calves, or about the last month's yield of the Belle of St. Joe, or about the probable cost of the new crushing-machines, when the perpetual refrain of her thinking was, "Oh, good people, wouldn't you take the half of it, and let me have my children?"

Fortunately her husband was in no wise bewildered, and it was with not a little curiosity that he went off to inspect the horses and two carriages that had been sent on to Denver for us from the ranch. My lord was pleased to express his approval of these; albeit that one of the vehicles was rather a rude-looking affair. The other, however — doubtless Colonel Sloane's state carriage — was exceedingly smart, and had obviously been polished up for the occasion; while, as regards the horses, these were able to elicit even something more than approval from this accomplished critic. He went back to the hotel highly pleased. He believed he had got some inkling that life at the ranch was not wholly savage. The beautiful polished shafts and the carefully brushed dark-blue cushions had had an effect on his imagination.

And then, right in the midst of all this turmoil, Lady Sylvia got a telegram from New York. We had just sat down to dinner in the big saloon, at a separate table; and we were a sufficiently staid and decorous party, for Mr. and Mrs. Von Rosen were dressed in black, and the rest of us had donned whatever dark attire we had with us, out of respect to the memory of the lamented Jack Sloane. (One of the executors was to call in on us after dinner; but no matter.) This telegram produced quite a flutter of excitement, and for the moment we forgot all about Texan herds and placer mines. Lady Sylvia became a trifle pale as the telegram was handed to her, and she seemed to read it at one glance; then, despite herself, a smile of pleasure came to her lips, and the color returned to her face.

"But what is this, Mr. Von Rosen?" she said, and she endeavored to talk in a matter-of-fact way, as if nothing at all had happened. "My husband speaks of some proposal you have made to him."

"Yes," said the lieutenant, blushing like a guilty schoolboy.

He looked at his wife, and both were a trifle embarrassed; but at this moment Lady Sylvia handed the telegram across the table.

"You may read it," she said, indifferently; as if it had conveyed but little news to her. And yet it was a long telegram — to be sent by a man who was not worth sixpence.

"*Hugh Balfour, New York, to Lady Sylvia Balfour, Central Hotel, Denver: Have got your letter; all is right. Shall reach you Saturday. Please tell Von Rosen that, subject to your wishes, I accept proposal with gratitude.*"

"Lady Sylvia," said the lieutenant, with his bronzed face as full of triumph as if he himself had brought about the whole business, "will you let me cry 'Hurrah'? Bell, shall I cry 'Hurrah'? Madame, do you object?"

And he held up the bit of paper for a signal, as if we were about to shock the calm proprieties of Denver.

"May I see the telegram, Lady Sylvia?" said Mrs. Von Rosen, taking no notice of her mad husband.

"Certainly. But please tell me, Mr. Von Rosen, what the proposal is. Why do you wish to cry 'Hurrah'?"

"Ah, yes, you may well ask," said the young man, moderating his fervor, "for I was too soon with my gladness. I will have to persuade you before we can cry any hurrahs. What I was thinking of was this — that you and Mr. Balfour would be a whole year with us, and we should have great amusement; and the shooting that I have heard of since yesterday — oh! I cannot tell you of it. But he says it is all subject to your wishes; now I must begin to persuade you to stay away from England for a whole year, and to give us the pleasure of your society. It is a great favor that my wife and myself we both ask of you; for we shall be lonely out here until we get used to the place and know our neighbors; but if you were our neighbors, that would be very pleasant. And I have been very busy to find out about Eagle Creek — oh no, it is not so bad as you would think; you can have everything from Denver — I do not know about ladies' saddles, but I will ask — and it is the most beautiful and healthy air in the world, Lady Sylvia ——"

"My dear Mr. Von Rosen," said Lady Sylvia, interrupting him with a charming smile, "don't seek to persuade me; I was persuaded when I got the message from my husband; for of course I will do whatever he wishes. But if you will let me say so, I don't think this proposal of yours is very wise. It was scarcely fair of you to write to New York and inveigle my husband into it without letting me know. It is very charming, no doubt; and you are very kind; and I have not the least doubt we shall enjoy ourselves very much; but

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

you must remember that my husband and myself have something else to think of now. We cannot afford to think only of shooting and riding, and pleasant society. Indeed, I took it for granted that my husband had come out to America to find some profession or occupation; and I am rather surprised that he has accepted your proposal. It was too tempting, I suppose; and I know we shall enjoy ourselves very much ——"

Husband and wife had been glancing at each other, as if to inquire which should speak first. It was the lieutenant who took the burden on his shoulders, and certainly he was extremely embarrassed when he began. Fortunately in these Western hotels you are expected to order your dinner all at once, and it is put on the table at once; and then the waiter retires, unless he happens to be interested in your conversation, when he remains, and looks down on your shoulders. In this case, our colored brother had moved off a bit.

"Lady Sylvia," said he, "I wish Mr. Balfour had explained to you what the proposal is in a letter; but how could that be? He will be here as soon as any letter. And I am afraid you will think me very impertinent when I tell you."

He looked at her for a second; and then the courage of this man, who had been through the whole of the 1866 and 1870–'71 campaigns, and done good service in both, fell away altogether.

"Ah," said he lightly — but the Germans are not good actors — "it is a little matter. I will leave it to your husband to tell you. Only this I will tell you, that you must not think that your husband will spend the whole year in idleness ——"

"It is a mystery, then?" she said, with a smile. "I am not to be allowed to peep into the secret chamber? Or is it a conspiracy of which I am to be the victim? Mrs. Von Rosen, you will not allow them to murder me at the ranch?"

Mrs. Von Rosen was a trifle embarrassed also, but she showed greater courage than her husband.

"I will tell you what the secret is, Lady Sylvia," she said, "if my husband won't. He is afraid of offending you; but you won't be offended with me. We were thinking, my husband and myself, that Mr. Balfour was coming out to America to engage in some business; and you know that is not always easy to find; and then we were thinking about our own affairs at the same time. You know, dear Lady Sylvia," — and here she put her hand gently on her friend's hand, as if to stay that awful person's wrath and resentment — "we run a great risk in leaving all these things, both up at Idaho and out on the plains, to be managed by persons who are strangers to us — I mean, when we go back to England. And it occurred to my husband and myself that if we could get some one whom we could thoroughly trust to stay here and look into the accounts and reports on the spot — well, the truth is, we thought it would be worth while to give such a person an interest in the yearly results rather than any fixed salary. Don't you think so?" she said, rather timidly.

"Oh yes, certainly," Lady Sylvia replied. She half guessed what was coming.

"And then," said our Bell, cheerfully, as if it were all a joke, "my husband thought he would write to Mr. Balfour telling him that if he liked to try this for a time — just until he could look round and get something better — it would be a great obligation to us; and it would be so pleasant for us to have you out here. That was the proposal, Lady Sylvia. It was only a suggestion. Perhaps you would not care to remain out here, so far away from your home; but in any case I thought you would not be offended."

She was, on the contrary, most deeply and grievously offended, as was natural. Her indignant wrath knew no bounds. Only the sole token of it was two big tears that quietly rolled down her face — despite her endeavors to conceal the fact; and for a second or two she did not speak at all, but kept her head cast down.

"I don't know," said she, at length, in a very low and rather uncertain voice, "what we have done to deserve so much kindness — from all of you."

"Oh no, Lady Sylvia," our Bell said, with the utmost eagerness, "you must not look on it as kindness at all — it is only a business proposal; for, of course, we are very anxious to have everything well looked after in our absence — it is of great importance for the sake of the children. And then, you see, Mr. Balfour and yourself would be able to give it a year's trial before deciding whether you would care to remain here; and you would be able to find out whether the climate suited you, and whether there was enough amusement ——"

"Dear Mrs. Von Rosen," said Lady Sylvia, gently, "you need not try to explain away your kindness. You would never have thought of this but for our sakes ——"

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"No," she cried, boldly; "but why? Because we should have sold off everything at the end of the year, rather than have so much anxiety in England. But if we can get this great business properly managed, why should we throw it away?"

"You forget that my husband knows nothing about it —— "

"He will have a year to learn; and his mere presence here will make all the difference."

"Then is it understood, Lady Sylvia?" the lieutenant said, with all the embarrassment gone away from his face. "You will remain with us for one year, anyway?"

"If my husband wishes it, I am very willing," she said, "and very grateful to you."

"Ha!" said the lieutenant, "I can see wonderful things now — wagons, campfires, supper parties; and a glass of wine to drink to the health of our friends away in England. Lady Sylvia, your husband and I will write a book about it — 'A Year's Hunting in Colorado and the Rocky Mountains.'"

"I hope my husband will have something else to do," Lady Sylvia said, "unless you mean to shame us altogether."

"But no one can be working always. Ah, my good friends," he said, addressing the remaining two of the party, "you will be sorry when you start to go home to England. You will make a great mistake then. You wish to see the Alleghany Mountains in the Indian summer? Oh yes, very good; but you could see that next year; and in the mean time think what splendid fun we shall have —— "

"Ask Bell," said Queen T. with a quiet smile, "whether she would rather return with us now, or wait out here to hear of your shooting black-tailed deer and mountain sheep?"

At this point a message was brought in to us, and it was unanimously resolved to ask Bell's business friend to come in and sit down and have a glass of wine with us. Surely there were no secrets about the doings of Five-Ace Jack unfit for us all to hear? We found Mr. T. W. G—— a most worthy and excellent person, whose temper had not at all been soured by his failure to find the philosopher's stone. It is true, there was a certain sadness over the brown and wrinkled face when he described to us how the many processes for separating the gold from the crushed quartz could just about reach paying expenses, and without doing much more; and how some little improvement in one of these processes, that might be stumbled on by accident, would suddenly make the discoverer a millionaire, the gold-bearing quartz being simply inexhaustible. It was quite clear that Mr. G—— had lost some money in this direction. He was anxious we should go up to Georgetown, when we were at Idaho, to see some mines he had; in fact he produced sundry little parcels from his pocket, unrolled them, and placed the bits of stone before us with a certain reverent air. Our imagination was not fired.

He had known Colonel Sloane very well, and he spoke most discreetly of him; for was not his niece here in mourning? Nevertheless, there was a slight touch of humor in his tone when he told us of one of Bell's mines — the Virgin Agnes — which led one or two of us to suspect that Five-Ace Jack had not quite abandoned his tricks, even when his increasing riches rendered them unnecessary. The Virgin Agnes was a gulch mine, somewhere in the bed of the stream that comes rolling down the Clear Creek cañon, and it was originally owned by a company. It used to pay very well. But by-and-by the yield gradually diminished, until it scarcely paid the wages of the men; and, in fact, the mine was not considered worth working further. At this point it was bought by Colonel Sloane; and the strange thing was that almost immediately it began to yield in a surprising manner, and had continued to do so ever since. Mr. G—— congratulated our Bell on being the owner of this mine, and said he would have much pleasure in showing it to her when she went up to Idaho; but he gravely ended his story without dropping any hint as to the reason why the Virgin Agnes had slowly drooped and suddenly revived. Nor did he tell us whether the men employed in that mine were generously allowed by Colonel Sloane to share in his good fortune.

He asked Bell whether she proposed to start for Idaho next day. She looked at her husband.

"Oh no," said the lieutenant, promptly. "We have a friend arriving here on Saturday. We mean to wait for him."

"Pray don't delay on his account," Lady Sylvia said, anxiously. "I can very well remain here for him, and come up to you afterward."

"Oh, we shall have plenty to do in these three or four days — plenty," the lieutenant said; "I must see about the ladies' saddles to-morrow, and I want to buy an extra rifle or two, and a revolver, and a

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

hunting-knife. And then this list of things for the house at Idaho —— "

No doubt there was a good deal to be done; only one would have thought that three or four days were pretty fair time in which to prepare for a short trip up the Clear Creek cañon. It was not, however. On the Saturday morning every one was most extraordinarily busy, especially as the time approached for the arrival of the train from Cheyenne. Next day all the shops would be shut; and on Monday morning early we started.

"Lady Sylvia," said the lieutenant, with ingenuous earnestness, "I must really go after those saddles again. Tell Mr. Balfour I shall be back to lunch, will you, if you please?"

Indeed, one went away on one mission, and the other on another, until there was no one of the party left in the hotel with Lady Sylvia but Queen T. The latter was in her own room. She rung, and sent a servant to ask her friend to come and see her. She took Lady Sylvia's hand when she entered.

"I am going to ask you to excuse me," said she, with great innocence. "I feel a little tired; I think I will lie down for an hour, until luncheon-time. But you know, dear Lady Sylvia, if there are none of them down stairs, all you have to do is to get into the omnibus, when it calls at the door, and they will drive you to the station; and you will not have long to wait."

The white hand she held was trembling violently. Lady Sylvia said nothing at all; but her eyes were moist, and she silently kissed her friend, and went away.

About an hour thereafter, four of us were seated at a certain small table, all as mute as mice. The women pretended to be very busy with the things before them. No one looked toward the door. Nay, no one would look up as two figures came into the big saloon, and came walking down toward us.

"Mrs. Von Rosen," said the voice of Lady Sylvia, in the gayest of tones, "let me present to you your new agent —— "

But her gayety suddenly broke down. She left him to shake hands with us, and sat down on a chair in the dusky corner, and hid away her face from us, sobbing to herself.

"Ha!" cried the lieutenant, in his stormiest way, for he would have none of this sentiment, "do you know what we have got for you after your long journey? My good friend, there is a beefsteak coming for you; and that — do you know what that is? — that is a bottle of English ale!"

From Fraser's Magazine.

BUDHIST SCHOOLS IN BURMAH.

BY THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN BRITISH BURMAH.

WHEN, fifteen years ago, the three territories of Pegu, Arakan, and Tenasserim, which form the eastern seaboard of the Bay of Bengal, were united into the province of British Burmah, one of the most difficult tasks which presented itself to the first governor was the direction of the popular education. The battle of education in India had been fought long ago, and by the efforts of Macaulay and his successors the main lines of a system adapted to natives of India had been already laid down. But Burmah is not India, though ruled by the Indian viceroy, and the educational question here presented an entirely new and deeply interesting aspect. The rulers of India have not been slow to recognize the evils of over-centralization, and in nothing has the government of India shown its wisdom more than in the liberal spirit in which it has entrusted to its local governors in each province the determination of measures dependent upon peculiarities of race, custom, or locality. The province of British Burmah affords the most conspicuous example of the wisdom and necessity of such a policy.

Although politically annexed to the Indian empire, and forming indeed one of its richest and most rising provinces, Burmah is in all essential respects far more akin to China than to India; and, while the Aryan provinces of the Indian peninsula, widely as they differ from one another, may be regarded in many ways as forming one compact country, Burmah has not more of kinship with the rest of the empire than the mistletoe with the oak on which it grows. The climate and outward aspect of the country are different; the people belong to another family of the human race, with other individual and social characteristics, and professing another religious creed.

The fair Mongolian people speaking a language akin to the Malay, followers of the Budhist religion, and differing in character more widely from any natives of India than even from their English rulers, require a no less distinct treatment in all matters of public administration, and in this young province all the problems which have for a century exercised the minds of governors in India, and have there been perhaps finally solved, reappear under new conditions.

Among these problems none is of more

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

interest or of greater importance than that of education.

The initial difficulty which here arose lay not in the organization of a suitable system of instruction, or of a machinery of control, but in the circumstance that a national system of elementary education was already in full possession of the field, was indeed so firmly established and so intimately woven into the national life that it was evident that if any educational measures were to be initiated by the English government those measures must at least not be antagonistic to the existing system, and that if they could be made to harmonize with it their success was certain.

The system to which we refer forms a prominent feature in the combined social and religious organization founded before the era of Christianity by Sakya Muni, to which the general name of Budhism is given; and the contact of this ancient faith, still holding all its primitive forms, customs, and traditions, with the most advanced type of Western civilization affords a rare opportunity of observing the characteristics and tracing the development and influence of one of the least known and most interesting among the religions of mankind.

The whole history of Budhism has, till quite recent years, been a sealed book to all but a few ardent scholars, and even now the sacred Pali language, which enshrines so many of the records essential to a right understanding of its tenets, is only struggling into a prominent place among Oriental studies. We read of the Lamas of Thibet, and even of the Budhists of Ceylon, with a far-off curiosity, such as that with which we regard the Aztecs of Peru, but here in one of the most flourishing provinces of the Indian empire, under the immediate rule of English magistrates, and in a land penetrated by railway, steamboat, and telegraph, is a living manifestation of the influence of the Budhist religion as a national power, with its monastic order in full vigor — its ceremonials unchanged, its rule of asceticism unaltered, and the very garb of its members the same as two thousand years ago.

Into the internal economy and working of this ancient order, as it exists in Burmah, a new light has been thrown in late years by the policy which has enlisted the sympathy of its leaders with the educational measures of the English government, and the results of the experiment have been so interesting that we propose to present, from personal observation, a brief sketch of the field of operation and the method which has been adopted with so much promise.

The most conspicuous object by which the simple Burmese village is first seen on the horizon is the *kyoung* or Budhist monastery. Built usually of wood, raised from the ground on solid timbers, with tall turreted roofs often richly and quaintly carved, its entrance marked by a still taller flagstaff and guarded by colossal masonry griffins, the monastery stands on the best site of the village, on a shady knoll or the bank of a stream or lake. It is a spacious building, containing one or more large rooms with bare boarded floors, and open on one side at least to the winds and to all comers. The approach is guarded only by the numerous wild dogs which trade upon the pious aversion of the Budhist to the taking of animal life, and lurk among the pillars upon which the building is supported. Ascending the wooden staircase, and passing across an open verandah, we are at once within the monastery. The sight is for a moment blinded by the darkness of the interior, the wooden walls being unrelieved by any color, and the ear is at the same time deafened by a chorus of children's voices repeating with the full power of their lungs the traditional Burmese spelling-book.

As we enter, the voices, now raised higher than ever, are found to issue from forty or fifty boys recumbent on the bare floor in regular ranks, each having before him a small oblong blackboard which serves the purpose of a slate. A smart tap from a long cane on the boarded floor causes instant silence, and the visitors advance to an inner recess where mats and cushions are spread, and where the monkish pedagogue is seated on the ground. By his side are curiously-shaped boxes and dishes of lacquer work and silver, containing betal nut, water, and the like. Huge palmleaf fans and monster gilded umbrellas lean against the wall, and in the dim light we find ourselves surrounded by gilded images of Gaudama — the name uniformly given in Burmah to the founder of Budhism — in brass, marble, or silver, piles of dusty palmleaf manuscripts, some of them richly illuminated, and boxes of various size and form ornamented with gilding and a kind of mosaic of colored glass. Above us colored lamps hang from the richly carved ceiling, and amidst the strange medley are carpets and vessels of English manufacture, and, in a conspicuous niche, an American eight-day clock.

Near us lounge a number of tall youths and boys with fair olive complexion,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

dressed in the uniform yellow monastic robe, and attentive to every word or signal from their superior. These are the juniors or probationers of the order, who minister to his immediate wants, who daily in solemn procession through the village beg for his morning meal, fan him in the heat. shield him from the sun as he walks, or row him in his boat on a journey.

We are received with an air of apparent indifference and offered a seat on the mats, and while our host continues to chew his betel nut in silence, and awaits our opening of the conversation, we may note his outward appearance, which is striking enough. His skin is dark and his cheeks thin as if with fasting. His head is bare and close shaven, and his dress is the uniform toga of sombre yellow cloth so folded as to leave one arm completely bare. The seams which traverse the robe in so many directions are relics of the original injunction, that the monk should be clothed in rags gathered in the graveyards and stitched together. In his hand he holds a rosary of beads, and his whole aspect is that of the recluse who has neither part nor lot in the things of the world.

Common as this scene is to those who live in the country, it is one worthy of a painter's canvas; and to step aside from a metalled highroad, skirted by a line of telegraph, into one of these quaint retreats is like passing at a step from the nineteenth century back to the years before Christ.

The monk is in no way disturbed by the interruption of our visit, and, unless of an exceptionally rude type, is glad to hold a conversation on general subjects, on education, or even on the tenets of his religion. Recluse though he is, it is natural to him to take pleasure in genial conversation, and he has been trained to habits of courtesy in a way surprising to a stranger, while the consciousness of the high social position which he holds disposes him to court an argument on subjects which may enable him to display to an admiring audience his superiority to the unenlightened foreigner. The Burmese language is necessarily the medium of conversation.

After a time we take our leave without formal ceremony, and the routine of school work is at once resumed.

Such in its outward aspect is the monastic school, as it is found in every town and village throughout Burmah. The richness of the endowment and the size and decoration of the monastery vary with the locality and the circumstances of the lay patrons, but the organization of the religious house and the system of instruction, to which we shall presently revert, are everywhere the same. Open freely to boys of all ages and stations, this is the national public school in which every Burmese boy, rich or poor, receives his earliest education. Its teachers are members of a holy brotherhood supported by the pious laity from whom they literally beg their daily bread, and whose pride it is to do them service, and its lessons are the same which generation after generation has learned within the same walls, and are in harmony with all the most sacred traditions of home life and the national religion.

The universal homage accorded to such an institution is no matter of wonder. Apart from the influence exercised by the unquestioned purity of the moral code of which the Budhist monk is the traditional exponent, the bonds which link together the institutions of civil and religious life in Burmah, the laity and the religious, are closer than under any other social system. Monastic orders have held sway in many countries, but we know of no other nation whose sons of every rank and station pass at one time of their life through the religious house, first as pupils of a school, and a few years later as temporary members of the order itself, which is entered through one of the most striking ceremonies to be seen in the East. At the age of fourteen or fifteen the Burmese boy on a set day is arrayed in the richest of dresses, decorated with gold and jewels, seated on horseback, with followers on foot bearing over him gilded umbrellas, and led in procession round the village to the monastery; there he is dismounted, his finery is stripped from him, his long hair — the pride of the Burman — is shaven, his rich dress is exchanged for the yellow monastic robe, and he submits for a time to the discipline of the monastery, remaining for six months or a year, or even it may be for life; for both entrance to and exit from this strange order are at all times voluntary, and though during membership the strictest rule of life is religiously observed, no vows compel the retention of the garb or forbid a return to the world. It is thus that the order is continually recruited, and thus that the monastery, both as a school and as a religious house, casts its shadow over the life of every native of Burmah. In his infancy he was carried in arms to the *kyoung* to listen in ignorant wonder to the preaching of the law, and among the associations of his childhood none is more deeply impressed on his memory than the daily walks to and from the *kyoung*, the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

discipline of the monastic school, and the lessons there learnt, which perhaps form all his stock of learning. Throughout his life it has been his most sacred duty to minister to the daily needs of the religious, and even his hopes of rest beyond the grave are largely based on the offerings made to holy men at special seasons, and the good works done by adding to their dignity or material comforts.

The honor thus universally paid to the holy ascetic has naturally attached itself to the work to which he is specially devoted, the teaching of youth. As the pious Budhist believes firmly in the efficacy of works to insure happiness, or at least a diminution of misery, after death, so of all good works none is more honorable in Burmah than that of the instructor of the young. To this feeling is due the existence side by side with the monastic school of the kindred institution which is found in every Burmese town, and is popularly called the "house-school" as distinguished from the monastery.

The "house-school," of which every town contains several examples, though modelled on the monastic school, is distinct from it in character, and, being free from the disabilities which necessarily fetter to some extent the religious house, promises, as we shall presently see, to attain an even more important position. The master is a layman who has retired from active life, and whose piety at once gives him the confidence of his fellow townsmen, and prompts him to lay up merit for himself by the traditionally good work of teaching. His school is usually conducted in his own private house, of which it occupies the greater part. He is probably not more learned than the monks by whom he was taught himself, and his system of teaching, his text-books and course of instruction, are a reproduction of their own. On the other hand, although an orthodox Budhist, his orthodoxy does not necessarily restrict his teaching; he has a guarantee for attendance which the monk is without in enforcing the payment of fees by his pupils, either in money or kind; and lastly — his chief claim to consideration — his classes are open to girls as well as boys. To these schools the country owes a vast debt of gratitude, for it is through them alone that the learning imparted to boys in the monastery (which excludes from its walls every animal of the female sex) has been handed on to their sisters, while it is to the intelligence of the women, and the free and independent social position which they enjoy — another honorable distinction which stamps Burmah as wholly separate from India — that the Burman owes the order and comfort of his home and the careful management of his affairs.

The instruction given in these time-honored institutions, lay and monastic alike, is naturally as elementary as the method of teaching is primitive. The school hours extend over the whole day with stated intervals, and far into the night the traveller as he passes the village *kyoung* will hear in the stillness the familiar chorus of scholars. The discipline is strict, and the Burmese boy is never spoilt by the sparing of the rod, in the virtues of which both parents and teachers have a firm faith; but there is immense waste of time, the attendance is very irregular, and no schoolboys in the world ever loved to play truant more than the lighthearted children of this happy country.

The pupil's first task is to master the alphabet and the intricacies of the Burmese spelling-book, to form the letters on his blackboard with a stone answering to a slate-pencil, and subsequently to read from palmleaf manuscript and learn by heart the passages read. The text-books universally used are the series of Pali texts (each accompanied by a running paraphrase in Burmese) which form the substance of the *Beedagat* or Budhist holy scriptures. The method of learning is almost exclusively by oral repetition; even the alphabet is learnt by the class *en masse* following a leader in chorus, and he is the best scholar who can repeat by heart, or rather by rote, the longest string of Pali texts, though even the paraphrase intended to translate them probably does not convey to his mind a glimmering of the sense.

In some schools has been added the teaching of a most clumsy system of arithmetic called *badin*, but upon this the strictest orthodoxy has always looked with disfavor.

It need hardly be added that we should look in vain among the most learned of the monks for scholarship, as the word is understood in Europe. Yet it is somewhat disappointing to find among the custodians of traditions and manuscripts so profoundly interesting to foreigners, an ignorance of the classic language of their own scriptures so complete that one of the most venerable and distinguished of the hierarchy could gravely and obstinately contend that the Pali language has no affinity whatever with Sanskrit!

But if the learning imparted is meagre, if the method of teaching is cumbrous,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and if the whole system is hampered by the restrictions of the monastic rule, yet that the entire male population should have been systematically taught to read and write the vernacular language is a distinction among Oriental nations worthy of every honor. And when we look to the still larger benefits conferred by the moral training thus given to the nation — a training which inculcates and has impressed upon the national character such precepts as self-denial, honesty, truthfulness, obedience to parents, reverence for age, tenderness to animals, and faithfulness to the marriage tie — when we think that at a time when England was in a state of barbarism, without the light of Christianity, without even a thought of science or of literature, this lofty morality was already preached in the far East, where the orderly religious house was at once the treasury of precious records of a great religion and the nursery from which a knowledge of letters was disseminated throughout the land; and when we reflect that the exponents of this teaching were men who voluntarily bound themselves by the most rigid rule of poverty and self-denial, our admiration leads us back with a new and genuine veneration to the memory of the wonderful man who headed a great popular movement, and from whose inspired genius emanated the conception which has expanded into such vast proportions.

The foregoing sketch will convey some notion of the nature of the twofold system of education which was found in Burmah indigenous to the soil — a system adapted to the wants and endeared to the hearts of a simple people, and dignified with the accumulated honor of centuries — upon which it was proposed by a foreign government to base new plans which, without jarring upon all that was hallowed by time and association, should be capable of expansion in harmony with modern thought. It needed a bold hand to touch a fabric in every way so sacred, and it was with natural diffidence but with a true instinct, as the event has proved, that Sir Arthur Phayre took the first tentative steps, by authorizing the gratuitous distribution in the monasteries of Rangoon and Moulmein of manuals of arithmetic and geography printed in the Burmese language.

It must be premised here that for many years Christian missionaries, both from Europe and America, had been at work among the Burmese, had founded the first schools conducted on the methods of the West, and — their chief title to fame — had devoted themselves to the study of the native languages, and both translated into them the Christian Scriptures and prepared manuals for use in schools.

The reception accorded to the officers deputed to visit the monasteries, distribute books, and explain the intentions of the government, was considered so far encouraging, that, although the educational authorities themselves were hopeless of any material success, more active measures were resolved upon. The system of school visitation was extended, trustworthy natives being selected for the duty, and the government took in hand the printing of text-books in the vernacular.

Special popularity has been gained by the publishing for the first time in printed form, and at a low price, of the Pali texts in most common use. An edition of six texts with the usual paraphrase, and accompanied by a glossary, was eagerly bought, ten thousand copies being sold in less than twelve months from its issue. A manual of arithmetic, prepared by the American Mission, has been almost as eagerly welcomed, the superiority of the European system of numbers being universally acknowledged, even by the most conservative of the indigenous teachers.

Text-books of geography have been less readily accepted, this being a science which at the outset overthrows theories of the origin and composition of the universe which are closely interwoven with the religious traditions of the Budhist; but even to the introduction of such unorthodox publications, few except the most bigoted of the monks offer more than the passive resistance of a confident incredulity. The readiest sale has naturally been found for the traditional Pali texts, and for the series of classical tales, hitherto written only on the palmleaf, which record the various existences of Budha or Gaudama: and the presentation in a cheap printed form of these classical works, familiar to every Burman, but associated until now with the labor of deciphering the palmleaf manuscript, is a boon which both the religious and the laity have warmly appreciated.

While the instruments of teaching have thus been multiplied, a complete system has been organized for the encouragement and improvement of the indigenous schools, of which the following are the main features.

Fixed standards have been laid down for the examination of pupils in the three subjects most commonly taught, the Burmese language, the Pali language, and

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

arithmetic; and money prizes, varying in value with the standard passed, are awarded at periodical examinations to both teachers and pupils. The difficulty of making such offerings to the monk bound to poverty is overcome either by handing over the amount to the lay patron of the monastery, or by substituting for money a gift of books. The prizes for the Pali language are awarded only for a knowledge of the grammar, or for an intelligent translation into the vernacular, and thus the ancient system of learning by rote is actively discouraged.

A certificate is granted with each prize, and a keen competition has by this means been called forth among rival scholars and between rival achools. A still more useful measure, and one accepted with a no less surprising readiness, even by the monks, has been the attachment to selected schools of masters (natives of the country) trained in a government school, appointed and salaried by government, and accustomed to European methods of teaching and school management. Special grants of public money are also made under stated conditions for school buildings, and for books or school apparatus, and the English school-slate and printed text-book are already widely supplanting the palmleaf manuscript and painted board which have been in the hands of a hundred generations.

The effect produced by these measures has been as rapid as it is remarkable; and while the standard of teaching in existing schools has been steadily raised, numerous new schools on a secular basis have been established under the fostering care of the government.

Annual competitive examinations are now held at the headquarters of each district, at which special prizes of a high value are awarded to the best scholar of the year in each subject; and the popularity of a measure which thus gauges the merits of rival schools within a fixed area is attested by the keenness of the rivalry, and the genuine interest shown by the parents, friends, and teachers, who assemble on these occasions from far and near, to watch the examination and applaud the success of their children.

In the competition so excited the lay schools have shown a general superiority to the monastic schools, although among the latter also are examples of the best type of indigenous school. From the last published report of the education department we learn that, though hardly yet fully extended to the whole province, the system has secured the adherence of no less than eight hundred and seventy-four monasteries and two hundred and fifty-five lay schools, having a total attendance of thirty-three thousand scholars.

The leaven thus introduced into the national system is full of promise for the future of this rising province, and even now the practical fruits of the plans of the government are not insignificant, when the inspector of schools can report of the pupils in a monastic school, aided by a government assistant master: "A stiff sum in compound proportion was worked out correctly and very rapidly by about a dozen boys, and they are good at vulgar and decimal fractions."

The phenomenon here presented is moreover without example. In Ceylon the same monastic order witnesses to the same religious belief, but no such response has been given as in Burmah by the monkish schoolmaster to the efforts of a foreign government to advance the cause of popular education.

It is not the province of this paper to treat of the general work of the department of public instruction, which forms a branch of the local administration, and which provides for a State system of English and Anglo-vernacular education, a system of government scholarships, and of grants-in-aid to missionary and other private schools; which regulates the publication and distribution of educational books, and directs the course of education throughout the province. It would probably excite surprise in many to learn that the English government expends yearly in this remote province not less than 20,000*l.* on education alone, and such readers would certainly be astonished to find in Rangoon and other Burmese towns flourishing schools, numbering from two to four hundred pupils, every one of whom is able to speak, read, and write the English language. Our object here, however, has been to indicate the interest attaching to the lower end of the educational ladder, or rather to the ancient foundation on which it rests; to claim attention for the field here laid open for the study of the history, traditions, and living organization, not only of an ancient educational system, but of a religion which probably numbers among its votaries, even at this day, a larger proportion of mankind than any other.

It is not long since Professor Max Müller, in tracing the steps which have been taken by scholars for the elucidation of

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the Budhist religion, remarked that hardly anything had as yet been done for exploring the literature of Burmah and Siam, which opened a promising field for any one ambitious to follow in the footsteps of Hodgson, Csoma, and Turnour; adding that next to Ceylon — which had been already fully explored — Burmah and Siam would seem to be the two countries most likely to yield large collections of Pali MSS. The government in Burmah has, indeed, very lately taken this subject in hand, and through the machinery of the education department has taken steps to search the monasteries, and to form a library of manuscripts at Rangoon.

But when both Burmah and Siam have been made to deliver up their secrets, and as complete a collection has been made as was made by Hodgson in Nepaul, and by Turnour in Ceylon, there will still be need of a scholar with the rare combination of qualifications possessed by Burnouf to wade through the mass, and separate what is valuable from what is worthless, with health and leisure for the task, and aided by a comprehensive and critical knowledge of many languages, by inexhaustible patience and unwearied industry, by a single eye to historical accuracy, and by the modesty which is seldom separated from a sincere love of truth. Such men are rare indeed.

But even were the treasures which, it may be fairly supposed, await the philologist and the historian in the niches of Burmese monasteries to prove delusive, some immediate gain may still be reaped from the contemplation of scenes such as we have tried to sketch. England has learned many new lessons from her Indian empire, which has largely contributed to that breadth of mind which less and less regards mankind from the insular point of view of the centuries gone by; and to the lessons so learnt the province of which we are now treating has contributed not less than the rest.

In the monasteries of Burmah we find among the heirlooms of a remote past, if not accurate scholarship, if not even trustworthy witnesses of history, at least a liberality of spirit, and a wide tolerance, which would put to shame many a scholar and theologian in Europe.

To those resident in the country the courteous hospitality of the Budhist monk had long been known, but even the most observant could hardly have anticipated the genuine liberality which has thrown open the doors of the monastery to the government inspector of schools, and welcomed without jealousy the graft of Western scholarship and science. Nor is this the symptom of any cringing to the secular power. A more independent people than the Burmese does not exist, and the ingenuousness which has astonished even those who knew them best, springs, we cannot doubt, from the same enlightened spirit which more than twenty centuries ago threw off the yoke which still binds India in the bonds of caste and founded the Protestant religion of Budhism.

And the tenderness with which we must regard so venerable a foundation is increased still further, when we reflect upon the certain decay which, after so long and useful a life, seems to threaten the monastic order in the advent of Western civilization. Under native rule, as we have said, civil and religious institutions formed parts of a common national life, but the English government of India, while it tolerates every form of religion, can give no exclusive support to any; the canons and decrees for centuries enforced by the secular arm are now powerless to bind unwilling subjects, and already the Budhist camp in Burmah is split into hostile factions which threaten to disorganize the whole ecclesiastical structure.

We need not be misled by sentiment into exalting too highly the merits of the monastic school, any more than into over-admiration of the system of asceticism to which it is linked. To the latter, however, we cannot refuse the homage due to the earliest struggles of mankind against the powers of evil; and in the same way, although we read in the blue-books of to-day that judged by the easiest modern standards the practical results of the indigenous system of teaching are miserably poor, and that as educational seminaries the majority of the monastic schools are in their primitive state utterly inefficient, we must still admire the temper which at this date prompts an ancient hierarchy to listen impartially to the ambassadors of a strange learning, as well as the wisdom and the patient perseverance which in this corner of the Eastern world have through long years kept alive the knowledge of letters, and given a dignity to the teacher's profession for which we hardly find a parallel in history.

P. Hordern.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

[*Published by arrangement with* HARPER & BROTHERS.]

DA CAPO.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER VI.

EN VOYAGE.

PRINGLE, Felicia's maid, did not call her mistress next morning till a very short time before the omnibus was starting for the station; and Felicia, who had lain awake half the night, jumped up half asleep, and proceeded to dress as quickly as she could. They were only just in time. Mr. Bracy was impatiently stamping on the pavement in an agony of punctuality. Jasper had walked on, they said. His luggage was there — three large bags, red, blue, and yellow, with which he habitually travelled. The intelligent Georgina, calm, brown, composed, was sitting in her corner, looking perfectly unmoved. Mrs. Bracy was also installed, checking over the various umbrellas and parcels. She was evidently ruffled: with poetic natures crossness verges on tragedy, and becomes very alarming at times.

"I'm so sorry," said Felicia, and she looked vaguely round, and to her surprise, and disappointment too, discovered no sign of Colonel Baxter. "Where is Colonel Baxter?" she said.

"My dear, how can I tell you?" said Mrs. Bracy, who was in devout hopes that he had been left behind; and Flora stared at Felicia as if in some surprise at her question.

Felicia flushed up; this was not what she had intended. "Mrs. Bracy, we must go back," said the young lady, very much agitated. "I promised that he should come with us. What will he think?"

"What is there to prevent Colonel Baxter from coming with us, if he chooses?" said the elder lady, with freezing politeness. "Certainly, if you wish it, I will desire the omnibus to return."

Felicia was just preparing to say that at all events Pringle should remain with a message, when the object of all this discussion stood up at a street corner to let them pass.

His luggage was also piled on the top of the omnibus, with Jasper's rainbow bags, and he had walked the short distance from the hotel to the railway station.

Felicia, seeing him, was satisfied at once; her sudden energy of opposition passed away; and when they all met at the station she greeted him smiling and composed, gave him her hand and her hand-bag with its many silver flagons.

Baxter could not find a place in the same carriage with Felicia; he climbed up upon the roof, where he sat smoking his cigar, and thinking over a short journey they had once taken together, six years before. Then it was fate that had separated them, honor, every feeling of affection and gratitude; now, only her will and the interference of a foolish woman kept them apart. From where he sat he looked down upon Jasper, who stood outside the carriage door upon a sort of platform with a rail; the artist was hatless; he wished his hair to stream upon the wind.

"Take care, Jasper. Come in here," cries Mrs. Bracy, who had just sent off the colonel, and declared she must have space for her two fat feet upon the opposite seat, and that there was no room for any one else in the carriage.

But Jasper said he preferred the rhythm of motion as it thrilled him where he stood.

A pretty little railway runs between the smiling valleys that lead from Berne to Interlachen.

Felicia looked out of the window, well pleased by the pleasant sights and aspect of the road.

The railway meets a steamer waiting by a certain smiling green landing-place; and all the passengers issue from the train and go on board, and look over the sides of the boat into deep sweet waters lapping the shore, and calmly flowing in long silver ripples across the lake. On either side the green banks are full and overflowing. White *pensions* stand in gardens; people come down to the steps to see the steamer pass. Everything tells of peace, of a placid, prosperous comfort.

Baxter found Felicia a place by an American lady who was pointing out the various scenes of interest to two young ladies, her charges, with an alpenstock, and the help of a Baedeker.

"Oh, Miss Cott, is this the page?" inquire her pupils. "What is the exact distance per rail from Berne to the steamer?"

"Page 47," says Miss Cott, rapidly turning over the leaves.

The steamer started off; all the people clustering on board flapped their wings and hummed their song in the sunshine as it streamed above the awning. The Swiss ladies accepted a respectful share of their husbands' conversation; the American ladies, on the contrary, took the lead. There was one stout and helpless person-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

age, covered with rings and many plaits of false hair, to whom Felicia had taken a great dislike, until a little brown-faced girl with earrings ran up and began to kiss the ugly cheeks and to smooth the woman's tumbled locks.

"Look at that child," said Felicia; "how fond she seems to be of the horrid old woman! I am sure I never could tolerate such a mother."

"And yet you care for *her*," said Baxter, looking with no friendly glances at Mrs. Bracy advancing to join them. "Oh, Felicia! won't you tell her that you are going to belong to me, not to her? You must choose between us, you see," he said, with a smile.

"How can you speak so absurdly?" she said, turning away, hurt; "how mistrustful, how unkind you are!"

She did not make allowances for his diffidence, for his boundless admiration, for his natural wish for certainty, now that the die was cast. The colonel, who had less life before him than Felicia, more experience of its chances and disappointments, more intensity of feeling to urge him on, might well be more impatient. He had kept her waiting: did the malicious little creature mean him to feel her power now, and to take her wilful vengeance? Her cousin James had spoiled her so utterly that she imagined that all lovers were like James, and would submit to her quick caprices, her sudden flights. Little she knew Aurelius, who now with black, bent brows, excited, uncompromising, prepared to show her what he felt.

Felicia wanted everybody, not Aurelius only, but others, to be happy and satisfied. It seemed to her to be almost wicked to sacrifice old and tried friends to the fancies of this new-comer.

He had played a part in her life, indeed, but it had been a shadowy part hitherto. Suddenly that shadow had become alive: it spoke for itself; it had a bearing which she could no longer sway at her fancy now. She hardly knew what she felt or what she wanted. Time seemed to her the chief thing that was to explain and harmonize it all, to accustom her to it all. It would be very nice to have him there always, she thought. They might take walks together, and read books together, and little by little he would learn to appreciate her dear kind Bracys, and they would learn to know him. Suddenly a thought struck her. Could it be Emily Flower who had influenced him against her friends? It was not like him to be so unkind.

Baxter, meanwhile, who had thought that all was explained and clear between them, could not understand these recurring doubts and hesitations. He had made up his mind to come to an issue of some sort; and as he stood behind Felicia's bench, he let his fancy drift, as hers had sometimes done — imagined a little scene between them which was to take place in a very few minutes; he was to speak plainly to her — to the woman who had all but promised to be his wife; he meant to tell her how truly he loved her, how unendurable this present state of suspense had suddenly become.

His whole heart went out to her in tenderness and protection. He felt so much and so deeply, surely she would understand him.

The steamer paddled on its way, the hills floated past; the people came on board, and struggled off to shore.

CHAPTER VII.

NO ANSWER.

PRESENTLY a special peaceful hour of sun and calm content seemed to fall on the travellers; the talk became silenced, the waters deepened, the banks shone more green. Aurelius, looking up, saw that his enemy had allowed herself to be overcome by the stillness, by the tranquil rocking of the boat. She was leaning her head on Miss Harrow's shoulder. Mr. Bracy was at the other end of the boat, claiming acquaintance with a benchful of English people. Jasper was drowsily balancing himself against the bulwark, with both arms widely extended. A swan came sailing out from shore; and then Aurelius began his sentence, and in plain words, not without feeling and honest diffidence, he spoke in a low voice, of which Felicia heard every syllable.

"I have been thinking that I perhaps took you by surprise yesterday," he said. "If it is so, you must tell me; you must not be afraid of giving me pain. Anything is better than want of confidence; but this state of indecision is really more than I can bear. It was not without painful uncertainty as to what your answer might be that I came; and yet you know that my heart is yours, and has been yours only for all these years. Now whatever your answer may be, I will abide by it."

Felicia was touched; but she was silent, tapping her foot against the wooden deck.

"If I had come long ago, perhaps I might have had more chance," Aurelius went on, frightened by her silence. "Per-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

haps you think me presumptuous. Some one in whom I trust encouraged me to come."

"Emily Flower, I suppose, told you to come," said Felicia.

"Yes," stupid Aurelius answered, slowly. "She told me to come."

Felicia looked away; she did not care to meet his honest eyes. So he had not come of *himself*, but only because his cousin had sent him — only come because he thought she expected it of him. Her cheek burned with indignant fire.

The little heiress was an autocrat in her way — in that gentle, vehement, kind-hearted way of hers. She was an unreasonable autocrat as she sat there, motionless, with her head turned away; her eyes flashed angrily, but then tears came to put out the fire. Was no one to be trusted? Did not even Aurelius love her enough to come straight home to her? He too must needs consult and hesitate and calculate. James would not have left her all this long time. The steamer paddled on while the two waited in their many-voiced silence; but when at last Felicia looked up, the glance that met her own was so sad that she had not the heart to speak the jealous words that had been upon her lips, the crimson had died out of her cheeks, and her eyes softened. Aurelius took it all so humbly with a sudden hopelessness that surprised Miss Marlow, who, as I have said, for all her innocent vanities and whimsicalities, did not realize in what estimation Baxter held her. Something touched her. Suddenly her face changed to the old kind face again; she put out her little hand with its soft gray glove.

"We must have our talk another day," she said; "to-morrow, not now. This is not the time."

"No, indeed," said Aurelius, not without emphasis; for, as he spoke, Mrs. Bracy was awakening with a wild start — an appealing smile to the company such as reviving sleepers are apt to give. In a minute more she had joined Felicia. Baxter walked away to where Jasper, at his end of the boat, had shifted his spread-eagle attitude into one of skewer-like rigidity, while little Mr. Bracy came trotting up, panting and bubbling over with information. "The Alpes! the Alpes!" says he; "I'm told that is the place to go to, Flora; good *table d'hôte*, a magnificent view; the divine for you, my love — for us the creature comforts. That family that you see sitting near the wheel is going there; the gentleman strongly recommends the place — a very pleasant, well-informed person; he was on board the steamer we crossed with to Calais. I think you would like him; but, of course, one can't be sure."

"Edgar," said his wife, "make what acquaintances you like, but *pray* do not introduce them to me. Our party is much too large as it is. It was a mistake bringing Georgina," she added, as Felicia looked up at her with a quick glance.

"You did it out of kindness, my love. The poor girl is thoroughly enjoying herself," cries the little man, anxiously.

Then all the little bustlings and distractions of the road come to divert everybody's mind from personalities.

The travellers by water were turned into passengers by steam, and then again into wretched fares, wedged side by side in a light red velvet omnibus, with gilt looking-glasses to reflect their wry faces. Jasper had more than enough to do grappling with his parti-colored bags. Aurelius shouldered his own small portmanteau and Felicia's dressing-case, leaving Mr. Bracy, with the help of the amiable Miss Harrow, to collect the many possessions of his Flora — her writing-book (carried loose with her pen and her inkstand), her cushions and sunshades, her luncheon in its basket.

Mrs. Bracy's poet nature invariably required a luncheon-basket, the one armchair, the most comfortable bedroom, the wing of the chicken, the shady corner in the garden. The spirit being imprisoned in mortal coil, Flora was wont to say, it required absolute freedom from mere temporary discomfort, in order to have full scope to soar.

"So I have observed," says Baxter, dryly, in answer to the lady's appeal.

"Ah, indeed!" Mrs. Bracy answers, dimly dissatisfied; "you notice everything."

"For comfort," says Jasper, joining in from the opposite corner of the omnibus, and with a glance at the other passengers, "give me cats to stroke. I thought of bringing a couple abroad, but my uncle dissuaded me."

"Cats!" says Baxter, eying Jasper as if he was a maniac.

But here the omnibus stops at the doors of the hotel; the porters, waiters, major-domos, rush forward, breathless, to grip the elbows of the descending travellers.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

CHAPTER VIII.

BY A FOUNTAIN.

It is very hot and sultry in the hotel garden. The fountain and the piano from the saloon are playing a duet. The fountain itself must be boiling after the morning's glare, but the sound of the water is not the less delightful to parched ears. An old man sits on a bench by a charming and handsome young woman; a grandchild is playing at his feet. The old man's is a world-known name; he has swayed nations and armies in his life, but he is quietly stirring his coffee in the shadow of the chestnut-tree. Presently, obsequiosity in thread gloves, with a newspaper in its hand, comes up and bows low, takes a respectful chair at the old diplomate's invitation. Felicia is sitting in a little arbor close by, leaning back half asleep, and swinging her little feet. She has taken off her felt hat, pushed back the two plaits that usually make a sort of coronet about her pretty head. The diamond ornament at her throat glistens like the radiating lights of the fountain; the folds of her China silk dress shine with tints that come and go. She is in a peaceful, expectant state of mind, drowsy, prepared for happiness to come to her; it is much too sultry weather to go in search of it. "How can Georgina go on practising as she does through the heat of the day?" Meanwhile Miss Harrow, the musician, leaves off for an instant, looks up at the approach of Colonel Baxter, or answers when he asks her whether she has seen Miss Marlow, "Yes, Colonel Baxter, you will find her by the fountain;" and then she begins again with fresh spirit, and some vague and reanimating sense of an audience. The dry knobbly fingers rattle on, her bony head nods in time, her skinny kid feet beat upon the pedal with careful attention. It would be difficult to say of what use Georgina's monotonous music is to herself, or to art, or to the world in general; but she does her best, while Felicia by the fountain shrugs her pretty shoulders. Miss Marlow is still sleepily watching the old diplomate and his coffee-pot under the tree, and then her soft, heavy eyes travel on to the end of the terrace, where she can see the line of the mountains. Everything to-day is sleepy, and heaped with shadows and tranquil languor. The blue is kindling beyond the line of crests, the lovely azure flows from peak to peak, from pass and glacier to rocky summit; the sky seems to catch fire as Felicia looks, and a white *something* leaps to meet it. The bushes about are all in flower, a whole parterre of olive-green and yellow constellations scenting the air. How hot, how still it is! how straight the paths look, just crossed here and there by some faint shadow! One's life seems passed, she thinks, in straggling from shadow into sunshine, and from shadow into sunshine again. Outside the low wall the people go passing — the prim young German ladies with their tight waists, slightly lame from their clumsy high heels; the little fat Englishman, conscious of his puggaree; the Swiss family, in drab, with hand-bags to match, each shaded by a dome of calico. Then Felicia vacantly stares at the shining ball upon its stick, that grows in front of the hotel, and which reflects the sun and the human beings coming and going upon the face of the earth, all gradually curved; and while she is still looking, the figures issue from the ball, they turn into well-known faces and forms; one sits down beside her on the bench, another holds out with both hands a china plate, which breaks into a star. Felicia's little head falls gently back upon a branch of myrtle. She is asleep, and peacefully slumbering in the valley of ease, with a sweet childish face, breathing softly; and Aurelius, black and determined, who has come to reproach her, to insist upon an explanation, stands watching her slumbers for a moment. As he watches, his face softens and melts, and then he walks away very quietly. When Felicia awoke with a start, about an hour later, she found a soft knitted shawl thrown over her. Baxter did not appear again till dinner-time, and during dinner he said nothing particular, looked nothing remarkable. He sat next Felicia, attended to her wants, and talked very pleasantly in the intervals.

The Bracys were bent upon enjoying the various pleasures of the place; and Mr. Bracy, having learned from the head waiter next day that a band played in the gardens of the establishment from four to five, urged his ladies to attend the entertainment. They consented somewhat lazily, for, as I have said, the weather was hot, and exertion seemed unwelcome, but once there, it was pleasant enough. A little breeze came rustling over their heads; the company sat chattering, turning over newspapers, eating ices; the tunes were dinning gayly; cigars were puffing; friends were greeting. Felicia was sitting between Mr. Bracy and Miss Harrow, under the shade of an awning; Mrs. Bracy was taking a turn on Jasper's indigo arm,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

and Mr. Bracy had suddenly started up to greet some of his numerous steamboat acquaintances, when somebody came striding over a low iron fence at the back of Felicia's chair, and sat down beside her in Mr. Bracy's vacant place. I need not say that this was Baxter, who had chosen his time, and began at once.

"We can have our talk now, Felicia. You gave me no chance last night. Miss Harrow, would you kindly leave us for a few minutes?" Georgina vanished in discreet alarm, notwithstanding Felicia's imploring glances, and then Baxter went on, very quietly, but with increasing emphasis: "You *must* face the truth, Felicia; you *must* give me my answer. Ask no one else; tell me what you wish from yourself. This much I have a right to ask. I can bear the uncertainty no longer, and I have kept out of your way all to-day on purpose; now you must let me speak plainly. All night long I lay awake wondering what you would decide. I know," he added, "that I am about as bad a match as you could make, but I don't think any one could ever love you better."

She heard his voice break a little as he spoke, and then he waited for the last time in renewed emotion for the answer that was to decide both their fates. He was really not asking too much. As he said, he had a right to an answer. Was it some evil demon that prompted Felicia? She meant to spare him, as she thought, to gain time for herself.

"Why are you always thinking of my money?" she said, reproachfully. "Mrs. Bracy tells me it can all be tied up if I marry; it need not concern you."

Her words somehow jarred upon Baxter; indeed, they jarred upon Felicia herself as she spoke them. He was overwrought, perhaps unreasonable, in his excitement.

"It is you and Mrs. Bracy, not I, who are always thinking about money," he cried. "If you can suspect me of such unworthy motives, you are not the woman I took you for. Felicia, trust me — make no conditions ——"

She laid her hand upon his arm to quiet him, but he went on all the more vehemently. "You let their flatteries poison your true self. I will agree to none of their bargains. If you love me, marry me with your heart and with all that you have. If you do not care for me, send me away, and I will certainly trouble you no longer. Oh, Felicia! you should not use me so."

He spoke in a voice which frightened her, with a sort of reproachful despotism that startled and terrified Miss Marlow far more than he had any idea of it. When she answered, it was to a sudden scraping of fiddles, with which she unconsciously raised her tones.

"I cannot see what you have to complain of," she said, trembling. "If you insist upon only marrying me with my money, I certainly cannot agree to the bargain, as I told Mrs. Bracy. I do not grudge you the money. If you wanted some, I would give you some, but not myself with it. You ——"

"Felicia!" He started up, and spoke in a cold, rasping voice. "You need not have insulted me. Good-bye. You have given me my answer. You are ruined by your miserable fortune. My truths don't suit you; their lies please you better. Good-bye; be happy your own way, with the companions you prefer."

"Colonel Baxter!" cried Felicia, starting up too, as he turned. "Don't go; you know you promised to come with us to-morrow."

Aurelius looked her hard in the face with his dark, reproachful eyes. "I could only have come in one way," he said; "that is over forever."

"For — forever," Felicia faltered, dropping back into her chair again, for he was gone. The musicians had ended; the whole place seemed suddenly empty and astir; a crowd seemed to surround her; she thought once that Baxter had returned, but it was only Jasper standing beside her. "I came back to look for you," said he. "Aunt Flora is gone to the hotel. What is this?" and he suddenly stooped and picked up a dirty little bit of yellow rag that was hanging to one of the railings. "See what quality! What exquisite modulations of tone!" cries Jasper, holding his prize up in the air.

"Yes," said Felicia, mechanically, she knew not to what, nor did she look at the precious rag. At the first opportunity she escaped from him, and ran up stairs and along the passage that led to her own room. Once there, she locked the door, still in a sort of maze. She sat stupidly upon the red velvet sofa, staring through the window at the great white Jungfrau, which seemed to stare back at her. What had she done? Had she been wise; had she been acting with sense and judgment and sincerity? There are passes in life where it is scarcely possible to realize very clearly the names of the various impulses by which we are driven. Every moment brings a fresh impression, a fresh aspect of things. Each impression is true, but

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

partial; each aspect is sincere, but incomplete. Perhaps at such times the only clew is the dim sense of a whole to be completed; the craving for more time, for distance that defines and cancels the less important facts, and reveals the truth. Felicia had followed her impulse and let Aurelius go, though in her heart she would fain have called him back to her again. Baxter had set the estimation of others beyond his own conviction. Instead of thinking only of Felicia, he had thought of his shortcomings; and she, instead of thinking of Baxter, had talked about him to Flora Bracy. It had all been so short that she could scarcely realize it. If her happiness had been vague, her unhappiness was still more intangible. What had these two days brought about? A possibility. Aurelius had reproached her; she had answered angrily; but it was all over. "Forever," he had said. She sat there till the loud dinner-bell began to din through the house, and raps at the door reminded her that Pringle was outside, the others were waiting. Could she bear to tell them? Some feeling in her heart shrank from their comments. She felt that it would be best to try and behave as if nothing had happened. She bathed her aching head, let Pringle smooth her hair, and then hurried down-stairs.

From The Academy.

THE MOTION OF "CIRRUS" CLOUDS.

THE researches of Mr. Clement Ley into this subject are well known, and now we have to notice the appearance of a most important work by Prof. Hildebrandsson, of Upsala, entitled "*Atlas des Mouvements supérieurs de l'Atmosphère*," which is published at the expense of the Swedish government, and is copiously illustrated by fifty-two charts. In the discussion the author fairly says that meteorology is still in the first stage of its development as a science, and that what is at present necessary is to determine what are the real facts of air movement before beginning to theorize about them. The paper accordingly contains a most careful digest of the present state of our knowledge of the motion of the air in cyclones and anticyclones, as given by the best recent authorities, and then proceeds to treat the materials for the study of the motions of upper clouds furnished by the observations collected from the various volunteer stations established in different parts of Europe, which are, however, very scanty compared with what is really requisite. He summarizes the final outcome of his labors as follows: — Around a barometrical minimum the air moves along the earth's surface in a spiral path towards the centre, in the direction opposite to watch-hands. At the centre it rises and moves further and further away from the axis the more it ascends. In the upper strata of the atmosphere the air flows away from the region of minimum pressure, and collects itself in a uniform layer above the district of maximum pressure, where it gradually descends to the surface of the ground in order to flow away from the region of highest barometrical readings. These statements are based on the evidence afforded by the charts, and, speaking generally, we find some eight or ten cirrus observations on each chart. The final dictum, however, merits great attention, as it comes from a most painstaking investigator, but it is needless to say that it indicates the necessity of increased efforts to collect observations of cirrus clouds.

A CORRESPONDENT at Waterloo, N. Y., sends us a quotation from *Littell's Living Age*, No. 1741, page 182, where, in an article on Commodore Goodenough, the writer speaks of the ship sailing into port "with yards *scandalized* and flags at half mast." A ship's yards are "scandalized" when instead of being drawn shipshape they are, as a greenhorn expressed it, "every which way," or as a landsman had it, "all at sixes and sevens." It is a common practice for extreme Catholic nations, notably the Spanish and Italians, to *scandalize* (or as the French would say to *dishevel*) the ship's yards when lying in port on Good Friday. The object is to express extreme mourning, as an individual would have done it in the earlier days, with disevelled hair and disordered raiment. The ship puts on a distracted appearance, like an inconsolable mourner plunged in the depth of grief.

N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XX. | No. 1749. — December 22, 1877. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXV.

CONTENTS.

I. SOME SONNETS OF CAMPANELLA, . . . *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 707
II. ERICA. Part V. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . . . . *Frau von Ingersleben*, ... 717
III. LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET. By James Anthony Froude. Part VI., . . *Nineteenth Century*, ... 723
IV. DA CAPO. By Miss Thackeray. Conclusion, *Advance Sheets*, ... 736
V. THE CASE OF LORD DUNDONALD, . . . *Gentleman's Magazine*, . . . 746
VI. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Conclusion, ... *Harper's Bazar*, ... 752
VII. A MIGHTY SEA-WAVE, ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 758
VIII. THE SUN'S DISTANCE, ... *Nature*, ... 766

POETRY.

A WAIL FOR THE WHALE, ... 706
A CRY, ... 706
A BALLAD OF THE "THUNER-SEE," . 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.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

A WAIL FOR THE WHALE.

Ah, alas! it is over forever!
Has the climate — which most of us kills —
Settled thee? Say, again shall I never
Read thy name in large type in the bills?

Must I stand at the door with my shilling,
But to hear thy too pitiful tale?
Is it useless to urge that I'm willing —
Quite — to put down one more "*for the whale?*"

Alas, yes, 'tis too true! Though they caught thee,
Prepared for thee honors untold, —
P'raps with *Pongo* to dine might have taught thee, —
They couldn't quite cope with thy cold.

And though M.D.'s abound in thy quarter,
Alas, what could their science suggest?
They might say, "Put its tail in hot water, —
Try a plaster or two on its chest.

"Such a cold! — all our practice can't match it;
It floods diagnosis with doubt.
Where on earth did our young patient catch it!
Has it been in the water — or out?

"We can picture an elephant wheezing,
Or a Python knocked over by cramp,
But a whale! — we can't fancy *that* sneezing,
With a pulse at a hundred — from damp!"

So I wonder, at human invention
If thy too fishy nature took fright,
When each minute, with kindest intention,
Some one soused thee all day — and all night!

If that voyage across the Atlantic, —
Meant to handsomely butter thy bread, —
Made thee long for a voice to cry, frantic,
"Oh! do stop, I've a cold in my head!"

Such a cold! Ah, too late they all rue it!
And denounce thy berth *minus* a lid, —
With a douche! For if *that* didn't do it,
'Tis not easy to tell thee what did!

Ah! but there, — all is over forever!
Though thy tank daily empties and fills,
I shall never again — I shall *never*
Read thy name in large type in the bills!

Punch.

A CRY.

Lo! I am weary of all, —
Of men, and their love and their hate;
I have been long enough life's thrall,
And the toy of a tyrant fate.

I would have nothing but rest,
I would not struggle again;
Take me now to thy breast,
Earth, sweet mother of men.

Hide me, and let me sleep;
Give me a lonely tomb,
So close and so dark and so deep,
I shall hear no trumpet of doom.

There let me lie forgot,
When the dead at its blast are gone;
Give me to hear it not,
But only to slumber on.

This is the fate I crave,
For I look to the end, and see,
If there be not rest in the grave,
There will never be rest for me.

Spectator. H. E. Clarke.

A BALLAD OF THE "THUNER-SEE."

Soft on the lake's soft bosom we twain
Float in the haze of a dim delight,
While the wavelets cradle the sleepless brain,
And the eyes are glad of the lessening light,
And the east with a fading glory is bright —
The lingering smile of a sun that is set —
And the earth in its tender sorrow is dight,
And the shadow that falleth hath spared us yet!

Oh! the mellow beam of the suns that wane,
Of the joys, ah me! that are taking flight;
Oh, the sting of a rapture too near to pain,
And of love that loveth in death's despite!
But the hour is ours, and its beauty's might
Subdues our souls to a still regret,
While the Blumlis-Alp unveils to the night,
And the shadow that falleth hath spared us yet!

Now we set our prow to the land again,
And our backs to those splendors ghostly white,
But a mirrored star with a watery train
We hold in our wake as a golden kite;
When we near the shore, with its darkening height,
And its darker shade on the waters set,
Lo! the dim shade fleëth before our sight,
And the shadow that falleth hath spared us yet!

ENVOY.

From the jewelled circles where I indite
This song, which my faithless tears make wet,
We trail the light till its jemmed rings smite
The shadow, — that falleth! and spares us yet.

Spectator. Emily Pfeiffer.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Cornhill Magazine.

SOME SONNETS OF CAMPANELLA.

In every realm of intellectual activity the Italians were the pioneers of modern civilization. It was their destiny to discover and inaugurate, to try experiments and make the first essays, giving the form of final perfection only to the fine arts, but opening new paths in science and philosophy, in politics and commerce, in the analysis of human life, and in the exploration of the globe. Of late years, while acknowledging the æsthetical pre-eminence of the Italians, we have been apt to ignore or to depreciate the services they rendered to philosophy, philology, history, political economy, and science. Yet three centuries have not fully elapsed since the attention of Europe was habitually directed to the south for brilliant discoveries in each of these departments. At the beginning of the modern era Italy was emphatically the mistress and the teacher of the northern and more tardily developed nations in all that concerned their intellectual advancement; and if we have forgotten what we owed to her, it is because those nations, starting from the level gained by the Italians, have carried knowledge further than was possible in the first dawn of thought for them to do.

These general remarks form an introduction to the mention of a name now almost wholly forgotten. Tommaso Campanella is scarcely known by hearsay except to epicures of philosophical antiquities, like Sir William Hamilton, or to essayists on Utopias, who use the "*Città del Sole*" to illustrate the more famous ideal of Sir Thomas More. Yet the writings of this extraordinary man contain, as it were, proleptically, or in germ, nearly all the thoughts that have been fruitful since his day in modern science and philosophy. His poems, with which I am specially concerned in this place, are luminous with ideas remarkable for boldness even at the present time, and truly marvellous when we consider that he who penned those weighty phrases in his southern dungeon was a Dominican monk of the sixteenth century. That Campanella did not or could not mould his teeming thoughts into a system, that he was unable to do more than take a Pisgah-view of modern development, renders his scientific work of little actual value now. In philosophy he was but a precursor; and his fame, like the light of a morning star, has very justly been swallowed up in that of men who make our noon. His poetry has a stronger claim to recognition; for the profound and pregnant thoughts, which Campanella had no opportunity of basing on a solid ground of proof and scientific demonstration, here appear in their true medium of emotional intensity and half-prophetic imagery.

The fate of these philosophical poems is not a little curious. Composed by Campanella at intervals during his imprisonment at Naples, they would probably have remained in manuscript but for an accident. A German gentleman, named Tobia Adami by the philosopher, visited Campanella in his dungeon, and received from him the seven books of his poems. They took his fancy so much that he determined to publish a portion of them; and accordingly in 1622 he gave about a seventh part of the whole collection to the press in Germany. This first edition was badly printed on very bad paper, without the name of press or place. It bore this title: "*Scelta d' alcune poesie filosofiche di Settimontano Squilla cavate da' suo' libri detti La Cantica con l' esposizione, stampato nell' anno* MDCXXII." The pseudonym *Squilla* is a pun upon Campanella's name, since both *Campana* and *Squilla* mean a bell; while *Settimontano* contains a quaint allusion to his physical peculiarities, since the poet's skull was remarkable for seven protuberances. A very few copies of this book were printed; and none of them seem to have found their way into Italy, though it is possible that they had a limited circulation in Germany. At any rate, there is strong reason to suppose that Leibnitz was acquainted with the contents of the obscure little volume, while Herder in his "Adrastea" at a later period published free translations from a certain number of the sonnets. To this circumstance we owe the reprint of 1834, published at Lugano by John Gaspar Orelli, the celebrated Zürich scholar. Early in his youth Orelli was delighted

with the German version made by Herder; and during his manhood, while residing as Protestant pastor at Bergamo, he used his utmost endeavors to procure a copy of the original. In his preface to the reprint he tells us that these efforts were wholly unsuccessful through a period of twenty-five years. He applied to all his literary friends, among whom he mentions the ardent Ugo Foscolo and the learned Mazzuchelli; but none of these could help him. He turned the pages of Crescimbeni, Quadrio, Gamba, Corniani, Tiraboschi, weighty with enormous erudition — and only those who make a special study of Italian know how little has escaped their scrutiny — but found no mention of Campanella as a poet. At last, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, he received the long-coveted little quarto volume from Wolfenbüttel in the north of Germany. The new edition which Orelli gave to the press at Lugano has this title: "*Poesie filosofiche di Tommaso Campanella pubblicate per la prima volta in Italia di Gio. Gaspare Orelli, Professore all' Università di Zurigo. Lugano*, 1834." It has been again reprinted at Turin, in 1854, by Alessandro d'Ancona, together with some of Campanella's minor works and an essay on his life and writings. This third edition professes to have improved Orelli's punctuation and to have rectified the text. But it still leaves much to be desired on the score of careful editorship. Neither Orelli nor D'Ancona have done much to clear up the difficulties of the poems — difficulties in many cases obviously due to misprints and errors of the first transcriber; while in one or two instances they allow patent blunders to pass uncorrected. In the sonnet entitled "*A Dio*" (D'Ancona, p. 102), for example, *bocca* stands for *buca* in a place where sense and rhyme alike demand the restitution of the right word. Speaking briefly, Campanella's poems, though they have been three times printed, have never yet received the care of a scrupulous editor.

At no time could the book have hoped for many readers. Least of all could it have found them among the Italians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to whom its energetic language and extraordinary ideas would have presented insuperable difficulties. Between Dante and Alfieri no Italian poet except Michael Angelo expressed so much deep thought and feeling in phrases so terse, and with originality of style so daring: and even Michael Angelo is monotonous in the range of his ideas and conventional in his diction, when compared with the indescribable violence and vigor of Campanella. Campanella borrows little by way of simile or illustration from the outer world, and he never falls into the commonplaces of poetic phraseology. His poems exhibit the exact opposite of the Petrarchistic or the Marinistic mannerism. Each sonnet seems to have been wrenched alive and palpitating from the poet's breast, with the drops of life-blood fresh upon it. There is no smoothness, no gradual unfolding of a theme, no rhetorical exposition, no fanciful embroidery, no sweetness of melodic cadences, in his masculine art of poetry. Brusque, rough, violent in transition, leaping from the sublime to the ridiculous, his poems owe their elevation to the passion of their feeling, the nobleness and condensation of their thought, the energy and audacity of their expression, their brevity, sincerity, and weight of sentiment. Campanella had an essentially combative intellect. He was both a poet and a philosopher militant. He stood alone, making war upon the authority of Aristotle in science and of Petrarch in art, taking the fortresses of phrase by storm, and subduing the hardest material of philosophy to the tyranny of his rhymes. Plebeian saws, salient images, dry sentences of metaphysical speculation, logical summaries, and splendid tirades are hurled together — half crude and cindery scoriæ, half molten metal and resplendent ore — from the volcano of his passionate mind. Such being the nature of Campanella's style, when in addition it is remembered that his text is often hopelessly corrupt and his allusions obscure, the difficulties offered by his sonnets to the translator will be readily conceived.

Before presenting any specimens of Campanella's poems, it will be necessary to say something about his philosophy and

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

his life. At the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, philosophy took a new point of departure among the Italians, and all the fundamental ideas which have formed the staple of modern European systems were anticipated by a few obscure thinkers. It is noticeable that the states of Naples, hitherto comparatively inert in the intellectual development of Italy, furnished the five writers who preceded Bacon, Leibnitz, Schelling, and Comte. Telesio of Cosenza, Bruno of Nola, Campanella of Stilo, Vanini and Vico of Naples, are the chief among these *novi homines* or pioneers of modern thought. The characteristic point of this new philosophy was an unconditional return to nature as the source of knowledge, combined with a belief in the intuitive forces of the human reason: so that from the first it showed two sides or faces to the world; the one positive, scientific, critical, and analytical; the other mystical, metaphysical, subjective. Modern materialism and modern idealism were both contained in the audacious guesses of Bruno and Campanella; nor had the time arrived for separating the two strains of thought, or for attempting a systematic synthesis of knowledge under one or the other head.

The men who led this mighty intellectual movement burned with the passionate ardor of discoverers, the fiery enthusiasm of confessors. They stood alone, sustained but little by intercourse among themselves, and wholly misunderstood by the people round them. Italy, sunk in sloth, priest-ridden, tyrant-ridden, exhausted with the unparalleled activity of the Renaissance, besotted with the vices of slavery and slow corruption, had no ears for spirit-thrilling prophecy. The Church, terrified by the Reformation, when she chanced to hear those strange voices sounding through "the blessed mutter of the mass," burned the prophets. The State, represented by absolute Spain, if it listened to them at all, flung them into prison. To both Church and State there was peril in the new philosophy; for the new philosophy was the first birth-cry of the modern genius, with all the crudity and clearness, the brutality and uncompromising sincerity of youth. The Church feared nature. The State feared the people. Nature and the people — those watchwords of modern science and modern liberty — were already on the lips of the philosophers.

It was a philosophy militant, errant, exiled; a philosophy in chains and solitary, at war with society, authority, opinion; self-sustained by the prescience of ultimate triumph, and invincible through the sheer force of passionate conviction. The men of whom I speak were conscious of pariahdom, and eager to be martyred in the glorious cause. "A very Proteus is the philosopher," says Pomponazzo; "seeking to penetrate the secrets of God, he is consumed with ceaseless cares; he forgets to thirst, to hunger, to sleep, to eat; he is derided of all men; he is held for a fool and irreligious person; he is persecuted by inquisitors; he becomes a gazing-stock to the common folk. These are the gains of the philosopher; these are his guerdon." Pomponazzo's words were prophetic. Of the five philosophers whom I have mentioned, Vanini was burned as an atheist, Bruno was burned, and Campanella was imprisoned for a quarter of a century. Both Bruno and Campanella were Dominican friars. Bruno was persecuted by the Church, and burned for heresy. Campanella was persecuted by both Church and State, and was imprisoned on the double charge of sedition and heresy. *Dormitantium animarum excubitor* was the self-given title of Bruno. *Nunquam tacebo* was the favorite motto of Campanella.

Giovanni Domenico Campanella was born in the year 1568 at Stilo in Calabria, one of the most southern townships of all Italy. In his boyhood he showed a remarkable faculty for acquiring and retaining knowledge, together with no small dialectical ability. His keen interest in philosophy and his admiration for the great Dominican doctors, Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, induced him at the age of fifteen to enter the order of S. Dominic, exchanging his secular name for Tommaso. But the old alliance between philosophy and orthodoxy, drawn up by scholasticism and approved by the mediæval Church, had been succeeded by mutual hostility; and the youthful thinker

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

found no favor in the cloister of Cosenza, where he now resided. The new philosophy taught by Telesius placed itself in direct antagonism to the pseudo-Aristotelian tenets of the theologians, and founded its own principles upon the interrogation of nature. Telesius, says Bacon, was the prince of the *novi homines*, or inaugurators of modern thought. It was natural that Campanella should be drawn towards this great man. But the superiors of his convent prevented his forming the acquaintance of Telesius; and though the two men dwelt in the same city of Cosenza, Campanella never knew the teacher he admired so passionately. Only when the old man died and his body was exposed in the church before burial, did the neophyte of his philosophy approach the bier, and pray beside it, and place poems upon the dead.

From this time forward Campanella became an object of suspicion to his brethren. They perceived that the fire of the new philosophy burned in his powerful nature with incalculable and explosive force. He moved restlessly from place to place, learning and discussing, drawing men towards him by the magnetism of a noble personality, and preaching his new gospel with perilous audacity. His papers were seized at Bologna; and at Rome the Holy Inquisition condemned him to perpetual incarceration on the ground that he derived his science from the devil, that he had written the book "*De tribus Impostoribus*," that he was a follower of Democritus, and that his opposition to Aristotle savored of gross heresy. At the same time, the Spanish government of Naples accused him of having set on foot a dangerous conspiracy for overthrowing the viceregal power and establishing a communistic commonwealth in southern Italy. Though nothing was proved satisfactorily against him, Campanella was held a prisoner under the sentence which the Inquisition had pronounced upon him. He was, in fact, a man too dangerous, too original in his opinions, and too bold in their enunciation, to be at large. For twenty-five years he remained in Neapolitan dungeons; three times during that period he was tortured to the verge of dying; and at last he was released, while quite an old man, at the urgent request of the French court. Soon after his liberation Campanella died. The numerous philosophical works on metaphysics, mathematics, politics, and æsthetics which Campanella gave to the press, were composed during his long imprisonment. How he got them printed I do not know; but it is obvious that he cannot have been strictly debarred from writing by his jailors. In prison, too, he made both friends and converts. We have seen that we owe the publication of a portion of his poems to the visit of a German knight.

In arranging the few poems I have selected for translation, I cannot do better than divide them into four classes:—1. Philosophical; 2. Political; 3. Prophetic; and 4. Personal. The philosophical sonnets throw light upon Campanella's relation to his predecessors, his conception of the universe as a complex animated organism, his conviction that true knowledge must be gained by the interrogation of nature, his theory of human life and action, and his judgment of the age in which he lived. The political sonnets may be divided into two groups—those which discuss royalty, nobility, and the sovereignty of the people, and those which treat of the several European states. The prophetic sonnets seem to have been suggested by the misery and corruption of Italy, and express the poet's unwavering belief in the speedy triumph of right and reason. Among the personal sonnets I have placed those which refer immediately to Campanella's own sufferings, or which describe his ideal of the philosophic character.

1. When Adami published his selection of Campanella's poems, he printed the sonnet which I shall quote first, as the proem to the whole book. The thought expressed in it is this: the true philosopher, who in this place is Campanella himself, is the child of eternal wisdom, the father, and of human science, the mother, of his reason. True philosophy brings men face to face with nature; wherefore Campanella bids his readers leave the schoolmen and the learning of books. He calls upon them to exchange logomachy for positive inquiry, dissolving their pride and prejudice in the heat of the fire, which he, a second Prometheus, has stolen from the luminary of all truth.

Born of God's wisdom and philosophy,
  Keen lover of true beauty and true good,
  I call the vain self-traitorous multitude
  Back to my mother's milk; for it is she,
Faithful to God her Lord, who nourished me,
  Making me quick and active to intrude
  Within the inmost veil, where I have viewed
  And handled all things in eternity.
If the whole world's our home where we may run,
  Up, friends, forsake those secondary schools
  Which give grains, units, inches for the whole!
If facts surpass mere words, melt pride of soul,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

And pain, and ignorance that hardens fools,
Here in the fire I've stolen from the sun!

The next I mean to quote is addressed to Telesius, the veteran of the new philosophy. The "tyrant of souls" is Aristotle, whose authority Telesius, like Bacon, sought to undermine. The saint of the new school is the science founded upon the immediate interrogation of nature by the senses. What the senses report, reason judges; and nature, thus interrogated, utters through the voice of science oracles that can be trusted.

Telesius, the arrow from thy bow
Midmost his band of sophists slays that high
Tyrant of souls that think; he cannot fly:
While Truth soars free, loosed by the self-same blow.
Proud lyres with thine immortal praises glow,
Smitten by bards elate with victory:
Lo, thine own Cavalcante, stormfully
Lightning, still strikes the fortress of the foe!
Good Gaieta bedecks our saint serene
With robes translucent, light-irradiate,
Restoring her to all her natural sheen;
The while my tocsin at the temple-gate
Of the wide universe proclaims her queen,
Pythia of first and last ordained by fate.

In the third sonnet Campanella expands the ground-notion of the new philosophy. Nature lies before the mind of man like an open book, where God has written his thoughts. This book, then, should be studied, instead of the works of the schoolmen and the sophists.

The world's the book where the eternal Sense
Wrote his own thoughts; the living temple where,
Painting his very self, with figures fair
He filled the whole immense circumference.
Here then should each man read, and gazing find
Both how to live and govern, and beware
Of godlessness; and, seeing God all-where,
Be bold to grasp the universal mind.
But we tied down to books and temples dead,
Copied with countless errors from the life,—
These nobler than that school sublime we call.
O may our senseless souls at length be led
To truth by pain, grief, anguish, trouble, strife!
Turn we to read the one original!

Campanella conceived that the radical evils of the world are tyranny in politics, sophistry in philosophy, and hypocrisy in religion. Ignorance, which has its root in self-love, lies at the bottom of all these vices, and must be fought to the death by the champion of science.

To quell three Titan evils I was made,—
Tyranny, sophistry, hypocrisy;
Whence I perceive with what wise harmony
Themis on me love, power, and wisdom laid.
These are the basements firm whereon is stayed,
Supreme and strong, our new philosophy;
The antidotes against that trinal lie
Wherewith the burdened world groaning is weighed.
Famine, war, pestilence, fraud, envy, pride,
Injustice, idleness, lust, fury, fear,
Beneath these three great plagues securely hide.
Grounded on blind self-love, the offspring dear
Of ignorance, they flourish and abide:
Wherefore to root up ignorance I'm here!

The theme of self-love is further developed in a sonnet, remarkable for its brevity and pregnant thought. Preoccupation with himself makes man fancy that the world is without thought and feeling, that his own race alone has received the care of God; from this he passes to the pride of impiety, and at last can see no other God in the world but himself. Heine might have quoted the last line against Hegel.

Self-love fools man with false opinion
That earth, air, water, fire, the stars we see,
Though stronger and more beautiful than we,
Feel nought, love not, but move for us alone.
Then all the tribes of earth except his own
Seem to him senseless, rude — God lets them be:
To kith and kin next shrinks his sympathy,
Till in the end loves only self each one.
Learning he shuns that he may live at ease;
And since the world is little to his mind,
God and God's ruling forethought he denies.
Craft he calls wisdom; and, perversely blind,
Seeking to reign, erects new deities:
At last "I make the universe!" he cries.

Campanella's own conception of the earth as part of the universal ζῷον, or animated being, and of man as a minor parasitic creature, living on the world as lower creatures live on him, is contained in the sixth sonnet I have marked.

The world's a living creature, whole and great,
God's image, praising God whose type it is;
We are imperfect worms, vile families,
That in its belly have our low estate.
If we know not its love, its intellect,
Neither the worm within my belly seeks
To know me, but his petty mischief wreaks:
Thus it behoves us to be circumspect.
Again, the earth is a great animal,
Within the greatest; we are like the lice
Upon its body, doing harm as they.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Proud men, lift up your eyes; on you I call:
Measure each being's worth; and thence be wise,
Learning what part in the great scheme you play!

The seventh sets forth his profoundly religious fatalism. All things have been ordained by the divine wisdom, and all human lives have been written by God like parts in a play. At the end of the play we shall see by gazing on God himself which part was best; and we shall share the mirth which our past action caused for him.

The world's a theatre: age after age,
Souls masked and muffled in their fleshly gear
Before the supreme audience appear,
As Nature, God's own art, appoints the stage.
Each plays the part that is his heritage;
From choir to choir they pass, from sphere to sphere,
And deck themselves with joy or sorry cheer,
As fate, the comic playwright, fills the page.
None do or suffer, be they cursed or blest,
Aught otherwise than the great Wisdom wrote
To gladden each and all who gave him mirth,
When we at last to sea or air or earth
Yielding these masks that weal or woe denote,
In God shall see who spoke and acted best.

Campanella frequently recurs to the conception of the universe regarded as a drama, in which good and evil are both necessary, and will in the end be found far other than our present imperfect insight makes us think. In the following passage from one of his canzoni he illustrates the difference between evil relative to the world at large and the same evil relative to us.

War, ignorance, fraud, tyranny,
Death, homicide, abortion, woe—
These to the world are fair; as we
Reckon the chase or gladiatorial show.
To pile our hearth we fell the tree;
Kill bird or beast our strength to stay;
The vines, the hives our wants obey;
Like spiders spreading nets, we take and slay.
As tragedy gives men delight,
So the exchange of death and strife
Still yields a pleasure infinite
To the great world's triumphant life:
Nay, seeming ugliness and pain
Avert returning Chaos' reign.
Thus the whole world's a comedy;
And they who by philosophy
Unite themselves to God, will see
In ugliness and evil nought
But beauteous masks; oh, mirthful thought!

2. Passing to those sonnets which contain Campanella's political theories, I will begin with two upon the conception of royalty as independent both of birth and accident. The first lays down the principle that just as the implements of painting do not make an artist, so the possession of lands and states do not make a royal nature.

He who hath brush and colors, and chancewise
Doth daub, befouling walls and canvases,
Is not a painter; but, unhelped by these,
He who in art is masterful and wise.
Cowls and the tonsure do not make a friar;
Nor make a king wide realms and pompous wars;
But he who is all Jesus, Pallas, Mars,
Though he be slave or base-born, wears the tiar.
Man is not born crowned like the natural king
Of beasts, for beasts by this investiture
Have need to know the head they must obey;
Wherefore a commonwealth fits men, I say,
Or else a prince whose worth is tried and sure,
Not proved by sloth or false imagining.

The second illustrates the same subject with examples, showing how accident makes mock kings and nature real ones; and how the bastard breed of tyrants persecutes the royal spirits, but cannot prevent their empire over the souls of men.

Nero was king by accident in show,
But Socrates by nature in good sooth;
By right of both Augustus; luck and truth
Less perfectly were blent in Scipio.
The spurious prince still seeks to extirpate
The seed of natures born imperial—
Like Herod, Caiaphas, Meletus, all
Who by bad acts sustain their stolen state.
Slaves whose souls tell them that they are but slaves,
Strike those whose native kinghood all can see:
Martyrdom is the stamp of royalty.
Dead though they be, these govern from their graves;
The tyrants fall, nor can their laws remain;
While Paul and Peter rise o'er Rome to reign.

The next sonnet expresses a similar doctrine concerning nobility. Wealth and blood do not constitute true aristocracy. That should always be tested by courage and prudence. The allusion to the Turk, the foe of Europe, is curious. Campanella says the Turks are wiser than the European princes, since they honor men according to their deeds, and not according to their birth or riches.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Valor and mind form real nobility,
The which bears fruit and shows a fair increase
By doughty actions: these and nought but these
Confer true patents of gentility.
Money is false and light unless it be
Bought by a man's own worthy qualities;
And blood is such that its corrupt disease
And ignorant pretence are foul to see.
Honors that ought to yield more true a type,
Europe, thou measurest by fortune still,
To thy great hurt; and this thy foe perceives;
He rates the tree by fruits mature and ripe,
Not by mere shadows, roots, and verdant leaves:
Why then neglect so grave a cause of ill?

The whole of Campanella's original and daring genius shines forth in the next sonnet, which treats of the sovereignty of the people. Shelley might have written it, so modern and so democratic is the thought.

The people is a beast of muddy brain,
That knows not its own force, and therefore stands
Loaded with wood and stone; the powerless hands
Of a mere child guide it with bit and rein:
One kick would be enough to break the chain;
But the beast fears, and what the child demands,
It does; nor its own terror understands,
Confused and stupefied by bugbears vain.
Most wonderful! with its own hand it ties
And gags itself, gives itself death and war
For pence doled out by kings from its own store.
Its own are all things between earth and heaven;
But this it knows not, and if one arise
To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.

After reading these lines we do not wonder that the Spanish viceroy thought Campanella dangerous to established monarchy.

As specimens of Campanella's opinions about contemporary politics, I may insert two sonnets upon the Swiss Confederation and Genoa. The drift of the first is that, though the Swiss are a race of natural freemen, they sell themselves for hire, and so become the slaves of despots who scorn them.

Ye Alpine rocks! If less your peaks elate
To heaven exalt you than that gift divine,
Freedom; why do your children still combine
To keep the despots in their stolen state?
Lo, for a piece of bread from windows wide
You fling your blood, taking no thought what cause,
Righteous or wrong, your strength to battle draws;
So is your valor spurned and vilified.
All things belong to free men; but the slave
Clothes and feeds poorly. Even so from you
Broad lands and Malta's knighthood men withhold.
Up, free yourselves, and act as heroes do!
Go, take your own from tyrants, which you gave
So recklessly, and they so dear have sold!

It would be impossible to pass a clearer-sighted judgment on the barbarous action of the Swiss during the sixteenth century.

The second follows the same train of thought. In elder days Genoa by her courage and spirit of adventure held the East in fee, stood first in Italy, and discovered new worlds. Now she bows to the Spaniard, not because her people is enfeebled, but because her nobility is pusillanimous.

The nymphs of Arno; Adria's goddess-queen;
Greece, where the Latin banner floated free;
The lands that border on the Syrian sea;
The Euxine, and fair Naples; these have been
Thine, by the right of conquest; these should be
Still thine by empire: Asia's broad demesne,
Afric, America — realms never seen
But by thy venture — all belong to thee.
But thou, thyself not knowing, leavest all
For a poor price to strangers; since thy head
Is weak, albeit thy limbs are stout and good.
Genoa, mistress of the world! recall
Thy soul magnanimous! Nay, be not led
Slave to base gold, thou and thy tameless brood!

3. The transition from Campanella's poems on politics to his prophecy is easy. Here is a very curious sonnet, in which he observes that the black clothes assumed by the Italians under the influence of Spanish fashions suited the corrupt, enslaved, and mournful state of the nation.

Black robes befit our age. Once they were white;
Next many-hued; now dark as Afric's Moor,
Night-black, infernal, traitorous, obscure,
Horrid with ignorance and sick with fright.
For very shame we shun all colors bright,
Who mourn our end — the tyrants we endure,
The chains, the noose, the lead, the snares, the lure —
Our dismal heroes, our souls sunk in night.
Black weeds again denote that extreme folly
Which makes us blind, mournful, and woebegone:
For dusk is dear to doleful melancholy.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Nathless fate's wheel still turns: this raiment dun
We shall exchange hereafter for the holy
Garments of white in which of yore we shone.

The next is a prophecy of a new age, when Christ shall return to reign in peace upon the earth, and when black clothes shall be exchanged for white. It is probable that Campanella was not looking for the millennium in the vulgar sense of the word. Christ was for him always the symbol of right reason and real virtue.

Clothed in white robes I see the Holy sire
Descend to hold his court amid the band
Of shining saints and elders: at his hand
The white immortal Lamb commands their choir.
John ends his long lament for torments dire,
Now Judah's lion rises to expand
The fatal book, and the first broken band
Sends the white courier forth to work God's ire.
The first fair spirits raimented in white
Go out to meet him who on his white cloud
Comes heralded by horsemen white as snow.
Ye black-stoled folk, be dumb, who hate the loud
Blare of God's lifted angel-trumpets! Lo,
The pure white dove puts the black crows to flight!

In spite of persecution, torture, and life-long imprisonment, Campanella never lost his faith and hope — faith in the ultimate triumph of righteousness and justice, hope that even he might live to see it. In the following sonnet he declares his belief that the sophists, tyrants, and hypocrites must in course of time be banished, and the world regain the golden age through communism and brotherly affection.

If men were happy in that age of gold,
We yet may hope to see mild Saturn's reign;
For all things that were buried live again,
By time's revolving cycle forward rolled.
Yet this the fox, the wolf, the crow, made bold
By fraud and perfidy, deny — in vain;
For God that rules, the signs in heaven, the train
Of prophets, and all hearts this faith uphold.
If thine and mine were banished in good sooth
From honor, pleasure, and utility,
The world would turn, I ween, to Paradise;
Blind love to modest love with open eyes;
Cunning and ignorance to living truth;
And foul oppression to fraternity.

The belief that this glorious consummation was not far distant is energetically expressed in a sonnet written in answer to certain friends who had recommended him to try his hand at comic poetry.

Nay, God forbid that mid these tragic throes
To idle comedy my thought should bend,
When torments dire and warning woes portend
Of this our world the instantaneous close!
The day approaches which shall discompose
All earthly sects, the elements shall blend
In utter ruin, and with joy shall send
Just spirits to their spheres in heaven's repose.
The Highest comes in Holy Land to hold
His sovran court and synod sanctified,
As all the Psalms and prophets have foretold:
The riches of his grace he will spread wide
Through his own realm, that seat and chosen fold
Of worship and free mercies multiplied.

It is probable that the majority of the prophetic poems were written in his youth, about the time when he attracted the suspicions of the Spanish government in Naples. The following sonnet, at any rate, must have been composed before 1603, since it foretells a great mutation which he expected in that year.

The first heaven-wandering lights I see ascend
Upon the seventh and ninth centenary,
When in the Archer's realm three years shall be
Added, this æon and our age to end.
Thou too, Mercurius, like a scribe dost lend
Thine aid to promulgate that dread decree,
Stored in the archives of eternity,
And signed and sealed by powers no prayers can bend.
O'er Europe's full meridian on thy morn
In the tenth house thy court I see thee hold:
The sun with thee consents in Capricorn.
God grant that I may keep this mortal breath
Until I too that glorious day behold
Which shall at last confound the sons of death!

I have translated the astrological portion of this sonnet as literally as I could. Campanella's conviction that each part of the universe was endowed with sensibility and reason, and that the stars had more of divinity than we have, rendered him peculiarly open to astrological illusions.

4. I have left for the last those sonnets which describe Campanella's sufferings in prison. We have seen that he was wont to compare himself to Prometheus, and he called his dungeon by the name of Caucasus. Here is one of which the title — "*Sonetto nel Caucaso*" — tells its own tale. The philosopher rejects suicide, because he does not believe in escaping from himself by death.

I fear that by my death the human race
Would gain no vantage. Thus I do not die.
So wide is this vast cage of misery

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

That flight and change lead to no happier place.
Shifting our pains, we risk a sorrier case;
All worlds, like ours, are sunk in agony;
Go where we will, we feel; and this my cry
I may forget like many an old disgrace.
Who knows what doom is mine? The Omnipotent
Keeps silence; nay, I know not whether strife
Or peace was with me in some earlier life.
Philip in a worse prison me hath pent
These three days past — but not without God's will.
Stay we as God decrees: God doth no ill.

Here is another sonnet on the theme of his imprisonment. The seekers after truth find a dungeon as naturally as stones fall to earth, or mice run into the cat's mouth.

As to the centre all things that have weight
Sink from the surface; as the silly mouse
Runs at a venture, rash though timorous,
Into the monster's jaws to meet her fate:
Thus all who love high science, from the strait
Dead sea of sophistry sailing like us
Into truth's ocean, bold and amorous,
Must in our haven anchor soon or late.
One calls this haunt a cave of Polypheme,
And one Atlante's palace, one of Crete
The labyrinth, and one hell's lowest pit.
Knowledge, grace, mercy are an idle dream
In this dread place. Nought but fear dwells in it,
Of stealthy tyranny the sacred seat.

The next sonnet dates probably from the early days of his imprisonment, when he discovered the incompetence or the baseness of the friends in whom he trusted, and when he had been tempted by the promises of an impostor. It is addressed to God.

How wilt Thou I should gain a harbor fair,
If after proof among my friends I find
That some are faithless, some devoid of mind,
Some short of sense, though stout to do and dare?
If some, though wise and loyal, like the hare
Hide in a hole, or fly in terror blind,
While nerve with wisdom and with faith combined
Through malice and through penury despair?
Reason, thy honor, and my weal eschewed
That false ally who said he came from Thee,
With promise vain of power and liberty.
I trust: I'll do. Change Thou the bad to good!
But ere I raise me to that altitude,
Needs must I merge in Thee as Thou in me.

Who the impostor was who came to tempt him we do not know. It is possible that his enemies sent this mysterious person as a spy to extract his supposed secrets from him. The three last lines of the sonnet are obscure. They seem to mean that Campanella has not lost faith and self-confidence. All he requires is that the human instruments of his great work should not break in his hand. If God will give him true allies instead of covert enemies, he will be able to act, having attempted to cast himself into the divine nature, even as God dwells in us and penetrates us with his spirit.

His conception of the philosopher as a sufferer and yet as royal, doomed to endure pain and scorn in this life, but destined to enjoy eternal fame, and in the midst of wretchedness more happy than the common crowd of fools, is very finely expressed in these lines: —

Wisdom is riches great and great estate,
Far above wealth; nor are the wise unblest
If born of lineage vile or race oppressed:
These by their doom sublime they illustrate.
They have their griefs for guerdon, to dilate
Their name and glory; nay, the cross, the sword
Make them to be like saints or God adored;
And gladness greets them in the frowns of fate:
For joys and sorrows are their dear delight;
Even as a lover takes the weal and woe
Felt for his lady. Such is wisdom's might.
But wealth still vexes fools; more vile they grow
By being noble; and their luckless light
With each new misadventure burns more low.

There is an excellent vein of humor in the next sonnet, which describes the relation of the wise men to the rest of the world in a well-conceived apologue.

Once on a time the astronomers foresaw
The coming of a star to madden men:
Thus warned they fled the land, thinking that when
The folk were crazed, they'd hold the reins of law.
When they returned the realm to overawe,
They prayed those maniacs to quit cave and den,
And use their old good customs once again;
But these made answer with fist, tooth, and claw;
So that the wise men were obliged to rule
Themselves like lunatics to shun grim death,
Seeing the biggest maniac now was king.
Stifling their sense, they lived aping the fool,
In public praising act and word and thing
Just as the whims of madmen swayed their breath.

The last of the personal poems I have marked for quotation refers to an obscure passage in Campanella's biography. Condemned to the galleys, he feigned madness in order to escape that dreadful doom.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

He here justifies his conduct by citing the great men of history who did the like, or who committed suicide. The Italian, which I have rendered by the "Mystic," is *l'Astratto*. I am not sure whether the word does not rather mean a man lost to his senses.

From Rome to Greece, from Greece to Libya's sand,
Yearning for liberty, just Cato went;
Nor finding freedom to his heart's content,
Sought it in death, and died by his own hand.
Wise Hannibal, when neither sea nor land
Could save him from the Roman eagles, rent
His soul with poison from imprisonment;
And a snake's tooth cut Cleopatra's band.
In this way died one valiant Maccabee;
Brutus feigned madness; prudent Solon hid
His sense; and David, when he feared Gath's king.
Thus when the Mystic found that Jonah's sea
Was yawning to engulf him, what he did
He gave to God — a wise man's offering.

I have reserved the following three sonnets, which do not fall exactly into any of the four divisions adopted in this article, but which are eminently characteristic of Campanella's bold and original thought. The first is such an adaptation of the parable about the Samaritan as might have occurred to Clough.

From Rome to Ostia a poor man went;
Thieves robbed and wounded him upon the way:
Some monks, great saints, observed him where he lay,
And left him, on their breviaries intent.
A bishop passed thereby, and careless bent
To sign the cross, a blessing brief to say;
But a great cardinal, to clutch their prey,
Followed the thieves, falsely benevolent.
At last there came a German Lutheran,
Who builds on faith, merit of works withstands;
He raised and clothed and healed the dying man.
Now which of these was worthiest, most humane?
The heart is better than the head, kind hands
Than cold lip-service; faith without works is vain.

The second gives Campanella's opinion about the low state of Italian literature. English students, comparing the chivalrous romances of the Italians with the high theme chosen by our Milton, and their comedies with our Elizabethan drama, will feel that the philosopher of Stilo has not used too strong a language of invective.

Valor to pride hath turned; grave holiness
To vile hypocrisy; all gentle ways
To empty forms; sound sense to subtleties;
Pure love to heat; beauty to paint and dress:
Thanks to you, poets! you who sing the press
Of fabled knights, foul fires, lies, nullities;
Not virtue, nor the wrapped sublimities
Of God, as bards were wont in those old days.
How far more wondrous than your phantasies
Are nature's works, how far more sweet to sing!
Thus taught, the soul falsehood and truth descries.
That tale alone is worth the pondering,
Which hath not smothered history in lies,
And arms the soul against each sinful thing.

The third is addressed to a young German knight, Rudolph von Bürnau, who travelled in the company of Adami and visited Campanella in his prison. His name is Italianized into Ridolfo di Bina.

Wisdom and love, O Bina, gave thee wings,
Before the blossom of thy years had faded,
To fly with Adam for thy guide, God-aided,
Through many lands in divers journeyings.
Pure virtue is thy guerdon: virtue brings
Glory to thee, death to the foes degraded,
Who through long years of darkness have invaded
Thy Germany, mother of slaves not kings.
Yet, gazing on heaven's book, heroic child,
My soul discerns graces divine in thee:
Leave toys and playthings to the crowd of fools!
Do thou with heart fervent and proudly mild
Make war upon those fraud-engendering schools!
I see thee victor, and in God I see.

The translations I have now offered to English readers present but a poor likeness of Campanella's rough but energetic and often splendidly impassioned style. It is my hope before long to complete a version of his sonnets, and to print them with such explanations as an unavoidable absence from all libraries or centres of literature will suffer me to make. For students of the Italian genius he has an almost unique interest, not only as the precursor of modern modes of thought, but also as the only poet who, in an age of enervation and effeminacy, preserved a manliness of speech and sentiment worthy of Dante's heroic century.

Here then for the moment I leave Campanella. But before laying down my pen, I must quote the only poetical utterance of the seventeenth century in Italy, which can be at all compared with his verse. The sonnet is commonly attributed to Bruno. It occurs in his dialogue on the "Heroic Love," and is there placed in the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mouth of Tansillo, who is probably the real author. Nowhere has the rapture, the daring, and the danger of the poet-philosopher's flight into super-terrestrial regions of pure thought been described with fervor more intense, and with a feeling for spiritual beauty more impassioned. The spirit of the martyr sages of south Italy vibrates in its thrilling lines.

Now that these wings to speed my soul ascend,
The more I feel vast air beneath my feet,
The more toward boundless air on pinions fleet,
Spurning the earth, soaring to heaven, I tend:
Nor makes them stoop their flight the direful end
Of Daedal's son; but upward still they beat.
What life the while with my life can compete,
Though dead to earth at last I shall descend?
My own heart's voice in the void air I hear:
"Where wilt thou bear me, O rash man? Recall
"Thy daring will! This boldness waits on fear!"
"Dread not," I answer, "that tremendous fall!
"Strike through the clouds, and smile when death is near,
"If death so glorious be our doom at all!"

J. A. S.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

VIII.

THE DARK LAKE.

About a mile from Waldbad, in the midst of the forest, is a tolerably large lake of singular shape, since its shores are divided into long regular teeth or curves, which are densely overgrown with tall trees and shrubbery. The dark, still water is made even more gloomy by the shade of the thick foliage, and the tall trees are reflected in dim outline from the black mirror, while the smaller bushes look like mere shadows.

A sense of mystery and terror broods over the whole scene, and the spectator does not feel surprised to hear that in this spot the pagan inhabitants of the island formerly offered sacrifices to their gods. The lake must evidently have obtained its peculiar form only by the aid of human hands, and it would probably have been worth while to investigate the connection which had existed between the outline of the water and the old pagan rites.

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

At any rate these heathens had no sympathy with that cheerful life, which is so clearly revealed to us in the graceful beauty of the temples reared to the ancient gods of Greece. *Their* gods, images of themselves, are stern and gloomy, and demand a secret, mystical worship. And yet the natives who dwelt in the misty north were not wholly destitute of divine truth, although it could only glimmer through the husk of error like a dim twilight. It required centuries of constant sacrifice to educate the human race to the idea that mercy is better than sacrifice, or rather was the true sacrifice, and it is a consoling, elevating thought that even the rudest worship contains a divine spark which can be developed into a warm, bright flame.

This gloomy water — which had been appropriately named Dark Lake — seems little suited for pleasure parties. The melancholy characteristic of the scene involuntarily claims a sympathetic sadness, or produces a dreamy mood that unconsciously harmonizes with the surrounding landscape, the ghostly, tremulous outlines of the dim reflections in the water, and the mournful rustlings of the tall trees. But reveries only thrive in solitude, and in a large party ennui is sometimes, earnestness but rarely, the predominant feeling.

Nevertheless, an excursion to Dark Lake is one of the pleasures of every visitor to Waldbad. On bright summer afternoons the shores are thronged with groups of merry people, whose lively conversation and gay laughter are repeated by the numerous echoes among the many windings of the banks. On the very spot where perhaps in former days sacrifices were offered to the gods, now stands a rude building, merely intended to afford a sheltering roof beneath which visitors can light a fire to make their coffee, or possibly even cook waffles. It would scarcely have been profitable to establish a restaurant here, so the managers of the baths — for of course there must be such a body in Waldbad — contented themselves with having this hut built in order to satisfy all just demands.

The equipages — or, to designate the Waldbad vehicles more correctly — the wagons of the pleasure-seekers stand about on the turf. The horses try to graze upon the forest grass and moss, or find more abundant fodder in the bags of provender hung over their heads, while they

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

move their tails regularly from side to side to keep off the flies. Careful drivers pull large boughs from the trees and fasten them on the horses, or swing them over them for the same purpose. The maid-servants who accompany the different families hurry to the springs to get water, then make a fire, and unpack the almost bottomless baskets brought with them.

The elegant figure of a liveried servant very rarely appears among these busy people. Waldbad is not a congenial soil for them, as only a few of its visitors encumber themselves with a footman. To-day, amid the crowd of wagons, horses, coachmen, and servant-girls, only one such bedizened mortal leans idly against a tree. He has folded his arms, and gazes at the bustle around him with a very weary, *blasé* air. Although infinitely superior to it — so superior that those present do not even seem to realize the existence of this sublime personage — his solitary grandeur is at last becoming irksome to him.

He attempts to talk to the prettiest girl, nay, even condescends so far as to offer to help her in her tasks. But the maid is busy, and makes short work with him, so he shrugs his shoulders, yawns, and approaches a carriage, which in its best days doubtless belonged to a fashionable owner, but was afterwards sold as useless, and thus came into the possession of a Waldbad driver. Its springs are not very good, and as the servant enters it the whole vehicle rocks to and fro in such a peculiar manner, that one doubts whether it will prove very comfortable to its occupants while jolting over the forest paths, which are full of roots and stones.

At any rate, the little wagon that now quickly approaches, drawn by two light-brown horses, rolls far more easily. One would scarcely believe that so many people could find room in the small vehicle. But there sit father, mother, a young girl, four children, and a sort of driver — the word boy would probably offend him as much as to call his horses ponies — and all look very happy and comfortable. The young driver springs to the ground quickly enough, and assists the gentleman down, precociously begging the "Herr Pastor" to be careful. Then comes the wife with two children, and next is Fräulein Erica's turn, but she has already leaped out with the two boys on the other side, and laughs gayly at her juvenile assistant.

The liveried servant, who was just in the act of throwing himself back on the cushions of the carriage and into the arms of Morpheus, turns his head towards the new arrivals, but does not consider them worth noticing, for the lady carries a large bundle containing the necessary eatables herself, so he frowns at the disturbance, and sinks back into his corner with a yawn. The little party notice the coach, which, with its venerable, old-fashioned elegance, has a very aristocratic appearance among the open wagons that surround it.

The pastor shakes his head over the ignorance of the summer visitors in taking a "coach" for such an expedition, and the avaricious owner who yielded to their wishes. But Erica has scarcely cast a glance at the inmate when she instantly recognizes him as the servant she saw at the little fairy castle. Her cheeks grow crimson with surprise, bewilderment, or joy, she does not know herself which feeling predominates. The princess is here, she will undoubtedly have an opportunity to see her, and that is very pleasant; but Erica has been anticipating the afternoon at Dark Lake with delight, she loves the spot, and expected that to-day even the lively children would not disturb her dreamy wanderings. Now all that was over, her freedom was destroyed, the day's pleasure would be of a different nature, that of suspense, expectation. Various questions dart through her brain. Will the brother accompany the sister? Will he recognize Erica, or pass her by without notice when they meet?

The vision of the brilliant sister, who cast every one that surrounded her into the shade, now recedes partially into the background, and the young man, the "artist," as Erica still calls him, appears more vividly before her mind. It is with no hostile feelings that she now remembers him, for she is forced to acknowledge that only a small share of his negligent demeanor could be attributed to her personal appearance, but she thinks she should prefer to see the sister without the brother's company. How gladly she would have questioned the sleeper in the carriage, but that would never do, and besides, the pastor's wife is calling her to help make the coffee.

The children had very positively declared that they wanted the coffee at once, instead of first going to walk, and as the little party had brought no maidservant to wait upon them, they were obliged to do the work themselves. But they succeeded admirably; everybody did what he could, and even the pastor did not think it beneath his dignity to collect dry twigs for the fire. Erica, however, was not quite so much engrossed in her occupation as she

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

would have been but for the sight of the liveried sleeper in the carriage. To tell the truth, she was afraid of completely destroying the freshness of her muslin dress, which already bore only too distinct traces of the narrow space into which she had been crowded in the wagon. Besides, she felt no desire for either coffee or cakes, and in this respect, for the first time, had no sympathy with the children.

At last the coffee was drunk, some of the cakes eaten, and the remainder carefully packed and put back in the wagon, to be brought out again when they returned from their walk. But so much time had been consumed that the others were doubtless already returning, and if they went around the lake on the other side a meeting would be impossible, since their departure would probably take place immediately. This reflection made the walk seem less delightful than Erica had expected, her thoughts were absent, she had no eyes for the melancholy beauty of the scene, and mechanically answered the words of the pastor's wife and laughed with the children without exactly knowing why.

The shores of the lake seemed to be thronged with pedestrians. Light summer dresses gleamed through the trees, and the echo of voices was everywhere repeated from the peculiarly-shaped angles of the rocky hills that surrounded the lake, while the path led close by the water's edge. Each of these tooth-shaped curves enclosed the party in somewhat narrow boundaries, and only permitted the eyes to roam freely over the lake.

This limited view increased the gloomy impression made by the whole landscape, and was all the more favorable to the melancholy reveries, which, however, were interrupted and disturbed by the numerous visitors to the spot.

Loud voices were often heard while the speakers were invisible, until at a bend in the path the two pedestrians almost ran against each other. Thus people were generally in a state of constant expectation to see what the next turn would reveal, and the lake and scenery were therefore cast somewhat into the background.

Seats were found often enough to prevent the walk from becoming tiresome, and the wooden benches or banks of turf were eagerly used by the excursionists. In one of the most melancholy spots on the shore of this gloomy lake, a party of ladies and gentlemen had seated themselves, whose gay, animated conversation ill harmonized with the scene. The view here was more open, for it was not far from the hills of the down which separated the lake from the sea, and when the voices were silent for a moment the monotonous plashing of the waves on the shore was distinctly audible. A tall, slight female figure, whose elegant white dress was clearly relieved against the dark background of trees and bushes, first attracted the attention. She held on her lap a little boy, who must have been wearied by the long walk, for he leaned his head on his mother's shoulder, and closed his eyes.

"You see, Kathinka, I was right in advising you to leave the boy at home," said one of the young men.

The lady — whose beautiful eyes seemed somewhat restless, for they wandered incessantly from one object to another — replied almost sharply, looking at the tree-tops instead of the person addressed.

"You know I never part from him, Elmar, and," she added in a gentler tone, "the sweet boy wanted to come."

"The sweet boy wants a great many nonsensical things," replied her companion, "and he will now become very troublesome to you, especially as his nurse is sick, and consequently not with us."

The sharp, by no means musical tone, which seemed strangely inharmonious from the lips of the beautiful woman, was again audible as the lady replied: "How can you suppose Carlos would ever be troublesome to me?" She bent over the child and kissed it. "Never, never, my sweet angel," she whispered tenderly; then rose, and holding the boy in her arms, went to another lady to whom she gave him. "Take him, Molly, he will go to you, because he loves you."

A smile hovered round the lips of all, and the young man doubtless expressed the feelings of the whole party, as he murmured, "Thank heaven that the boy dosen't love me."

The beautiful lady, whose restlessness appeared by no means confined to her eyes, did not sit down again, but wandered about, pulling moss from the rocks, or leaves from the bushes, now and then exchanging a word with the others, or putting her finger on her lips to impose silence, when any noise attracted her attention. This conduct made the rest of the party extremely uncomfortable, and at last the young man who had previously spoken rose, exclaiming half angrily, —

"You are terribly uneasy, Kathinka. Let us go, you will never stay long in one spot, though I am tired enough."

"Why did you insist upon crossing the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

down to the sea. We have it every day in Waldbad."

"And do you really feel no interest in seeing a lake of fresh water so near the sea, and comparing the deep repose of the former with the constant movement of the latter?"

Kathinka shrugged her shoulders. "Really, Elmar, you are childish; I need my attention for other things. But let us go, it is a long distance."

They rose and began to walk along the shore. The beautiful woman went first with one of the older ladies, while the others followed in couples, and the girl holding the boy in her arms brought up the rear.

"Do you not think the walk delightful, your Highness?" asked the old lady, who had obtained a place beside the princess. Although, being the wife of Consul Sternau, she was perfectly aware that the Bagadoff family was not enrolled among those of royal blood, and therefore not entitled to the address of "Highness," she could not help flattering her companion and also herself by its use.

The princess looked up at the sky, then glanced at a beetle buzzing by, and finally fixed her eyes upon the ground. "Oh! yes, it is very pretty, though of course I have seen far more beautiful scenery. Who suggested the singular idea of bringing us here?"

"I really do not know, your Highness," replied the old lady somewhat embarrassed.

"Baron von Altenborn insisted upon the excursion," said her pretty daughter Caroline, coming to her assistance.

"What a slander, Fräulein!" exclaimed the young man, "you proposed it yourself."

"I? No, I only said the pastor's family was coming here this afternoon, and you instantly had the same fancy."

"So we really owe this pleasant excursion to the pastor," said one of the other gentlemen in a somewhat satirical tone. "I doubt, however, whether the reverend clergyman was the magnet, and suspect a pretty little daughter."

Caroline laughed. "The oldest is seven."

"You are not lucky in your inferences, Herr von Wehlen," replied Baron von Altenborn, with ill-suppressed irony; "a beauty of seven years may exert a magnetic influence over you, but she makes no impression on me."

Kathinka turned her head. "What an ado about nothing! I probably should not have allowed myself to be influenced by Elmar's whim, if I had not liked the excursion myself."

No one answered, even the old lady did not seem to understand the princess' train of thought. An uncomfortable pause followed, and every one felt a relief when Kathinka, on reaching a turn in the path, exclaimed, —

"Here comes the pastor and his family."

"So far as I can see, there is a young girl in the party, however," observed Herr von Wehlen, in a jeering tone.

"Yes, but she isn't the pastor's daughter, she is ——"

"Who is that girl?" interrupted Herr von Wehlen, pointing towards Erica.

Caroline's lips curled. "I was in the act of telling you; she is my friend Erica."

"The daughter of Frau von Hohenstädt, who lives in great seclusion at Waldbad;" her mother added.

Herr von Wehlen expressed no thanks for the information, but gazed steadily at the approaching group, while the frown that darkened his brow betrayed no pleasant emotions.

Meantime the two parties had met. Frau von Sternau did not fail to introduce her Highness to the pastor and his wife, and the princess, who, when she chose, could control both her tongue and her eyes, spoke very politely and pleasantly to both.

While so doing, she somewhat inconsiderately continued her way, and civility thus compelled them to alter the direction of their walk, and turn back with the other party.

Erica, who had joined Caroline, was thus brought into the immediate vicinity of the dreaded young man. He evidently did not recognize her, for he treated her as a total stranger, and strangely enough this produced such a feeling of embarrassment that she only answered him in monosyllables, and he therefore soon gave up all attempts at conversing with her, and again turned to his former companion. This afforded her an opportunity to collect her thoughts, and she had almost regained her composure, when Herr von Wehlen, who had remained a little behind, now addressed a question to Caroline. Erica started, and when, on turning round, she looked into the dark, somewhat sinister eyes of a bearded man, visibly changed color.

Wehlen did not seem to notice her alarm, for he continued his sentence with the most perfect unconcern, but her neigh-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

bor bent towards her, and said in the tone she remembered so well at their first meeting, —

"How does the little woodland fairy happen to have such weak nerves?"

So he still remembered her, he pretended not to know her intentionally. Pondering over the cause of this conduct somewhat diverted her thoughts from the stranger, but they soon returned to him again, and she became more and more convinced that the foreign sailor in Wilms's hut, and this elegant, aristocratic gentleman, were one and the same person. At the same time she perceived that his attention was attracted towards her, and in spite of his apparent unconcern he watched her incessantly. Nay once, when their glances met, such an angry, threatening look flashed from his dark eyes, that she was on the point of losing her self-control.

A particularly beautiful view, which the pastor pointed out to the princess, made her pause, and the whole party also stood still, thereby enabling Fräulein Molly, who still carried the sleeping child in her arms, to overtake them. Wehlen politely approached, and any who had seen the admiring, languishing glance he cast upon the young lady, would scarcely have believed that those eyes had just flashed with such an angry light.

"The boy is troubling you, Fräulein," he said in a tone that was in perfect harmony with the look, "will you not trust him to me?"

Fräulein Molly, whose eyes had been glittering with indignant tears, felt soothed by the attention — of which she usually received so little — and a pleasant smile played around her pretty mouth as she answered in a jesting tone: "With all my heart, if the precious treasure will allow himself to be trusted to you."

"Let us try," and Herr von Wehlen attempted to take the sleeping child. But little Carlos, roused by the movement, had scarcely fixed his sleepy eyes upon the stranger, when he began to cry and clung firmly to the young lady's neck.

"You see, Herr von Wehlen," said Molly despairingly, "he loves me altogether too much."

"Who could blame him?" whispered Wehlen, with another languishing look.

Erica's attention was now attracted towards the group, and recognizing in the boy the fair-haired little child of the fairy castle, she approached him.

"Is the child so tired that you are obliged to carry him?" she asked sympathizingly, without thinking of the ceremony of an introduction.

Fräulein Molly tossed her head and eyed the speaker from top to toe, then looked her straight in the face, and finally glanced at her companion and slowly asked, —

"Who is this young girl, Herr von Wehlen?"

Erica's face grew crimson; she saw the mocking curl of the gentleman's lip, and — unconscious of her offence against etiquette — attributed this conduct to her simple dress.

"Fräulein Hohenstädt, allow me to make you acquainted with Fräulein Molly Lassnitz," said Elmar's voice close beside her; "Fräulein Lassnitz requires the rules of the drawing-room to be inexorably maintained in the woods and fields, and in case of accident I believe would rather drown, than be pulled out of the water by a person to whom she had not been introduced."

"How fortunate for me that I am perfectly aware you are such an excellent swimmer," replied Fräulein Molly, not quite so pleasantly as she had formerly spoken.

"To judge from the emphasis, your 'perfect' knowledge does not seem very favorable to me," said Elmar, laughing; "but I sue for peace. I have had skirmishes enough to-day, and as for the boy, put him down and let him run, you surely do not wish to carry him all the way."

"I wish? — I must," replied Molly bitterly.

Erica now once more approached the child, whose blue eyes gazed at her so earnestly, and at last so pleasantly, that she ventured to say, "Won't you come to me, may I carry you?"

Carlos held out his arms to the stranger, and Fräulein Molly did not refuse to relinquish her burden. Erica, who often played with the pastor's children, perfectly understood how to manage him. She joked and laughed, cheered and amused him, and it was not long before she could put him on the ground, and he ran merrily along beside her.

The pastor's children now came up to look at the new playfellow. The two parties at first held aloof and watched each other with critical eyes, until the pastor's youngest child at last broke the ice. Going up to the little stranger, he began the conversation by the important information that he had on a new cap to-day, whereupon Carlos raised his little foot to show

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

his new boots, which seemed to interest all. As the two girls had also new dresses to display, the conversation between the children soon became very animated, and Carlos thought no more of his fatigue.

Erica, who had so kindly relieved Molly of the duties of nurse, thought herself obliged to pay particular attention to the boy, and had plenty of time to do so, for Fräulein Molly was carrying on an eager whispered conversation with Herr von Wehlen, and Caroline laughed and jested so gayly with her companion that Erica's presence seemed almost forgotten.

The meeting which she had anticipated with so much eagerness, such a throbbing heart, now scarcely seemed worth this tremulous expectation, for the princess was so surrounded by the company that she could not keep a close watch upon the beautiful lady of the fairy castle. A feeling of disappointment and sorrow stole over her, as she slowly followed the party, and it was almost a relief when she now perceived the goal of the walk, the open space with the different conveyances.

"Have you already had your coffee, your Highness, or are you going to drink it now?" asked the pastor's wife, as they reached the glade.

Kathinka looked at her in astonishment. "Drink coffee, what do you mean, my dear Frau Pfarrerinn?"

The pastor's wife was somewhat confused, for she did not know what other words she could use to express what seemed to her a matter of course, but Frau von Sternau came to her assistance, and said, with a very dignified air, —

"Her Highness will dine after her return."

"Have you a cup of coffee at your disposal?" cried Elmar; "if so, I shall turn beggar, for I have the appetite of a lion."

"We will see if there is any left in the pot," said the pastor's wife kindly, going towards the hut where it was standing on the glowing coals. There was a sufficient quantity, and the young man not only drank the coffee with much satisfaction, but eat some of the cakes the pastor's children had left.

Little Carlos watched his uncle's proceedings with so much interest that the pastor's wife, unasked, poured him out a cup of coffee, and the other children were philanthropic enough, or perhaps sufficiently well fed, not to grudge the little prince a share of their provisions. Appetite not only seems to come while eating, but also to be contagious, for at last all acknowledged that they were hungry, and the store of food was not large enough to supply them.

"We have always brought cake and coffee," said Caroline pouting, "but to-day mamma did not think it necessary."

"Her Highness laughed when I proposed it," said the old lady, with her former dignity.

"I believe I did. But we might have brought a luncheon; unfortunately no one in my house provides for me, if I don't think of everything myself." The beautiful woman's reproving glance was fixed on the treetops, but Fräulein Molly was no less aware that the words were aimed at her, for she said, apologetically, "We had just left the breakfast-table when we came here."

"Well, let us try to get our dinner as soon as possible. Tell Valentin I am ready to go, Molly."

Fräulein Molly went to perform her errand, and the clumsy coach — from whose cushions the sleepy footman slowly rose — rolled up.

"You have just saved me from starvation, Frau Pfarrerinn," said Elmar, "can't you also preserve me from the terrible jolting of that frightful old box? Is there not a seat for me in your wagon?"

"Oh, yes indeed!" replied the obliging lady; "that is, I don't know how we shall manage; each of us holds a child."

"Well then, I give it up," said Elmar, laughing, "I have enough with one boy in the carriage."

"We mothers think differently, we find no discomfort in our children's presence," said Kathinka to the pastor's wife, as she entered her carriage. The rest of the party followed her example, and the coach, with several other conveyances, rolled away and disappeared in the forest.

Erica had received no farewell from any one except little Carlos; he was the only person who had looked towards the spot where she stood, none of the others had heeded her, even Caroline was too much occupied to think of her. The grave expression that rested on her face lingered there all day, and when she reached home her mother looked at her inquiringly.

"What is the matter, child? You have returned from your excursion in a sorrowful mood."

"It is so melancholy at Dark Lake, mamma, one unconsciously becomes grave and sad."

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Nineteenth Century.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET.

MARTYR for the Church of Christ, or turbulent incendiary justly punished for his madness or presumption? That was the alternative which lay before the judgment of the Christian world. On the response which would be given depended interests which stretched far beyond the limits of Becket's own island home. How vast were the issues, how possible was an unfavorable conclusion, may be seen in the passionate language in which Benedict of Canterbury describes the general feeling, and relates the influences by which alone the popular verdict was decided in the archbishop's favor.

Our crowned head was taken from us, the glory of angels and of Angles. We were orphans who had lost their father. The mother Church was desolate, and her children were not lamenting. She sought for some to comfort her, yet found she none. She was weeping, and her children were glad. Our own noble monastery was speechless, and cruel mockers said it was well done. The brethren mingled their bread with tears, but they kept silence. Had not light risen upon us from on high, we had been lost forever. Praised be He who looked upon us in the day of our affliction! All generations shall now call us blessed. When the martyr was slain our young men saw visions, our old men dreamed dreams; and then came the miracles, and we knew that God had exalted the horn of his anointed one.

The sheep were scattered: the hirelings had fled. There had not been found a man who would stand beside the lord of Canterbury against the workers of iniquity. The second part of Christendom had gone astray after the idol Baal, the apostate, the antipope. Who can say what the end might not have been? In the blood of the martyr of Canterbury the Most High provided an expiation for the sins of the world. The darkness passed away before the splendor of the miracles. The seed of the word sprang up. Unnumbered sinners are converted daily, and beat their breasts and turn back into the fold. Our anointed Gideon had his lamp in a pitcher: the clay of the earthly body was broken, and light shone out. The schismatic Octavian was at once condemned, and Pope Alexander was established in Peter's chair. If Alexander had not been our true father, the martyr who adhered to him would have been defiled by the pitch which he had touched. His miracles prove that he had not been defiled. No man could do such wonders unless God was with him.

And as he died for the universal Church, so especially he died for the Church of Canterbury. Let his successor not abandon the rights which our holy martyr defended. Let him not despise the law of the Church, or depart from obedience to Pope Alexander. Let his Holiness be glad that in these last times, and in the ends of the earth, he has found such a son. Let the children of Canterbury rejoice that the consolation of such miracles has been vouchsafed to them. Let the whole earth exult, and they that dwell therein. On those who walked in darkness the light has shined. The fearful shepherds have learned boldness; the sick are healed; the repenting sinner is forgiven. Through the merits of our blessed martyr the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, the poor have the gospel preached to them. In him all the miracles of the gospel are repeated, and find their full completion. Four times the lamps about his tomb have been kindled by invisible hands. An innocent man who was mutilated by the executioner called on the martyr for help, and is restored: new eyes and new members have been granted to him. Never anywhere, so soon after death and in so brief a time, has saint been made illustrious by so many and so mighty tokens of God's favor.*

Miracles come when they are needed. They come not of fraud, but they come of an impassioned credulity which creates what it is determined to find. Given an enthusiastic desire that God should miraculously manifest himself, the religious imagination is never long at a loss for facts to prove that He has done so; and in proportion to the magnitude of the interests at stake is the scale of the miraculous interposition. In the eyes of Europe, the cause in which Becket fell was the cause of sacerdotalism as against the prosaic virtues of justice and common sense. Every superstitious mind in Christendom was at work immediately, generating supernatural evidence which should be universal and overwhelming. When once the impression was started that Becket's relics were working miracles, it spread like an epidemic. Either the laws of nature were suspended, or for the four years which followed his death the power and the wish were gone to distinguish truth from falsehood. The most ordinary events were transfigured. That version of any story was held to be the truest which gave most honor to the martyr. That was the falsest which seemed to detract from his glory. As Becket in his life had represented the ambition and arrogance of the Catholic Church, and not its genuine excellence, so it was his fate in death to represent beyond all others the false side of Catholic teaching, and to gather round himself the most amazing agglomerate of lies.

* Materials, vol. ii., p. 21 (abridged).

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The stream which was so soon to roll in so mighty a volume rose first in the humble breast of Benedict the monk. After the murder the body was lifted by the trembling brotherhood from the spot where it had fallen, and was laid for the night in front of the high altar. The monks then sought their pallets with one thought in the minds of all of them. Was the archbishop a saint, or was he a vain dreamer? God only could decide. Asleep or awake — he was unable to say which — Benedict conceived that he saw the archbishop going towards the altar in his robes, as if to say mass. He approached him trembling. "My lord," he supposed himself to have said, "are you not dead?" The archbishop answered, "I was dead, but I have risen again." "If you are risen, and, as we believe, a martyr," Benedict said, "will you not manifest yourself to the world?" The archbishop showed Benedict a lantern with a candle dimly burning in it. "I bear a light," he said, "but a cloud at present conceals it." He then seemed to ascend the altar steps. The monks in the choir began the introit. The archbishop took the word from them, and in a rich full voice poured out, "Arise, why sleepest thou, O Lord? Arise, and cast us not forth forever."

Benedict was dreaming; but the dream was converted into instant reality. The word went round the dormitory that the archbishop had risen from the dead and had appeared to Benedict. The monks, scarcely knowing whether they too were awake or entranced, flitted into the cathedral to gaze on the mysterious form before the altar. In the dim winter dawn they imagined they saw the dead man's arm raised as if to bless them. The candles had burnt out. Some one placed new candles in the sockets and lighted them. Those who did not know whose hand had done it concluded that it was an angel's. Contradiction was unheard or unbelieved; at such a moment incredulity was impious. Rumors flew abroad that miracles had already begun, and when the cathedral doors were opened the townspeople flocked in to adore. They rushed to the scene of the murder. They dipped their handkerchiefs in the sacred stream which lay moist upon the stones. A woman whose sight had been weak from some long disease touched her eyes with the blood, and cried aloud that she could again see clearly. Along with the tale of the crime there spread into the country, gathering volume as it rolled, the story of the wonders which had begun; and every pious heart which had beat for the archbishop when he was alive was set bounding with delighted enthusiasm. A lady in Sussex heard of the miracle with the woman. Her sight, too, was failing. *Divinitus inspiratas*, under a divine inspiration, which anticipated the judgment of the Church, she prayed to the blessed martyr St. Thomas, and was instantly restored. Two days later a man at Canterbury who was actually blind recovered his sight. The brothers at the cathedral whose faith had been weak were supernaturally strengthened. The last doubter among them was converted by a vision.

In the outside world there were those who said that the miracles were delusion or enchantment; but with the scoffs came tales of the retribution which instantly overtook the scoffers. A priest at Nantes was heard to say that if strange things had happened at Canterbury the cause could not be the merits of the archbishop, for God would not work miracles for a traitor. As "the man of Belial" uttered his blasphemies his eyes dropped from their sockets, and he fell to the ground foaming at the mouth. His companions carried him into a church, replaced the eyeballs, and sprinkled them with holy water, and prayed to St. Thomas for pardon. St. Thomas was slowly appeased, and the priest recovered, to be a sadder and a wiser man.

Sir Thomas of Ecton had known Becket in early youth, and refused to believe that a profligate scoundrel could be a saint.* Sir Thomas was seized with a quinsy which almost killed him, and only saved his life by instant repentance.

In vain the De Brocs and their friends attempted to stem the torrent by threatening to drag the body through the streets, to cut it in pieces, and fling it into a cesspool. The mob of Kent would have risen in arms, and burnt their castle over their heads, had they dared to touch so precious a possession. The archbishop was laid in a marble sarcophagus before the altar of St. John the Baptist in the crypt. The brain which De Broc's rude sword had spread out was gathered up by reverent hands, the blood-stains were scraped off the stones, and the precious relics were placed on the stone lid where they could be seen by the faithful. When the body was stripped for burial, on the back were seen the marks of the stripes which he had received on the morning of his death. The hair shirt and drawers were found

* "Martyrem libidinosi et nebulonis elogio notans." — William of Canterbury. "Materials," vol. i.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 / Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

swarming (*scaturientes*) with vermin. These transcendent evidences of sanctity were laid beside the other treasures, and a wall was built round the tomb to protect it from profanation, with openings through which the sick and maimed, who now came in daily crowds for the martyr's help, could gaze and be healed.

Now came the more awful question. The new saint was jealous of his honor: was it safe to withhold his title from him till the pope had spoken? He had shown himself alive — was it permitted to pray for him as if he were dead? Throughout England the souls of the brethren were exercised by this dangerous uncertainty. In some places the question was settled in the saint's favor by an opportune dream. At Canterbury itself more caution was necessary, and John of Salisbury wrote to the Bishop of Poitiers for advice: —

> The blind see (he said), the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the lame walk, the devils are cast out. To pray for the soul of one whom God had distinguished by miracles so illustrious is injurious to him, and bears a show of unbelief. We should have sent to consult the pope, but the passages are stopped, and no one can leave the harbors without a passport. For ourselves, we have concluded that we ought to recognize the will of God without waiting for the holy father's sanction.*

The pope's ultimate resolution it was impossible to doubt. The party of the anti-pope in England had been put an end to by the miracles. Many people had begun to waver in their allegiance, and now all uncertainty was gone. It was universally admitted that these wonders displayed in favor of a person who had been on Alexander's side conclusively decided the question.† Alexander would do well, however, John of Salisbury thought, to pronounce the canonization with as little delay as possible.

The epidemic was still in its infancy. The miracles already mentioned had been worked in comparative privacy in the first few weeks which succeeded the martyrdom. Before the summer the archbishop's admirers were contending with each other in every part of Europe which could report the most amazing miracles that had been worked by his intervention or by the use of his name. Pilgrims began to stream to Canterbury with their tales of marvel and their rich thanksgiving offerings. A committee of monks was appointed to examine each story in detail. Their duty was to assure themselves that the alleged miracle was reality and not imagination. Yet thousands were allowed to pass as adequately and clearly proved. Every day under their own eyes the laws of nature were set aside. The aperture in the wall round the tomb contracted or enlarged according to the merit of the visitants. A small and delicate woman could not pass so much as her head through it to look at the relics. She was found to be living in sin. A monster of a man possessed by a devil, but honestly desirous of salvation, plunged through, body and all. The spectators (Benedict among them, who tells the story) supposed it would be necessary to pull the wall down to get him free. He passed out with the same ease with which he had entered. But when the monks told him to repeat the experiment, stone and mortar had resumed their properties.

The blood gathered on the handkerchiefs from the pavement had shown powers so extraordinary that there was a universal demand for it. The difficulty from the limitation of quantity was got over in various ways. At first it exhibited a capacity for self-multiplication. A single drop might be poured into a bottle, and the bottle would be found full. Afterwards a miraculous fountain broke out in the crypt, with the water from which the blood was mixed. The smallest globule of blood, fined down by successive recombinations to a fraction of unimaginable minuteness, imparted to the water the virtues of the perfect original. St. Thomas's water became the favorite remedy for all diseases throughout the Christian world, the sole condition of a cure being that doctor's medicines should be abjured. The behavior of the liquid, as described by Benedict, who relates what he professes to have continually seen, was eccentric and at first incomprehensible. A monk at the fountain distributed it to the pilgrims, who brought wooden boxes in which to carry it away. When poured into these boxed it would sometimes effervesce or boil. More often the box would split in the pilgrim's hand. Some sin unconfessed was supposed to be the cause, and the box itself, after such a misfortune, was left as an offering at the tomb. The splitting

* John of Salisbury to the Bishop of Poitiers. "Letters," vol. ii., pp. 257, 258 (abridged). How John of Salisbury was able to write both to the Bishop of Poitiers and to the Archbishop of Sens, if he was unable to write to Rome because the passages were stopped, does not appear.

† "Dubitatur a plurimis an pars domini papæ in quâ stamus de justitiâ niteretur, sed eam a crimine gloriosus martyr absolvit, qui si fautor erat schismatis nequaquam tantis miraculis coruscaret." — To the Archbishop of Sens. "Letters," vol. ii., p. 263.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

action after a time grew less violent, and was confined to a light crack. One day a woman brought a box which became thus slightly injured. The monk to whom she gave it thought it was too good to be wasted, and was meditating in his own mind that he would keep it for himself. At the moment that the wicked thought formed itself the box flew to pieces in his hands with a loud crash. He dropped it, shrieking that it was possessed. Benedict and others ran in, hearing him cry, to find him in an agony of terror. The amusement with which Benedict admits that they listened to his story suggests a suspicion that in this instance at least the incident was not wholly supernatural.* Finding boxes liable to these misfortunes, the pilgrims next tried stone bottles, but with no better success — the stone cracked like the wood. A youth at Canterbury suggested tin; the bursting miracle ceased, and the meaning of it was then perceived. The pilgrims were intended to carry St. Thomas's water round the world, hung about their necks in bottles which could be at once secure and sufficiently diminutive for transport. A vessel that could be relied on being thus obtained, the trade became enormous. Though the holy thing might not be sold, the recipient of the gift expressed his gratitude by corresponding presents; and no diamond mine ever brought more wealth to its owners than St. Thomas's water brought to the monks of Canterbury.

As the time went on the miracles grew more and more prodigious. At first weak eyes were made strong; then sight was restored which was wholly gone. At first sick men were made whole; then dead men were brought back to life. At first there was the unconscious exaggeration of real phenomena; then there was incautious embellishment. Finally, in some instances of course with the best intentions, there was perhaps deliberate lying. To which of these classes the story should be assigned which has now to be told the reader must decide for himself. No miracle in sacred history is apparently better attested. The more complete the evidence, the more the choice is narrowed to the alternative between a real and supernatural occurrence and an intentional fraud.

In the year which followed Becket's death there lived near Bedford a small farmer named Aylward. This Aylward, unable to recover otherwise a debt from one of his neighbors, broke into his debtor's house, and took possession of certain small articles of furniture to hold as security. The debtor pursued him, wounded him in a scuffle, and carried him before the head constable of the district, who happened to be Aylward's personal enemy. A charge of burglary was brought against him, with the constable's support. Aylward was taken before the sheriff, Sir Richard Fitzosbert, and committed to Bedford gaol to await his trial. The gaol chaplain in the interval took charge of his soul, gave him a whip with which to flog himself five times a day, and advised him to consign his cause to the Virgin, and especially to the martyr Thomas. At the end of a month he was brought before the justices at Leighton Buzzard. The constable appeared to prosecute; and his own story not being received as true, he applied for wager of battle with his accuser, or else for the ordeal of hot iron. Through underhand influence the judges refused either of these comparatively favorable alternatives, and sentenced the prisoner to the ordeal of water, which meant death by drowning or else dismemberment. The law of the Conqueror was still in force. The penalty of felony was not the axe or the gallows, but mutilation; and the water ordeal being over, which was merely a form, Aylward, in the presence of a large number of clergy and laity, was delivered to the knife. He bled so much that he was supposed to be dying, and he received the last sacrament. A compassionate neighbor, however, took him into his house, and attended to his wounds, which began slowly to heal. On the tenth night St. Thomas came to his bedside, made a cross on his forehead, and told him that if he presented himself the next day with a candle at the altar of the Virgin in Bedford Church, and did not doubt in his heart, but believed that God was able and willing to cure him, his eyes would be restored. In the morning he related his vision. It was reported to the dean, who himself accompanied him to the altar, the townspeople coming in crowds to witness the promised miracle. The blinded victim of injustice and false evidence believed as he was directed, and prayed as he was directed. The bandages were then removed from the empty eye-sockets, and in the hollows two small glittering spots were seen, the size of the eyes of a small bird, with which Aylward pronounced that he could again see. He set off at once to offer his thanks to his pre-

* "Hoc miraculum tam joco et risui multis extitit quam admirationi." — Materials, vol. ii.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

server at Canterbury. The rumor of the miracle had preceded him, and in London he was detained by the bishop till the truth had been inquired into. The result was a deposition signed by the mayor and corporation of Bedford, declaring that they had ascertained the completeness of the mutilation beyond all possibility of doubt.

Very curiously, precisely the same miracle was repeated under similar conditions three years later. Some cavil had perhaps been raised on the sufficiency of the evidence. The burgesses of a country town were not, it may have been thought men of sufficient knowledge and education to be relied upon in so extraordinary a case. The very ability of a saint to restore parts of the human body which had been removed may have been privately called in question, and to silence incredulity the feat was performed a second time. There appeared in Canterbury in 1176 a youth named Rogers, bringing with him a letter from Hugh, Bishop of Durham, to the prior of the monastery. The letter stated that in the preceding September the bearer had been convicted of theft, and had been mutilated in the usual manner. He had subsequently begged his living in the Durham streets, and was well known to every one in the town to be perfectly blind. In this condition he had prayed to St. Thomas. St. Thomas had appeared to him in a red gown, with a mitre on his head and three wax candles in his hand, and had promised him restoration. From that moment his sight began to return, and in a short time he could discern the smallest objects. Though, as at Bedford, the eyes were *modicæ quantitatis*, exceedingly minute, the functions were perfect. The bishop, to leave no room for mistake, took the oaths of the executioner and the witnesses of the mutilation. The cathedral bells were rung, and thanksgiving services were offered to God and St. Thomas.

So far the Bishop of Durham. But the story received a further confirmation by a coincidence scarcely less singular. When the subject of the miracle came to Canterbury, the judge who had tried him happened to be on a visit to the monastery. The meeting was purely accidental. The judge had been interested in the boy, and had closely observed him. He was able to swear that the eyes which he then saw were not the eyes which had been cut out by the executioner at Durham, being different from them in form and color.*

* Materials, vol. i., p. 423.

When the minds of bishops and judges were thus affected, we cease to wonder at the thousand similar stories which passed into popular belief. Many of them are childish, many grossly ridiculous. The language of the archbishop on his miraculous appearances was not like his own, but was the evident creation of the visionary who was the occasion of his visit; and his actions were alternately the actions of a benevolent angel or a malignant imp. But all alike were received as authentic, and served to swell the flood of illusion which overspread the Christian world. For four years the entire supernatural administration of the Church economy was passed over to St. Thomas; as if Heaven designed to vindicate the cause of the martyr of Canterbury by special and extraordinary favor. In vain during those years were prayers addressed to the Blessed Virgin; in vain the cripple brought his offerings to shrines where a miracle had never been refused before. The Virgin and the other dispensers of divine grace had been suspended from activity, that the champion of the Church might have the glory to himself. The elder saints had long gone to and fro on errands of mercy. They were now allowed to repose, and St. Thomas was all in all.*

Greater for a time than the Blessed Virgin, greater than the saints! — nay, another superiority was assigned to him still more astounding. The sacrifice of St. Thomas was considered to be wider and more gracious in its operation than the sacrifice of Calvary. Foliot, Bishop of London, so long his great antagonist, was taken ill a few years after the murder, and was thought to be dying. He was speechless. The Bishop of Salisbury sat by him, endeavoring to hear his confession before giving him the sacrament. The voice was choked, the lips were closed; he could neither confess his sins nor swallow his *viaticum*, and nothing lay before him but inevitable hell, when, by a happy thought, sacrament was added to sacrament — the wafer was sprinkled with the water of St.

† William of Canterbury mentions the case of a man in distress who prayed without effect to the Virgin. "Hujusmodi precibus," he says, "sæpius et propensius instabat; similiter et aliorum sanctorum suffragia postulabat, sed ad invocationem sui nominis non exaudierunt, qui retro tempora sua glorificationis habuerunt, ut et sua tempora propitiationis martyr modernus haberet. Pridem concurrerant quantum potuerunt et quantum debuerunt signis et prodigiis coruscantes: nunc tandem erat et novo martyri currendum, ut in catalogo sanctorum mirificus haberetur, Domino dispensante quæ, a quibus, et quibus temporibus fieri debeant. Eo namque currente et magna spatia transcurrente, illis tanquam veteranis et emeritis interim debebatur otium." — Materials, vol. i., p. 290.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Thomas, and again held to the mouth of the dying prelate. Marvel of marvels! the tightened sinews relaxed. The lips unclosed; the tongue resumed its office: and when all ghostly consolation had been duly offered and duly received, Foliot was allowed to recover.

"O martyr full of mercy!" exclaims the recorder of the miracle, "blessedly forgetful art thou of thy own injuries, who didst thus give to drink to thy disobedient and rebellious brother of the fountain of thy own blood. O deed without example! O act incomparable! Christ gave his flesh and blood to be eaten and drunk by sinners. St. Thomas, who imitated Christ in his passion, imitates him also in the sacrament. But there is this difference, that Christ damns those who eat and drink him unworthily, or takes their lives from them, or afflicts them with diseases. The blessed Thomas, doing according to his master's promise greater things than he, and being more full of mercy than he, gives his blood to his enemies as well as to his friends; and not only does not damn his enemies, but calls them back into the ways of peace. All men, therefore, may come to him and drink without fear, and they shall find salvation, body and soul." *

The details of the miracles contain many interesting pictures of old English life. St. Thomas was kind to persons drowned or drowning, kind to prisoners, especially kind to children. He was interested in naval matters — launching vessels from the stocks when the shipwrights could not move them, or saving mariners and fishermen in shipwrecks. According to William of Canterbury, the archbishop in his new condition had a weakness for the married clergy, many miracles being worked by him for a *focaria*. Dead lambs, geese, and pigs were restored to life, to silence Sadducees who doubted the resurrection. In remembrance of his old sporting days, the archbishop would mend the broken wings and legs of hawks which had suffered from the herons. Boys and girls found him always ready to listen to their small distresses. A Suffolk yeoman, William of Ramshott, had invited a party to a feast. A neighbor had made him a present of a cheese, and his little daughter Beatrice had been directed to put it away in a safe place. Beatrice did as she was told, but went to play with her brother Hugh, and forgot what she had done with it. The days went on; the feast was near. The children hunted in every corner of the house, but no cheese could be found. The nearest town was far off. They had no money to buy another if they could reach it, and a whipping became sadly probable. An idea struck the little Hugh. "Sister," he said, "I have heard that the blessed Thomas is good and kind. Let us pray to Thomas to help us." They went to their beds, and, as Hugh foretold, the saint came to them in their dreams. "Don't you remember," he said, "the old crock in the back kitchen, where the butter used to be kept?" They sprang up, and all was well.

The original question between the king and the archbishop still agitated men's minds, and was still so far from practical settlement that visions were necessary to convert the impenitent. A knight of the court, who contended for the Constitutions of Clarendon, and continued stubborn, was struck with paralysis. Becket came and bade him observe that the judge of truth had decided against the king by signs and wonders, and that it was a sin to doubt any further. The knight acknowledged his error. Others were less penetrable. The miracles, it was still said, might be deceptive; and, true or false, miracles could not alter matters of plain right or wrong. Even women were found who refused to believe; and a characteristic story is told, in which we catch a glimpse of one of the murderers.

A party of gentlemen were dining at a house in Sussex. Hugh de Morville was in the neighborhood, and while they were sitting at dinner, a note was brought in from him asking one of the guests who was an old acquaintance to call and see him. The person to whom the note was addressed read it with signs of horror. When the cause was explained, the lady of the house said, "Is that all? What is there to be alarmed about? The priest Thomas is dead: well, why need that trouble us? The clergy were putting their feet on the necks of us all. The archbishop wanted to be the king's master, and he has not succeeded. Eat your victuals, neighbor, like an honest man." The poor lady expressed what doubtless many were feeling. An example was necessary, and one of her children was at once taken dangerously ill. The county neighbors said it was a judgment; she was made to confess her sins and carry her child to Canterbury to be cured, where, having been the subject of divine interposition, he was "dedicated to God" and was brought up a monk.

* Materials, vol. i., pp. 251, 252.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Through the offerings the monastery of Canterbury became enormously rich, and riches produced their natural effect. Giraldus Cambrensis, when he paid a visit there a few years later, found the monks dining more luxuriously than the king. According to Nigellus, the precentor of the cathedral, their own belief in the wonders which they daily witnessed was not profound, since in the midst of them Nigellus could write deliberately, as the excuse for the prevalent profligacy of the churchmen, "that the age of miracles was past." It was observed, and perhaps commented on, that unless the offerings were handsome the miracles were often withheld. So obvious was this feature that William of Canterbury was obliged to apologize for it. "The question rises," he says, "why the martyr takes such delight in these donations, being now, as he is, in heaven, where covetousness can have no place. Some say that the martyr, when in the body, on the occasion of his going into exile, borrowed much money, being in need of it for his fellow exiles, and to make presents at court. Being unable to repay his creditors in life, he may have been anxious after death that his debts should be discharged, lest his good name should suffer. And therefore it may be that all these kings and princes, knights, bishops, priests, monks, nuns, all ages and conditions, are inspired by God to come in such troops and take so many vows on them to grant pensions and annuities." *

There is no occasion to pursue into further details the history of this extraordinary alliance between religion and lying, which forced on Europe the most extravagant sacerdotalism by evidence as extravagant as itself. By an appropriate affinity the claims of the Church to spiritual supremacy were made to rest on falsehood, whether unconscious or deliberate, and when the falsehood ceased to be credible the system which was based upon it collapsed. Thus all illusions work at last their own retribution. Ecclesiastical miracles are not worked in vindication of purity of life or piety of character. They do not intrude themselves into a presence to which they can lend no increase of beauty and furnish no additional authority. They are the spurious offspring of the passion of theologians for their own most extravagant assumptions. They are believed, they become the material of an idolatry, till the awakened conscience of the better part of mankind rises at last in revolt, and the fantastic pretensions and the evidence alleged in support of them depart together and cumber the world no more. We return to authentic history.

When the news of the catastrophe at Canterbury arrived in Normandy the king was for a time stunned. None knew better than he the temper of his subjects on the present condition of the dispute with the Church. The death of the great disturber was natural and may, perhaps, have been inevitable. Nevertheless, if the result of it, as seemed too likely to be the case, was his own excommunication and an interdict on his dominions, a rebellion in Normandy was certain, and a rebellion in England was only too probable. Firm as might have been his own grasp, his hold on his continental duchies was not strengthened by his English sovereignty. The Norman nobles and prelates saw their country sliding into a province of the island kingdom which their fathers had subdued. If they were to lose their independence, their natural affinity was towards the land with which they were geographically combined. The revolutionary forces were already at work which came to maturity in the next generation, and if Normandy and Anjou were laid under interdict for a crime committed in England and for an English cause, an immediate insurrection might be anticipated with certainty. The state of England was scarcely more satisfactory. The young princes, who had been over-indulged in childhood, were showing symptoms of mutiny. The private relations between an English sovereign and his family were not yet regarded as the property of his subjects; the chroniclers rarely indulged in details of royal scandals, and the dates of Henry's infidelities are vaguely given. Giraldus says that he remained true to his queen till she tempted her sons into rebellion, but Eleanor herself might have told the story differently, and the fire which was about to burst so furiously may have been long smouldering. As to the people generally, it was evident that Becket had a formidable faction among them. The humpbacked Earl of Leicester was dead, but his son, the new earl, was of the same temper as his father. The barons resented the demolition of their castles, which the king had already begun, and the curtailment of their feudal authority. An exasperating inquiry was at that moment going forward into the conduct of the sheriffs. They had levied tax and toll at

* Materials, vol. i., p. 327.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

their pleasure, and the king's interference with them they regarded as an invasion of their liberties. Materials for complaint were lying about in abundance, and anything might be feared if to the injuries of the knights and barons were added the injuries of the Church, and rebellion could be gilded with a show of sanctity. The same spirit which sent them to die under the walls of Acre might prompt them equally to avenge the murder of the archbishop. Henry himself was a representative of his age. He, too, really believed that the clergy were semi-supernatural beings whose curse it might be dangerous to undergo. The murder itself had been accompanied with every circumstance most calculated to make a profound impression. The sacrilege was something, but the sacrilege was not the worst. Many a bloody scene had been witnessed in that age in church and cathedral; abbots had invaded one another at the head of armed parties; monks had fought and been killed within consecrated walls, and sacred vessels and sacred relics had been carried off among bleeding bodies. High dignitaries were occasionally poisoned in the sacramental wine, and such a crime, though serious, was not regarded as exceptionally dreadful. But Becket had but just returned to England after a formal reconciliation in the presence of all Europe. The king of France, the Count of Flanders, and the Count of Blois had pledged their words for his safety. He had been killed in his own cathedral. He had fallen with a dignity and even grandeur which his bitterest enemies were obliged to admire. The murderers were Henry's own immediate attendants, and Henry could not deny that he had himself used words which they might construe into a sanction of what they had done.

Giraldus Cambrensis, who when young had seen and spoken with him, has left us a sketch of Henry the Second's appearance and character more than usually distinct. Henry was of middle height, with a thick short neck and a square chest. His body was stout and fleshy, his arms sinewy and long. His head was round and large, his hair and beard reddish brown, his complexion florid, his eyes grey, with fire glowing at the bottom of them. His habits were exceptionally temperate; he ate little, drank little, and was always extremely active. He was on horseback at dawn, either hunting or else on business. When off his horse he was on his feet, and rarely sat down till supper time. He was easy of approach, gracious, pleasant, and in conversation remarkably agreeable. Notwithstanding his outdoor habits he had read largely, and his memory was extremely tenacious. It was said of him that he never forgot a face which he had once seen, or a thing which he had heard or read that was worth remembering. He was pious too, Giraldus says, *pietate spectabilis*. The piety unfortunately, in Giraldus's eyes, took the wrong shape of an over-zeal for justice, which brought him into his trouble with the Church, while to his technical "religious duties" he was less attentive than he ought to have been. He allowed but an hour a day for mass, and while mass was being said he usually thought of something else. To the poor he was profusely charitable, "filling the hungry with good things, and sending the rich empty away." He was *largus in publico, parvus in privato;* he spent freely in the public service and little on himself. As a statesman he was reserved, seldom showing his own thoughts. He was a good judge of character, rarely changing an opinion of a man which he had once formed. He was patient of opposition, and trusted much to time to find his way through difficulties. In war he was dangerous from his energy and his intellect. But he had no love for war, he was essentially a friend of peace, and after a battle could not control his emotion at the loss of his men. "In short," Giraldus concludes, "if God had but elected him to grace and converted him to a right understanding of the privileges of his Church, he would have been an incomparable prince." * Such was Henry, the first of the English Plantagenet kings, a man whose faults it is easy to blame, whose many excellences it would have been less easy to imitate — a man of whom may be said what can be affirmed but rarely of any mortal, that the more clearly his history is known the more his errors will be forgiven, the more we shall find to honor and admire.

He was at Argenteuil when the fatal account was brought to him. He shut himself in his room, ate nothing for three days, and for five weeks remained in penitential seclusion. Time was precious, for his enemies were not asleep. Lewis and the Archbishop of Sens wrote passionately to the pope, charging the king with the guilt of the murder, and insisting that so enormous an outrage should be punished at once and with the utmost severity. The Archbishop of Sens, on his own

* Giraldus, vol. v., p. 301, etc.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

authority as legate, laid Normandy under interdict, and Alexander, startled into energy at last, sent persons to the spot to confirm the archbishop's action, and to extend the censures over England. Henry roused himself at last. He despatched the Archbishop of Rouen and two other bishops * to explain what had happened, so far as explanation was possible; and as the danger was pressing and bishops travelled slowly, three other churchmen, the Abbot of Valaise and the Archdeacons of Lisieux and Salisbury, pushed on before them. On their first arrival these envoys were refused an audience. When they were admitted to Alexander's presence at last, the attempt at palliation was listened to with horror. Two of Becket's clergy were at the papal court, and had possession of pope and cardinals, and it appeared only too likely that at the approaching Easter Alexander himself would declare Henry excommunicated. By private negotiations with some of the cardinals they were able to delay the sentence till the coming of the bishops. The bishops brought with them a promise on Henry's part to submit to any penance which the pope might enjoin, and to acquiesce in any order which the pope might prescribe for the government of the clergy. An immediate catastrophe was thus averted. Cardinals Albert and Theodoric were commissioned at leisure to repair to Normandy and do what might be found necessary. To the mortification of Lewis the censures were meanwhile suspended, and the interdict pronounced by the Archbishop of Sens was not confirmed.

Henry on his part prepared to deserve the pope's forgiveness. Uncertain what Alexander might resolve upon, he returned to England as soon as he had recovered his energy. He renewed the orders at the ports against the admission of strangers and against the introduction of briefs from Rome, which might disturb the public peace. He then at once undertook a duty which long before had been enjoined upon him by Alexander's predecessor, and had been left too long neglected.

Ireland had been converted to the Christian faith by an apostle from the Holy See, but in seven centuries the Irish Church had degenerated from its original purity. Customs had crept in unknown in other Latin communions, and savoring of schism. No regular communication had been maintained with the authorities at Rome; no confirmation of abbots and bishops had been applied for or paid for. At a council held in 1151 a papal legate had been present, and an arrangement had been made for the presentation of the palls of the four Irish archbishoprics. But the legate's general account of the state of Irish affairs increased the pope's anxiety for more vigorous measures. Not only Peter's pence and first-fruits were not paid to himself — not only tithes were not paid to the clergy — but the most sacred rites were perverted or neglected. In parts of the island children were not baptized at all. When baptism was observed, it more resembled a magical ceremony than a sacrament of the Church. Any person who happened to be present at a birth dipped the child three times in water or milk, without security for the use of the appointed words. Marriage scarcely could be said to exist. An Irish chief took as many wives as he pleased, and paid no respect to degrees of consanguinity.* Even incest was not uncommon † among them. The clergy, though not immoral in the technical sense, were hard drinkers. The bishops lived in religious houses, and preferred a quiet life to interfering with lawlessness and violence. The people of Ireland, according to Giraldus, who was sent over to study their character, were bloodthirsty savages, and strangers who settled among them caught their habits by an irresistible instinct. But Ireland, religious Ireland especially, had something in its history which commanded respect and interest. A thousand saints had printed their names and memories on Irish soil. St. Patrick and St. Bride had worked more miracles than even the water of St. Thomas. Apostles from Ireland had carried the Christian faith into Scotland, into Iceland, and into Scandinavia.

The popes felt the exclusion of so singular a country from the Catholic commonwealth to be a scandal which ought no longer to be acquiesced in. In 1155 Pope Adrian had laid before Henry the Second the duty imposed on Christian princes to extend the truth among barbarous nations, to eradicate vice, and to secure Peter's pence to the Holy See; and a bull had been issued, sanctioning and enjoining the conquest of Ireland.‡

* The Bishop of Worcester was one of them. The Bishop of Worcester could explain to the pope why his inhibitory letter on the coronation had never been delivered in England.

* "Plerique enim illorum quot volebant uxores habebant, et etiam cognatas suas germanas habere solebant sibi uxores." — Benedict, vol. i., p. 28.

† "Non incestus vitant." — Giraldus Cambrensis, vol. v., p. 138.

‡ Irish Catholic historians pretend that the bull was

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Busy with more pressing concerns, Henry had put off the expedition from year to year. Meanwhile, the Irish chiefs and kings were quarrelling among themselves. MacMorrough of Leinster was driven out, and had come to England for help. The king hesitated in his answer; but volunteers had been found for the service in Sir Robert Fitzstephen, Sir Maurice Prendergast, Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl Richard Strigul, with other knights and gentlemen who were eager for adventure; and a Norman occupation had been made good along the eastern coast of Munster and Leinster. The invasion had been undertaken without the king's consent. He had affected to regard it with disapproval; and the Irish of the west, rallying from their first panic, were collecting in force to drive the intruders into the sea. The desirableness of doing something to entitle him to the pope's gratitude, the convenience of absence from home at a time when dangerous notices might be served upon him, and the certainty that Alexander would hesitate to pronounce him excommunicated when engaged in a conquest which, being undertaken under a papal sanction, resembled a crusade, determined Henry to use the opportunity, and at last accomplish the mission which Adrian had imposed upon him. After his return from Normandy, he passed rapidly through England. He collected a fleet at Milford Haven, and landed at Waterford on October 18, 1171. All Ireland, except the north, at once submitted. The king spent the winter in Dublin in a palace of wattles, the best lodging which the country could afford. In the spring he was able to report to Alexander that the obnoxious customs were abolished, that Catholic discipline had been introduced, and that the Irish tribute would be thenceforward punctually remitted to the papal treasury.

Could he have remained in Ireland for another year, the conquest would have been completed; but in April he was recalled to meet the two cardinals who had arrived in Normandy to receive his submission for Becket's death. The Irish annexation was of course a service which was permitted to be counted in his favor, but the circumstances of the murder, and Henry's conduct in connection with it, both before and after, still required an appearance of scrutiny. Not the least remarkable feature in the story is that the four knights had not been punished. They had not been even arrested. They had gone together, after leaving Canterbury, to De Morville's castle of Knaresborough. They had been excommunicated, but they had received no further molestation. It has been conjectured that they owed their impunity to Becket's own claim for the exclusive jurisdiction of the spiritual courts in cases where spiritual persons were concerned. But the wildest advocates of the immunities of the Church had never dreamed of protecting laymen who had laid their hands on clerks. The explanation was that the king had acted honorably by taking the responsibility on himself, and had not condescended to shield his own reputation by the execution of men whose fault had been over-loyalty to himself. Elizabeth might have remembered with advantage the example of her ancestor when she punished Davison, under circumstances not wholly dissimilar, for the execution of the Queen of Scots.

The king met the cardinals at Caen in the middle of May. At the first interview the difficulty was disposed of which was most immediately pressing, and arrangements were made for a repetition of the ceremony which had been the occasion of the excommunication of the bishops. Prince Henry and the Princess Margaret were again crowned at Winchester on the 27th of August by the Archbishop of Rouen and the Bishops of Evreux and Worcester, the same prelates who had gone on the mission to Rome.

At Avranches on the 27th of September, at a second and more solemn assembly, the king confessed his guilt for the archbishop's death. He had not desired it, he said, and it had caused him the deepest sorrow; but he admitted that he had used words which the knights had naturally misconstrued. He attempted no palliation, and declared himself willing to endure any penalty which the cardinals might be pleased to impose.

The conditions with which the cardinals were satisfied implied an admission that in the original quarrel the right had lain

a Norman forgery. The bull was alleged to have been granted in 1155: in 1179 it was acted upon. In 1171–2 a council was held at Cashel, in which the reforms demanded by Pope Adrian were adopted, and the Irish Church was remodelled, and a report of the proceedings was forwarded to Alexander the Third. In 1174 a confirmation of the original bull was published, professing to have been signed by Alexander. In 1177 Cardinal Vivian came as legate from Rome, who, in a synod at Dublin, declared formally in the pope's name that the sovereignty of Ireland was vested in the English king, and enjoined the Irish to submit *sub pœnâ anathematis*. It requires some hardihood to maintain in the face of these undisputed facts that the pope was kept in ignorance that the island had been invaded and conquered under a sanction doubly forged, and that Cardinal Vivian was either a party to the fraud, or that when in Ireland he never discovered it.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

with the king. All the miracles at Canterbury had made no difference in this essential point. The king promised to continue his support to Alexander as long as Alexander continued to recognize him as a Catholic sovereign — as long, that is, as he did not excommunicate him. He promised not to interfere with appeals to Rome in ecclesiastical causes, but with the reservation that if he had ground for suspecting an invasion of the rights of the crown, he might take measures to protect himself. He promised to abandon any customs complained of by the Church which had been introduced in his own reign; but such customs, he said, would be found to be few or none. He pardoned Becket's friends; he restored the privileges and the estates of the see of Canterbury. For himself, he took the cross, with a vow to serve for three years in the Holy Land, unless the pope perceived that his presence was needed elsewhere. Meanwhile he promised to maintain two hundred Templars there for a year.

On these terms Henry was absolved. Geoffrey Ridel and John of Oxford, Becket's active opponents, whom he had twice cursed, were promoted to bishoprics. The four knights must have been absolved also, since they returned to the court, and, like their master, took the vows as crusaders. The monastic chroniclers consign them to an early and miserable death. The industry of Dean Stanley has discovered them, two years after the murder, to have been again in attendance on the sovereign. Tracy became justiciary of Normandy, and was at Falaise in 1174, when William the Lion did homage to Henry. De Morville, after a year's suspension, became again justiciary of Northumberland. Fitzurse apparently chose Ireland as the scene of his penance. A Fitzurse was in the second flight of Norman invaders, and was the founder of a family known to later history as the Macmahons, the Irish equivalent of the Son of the Bear.

But Henry was not yet delivered from the consequences of his contest with Becket, and the conspiracy which had been formed against him under the shelter of Becket's name was not to be dissolved by the spell of a papal absolution. Lewis of France had taken up Becket's cause, not that felonious clerks might go unhanged, but that an English king might not divide his own land with him. The Earl of Leicester had torn down Reginald of Cologne's altars, not alone because he was an orthodox Catholic, but that, with the help of an ambitious ecclesiasticism, he might break the power of the crown. Through France, through England, through Normandy, a combination had been formed for Henry's humiliation, and although the pope no longer sanctioned it, the purpose was deeply laid, and could not lightly be surrendered.

Unable to strike at his rival as a spiritual outlaw, Lewis found a point where he was no less vulnerable in the jealousy of his queen and the ambition and pride of his sons. His aim was to separate England from its French dependencies. He, and perhaps Eleanor, instigated Prince Henry to demand after the second coronation that his father should divide his dominions, and make over one part or the other to him as an independent sovereign. The king of course refused. Prince Henry and his wife escaped to Lewis *per consilium comitum et baronum Angliæ et Normanniæ qui patrem suum odio habebant.** The younger princes, Richard and Geoffrey, followed them; and a council was held at Paris, where the Count of Flanders, the Count of Boulogne, William the Lion, and the Earl of Huntingdon from Scotland, and the English and Norman disaffected nobles, combined with Lewis for a general attack upon the English king. England was to rise. Normandy was to rise. William was to invade Northumberland. The Count of Flanders was to assist the English insurgents in the eastern counties. Lewis himself was to lead an army into Normandy, where half the barons and bishops were ready to join him. The three English princes, embittered, it may be, by their mother's injuries, swore to make no peace with their father without consent of their allies.

For a time it seemed as if Henry must be overwhelmed. Open enemies were on all sides of him. Of his professed friends too many were disloyal at heart. The Canterbury frenzy added fuel to the conflagration, by bringing God into the field. The Earl of Norfolk and Lord Ferras rose in East Anglia. Lewis and young Henry crossed the frontier into Normandy. The Scots poured over the Tweed into Northumberland. Ireland caught the contagion uninvited; the greater part of the force which had remained there was recalled, and only a few garrisons were left. Had Alexander allowed the Church to lend its help, the king must have fallen; but Alexander honorably adhered to his engagement at Avranches.

* Benedict.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

The king himself remained on the Continent, struggling as he best could against war and treason. Chief Justice de Luci and Humfrey de Bohun faced the Scots beyond Newcastle, and drove them back to Berwick. In the midst of their success they learned that the Earl of Leicester had landed in Norfolk with an army of Flemings. They left the north to its fate. They flew back. Lord Arundel joined them, and the old Earl of Cornwall, who befriended Becket while he could, but had no sympathies with rebellion. They fell on the Flemings near Bury St. Edmunds, and flung them into total wreck. Ten thousand were killed. Leicester himself and the rest were taken, and scarce a man escaped to carry back the news to Gravelines.*

The victory in Norfolk was the first break in the cloud. The rebellion in England had its back broken, and waverers began to doubt, in spite of the miracles, whether God was on its side. Bad news, however, came from the north. The Scots flowed back, laying waste Cumberland and Northumberland with wild ferocity. At the opening of the summer of 1174 another army of French, Flemings, and insurgent English was collected at Gravelines to revenge the defeat at Bury, and this time the Earl of Flanders and Prince Henry were to come in person at the head of it.

An invasion so led and countenanced could only be resisted by the king in person. The barons had sworn allegiance to the prince, and the more loyal of them might be uncertain in what direction their duties lay. Sad and stern, prepared for the worst, yet resolute to contend to the last against the unnatural coalition, Henry crossed in July to Southampton; but, before repairing to London to collect his forces, he turned aside out of his road for a singular and touching purpose.

Although the conspiracy against which he was fighting was condemned by the pope, it had grown nevertheless too evidently out of the contest with Becket, which had ended so terribly. The combination of his wife and sons with his other enemies was something off the course of nature — strange, dark, and horrible. He was abler than most of his contemporaries, but his piety was (as with most wise men) a check upon his intellect. He, it is clear, did not share in the suspicion that the miracles at the archbishop's tomb were the work either of fraud or enchantment. He was not a person who for political reasons would affect emotions which he despised. He had been Becket's friend. Becket had been killed, in part at least, through his own fault; and, though he might still believe himself to have been essentially right in the quarrel, the miracles showed that the archbishop had been really a saint. A more complete expiation than the pope had enjoined might be necessary before the avenging spirit, too manifestly at work, could be pacified.

From Southampton he directed his way to Canterbury, where the bishops had been ordered to meet him. He made offerings at the various churches which he passed on his way. On reaching Harbledown, outside the city, he alighted at the Chapel of St. Nicholas, and thence went * on foot to St. Dunstan's Oratory, adjoining the wall. At the oratory he stripped off his usual dress. He put on a hair penitential shirt, over which a coarse pilgrim's cloak was thrown; and in this costume, with bare and soon bleeding feet, Henry, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy, and Count of Anjou, walked through the streets to the cathedral. Pausing at the spot where the archbishop had fallen, and kissing the stone, he descended into the crypt to the tomb, burst into tears, and flung himself on the ground. There, surrounded by a group of bishops, knights, and monks, he remained long upon his knees in silent prayer. The Bishop of London said for him, what he had said at Avranches, that he had not commanded the murder, but had occasioned it by his hasty words. When the bishop ended, he rose, and repeated his confession with his own lips. He had caused the archbishop's death; therefore he had come in person to acknowledge his sin, and to entreat the brothers of the monastery to pray for him.

At the tomb he offered rich silks and wedges of gold. To the chapter he gave lands. For himself he vowed to erect and endow a religious house, which should be dedicated to St. Thomas. Thus amply, in the opinion of the monks, *reconciliari meruit*, he deserved to be forgiven. But the satisfaction was still incomplete. The martyr's injuries, he said, must be avenged on his own person. He threw off his cloak, knelt again, and laid his head upon the tomb. Each bishop and abbot present struck him five times with a whip. Each one of the eighty monks struck him thrice. Strange scene! None can be found more

* October 16, 1173.

* July 12.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

characteristic of the age; none more characteristic of Henry Plantagenet.

The penance done, he rose and resumed his cloak; and there by the tomb through the remainder of the July day, and through the night till morning, he remained silently sitting, without food or sleep. The cathedral doors were left open by his orders. The people of the city came freely to gape and stare at the singular spectacle. There was the terrible King Henry, who had sent the knights to kill their archbishop, sitting now in dust and ashes. The most ingenious cunning could not have devised a better method of winning back the affection of his subjects; yet with no act of king or statesman had ingenious cunning ever less to do. In the morning he heard mass, and presented offerings at the various altars. Then he became king once more, and rode to London to prepare for the invader. If his humiliation was an act of vain superstition, Providence encouraged him in his weakness. On the day which followed it William the Lion was defeated and made prisoner at Alnwick. A week later came news that the army at Gravelines had dissolved, and that the invasion was abandoned. Delivered from peril at home, Henry flew back to France and flung Lewis back over his own frontier. St. Thomas was now supposed to be fighting for King Henry. Imagination becomes reality when it gives to one party certainty of victory, to the other the anticipation of defeat. By the spring of 1175 the great combination was dissolved. The princes returned to their duty; the English and Norman rebels to their allegiance; and with Alexander's mediation Henry and Lewis and the Count of Flanders were for a time once more reconciled.

Though the formal canonization of Becket could not be accomplished with the speed which his impatient friends demanded, it was declared with the least delay which the necessary forms required. A commission which was sent from Rome to inquire into the authenticity of the miracles having reported satisfactorily, the promotion of the archbishop was immediately decreed, and the monks were able to pray to him without fear of possible irregularity. Due honor having been thus paid to the Church's champion, it became possible to take up again the ever-pressing problem of the Church's reform.

Between the pope and the king there had never really been much difference of opinion. They were now able to work harmoniously together. A successor for Becket at Canterbury was found in the Prior of Dover, for whose good sense we have a sufficient guarantee in the abhorrence with which he was regarded by the ardent champions of Church supremacy. The reformation was commenced in Normandy. After the ceremony at Avranches the cardinals who had come from Rome to receive Henry's confession held a council there. The resolutions arrived at show that the picture of the condition of the clergy left to us by Nigellus is not really overdrawn. It was decided that children were to be no more admitted to the cure of souls — a sufficient proof that children had been so admitted. It was decided that the sons of priests should not succeed to their father's preferments — an evidence not only of the habits of the incumbents, but of the tendency of Church benefices to become hereditary. Yet more significantly the guilty bargains were forbidden by which benefices were let out to farm, and lay patrons presented incumbents on condition of sharing the offertory money; while pluralist ecclesiastics, of whom Becket himself had been a conspicuous instance, were ordered to give a third, at least, of their tithes to the vicars. At the close of the war, in 1175, a similar council was held at Westminster under the new primate. Not only the Avranches resolutions were adopted there, but indications appeared that among the English clergy simony and license were at a yet grosser point than on the Continent. Benefices had been publicly set up to sale. The religious houses received money for the admission of monks and nuns. Priests, and even bishops, had demanded fees for the administration of the sacrament; while as regarded manners and morals, it was evident that the priestly character sat lightly on the secular clergy. They carried arms; they wore their hair long like laymen; they frequented taverns and more questionable places; the more reputable among them were sheriffs and magistrates. So far as decrees of a council could alter the inveterate habits of the order, a better state of things was attempted to be instituted. In the October following, Cardinal Hugezun came from Rome to arrange the vexed question of the liability of clerks to trial in the civil courts. The customs for which Henry pleaded seem at that time to have been substantially recognized. Offenders were degraded by their ordinaries and passed over to the secular judges. For one particular class of offences definite statutory

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

powers were conceded to the State. The clergy were notorious violators of the forest laws. Deer-stealing implied a readiness to commit other crimes, and Cardinal Hugezun formally consented that orders should be no protection in such cases. The betrayal of their interests on a matter which touched so nearly the occupation of their lives was received by the clergy with a scream of indignation. Their language on the occasion is an illustration of what may have been observed often, before and since, that no order of men are less respectful to spiritual authority when they disapprove its decrees.

"The aforesaid cardinal," wrote Benedict and Walter of Coventry, "conceded to the king the right of impleading the clerks of his realm under the forest laws, and of punishing them for taking deer. Limb of Satan that he was! mercenary satellite of the devil himself! Of a shepherd he was made a robber. Seeing the wolf coming, he fled away and left the sheep whom the supreme pontiff had committed to his charge."*

The angry advocates of ecclesiastical license might have spared their passion. The laws of any country cannot be maintained above the level of the average intelligence of the people; and in another generation the clergy would be free to carry their crossbows without danger of worse consequences than a broken crown from the staff of a gamekeeper. "Archbishop Richard," says Giraldus, "basely surrendered the rights which the martyr Thomas had fought for and won, but Archbishop Stephen recovered them." The blood of St. Thomas had not been shed, and the martyr of Canterbury had not been allowed a monopoly of wonder-working, that a priest should be forbidden to help himself to a haunch of venison on festival days. In the great charter of English freedom the liberties of the Church were comprehended in the form, or almost in the form, in which Becket himself would have defined them. The barons paid for the support of the clergy on that memorable occasion by the concession of their most extravagant demands. Benefit of clergy thenceforward was permitted to throw an enchanted shield not round deer-stealers only, but round thieves and murderers, and finally round every villain that could read. The spiritual courts, under the name of liberty, were allowed to develop a system of tyranny and corruption unparalleled in the administrative annals of any time or country. The English laity were for three centuries condemned to writhe under the yoke which their own credulous folly had imposed on them, till the spirit of Henry the Second at length revived, and the aged iniquity was brought to judgment at the Reformation.

J. A. FROUDE.

* "Ecce membrum Satanæ! ecce ipsius Satanæ conductus satelles! qui tam subito factus de pastore raptor videns lupum venientem fugit, et dimisit oves sibi a summo pontifice commissas."

[*Published by arrangement with* HARPER & BROTHERS.]

DA CAPO

BY MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER IX.

TABLE D'HOTE.

ALL the doors were opening, and the tenants coming out of their rooms with various appetites and attempts at adornment. Mrs. Bracy was arrayed in her most gorgeous hues, with an Indian scarf wound about her ample shoulders. But even Mrs. Bracy's colors faded before some of the amazing rainbows that appeared balanced on their high heels — puffed, frizzed, stuffed out with horsehair, tied in by strings, and dabbed with red and yellow — as, male and female, they descended the great staircase and took their places at the long table. Felicia's place was, as usual, by Jasper and Mrs. Bracy. Miss Harrow sat opposite with Mr. Bracy. The day before Baxter had been at Felicia's right hand, and all dinner-time they had chatted comfortably together. To-day she looked round at his empty place; it was filled by a well-worn foreign edition of Miss Harrow — a little haggard woman, with an anxious glance and appetite, who seemed to eat not because she was hungry, but because she had paid for her dinner, and was determined to have her money's worth. She looked at Miss Marlow once or twice. "They will give you ice if you demand them," she said, in tolerable English, to Felicia, "and you have a right to a wing of the chick. Some people have left since yesterday; you have been moved up by Mr. Franz. You are not such a large party as you were. I am all alone; yes, I am always travelling alone. Where is that gentleman who was travelling with you yesterday?"

Felicia felt her cheeks blush up sud-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

denly, and then she blushed again with vexation.

"Interlachen is a dull place for gentlemen who can valk. Ah! here comes the salad," said the little woman, who saw it all, but pretended to be looking at her plate. "Do not pass it over. Mr. Franz makes such good salad. I tell the lady what good salad you make," said she to the head waiter; and then the little ghost-like woman began to devour the green lettuce in a curious, hurried way, as if she feared that her food might be taken away from her. "It is sad to be all alone in places like these," she went on, with a quick look at Felicia. "I make friends, but people go away, and it is all to begin again;" and she flirted out a great green fan, and began to whisk it backward and forward.

The great hall grew hotter and hotter; the voices seemed to rise, the clatter to increase; the waiters were flying about; a moraine of smoking dishes, of plates, and scraps of comestibles seemed hurled by some invisible means across the great counter at the far end of the room. Felicia's spirits sank lower and lower. All alone! Something in the woman's voice seemed to rouse a dismal echo in her own mind. The sight of that thin, nervous hand, flickering, darting at the salt, flying at the dishes, in the place of Aurelius's tranquil neighborhood, seemed to play upon every nerve. Where was he? what was he thinking? Would that poor woman never keep quiet? She had a longing to seize the skinny hand and tie it down. If Felicia disliked her unknown companion's eager movements, the firm grasp of Mrs. Bracy's fat familiar fingers was almost as trying.

"Do not talk so much to that horrid woman, my dear," said the poetess. "She wants to join on to our party. I will not have her impose upon you."

"Hush! she will hear you," says Felicia; for she saw the little bat-like lady's eyes fixed upon Mrs. Bracy's lips.

"My dear child, these people have no conscience," said Flora, crossly. "Edgar" (bending forward), "what do you say?"

"We shall have fine weather for our expedition to-morrow," shouts Mr. Bracy across the table. "This gentleman," pointing to a very red face and a flannel shirt, "has come just from Murren, by the Scheideck. He tells me the mountains are looking remarkably fine just now. Who knows what inspirations — eh, Flora my love?" And Mr. Bracy suddenly began confidentially, in an undertone, to his new-found friend, and Felicia could tell from the expression of the little man's eyebrows that he was speaking of the poems. Then her thoughts travelled away from the clatter of the present to the mountains of to-morrow. She impatiently longed to get to them, to breathe their silent, pure air, to escape this stifling valley, which had suddenly lost all interest for her, all vitality. Her heart sank, and sank, into some depth where pain began and no happiness could reach. What was Jasper saying? — did she feel faint? would she come out? A sort of mist fell between her and her neighbors.

"Take my fan," says the strange lady.

Mrs. Bracy looked at her young companion, and thought of proposing to leave the table with her; but the ices were coming round at that moment: they looked so refreshing in their pink pyramids that, on second thoughts, she helped herself largely. "This will do you good, dear Felicia," she said; but Felicia jumped up quickly, and escaped through a door which happened to be behind her chair. They found her sitting quietly on the balcony outside their sitting-room, when they rejoined her. She looked very pale; she was watching the floating snow-range in its evening dream of light and silver and faint azalea tints. Others had come out to see the wonders of that sunset.

The tongues of fire fell that night upon the company assembled in the garden of the Hôtel des Alpes at Interlachen — Parthians with many glances and chignons, clergymen and Jews and infidels taking their hard-earned holidays together, the light fell upon them all, and they all spoke in wondrous words of praise.

The very children seemed impressed. The fire leaped from snow to snow, dazzling in tender might. The mountain seemed to put out great wings, to tremble with a mysterious life and wonder; the snow-fields hung mid-air; the radiance of their summits seemed to spread into space. People came out from the long tables where they had been dining, streaming out into the garden where the miracle was to be seen. Voices changed, people changed; for a few moments one impulse seemed to touch all these human beings, calling them to something most mysterious and beyond them, utterly beyond expression or remembrance. Such a mood coming from without, imposed by inanimate things upon the living, seems to be some ancient history of revelation realized once again. Their faces

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

shone as they turned toward the mountain, burning with its light.

Upon a balcony of the hotel our poetess had appeared, shrouded in a long gauze veil. She stood, tablets in hand, and pausing for inspiration. Mrs. Bracy hated people to talk when she was taking notes. She desired some one who exclaimed in the room within to be silent now, and presently her own voice was the only one to be heard, upraised in shrill approbation of the solemn beauty of the evening.

One or two people had left the garden and the crowd, and crossed the road, and sat quietly upon the low parapet opposite, watching. The Swiss women, who seem hired at so much a day to walk slowly up and down the avenue, in starched sleeves, with go-carts, ceased to drag for a moment, and stopped to look. So did the sentimental German ladies with their hand-bags, and the eager English tourists, and the Swiss students in spectacles, their arms full of books, and the Russian and American travellers in their well-fitting clothes.

The glory passed on by degrees; an awful shadow rose from the valley, and mounted upward, rapid, remorseless. The beautiful flames of a moment sank away; the pinnacles still dominated, with their fiery points yet burning; an instant more, and all was over in that wonder-world, and the oil lamps resumed the reign upon earth.

The old diplomate on his terrace went back to his evening paper; two young girls at a window clasped each other's hands in youthful enthusiasm and regret; the lady in the balcony continued her remarks.

"Did you not observe the marvellous effect of that last, last tint, succumbing, as it were, to the great ——"

"It is a passion of atmospheric word-painting," interrupted Jasper, who had been hastily making a sketch.

There was a sudden burst of voices from the garden below. "Sugar, absolutely like sugar!" cried a young Russian lady to her partner of the night before.

"Sugar!" cried Mrs. Bracy; "do they liken that noble mass to sugar — that livid, living, loving ——"

"My dear Flora, do see after Miss Marlow!" said little Mr. Bracy, anxiously.

"It is nothing, nothing," said Felicia, trying in vain to hush her sobs. Suddenly the poor little thing had burst into tears, and all the gold stoppers out of her travelling-bag were produced in vain to soothe her troubles. Some remembrance of the night before had come over her, some sudden realization of her lonely state; and yet Baxter was only ten miles off, toiling up the mountain road to Grindelwald, as it lies on the mountain-side at the foot of the Eiger, and of the great Wetterhorn, with its crown of floating mist.

Mrs. Bracy may have had her suspicions, but she bided her time, and kept her words to herself. Felicia was petted, sent to bed, to all sorts of vague, agitated dreams of parting and desolate places, to dreary startings and remorseful awakenings as the night sped on with stars without, to the murmurs and muffled cries from the valley.

And then, after the long night, came morning, as it comes, with a sort of surprise; day breaking once more after the darkness of many hours; the sweet irresistible light reaching everywhere, into every corner — spreading across the valleys as they lie dimly in their dreams. It starts along the mountain-side; the shadows melt, disperse. Crisp ridges come into streaming relief; then the snow-fields are gained, and, lo! mysterious, simultaneous, behold the lights break forth on every side, and the dazzling white Jungfrau floats dominant, supreme, once more.

CHAPTER X.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

THEY set off for Grindelwald next day in two quick-trotting carriages. The horses were hung with cheerful little bells, and seemed well able to face the steep pass. "How delicious!" cried Felicia, as the wheels of her *Einspänner* rolled across the resounding boards of a wooden bridge. The young lady leaned forward eagerly, and the cool breeze from the torrent came blowing into her blushing face. She looked down with bright-eyed wonder at the foaming water rushing underneath.

"Look, mem," said Pringle; "what a picture!" And so it was, for the snow-capped mountain-heads uprose at the turning of the winding road; the grey river was eddying on its way, and the charcoal-burners had lit a fire that flamed down among the boulders by the running stream. It was almost evening when they reached their journey's end, coming up through the village street, with its busy little shops lighting up, and the friendly clusters of peasant folk gossiping after their day's work. The great mountains actually overhung the little village; huge rocks were rearing their mighty sides, all lined and seamed with intricate network of delicate

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

shadow; the pale, white crests clustered beyond the rocks. Felicia was almost overpowered by the pomp and stately splendor of this mighty court, to which she was not yet accustomed. She could hardly tear herself away from the terrace in front of the windows.

"Dinner, ladies, dinner!" cried Mr. Bracy, calling from the dining-room. As they came in he made them take their places, talking as usual while he attended to everybody's requirements. Jasper had just seen their friend Colonel Baxter's name in the book. "He slept here last night, and has gone on to the upper glacier," says Mr. Bracy, sharpening his knife.

Jasper had also seen the colonel's departure, not without satisfaction. He had been cross-questioning Georgina in the *Einspänner* coming up.

"There was something," Georgina owned, confidentially. "They had a long, long conversation. I think she is angry."

"She wants a protector," said Jasper, thoughtfully, twirling the silver ring upon his first finger.

I think the same evil imp which so maliciously prompted Felicia, now involved the unfortunate painter in his toils, and began to whisper to him that, Aurelius being gone, Jasper's own hour had come. It was for him to make Felicia forget the faithless colonel. No one knew for certain what had happened; that Felicia was changed and preoccupied was evident to them all. Jasper ate his dinner as usual, but ostentatiously drank a great deal of wine. He began to turn sentimental; from sentimental art to artistic sentiment the step is but short. The next day was Sunday. The English service was duly held in the dining-room of the hotel; the dining-room tables were rolled out of the way, the plates were put inside the wooden dresser, the chairs were set out in three rows, the blinds were drawn halfway down, and a few straggling travellers who came into the room retired again, some discreetly, some blundering, on finding the usual traffic suspended by the congregation. The bell of the village church had been going for an hour before, and Felicia had looked rather wistfully at the figures passing quietly up the street to the Lutheran service.

When the dining-room assemblage was over she hurried out of the house into the open air, oppressed by the incongruity of the form in which a feeling had been expressed that seemed to her almost incompatible with the associations of the place and its appurtenances. As she left she heard the clink of glasses, saw the waiters busily engaged in spreading the dinner-tables once more, and then she had escaped and was walking up the village street toward the little churchyard, across which came the strain of a hymn sung by many voices. Felicia went to the door, and looked in at the quiet old building, where a great number of the villagers were assembled each in his place. The brown-coated men were on one side, and the women filled up the other, the old ones in their coifs, the young ones with their pretty brown braids tied with velvet. The preacher was ascending his pulpit. It was very quiet and decorous. The very bareness of the church seemed to be more impressive than any tawdry ornament. Felicia waited, but she could scarcely follow the German of the pastor, and so she walked on a little way, turning one thing and another over in her mind. She came at last to a narrow bridge across a stream, and as she stood looking thoughtfully down at the rushing water, she heard a step, and looking round, saw Jasper in his riding-suit. He came solemnly up, and then, to Felicia's dismay, he began a long and desultory speech, in which figured gem-like flames of twin lives, rosy raptures of love-greeting, and double stars encircling their own progression. Miss Marlow might not have understood this as a serious proposal had not the unlucky youth seized her by the hand and attempted to thrust the large silver ring which he always wore on to her finger. Felicia fairly lost her temper, and snatched her hand away. What! she had parted from the only man she had ever cared for, in order to be insulted by this absurd and ridiculous supposition! It seemed like a judgment upon her, a mockery of fate. "The companions you have chosen!" she seemed to hear Aurelius's voice saying. What would he say if he were there now?

"How dare you ask me to marry you," she cried, "when you know you do not care for me one bit? Do you know I might have married some one who has loved me for years, if I had not been ill-advised, if I had not been a fool and thrown away my best chance? And do you suppose I should think of marrying you," cried Felicia, "who do not care for me, and for whom I do not care?" And she turned and began hurrying back, through a shower of rain, toward the hotel. Jasper seemed possessed, and went on protesting in the language of a troubadour rather than of a reasonable being. By

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

this time they had reached the church again. "Do leave me!" cried Felicia, stopping short. "Don't you see I want you to go?" and as she spoke she stamped her foot in a fit of most unlady-like passion; then as suddenly burst into tears. The good old preacher's voice was droning on peaceably meanwhile inside the church, and Felicia's explanations might have been continued even more fully if the sermon had not suddenly come to an end, and the congregation issued forth, opening its umbrellas, walking off with short sturdy legs, tucking up its ample petticoats and trousers. The men, in their brown suits and clumsy boots, looked like good-natured bears trotting down the wet road; the women, with their pretty shining plaits, kind faces, and quaint lace snoods, were like figures out of some long-forgotten dream. They passed on, the younger ones in their white sleeves and black velvet bodices, the elder women wrapping their cloaks around them. Most of them were going straight from the service to their Sunday gathering at the tavern by the bridge. Disconcerted Jasper marched off with the crowd, leaving Felicia to get home as best she could. She found him, however, waiting for her at the entrance of the hotel.

"I'm afraid I carried off the umbrella," he said, with an uneasy laugh. "I've waited to tell you that — er" (here he looked very red and foolish) "you quite misunderstood me, Miss Marlow. You didn't do me justice — indeed you didn't. This shall make no difference on my part, and I hope you will keep a fellow's confidence sacred."

"I have certainly no wish to repeat what has happened," said Felicia, still unrelenting.

"I shall start early to-morrow," said Jasper, irritated. "After a day alone in the mountains, I shall know how to master my feelings. Perhaps if I meet Colonel Baxter," he added, "you would like me to send him down."

This was said with a mixture of feminine spite and masculine jealousy. He felt he had revenged himself on Miss Marlow. Felicia did not answer; she looked Jasper indignantly in the face, and swept past him haughtily to her own room. Poor Felicia! she began to find her circumstances somewhat trying. Mrs. Bracy was especially snappish that evening; Georgina looked tearful and reproachful. Miss Marlow wondered whether Jasper had kept his own sacred confidence. It was quite a relief when kind little Mr. Bracy bustled in with a guide and a programme for the following day.

"What do you say to seeing something of the ongvirongs? We might all start off to meet our artist to-morrow on his return. We can lunch at the châlet at the entrance to the upper glacier — excellent cookery, I am told; fine view of the mountains. Suit you — eh, Flora my love?"

Flora answered severely that she certainly should not go; she needed repose. Then she added, with intention, "Probably Felicia would also wish to remain behind?"

Nothing was farther from Felicia's wish. She merely said she would like to see the upper glacier. Three mules were accordingly ordered, with three brown guides to match.

They were somewhat late in their start next morning. At last they got off, the ladies in their improvised skirts, Mr. Bracy trotting faithfully by their side in knickerbockers, and with an ice-axe which he had borrowed, but which he found some difficulty in managing. After passing the church and the village, and crossing the stream, of provoking associations, the way led up a narrow ledge cut along the side of the rock. The path rose abruptly, and the great plain seemed to sink away at their feet. The mules stumbled on steadily; and, after some half hour's arid climb, the path, with a sudden turn, led into a burst of gentle green and shade and sweetness. Mosses overflowed the huge granite stones; streams rippled; the flowers which were over down below still starred white among the rocks; ferns started from the cracks in the huge fallen masses; the path wound and straggled on across meadows into woods of fragrant pine, flowing green and flowering light, until at last the travellers reached a wide green alp, covered with herds of browsing cattle, open to the clouds, and clothed with exquisite verdure and silence.

There is a little erection, built at the summit of the great alp for travellers to rest, and to eat wild strawberries if they will, while they admire the noble prospect. Felicia dismounted here, and went on a little way ahead into a wood of mountain ash and birch and chestnut. It seemed enchanted to her; so were the tree stems, and so was the emerald turf, still sparkling with the heavy morning dew. Every leaf seemed quivering with life. On every side the sweet abundance lay — tender little stems bearing their burden of seed or flower, leaves veined and gilt and bronzed. The eyebright, with its gentle

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

velvet marks, sparkled among the roots of the trees; money-wort flung its golden flowers; grass of Parnassus lit its silver stars. Everything was delicate and tender in fragrant beauty. A little higher up Felicia could see the crimson berries growing among gray stones, hairy mosses, and pine roots. The leaves were like crimson, the fruit glowing like rubies. A little peasant girl was climbing down the bank with a bunch of late wood strawberries. The child's little finger seemed the only ones that should pluck such fairy-work. Felicia took the bunch of crimson fruit, and gave the little girl, not money, but a little chain of beads she happened to wear on her wrist. The child clapped her hands, and ran away as hard as her sturdy legs could carry her. Then came the mules and the guides climbing up the road, and the cavalcade set forth once more.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM THE CHALET.

HIGH up at the end of a long winding mountain pass stands a little châlet, where cutlets are grilling, guides sit sipping their wine and cracking their jokes in the kitchen. The parlor with its wooden walls, wooden tables and benches, is filled by caravans of travellers; some are on their way to the glacier, others are returning home; everybody is more or less excited, exhausted, hungry, discursive. The wooden hut echoes with voices, with the clatter of steel upon earthenware. Sometimes, as the kitchen door swings upon its hinges, the guides begin a sort of yodeling chorus; sometimes an impatient horse strikes up a snorting and pawing on the platform outside. From the terrace itself you may look across a great icy abyss to the mountains rising silent and supreme. But the châlet is a little commonplace noisy human oasis, hanging among the great natural solemnities all about — mighty rocks striking their shadows age after age, deserted seas that seem to have been frozen as they tossed their unquiet waves in vast curves against the summer sky: a wide valley blinked at by our wondering eyes as we try to name this or that glittering point. Some one fires off an old blunderbuss, and the echo bangs down among the rocky clefts, striking and reverberating; and then, perhaps, the host comes out courteously to announce that our portion of bread and cheese is served, and hungry travellers forget echoes, fatigue, and wonder in the absorbing process of luncheon. The German party were enjoying potato soup, and shouting over their dish as the ladies entered.

"Here is our table," says Mr. Bracy. "Kalbflesh, hey! I hope you ladies are not tired of veal cutlets." Then, lowering his voice: "Our friend from Berne. I knew him at once — very much altered, poor man; sadly burned by the sun. Has been through a great deal of fatigue since we last saw him."

Felicia looked, and could scarcely recognize their fellow-traveller, so scorched and seamed, so ripped and hacked, was he. His lips were swelled, his eyes were crimson, his wild tumbled hair hung limp about his face, his neat tight-fitting clothes were torn and soiled, burst out at knees and elbows; his enamelled shirt-collar alone remained intact, except that a glittering crack in one place showed the steel. A more forlorn object it would be difficult to imagine. He himself, however, seemed well satisfied with his appearance, and adventures even more colossal than he had hoped for. He had lost his way up among the rocks the evening before, having scrambled up to see the sunset. Then came the darkness. He had been able to descend only by the most desperate heroism.

"He was a madman to put himself into such a situation," said the host, confidentially, to Miss Marlow, as he dusted her plate and wiped a glass which he set before her. "I discovered him by chance. Half an hour later it would have been too late; we could have done nothing. I sent our man off to help him across the glacier. The Herr saw him coming, and called out, 'Have you food?' Peter, our man, said, 'Yes; I have veal you can eat, and gain strength to return.' He came back quite exhausted, and has been drinking all day to refresh himself. Travellers should not go into such places without guides; they get themselves into trouble, and we are blamed. Only this morning two gentlemen set out alone. One had spent the night here — an English colonel; the other arrived from Grindelwald. I said to him, 'Take Peter to show you the way to the upper glacier.' Not he. But it is not safe."

"Which way did they go?" said Felicia, putting down her knife and fork, and looking up into the host's weather-beaten face.

"How can I tell?" said he; "or where they may be now?"

"It couldn't be Jasper," said Mr. Bracy, rather anxiously; "he wouldn't have done

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

anything rash. Just ask the man what sort of traveller it was, my dear."

"One was black and somewhat silent," said the host — "military, bear-like."

"That couldn't have been Jasper," said Mr. Bracy, relieved.

"And the other?" said Miss Harrow.

"The second" said the man, doubtfully — "he was strangely dressed. He wore a feather, and seemed somewhat out of the common — an actor, perhaps; large ears, like Peter's yonder."

Felicia hoped that Mr. Bracy did not understand, and hastily asked whether they had not written their names in the travellers' book; and sure enough, there upon the long page were the two signatures, Jasper's curling J's and Baxter's close writing. "Jasper is sure to be back," said Mr. Bracy, slightly disquieted still; "he is very careful about keeping people waiting; his aunt has taught him punctuality. He has gone sketching somewhere, or forgotten the time. Of course I don't know anything about the colonel. Very odd of him, wasn't it, to leave us as he did without a word?"

"Very odd," said Felicia, faltering a little. They sat over luncheon as long as they could, and then ordered up coffee to pass the time; and then Felicia left the other two, and went in front, and stood gazing at the great hopeless wall of mountains.

"You don't mind waiting a little for him?" said little Mr. Bracy, fussing up presently. "It is getting rather late, but I'm afraid my wife might be anxious if we went back without the boy. There's a nice bench this way, and an excellent telescope, one of Casella's, if you wish to look through — excellent maker, you know." Felicia eagerly acccepted Mr. Bracy's suggestion. Was it some faint hope that Baxter might return, was it anxiety for Jasper, that made her so reluctant to leave the place? Not long after, Mr. Bracy disappeared, again to reappear in excellent spirits. A party had just arrived — two American gentlemen and their guide. They brought news of Jasper. Not very far off they had passed an artist sketching the crevasses under an umbrella.

"It must have been Jasper," says Mr. Bracy. "Poor dear fellow, how hard he works! I must say I wish he would come down. I have a great mind to go a little way to look for him, if you two girls don't mind being left." Felicia assured Mr. Bracy that she had no objection whatever to being left, and, in truth, drew a great breath of relief when she found herself at last alone. But it was only for a minute; then the host came up and asked her to look through his glass, and Felicia, not liking to refuse, did as he directed, and peeped through the long brass tube. At first everything looked blurred and indistinct; but a little shifting and turning dispelled the clouds by degrees; then clearer and well-defined images grew out of the confused floating visions that bewildered her at first. Then, little by little, she became absorbed in this new wonder-world into which she had come as by a miracle. She forgot the little stage on which she stood; she heeded not the confusion of sounds round about her as she gazed, every moment more and more absorbed, into the spirit of that awful silence and snowy vastness which seemed to spread before her. She seemed carried away on unknown wings into vast regions undreamed of hitherto — snowy cavities, interminable gorges haunted by terrible shrouded figures trailing their stiff grave-clothes, and bending in an awful procession. Then came great fields of glittering virgin snow blazing in the sun; then perhaps a narrow track stitched by human footsteps, curiously discernible. Felicia could follow the line for a while, then she lost it, and again it would reappear, ever ascending, to the foot of a great gully, where all traces seemed lost.

"How absorbed you are!" said Georgina's voice at her ear. "Can you make anything out? May I have a look?" Felicia did not answer. She was trembling convulsively; then suddenly seized the other woman's wrist in a tight clutch. "I see something. Oh, Georgina, for heaven's sake, look, and tell me what you see!" But Georgina, looking, shifted the great glass, and could not adjust it again. Felicia, wildly ringing her hands, began to call for a guide, for any one who knew. "I saw a man hanging to a rock, a tremendous rock," she said. The guides and the host all came up in some excitement, and eye after eye was applied. "You see the track; follow the track lower down, lower down," cried Miss Marlow. "Do you see nothing?" and then, when none could find the place, she pushed the last-comer away, and with trembling hands followed again the tiny thread she had discovered, recalling each jutting peak and form, and there was the great rock shining in the sun, but the man was there no longer. "I saw him, I tell you," she cried. "He is killed; he has fallen. Oh, Georgina, it may have been Colonel Baxter!" and she stamped in an

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

agony of terror. Georgina, with pale lips, faltered something. The guides tried to reassure the ladies. It may have been fancy; people often were mistaken. "I tell you I saw him slip," cried Felicia; and old Johann, an experienced guide, looked, paused, and looked again. "It is a nasty place," said he, looking puzzled. "It was close by there that we met the Englishman with his paint-box. That is our track the lady has been following, but there is another beside it. I cannot venture to say she is mistaken." Felicia's convictions seemed to have spread to the guides. They examined the track again and again, began talking the matter over. Two of them presently came forward and proposed that they should go off then and there and see if there was anything to be done. "It is like last night's experience over again," said the host. "The sun will be setting in a couple of hours; you must take lanterns if you go, for you won't be back by daylight; and what can you do if so be the man has fallen? What did I say about people's foolhardiness?" he continued, turning to Georgina. "Your papa has taken Peter, our man, with him; that is something reasonable. If this is one of the English travellers I told you off who went off alone, it will show you that I do not speak without thinking."

Poor Mr. Bracy came back with Peter in another hour, to share the general consternation. His first words were to inquire whether Jasper had returned, and then he was told of what had occurred. He kept up with great courage before the girls, declaring all would be well, but his looks belied his words. His face was pale and drawn, the poor little man stood with one helpless eye applied to the telescope long after the darkness had fallen, and it was impossible to distinguish any object at three yards' distance.

Felicia's secret fears were for Baxter, though the others maintained that it must have been Jasper she had seen. As the hours went on, and the painter did not return, it seemed more and more likely that they were right. Baxter was safe enough, if she had but known it. He had not even been alone. He had been all day with the guide whom he had appointed to meet him. It was poor Jasper whose peril had been revealed in that horrible minute.

Baxter was quietly returning with his friend Melchior, the guide, from a long day's walk in the snow, when he happened to see Jasper sitting perched at his easel on a rock, and sketching the surrounding abyss.

"There is a man I wish to avoid," said the colonel to his guide; and the man laughed, and proposed that they should make a short circuit and come back to the track just below where the painter was at work.

Jasper had not returned to luncheon, on purpose; he wished to cause some slight anxiety. Now that the light was beginning to fail, he began to feel the want of his dinner; but a fancy seized him to climb a huge rock that rose abruptly behind him, and to get one last view of the surrounding country before going down. He had left his easel but a few yards behind him; he climbed a steep crag with great agility; with some exertion he got round a sharp projecting block which led, as he thought, to a small rocky platform, and then suddenly his foot slipped. He had fallen a little way, righted himself with difficulty, and slipped again. Jasper was frightened and completely sobered, perhaps for the first time in his life.

There was no one looking on. There were a few rocks and pine-trees down below; overhead the great crags were fading from moment to moment into more terrible impassivity. He could scarcely imagine how he had ever reached his present perilous position. Was it he himself, Jasper Bracy, who was here alone and clinging desperately for life to the face of this granite boulder? What would they all say at home if they knew of his position? He could not face the thought, for he had a heart, for all his vagaries. He seemed to realize it all so suddenly — his aunt's exclamations, his uncle's wistful face, came before him. "Perhaps of them all, he will be the most cut up," thought Jasper; "and poor Georgina, she will not forget me."

All this did not take long to pass through his mind as he clung desperately to the ledge on which he had slipped; even to an experienced mountaineer it would have been an ugly pass. The rocks were hard as iron, worn smooth by a glacier; there seemed to be no foothold; the evening was fast approaching; there was no chance of any one descrying him from the distant châlet.

Jasper tried to say his prayers, poor boy; but he could not think of anything but the burning pain in his hands and back, the choking breath which seemed so terrible. His head swam, he knew that the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

end was come, he could hold on no longer. Perhaps five minutes had passed since he fell, but what a five minutes! blotting out the whole of the many, many days and years of his life. He looked his last at the rock shining relentless; he closed his eyes. I think it was at this moment that Felicia was screaming for assistance. If only she had kept her place a moment longer, she would have seen help at hand.

Something struck his face. A voice, not far off, said, very quietly, "Be careful. Can you get at the rope? We will pull you up. One! two! three!" Hope gave him renewed strength, and with a clutch he raised his left hand and caught the saving rope. For three seconds he was drawn upward, scraping the rock as he went; happily its hard smoothness now was in his favor. Bleeding, fainting, he found himself drawn up to a ledge overhead. His senses failed.

When he came to himself, Baxter was pouring brandy down his throat, and the guide was loosening his clothes. They had seen him in the distance. The guide had suddenly stopped short, and exclaimed, —

"Good heavens! that man must be mad. Where is he going to?" and pointed out Jasper's peril to the colonel.

"We must go back," said the colonel, hastily.

"I think I owe you my life," said Jasper, hoarsely, but quite naturally, looking up with bloodshot eyes at Aurelius.

"Nonsense!" said the colonel, kindly; "it was Melchior here who spied you on your perch."

CHAPTER XII.

DA CAPO.

WHILE the travellers delay, the rocks are lighting up to bronze, to gold, to purple. The Wetterhorn rises, marked and crimson-lined; the Mittelburg rocks are turning to splendid hue, the Vieschorns answer like flaming beacons, and the great Eiger is on fire. But the hills to the east are shadowy mist upon palest ether, and a faint cloud, like a sigh, drifts along their ridge. So night comes on with solemn steps. Now the Wetterhorn is dying, the Vieschorn pales to chillest white, though its summits are still flashing, rose-color, flame-like, delicate. The people look up on their way; figures in the valley stand gazing at the wondrous peace overhead; they gaze and drink their fill of the evening, and then the lingering benediction is gone with a breath. The rocks are cold and dead, the ether is changed from incandescence to veiled dimness. Nothing seems left but the sound of the stream, which before was hardly heard, but which now takes up the tale, rushing through the ravine fresh and incessant. A star appears, the washerwoman's window lights up in the valley.

"Will you tea in the balcon?" the waiter asks, coming up with a lamp, which he sets on the little table by Flora's elbow.

"Nong," says the lady; "dedong;" and she looks at her watch and wonders why they are all so late. Then again she reflects with some satisfaction that Mr. Bracy and the two girls are not likely to get into much mischief alone, and *that* colonel is safe out of the way. Mrs. Bracy begins to grow hungry and impatient for her family's return. They are quite absorbed in their own arrangements; they forget everything else. As usual, the spirit suffered from the matter's delay, and the temper also, being frail and troublesome, seemed to trouble our poetess. When Pringle, Felicia's maid, came into the *salle* to ask, a little anxiously, at what hour Mrs. Bracy was expecting them home, Flora snubbed Pringle as that personage was not accustomed to be snubbed, and sent her off in high dudgeon. A minute after, the woman returned, quite changed, with a curious, scared face.

"Oh, mem!" she said, "come out here; there's a boy from the shalley. He says — he says — I can't understand. The cook is talking to him. Oh, mem!"

Flora jumped up, with more activity than she usually showed, and hurried out into the passage, where, surely enough, a crowd stood round a boy dressed in common peasant's clothes, who was emphatically describing something — a fall — a scream. Poor Mrs. Bracy turned very cold, and forgot to analyze her emotions as she pushed her way through the guides and waiters.

"What? what?" she said. "Speak English, can't you? What does he say?"

"Your gentlemen 'ave met with accident," said one of the waiters. "De young lady she see him — call for guide to 'elp; dis young man come down to tell you."

Then the young man said something in an undertone.

Poor Mrs. Bracy, almost beside herself now, asked, with a sort of scream, who was hurt. Was it her husband? was it Jasper?

The boy didn't know, the waiter explained. "He could tell nothing, only that it was a gentleman who had fallen, a long way from the Kulm Hotel. Would ma-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

dame please give a *Trinkgeld?* — he had run all the way with the news."

For the next two hours the poor old poetess, brought back to every-day anxiety and natural feeling, suffered a purgatory sufficient to wipe out many and many an hour of selfish ease and hallucination. She ordered guides, brandy, *chaise à porteurs*, for herself and Pringle. No porters were to be had at that hour — not, at least, in sufficient numbers to carry so heavy a lady over the dark and uneven roads. Horses, then. Two tired steeds were at length led up to the door, upon one of which the old lady was hoisted, Pringle devotedly following. So they set forth heroically, with two guides apiece, with brandy, with lanterns, and blankets, which Mrs. Bracy insisted on taking.

I cannot find it in my heart to describe that long, black, jolting, terrifying progress, the bumps and slips, the horrors, the brawling steams, the crumbling mountain-ways along which they climbed.

"Fear nothing," said the guides; but, as they spoke, Pringle's horse came down on its knees, and Pringle gave a wild shriek. So they toiled on, over resounding bridges, up slippery paths, under dark thickets, coming out into a great open alp. Suddenly two huge black forms seemed to rise up and bear slowly down upon them.

The guides only laughed rudely. "*Kühe, kühe*," said they, and then by degrees horns loomed out, and a heavy snuffling breath came through the darkness. The poor women were somewhat reassured. I do not know whether they ever would have reached the top of the long weary pass which mounted in a long rocky ladder before them. Mrs. Bracy's horse had in its turn come down, and been roused with many an oath, as it stood trembling beneath its quavering burden. One lantern had gone out and could not be lighted again. Pringle was crying — when suddenly there was a pause; one of the porters said, "Hist!" The second stopped swearing at the horse to listen.

"What is it?" says Mrs. Bracy.

"People coming this way," said the man.

"I hear 'em talking, mem," says Pringle, hysterically.

Every moment the sound came clearer and nearer. At a turn of the path a light appeared overhead, then another, and another; the tramp of feet, the sound of men talking, and then — could it be? — a laugh coming out of the darkness — a real, hearty laugh.

Poor old Flora threw up her arms as she recognized her husband's voice, and burst into hearty, unaffected tears of relief, excitement, and fatigue.

All must be well, or Mr. Bracy would not have burst out laughing in the dark, at such an hour, on such a road. A minute more, it was a scene of greeting, exclamations, embraces, a snorting of horses, a waving of lanterns. Mr. Bracy was ahead, trotting along, supported on either side by a porter. He was much overcome, and filled with admiration of his wife's devotion. There was something peculiar in his manner.

"Noble woman!" said he. "What exertion! You should have some champagne, Flora my love," he said; "it will revive you. Quite revived by it myself. Have you brought any with you? Baxter, do you happen to have a bottle left?"

Baxter! Poor Mrs. Bracy turned in horror and bewilderment, and by the lantern's light descried only too plainly Baxter and Felicia coming down the path together triumphantly arm in arm.

Shall I attempt to describe the descriptions, or to explain the explanations? Some seemed to be of so extraordinary a character that poor Mrs. Bracy had to exercise all her self-command even to listen to them. But Jasper's safety had melted the poetic heart, and she was really grateful to the colonel for the rescue. Of course, as Baxter said, any one would have done as much; but not the less there do happily exist certain unreasonable emotions of gratitude in human nature which influence it out of the balance of exact debtor and creditor account.

"Fact was, my dear," said Mr. Bracy, looking around and dropping his voice, "the poor dear girl had been so anxious and worked up on Jasper's account that when they all came suddenly on to the platform, just as we had almost given them up, she and Georgina both shrieked, and Felicia, I believe, subsequently fainted into somebody's arms. The colonel caught her; it was all a confusion; I was myself rather overcome. I was much concerned when Jasper told me afterward the guides had been talking about Felicia's emotion. If you had been there, it would have been most desirable. However, Felicia soon recovered; we gave her champagne; and after our hasty meal that champagne was really excellent under the circumstances. Curious thing, Flora my love — the corks come out at a touch up in those high places. It might interest you to see ——"

"Do, Edgar, keep to the important subject in question," said Flora piteously.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

She was too severely crushed to be severe.

"You mean about — h'm — h'm" — said Mr. Bracy, getting rather breathless. "Jasper himself first gave me a hint, and then — the fact is, Baxter himself came up in the most gentlemanly manner, and told us both that it was an old affair, that until now he had never had any certainty of his affection being returned."

"And you, Edgar, placed in this most responsible position, what did you say?" asked his wife.

"I said, 'I'll only ask you one question. Which of them is it? They both screamed.'"

Here Mr. Bracy stopped and looked very much confused, if his face could have been seen. But a detachment from the rear now came up to his rescue: Georgina walking — she was too nervous to ride — and Jasper comfortably jogging down upon her mule.

The lovers meanwhile had wandered off, preceded by their lantern, down some short by-road; they seemed to have wings, some power, that made them forget fatigue, darkness, length of way — that bore them safe over stones and briers from step to step along the steep and slippery road. Little Felicia felt no weariness, no loneliness: she had reached home at last.

They came to the little wooden bridge some ten minutes before the rest of the party, and then they stopped for a moment, while Melchior walked on to announce the safe return of the whole party. It was a wonderful minute, silent and shadowy and fragrant, with stars streaming in the dark sky overhead. The water was rushing; as it flowed, it seemed to flash with the dazzling lights of heaven, and to carry the stars upon its stream. They were alone; they were no longer alone, and a blessing of silent and unspeakable gratitude was in their hearts.

And so, after all this long doubt, Aurelius and Felicia had come to the best certainty that exists in this perplexing world — the sacred conviction of love: love, that belongs to all estates and conditions of men, not only to the married, not only to the unmarried, but to all those who with grateful hearts love each other.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

THE CASE OF LORD DUNDONALD.

On the 21st of February, 1814, about one in the morning, a man was knocking and shouting for admission at the door of the Ship Inn at Dover. There was war abroad; the times were critical and troublous; the night was dark and boisterous. No one had watched that man's approach; none could say from whence he came. Those were not days when the arrival of passengers from the Continent could be timed with nicety. The British mariner had not then the engineer for an ally; he was dependent upon wind and tide. Moreover, he was beset with enemies. We were at war with France; we were at war with the United States of America. The allied armies were pressing Napoleon, whose star had lately fallen at Leipsic, back upon Paris. Three months later the conqueror of Moscow was an exile at Elba.

But on that winter morning, when the people of the Ship Inn were startled in their sleep, men's minds were by no means at ease about Napoleon Bonaparte. The French Senate had voted a new conscription, and, with genius which was unimpaired and renown that covered half the world, he was laboring to drive the united forces of the king of Prussia and the emperor Alexander from the soil of France. The new arrival at the Ship Inn was excited and importunate. He had an appearance somwhat foreign, but he was dressed in the scarlet uniform of a British officer. He was brimming with good news. He had just arrived from the French coast; nobody cared to ask how or by whose assistance. He was Colonel du Bourg, so he said, aide-de-camp to Lord Cathcart. He had the military air, and in the time of George III. hotel people were not likely to cross-examine a colonel. But he did not conceal that he was bearer of intelligence from Paris that the tyrant Bonaparte had fallen in battle; that the allied armies were approaching the French capital; and that, if peace was not actually concluded, the preliminaries were all arranged, and the war as good as over. Colonel du Bourg ordered a post-chaise and four to be got ready (that was the "special express train" of those days), and while the horses were being harnessed for the gallop towards London, he performed the official duty of communicating the news to the port admiral at Deal. About noon there was great commotion in the City. Over London Bridge had rattled a "chaise," in which three persons were exhibiting, by the waving of hats and flags, signs of wild delight. They had gathered the news from Du Bourg at the town of Dartford, and had hastened to be

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the harbingers of peace in the monetary centre of the British empire. Up went the funds, one and a half per cent. at a bound, and three per cent. before the closing hour. There were numerous sales and purchases, and it was difficult to determine which was happier — the seller who, believing the end of war had come, rejoiced in his profits, or the buyer who confidently awaited a further rise in the market value of his property.

But the day passed and there came no confirmation of the news. Nothing was heard in official quarters of Colonel du Bourg. Whitehall had not shared the flutter of the City; Colonel du Bourg had not been seen there. He whom the people of the Ship Inn supposed to be at this time the lion of the Horse Guards had in fact no existence; there was no Colonel du Bourg. It was too clear that the City had been hoaxed; that Colonel du Bourg had fought for a victory on the Stock Exchange, had gained the day, and, with his booty, had disappeared. Those who had been duped were furious, and the committee of the Stock Exchange engaged with ardor in pursuit of the missing Du Bourg. We will leave the Bow Street runners active in their service while we survey the career of Lord Cochrane to the point at which it became involved in this guilty enterprise. We shall have to show how colorable circumstances were unfavorably tinged by political prejudice; how tardily the national sense of right repaired the wrong done to this great naval hero; and finally, how it has been left to a select committee of the House of Commons in the present year to recommend the performance of the last act of justice due to the memory and to the successors of this distinguished man.

Every Englishman ought to have read Marryat's novels in his boyhood, and every one who has achieved that duty will understand what the navy was when the late Lord Dundonald was in the service. He remembers the nepotism and corruption which existed with regard to appointments; he will not be surprised to learn that Lord Cochrane was serving sea-time as a cook's mate, while he was actually an officer in the army; and that when he first stepped on board a vessel as midshipman of the "Hind," commanded by his uncle, he had already — according to that great work of fiction, the book of the paymaster of the navy — been many years at sea. From that day, however, to the end of his active service in Greece, he showed himself a brave, skilful, daring seaman. In action he possessed extraordinary presence of mind and ingenuity of resource. He animated with his own habitual heroism those whom he led, by whom he was always followed with enthusiastic devotion. At Palermo, he met with Lord Nelson, and through life adopted as his own the injunction he received from the victor of Trafalgar: "Never mind manœuvres; always go at 'em." In the Basque Roads, his display of courage was most signal. On the 11th of April, 1809, with a volunteer crew of four men, Lord Cochrane set off from the British fleet in an explosive ship loaded with barrels of powder, which were covered with hand grenades and cannon shot, the outer surface of the huge pile of tubs being bound round with strong hempen ropes to direct the explosion upwards. The object was to destroy a boom, to alarm and set fire to the French fleet. When, with his terrible freight, Lord Cochrane touched the boom, he alone remained on board to light the fuses. The explosion was successful, and the day after, in sight of his timid and wavering commander, who was for the most part passive, Lord Cochrane, in the "*Impérieuse*," attacked three French ships of the line, and on the arrival of long-delayed reinforcements compelled their surrender. His ingenuity was often his safeguard. He would have been captured by a Spanish force in the "Speedy" had he not painted her in Danish fashion; and when the sceptical hidalgos approached to board his vessel, most commanders would have given themselves up for lost. But Lord Cochrane's fertile mind remembered the Spanish dread of infection. He ran up the quarantine flag and put forward a Danish sailor in uniform to affirm that the ship was only two days out from Algiers, where the plague was raging. Again he saved himself in a night chase by the tub trick, escaping in the darkness while his pursuers followed a tub illumined by a tallow candle. Another time he succeeded in imposing on the enemy a belief in his superior force by furling his sails with rope yarns, which, being cut simultaneously, suggested that he had so large a crew on board that he could set sail with all the speed of a well-found man-of-war. He taught the venal voters of Honiton a lesson. Beaten in his first contest, he gave those who had voted for him ten guineas each, and was returned without expenditure at the next election. The electors argued insecurely that a man who was generous after defeat would be lavish after victory. The lines

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of right and wrong in electoral matters do not seem to have been very clearly marked in those days. It was Lord Cochrane's Parliamentary career which excited against him the prejudices from which he suffered. In May 1807 he was returned, together with the father of Lady Burdett Coutts, for Westminster. In 1810 Sir Francis Burdett was committed to the Tower for an alleged breach of privilege, and in the same year Lord Cochrane attacked with vigor the abuses of the admiralty. He found on looking at the pension list that "the Wellesleys receive from the public £34,729, a sum equal to four hundred and twenty-six pairs of lieutenants' legs, calculated at the rate of allowance of Lieutenant Chambers' legs;" and, to quote his own words, "the name of my worthy and respected grandmother, the widow of the late Captain Gilchrist, of the navy, continuing on the list as receiving £100 per annum, though she ceased to exist eight years ago." Referring to the petty savings paraded by his virulent enemy, Mr. Croker, Lord Cochrane said: "I could point out some savings better worth attention. By adopting canvas of better quality a saving may be made equal to a fourth of the navy. The enemy distinguish our ships of war from foreign ships by the color of the wretched canvas, and run away the moment they perceive our black sails rising above the horizon, a circumstance to which they owe their safety even more than to its open texture. I have observed the meridian altitude of the sun through the foretop-sail, and by bringing it to the horizon through the fore-sail, have ascertained the latitude as correctly as I could have done otherwise." He was imprisoned at Malta for just complaints against the corruption of the Admiralty Court in that island; but the seamen of the fleet threatened to pull the prison down, and Lord Cochrane was furnished with files and a rope-ladder, by which he made a highly successful escape. He wished to regulate and, if possible, to disuse the power of flogging in the navy, and declared in the House of Commons that the cruel excesses of punishment arose from the incapacity of officers appointed to command through shameless interest. He said: "The family interest I have alluded to prevails to such an extent that even the lords of the admiralty have lists made out, and when an officer goes to offer his services, or to solicit promotion for services rendered, he is asked, "Are you recommended by my Lady This, or Miss That, or Madame T'other?" and if he is not, he might as well have stayed at home." Of Greenwich Hospital, he said that, "in place of old retired seamen, not a few of the wards were occupied, and pensions enjoyed, by men who had never been in the navy at all, but were thus provided for, to the exclusion of worn-out sailors, by the influence of patrons upon whose political interest they had a claim."

In the eyes of ministers of that day language of this sort seemed absolutely seditious. They were blind to the fact that such language was the most valuable that could be used in the interests of the country. What energy they possessed was employed against the opponents of the vicious system upon which they had been raised to the head of affairs. Lord Cochrane was debarred from valuable service afloat, and, in the leisure he possessed on shore, devoted himself to invention. He matured a plan for the destruction of fleets and forts, which to this day has remained unpublished. The prince regent appointed a committee to examine it, which reported favorably, but added that, if divulged, it might imperil our colonies. He invented a lamp for streets and another for ships. At length, by favor of his uncle, Lord Cochrane obtained a command. Admiral Cochrane, his father's brother, was appointed to the North American station in 1814, and chose his nephew for flag captain. According to precedent he could do this without reference to the admiralty. Lord Cochrane was preparing to sail with the admiral, when the fraud of Du Bourg was noised throughout the country.

Lord Cochrane had another uncle, a merchant, who had taken the name of Johnstone. This man, Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, was in fact the cause of Lord Cochrane's being charged with partnership in the crime of Du Bourg. Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chief Justices," describes this merchant as "a very unprincipled man, who, in concert with De Berenger, a foreigner, wickedly devised a scheme by which they were to make an immense fortune by a speculation on the Stock Exchange." It is certain that Mr. Cochrane Johnstone was a speculator; that he fled from offended justice on the news of Du Bourg's arrest; and that Lord Cochrane, who was often in his house, himself dabbled in time bargains, encouraged to do so probably by the example of his uncle. At Mr. Cochrane Johnstone's he had become acquainted with the foreigner De Berenger, who had been recommended to him by Mr. John-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

stone as a useful man to accompany him in the fleet, ostensibly as a rifle-instructor, but also and chiefly as a skilful pyrotechnist, who could carry out Lord Cochrane's secretly cherished intention of using his discovery for attacking the shores and fleets of the American enemy. De Berenger and Du Bourg were names of the same person, and it appears likely that while Mr. Cochrane Johnstone was willing to make use of Du Bourg, he was anxious that after the fraud was accomplished the foreigner should be carried off by his nephew to the North American station. And it is probable that Lord Cochrane (assuming his ignorance of the fraud), knowing Du Bourg only as De Berenger, was anxious to have the co-operation of a man who, if his skill proved equal to his repute, was likely to ensure the success of his destructive invention. De Berenger, who had been adjutant in the Duke of Cumberland's rifle corps, commanded by Lord Yarmouth, was hopelessly involved in debt, and was, in fact, living in a sort of legal protection within "the rules of the King's Bench."

These were the circumstances of Lord Cochrane and two other alleged accomplices, on the 21st of February, 1814, the day on which Du Bourg knocked at the door of the Ship Inn at Dover. Lord Cochrane left his house in Green Street, Grosvenor Square, on the morning of that day, and drove to a lamp-manufactory near Snow Hill. He was at that time engaged there daily with reference to his lantern, which he hoped would be adopted for the fleet. While thus employed, his servant brought him a letter. The servant said he had never before seen the person who wrote it, and Lord Cochrane declared he could not fathom the contents nor make out the signature, which he said was written very indistinctly. The letter was "to the effect that the writer had something to communicate of an affecting nature." Hearing from his servant that the visitor wore a sword, a military coat, and cap, Lord Cochrane stated that he supposed him to be an officer from Spain, with intelligence of the death of his brother, Major Cochrane, whom he knew from a note received only three days before to be dangerously ill. He hastened home, and was "agreeably surprised" to find De Berenger. His uncle, the admiral, had applied for permission to take De Berenger to America, but the application had been refused on the ground that the man was a foreigner. On the trial, Lord Cochrane gave an account of his interview with De Berenger. He said that De Berenger wore a green uniform and a grey overcoat; that he explained as the cause of his visit his anxiety to get on board Lord Cochrane's ship, the "Tonnant," without the sanction of the admiralty. In fact, he wished Lord Cochrane to assist him to get out of the country without obtaining the requisite permission. Lord Cochrane refused to do this. De Berenger urged as claims to Lord Cochrane's favorable consideration the certificates of good conduct which he had received from Lord Yarmouth and others with reference to his service in the rifle corps. It was proved that De Berenger left Lord Cochrane's house in a coat and hat belonging to his lordship. For this, Lord Cochrane accounted by stating that, when reminded of these certificates, he advised De Berenger to ask those who had written them to exert their influence at the admiralty, adding that he (Lord Cochrane) possessed no influence in that quarter. In reply, he said, De Berenger intimated that he could not go to Lord Yarmouth in the dress he was then wearing, which was not precisely the uniform of the rifle corps, nor could he return to the "rules," where it would excite attention, and suspicion that he intended to escape. He requested the loan of a hat. Lord Cochrane gave him a hat, and then, seeing that the collar of the objectionable uniform appeared above the overcoat, offered him an old black cloth coat which lay on a chair. He accepted it, and, having wrapped his green coat in a towel, went away, taking with him a small portmanteau which he had brought, and in which, said Lord Cochrane, "I have no doubt he had concealed the scarlet coat in which he had made his fraudulent appearance at Dover that morning."

To these circumstances we have only to add the fact that on the 21st there was a sale of stock on account of Lord Cochrane, and it was not denied that it was a sale to his advantage, or that the profit was gained by the fraud of Du Bourg. Lord Cochrane's answer was this: That in the four preceding months — during which it was, indeed, evident that peace was approaching through the downfall of Napoleon and the exhaustion of France — he had, by instructions to a broker, made many purchases and sales of stock, for time, in the funds, and usually at a profit. During that period he had made upwards of £4,000 by what was admitted to be fair speculation. He proved that the amount of stock he held at the time of the fraud, instead of being larger than on former

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

occasions, was considerably smaller than it had frequently been before, which, he said, " would surely not have been the case had I risked the commission of a fraud with a view to excessive gain; and the sale of the stock on that day took place under the general order which I had, from the commencement of those speculations, given to the broker to sell out without waiting for further directions, whenever a profit of one per cent. could be made. It could not, therefore, be otherwise than that my stock should be sold on that day, when the prices enabled the broker to act on the standing order I had long before given. Had I anticipated any extraordinary rise on that particular day, and had stooped to a fraud to effect that rise, I should either have had a larger amount for sale, or have aimed at more than one per cent. profit; and much more was obtained by many speculators who were never charged with a knowledge of the fraud. It was proved that I did not myself attend the Stock Exchange on that day, and that the whole of my stock was sold in the morning at a gain, on an average, of one and a quarter per cent., which was less than half the profit it might have made had it been held a few hours longer."

The fair presumption from these circumstances is that Lord Cochrane was not guilty; but this presumption becomes certainty when the other circumstances are taken into consideration. Directly De Berenger dismissed his Dover post-chaise at the Marsh Gates, Lambeth, he proceeded in a hackney coach to Lord Cochrane's. That would not have been the plan of Lord Cochrane had he been guilty. He came, Lord Cochrane said, to urge that he should be at once sent off to join the fleet. If Lord Cochrane had been a partner in the fraud, it would certainly not have happened that De Berenger would come in broad daylight to his house, and would leave it with a request refused merely because he had not formal authority. Nothing could be easier than to trace Du Bourg to Lord Cochrane's house. The hackney coachman was found; he expected some part of the advertised reward. He was a bad man; had been convicted of atrocious cruelty to his horses, and was afterwards sentenced to transportation for robbery. He swore that De Berenger entered Lord Cochrane's house in the brown overcoat and scarlet uniform in which he had appeared as Du Bourg at Dover; but this was at the trial, and after Lord Cochrane's affidavit had been published, in which he (Lord Cochrane) declared that De Berenger came to him in a green coat. Nothing is more probable than that the hackney coachman threw in the "scarlet" and "brown" to make sure of the reward, having, perhaps, no real recollection of the garments which De Berenger wore when he was set down in Green Street. It is certain that after the trial this driver appeared in possession "of a new coach and new harness, and horses of the best description."

Early in March, on board his ship in Long Reach, his leave having expired on the 28th February, Lord Cochrane learnt that Du Bourg had been traced to his house. Immediately he applied for leave, returned to town, prepared and published an affidavit detailing, without the least reserve or concealment, all the circumstances to which we have referred. Du Bourg was at once identified with De Berenger, and on the 8th April he was apprehended. By giving up the name of De Berenger, and thus affording a sure clue by which he could be found, Lord Cochrane gave further positive evidence of his innocence. De Berenger was at the time quarrelling with Mr. Cochrane Johnstone about his reward, which he thought insufficient. No knowledge of his whereabouts, no complicity with any design to get him out of the country, was traced to Lord Cochrane; nor was any such thing even suggested. Lord Cochrane had done nothing for De Berenger except that he had given him an old coat and a hat; he had certainly (there could be no doubt of the fact) refused to take him clandestinely on board his ship, the "Tonnant." It was in these circumstances that Lord Cochrane, if guilty, gave up the name of De Berenger, and a more improbable thing for a guilty man to do under such circumstances cannot be conceived. It was represented by his enemies that he supposed De Berenger to have escaped from England; but the man had made no attempt to leave the kingdom, and it is impossible that if Lord Cochrane had been his accomplice he should not have known something of De Berenger's movements. It was urged that Lord Cochrane had committed perjury in swearing that De Berenger arrived at his house in a green coat. He, however, ultimately succeeded in proving that De Berenger had with him at Dover a green coat as well as a scarlet coat, and the inference was plain that in the post-chaise or in the hackney-coach he had exchanged the scarlet for the green. It was proved that De Berenger arrived from London at the Royal Oak Inn at Dover,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

on the morning of the 20th February, dressed in a green coat; and although, when he quitted the Royal Oak at about 11 P.M. (two hours before his appearance at the Ship Inn as Colonel du Bourg), there remained a large portmanteau, the green coat was not left behind. The small portmanteau he carried in his hand had probably been concealed in the larger one, and was, at all events, of sufficient size to contain the grey overcoat and green coat in which he appeared at Lord Cochrane's. The publication by Lord Cochrane of his affidavit in all the newspapers of March 12th was an act incompatible with the presumption of guilt. Its frank, simple, truthful story, withholding nothing, giving De Berenger's name, who was then at liberty, and likely, if caught, to be revengeful; the statement as to the gift of a hat and coat — the whole story told, indeed, with no certainty that Du Bourg and De Berenger were the same person, was to most minds conclusive. Lord Cochrane had, in fact, no reason whatever to assume they were identical, except the allegation that Du Bourg had been traced to his house, and this he believed to be mistaken.

But all these things availed him nothing. There was no separation made between his case and that of his uncle, who confessed his complicity by flight. Lord Cochrane was found guilty.

On obtaining the evidence about the green coat at Dover he applied for a new trial, which Lord Ellenborough, to his lasting disgrace, refused on the ground that "the other defendants convicted with him did not attend." He was sentenced by Lord Ellenborough to a fine of £1,000, to imprisonment for twelve months, and to stand in the pillory for the space of one hour. The electors of Westminster, in a general meeting, declared their "full and entire conviction of the perfect innocence of our representative, Lord Cochrane," and the government feared to place him in the pillory. But a motion was made for his expulsion from the House of Commons, and Lord Cochrane was taken from prison to defend himself in his place in Parliament. The motion was carried by one hundred and forty to forty-four, the minority including Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Whitbread, Lord Tavistock, and Lord William Russell. His name was struck from the navy list and from the roll of Knights of the Bath, and his banner of that order was taken down from its place in Henry VII.'s Chapel and officially and literally kicked out of Westminster Abbey. He was immediately re-elected for Westminster, and, believing that as a member of Parliament he ought not to submit to imprisonment, Lord Cochrane made a daring escape. After passing a few days at his house in Hampshire, he wrote to the speaker to the effect that he was coming to London and would attend in the House of Commons. In the body of the House, he awaited the arrival of the writ of election. But while he waited, and before he had taken the oaths, a posse of constables arrived and by main force carried him out of the building. The ministry, eager to get rid of the Radical reformer, accepted an apology from the marshal of the prison, and explained away the breach of privilege. When the twelve months had expired Lord Cochrane refused to pay the fine. He was detained; but at the end of a fortnight, his health suffering from confinement, urged by his friends, he gave the prison marshal a Bank of England note for £1,000, bearing the following endorsement: "My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my oppressors being resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit to robbery to protect myself from murder, in the hope that I shall live to bring the delinquents to justice." That £1,000 note may still be seen in the Bank of England.

Slowly but surely has that justice been accomplished. In the first place, the people, by a "penny" subscription, paid the fine and part, if not the whole, of the legal expenses of Lord Cochrane's trial. Two million six hundred and forty thousand persons gave this practical proof of their belief in Lord Cochrane's innocence and of their sympathy for his misfortunes. He still struggled for reform in Parliament. From 1818 to 1828, he engaged with brilliant distinction in foreign service in South America and in Greece. In 1831 he inherited the title of Earl of Dundonald, and in the following year his efforts to obtain reinstatement in the navy were successful. He was given a "free pardon" and the naval rank which he would have attained, that of rear-admiral. This was the result of a strong public opinion concerning his innocence. Three lord chancellors have made comment upon his case, all of them men who were living witnesses of his trial. Lord Erskine wrote in 1823 of the "disgraceful oppression and injustice" he had suffered. Lord Brougham lamented "the opinion which Lord Ellenborough appears to have formed in this case." In his "Sketches of British Statesmen" Lord Brougham deplored "that most cruel and

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

unjustifiable sentence which at once secured Lord Cochrane's re-election for Westminster when the House of Commons expelled him upon his conviction;" and referring to his reinstatement in the navy, affirmed "that his honors of knighthood, so gloriously won, should still be withholden, is a stain, not upon him, but upon the councils of his country, and after his restoration to the service it is as inconsistent and incomprehensible as it is cruel and unjust." Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chief Justices," gives his opinion that the case of Lord Cochrane caused "uneasy reflections" in the mind of Lord Ellenborough, and "was supposed to have hastened his end." He imputes to that judge that "the Radical line" in Lord Cochrane's politics "induced Lord Ellenborough to believe that he seriously meant to abet rebellion, and that he was a dangerous character." Lord Campbell charges Lord Ellenborough with having "laid special emphasis on every circumstance which might raise a suspicion against Lord Cochrane," and with having "elaborately explained away whatever at first sight might seem favorable to the gallant officer, and he declares that "in consequence the jury found a verdict of guilty." The present lord chief baron is, we believe, the only living judge who witnessed the trial, and he has regretted that "we cannot blot out this dark page from our legal and judicial history."

When he was restored to the navy Lord Dundonald declared the reparation incomplete. He had lost his place in the Order of the Bath, and he claimed, as a matter touching his honor and as a measure of justice, the half-pay to which he would have been entitled had he not been expelled from the navy for eighteen years. In 1847 the queen made good the first claim in the most gracious manner. Lord Cochrane had been a knight companion of the Bath; her Majesty gave Lord Dundonald the highest decoration in the order. He received the grand cross of the Bath, he was appointed commander-in-chief on that North American station to which he was to have gone as flag-captain in 1814, and when he died, his banner, that had been kicked with contumely from Westminster Abbey, was replaced with ceremonious honour.

To his grandson, the present Lord Cochrane, he bequeathed his pecuniary claim, and with that bequest the duty of vindicating his memory from the last reproach by obtaining it. With an evident sense of honorable obligation, with tact and judgment beyond his years, Lord Cochrane set himself to fulfil his grandfather's legacy. Coldly received by the ministry, his request for an investigation of the case by a select committee was unanimously accorded by the House of Commons. The committee has now reported favorably to the claim, and thus, so far as words are concerned, the jury appointed by the final tribunal has admitted to the fullest extent that demand of Lord Dundonald, including the pecuniary claim, which was denied in his lifetime to a man who suffered much from the public officers of a nation in whose service he never spared himself.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

---

*This story ("*GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY*"), being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in* THE LIVING AGE *from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

CHAPTER LI.

OUR LAST NIGHT TOGETHER.

ON that Monday morning when we left Denver to seek Bell's distant home in these pale blue mountains, there was no great rejoicing among us. It was the last day of our long journeying together, and we had been pleasantly associated; moreover, one of us was going to leave her dearest friend in these remote wilds, and she was rather downhearted about it. Happily the secret exultation of Lady Sylvia, which could not altogether be concealed, kept up our spirits somewhat: we wondered whether she was not going to carry her husband's portmanteau for him, so anxious was she about his comfort.

The branch line of rail that pierces for some distance the Clear Creek cañon takes a circuitous course on leaving Denver through some grassy plains which are intersected by narrow and muddy rivulets, and are sufficiently uninteresting; so that there was plenty of opportunity for these sojourners to sketch out something of their plans of living for the information of the new-comer. But Balfour — who, by the way, had got thoroughly bronzed by

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

his travelling — would not hear of all the fine pleasure excursions that the lieutenant was for planning out.

"We are under enough obligation to you," said he, "even if I find I can do this thing; but if I discover that I am of no use at all, then your charity would be too great. Let us get to work first; then, if the way is clear, we can have our play afterward. Indeed, you will be able to command my attendance, once I have qualified myself to be your servant."

"Yes, that is reasonable," said the lieutenant.

"I am quite sure," said Lady Sylvia, "that my husband would be a poor companion for you, so long as our affairs are unsettled ——"

"And, besides," said Balfour, with a laugh, "you don't know what splendid alternative schemes I have to fall back on. On the voyage over, I used to lie awake at night and try to imagine all the ways in which a man may earn a living who is suddenly made penniless. And I got up some good schemes, I think: good for a man who could get some backing, I mean."

"Will you please to tell us some of them?" said Queen T., with no apparent sarcasm. "We are so often appealed to for charity; and it would be delightful to be able to tell poor people how to make a fortune."

"The poor people would have to have some influence. But would you like to hear my schemes? They are numberless; and they are all based on the supposition that in London there are a very large number of people who would pay high prices for the simplest necessaries of life, provided you could supply these of the soundest quality. Do you see? I take the case of milk, for example. Think of the number of mothers in London who would pay a double price for milk for their children, if you could guarantee them that it was quite unwatered, and got from cows living wholesomely in the country instead of in London stalls! That is only one of a dozen things. Take bread, for example. I believe there are thousands of people in London who would pay extra for French bread, if they only know how to get it supplied to them. Very well: I step in with my association — for the wants of a great place like London can only be supplied by big machinery — and I get a duke or two, and a handful of M. P.'s with me, to give it a philanthropic look; and, of course, they make me manager. I do a good public work, and I benefit myself."

"Do you think you would succeed as the manager of a dairy?" said Queen T., gently.

"As well, probably," said he, laughing, "as the manager of Mrs. Von Rosen's mines and farms! But having got up the company, you would not ask me to look after the cows."

"Oh, Hugh," said Lady Sylvia, anxiously, "I hope you will never have anything to do with any company. It is that which has got poor papa into such trouble. I wish he could leave all these things for a time, and come out here for a holiday; it would do him a great deal of good."

This filial wish did not seem to awaken any eager response, though Mrs. Von Rosen murmured something about the pleasure it would give her to see Lord Willowby. We had not much hope of his lordship consenting to live at a ranch.

And now we drew near the Rockies. First of all, rising from the plains, we encountered some ridges of brown, seared, earthy-looking hills, for the most part bare, though here and there the crest was crowned by a ridge of pine. At the mouth of one of the valleys we came upon Golden City, a scattered hamlet of small houses, with some trees, and some thin lines of a running stream about it. Then, getting farther into the mountains, we entered the narrow and deep gorge of the Clear Creek cañon, a naturally formed highway that runs and winds sinuously for about thirty miles between the huge walls of rock on either side. It was not a beautiful valley, this deep cleft among the mountains, but a gloomy and desolate place, with lightning-blasted pines among the grays and reds of the fused fire-rocks; an opaque gray-green river rushing down the chasm; the trees overhead, apparently at the summit of the twin precipices, black against the glimmer of the blue sky. Here and there, however, were vivid gleams of color: a blaze of the yellow leaves of the cottonwood, or a mass of crimson creeper growing over a gray rock. We began to wonder, too, whether this small river could really have cut this deep and narrow chasm in the giant mountains; but there, sure enough, far above us on the steep slopes, were the deep holes in the intertwisted quartz out of which the water in bygone ages must have slowly worked the boulders of some alien material. There were other holes, too, visible on the sides of this gloomy gorge, with some brown earth in front of them, as if some animal had been trying to scrape for itself a den there:

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

these were the "prospect holes" that miners had bored to spy into the secrets of the everlasting hills. Down below us, again, was the muddy stream, rushing between its beds of gravel; and certainly this railway carriage, on its narrow gauge, seemed to tilt dangerously over toward the sheer descent and the plunging waters. The train, indeed, as it wound round the rocks, seemed to be some huge python, hunted into its gloomy lair in the mountains.

We were glad to get out of it, and into the clear sunshine, at the terminus — Floyd Hill; and here we found a couple of stage-coaches, each with four horses, awaiting to carry us still farther up into the Rockies. They were strange-looking vehicles, apparently mostly built of leather, and balanced on leather springs of enormous thickness. But they soon disappeared from sight. We were lost in such clouds of dust as were never yet beheld by mortal man. Those who had gone inside to escape found that the half-dozen windows would not keep shut; and that, as they were flung hither and thither by the plunging of the coach up the steep mountain paths, they lost sight of each other in the dense yellow clouds. And then sometimes a gust of wind would cleave an opening in the clouds; and, behold! a flashing picture of pine-clad mountains, with a dark blue sky above. That jolting journey seemed to last forever and ever, and the end of it found us changed into new creatures. But the coat of dust that covered us from head to heel had not sufficed to blind us; and now before our eyes we found the end and aim of our journey — the far hamlet of Idaho.

Bell looked round bewildered; she had dreaded this approach to her future home. And Queen T., anxious above all things that her friends' first impressions should be favorable, cried out, —

"Oh, Bell, how beautiful, and clean, and bright it is!"

And certainly our first glance at Idaho, after the heat and dust we had come through, was cheering enough. We thought for an instant of Chamounix as we saw the small white houses by the side of the green, rushing stream, and the great mountains rising sheer beyond. There was a cool and pleasant wind rustling through the leaves of the young cottonwood-trees planted in front of the inn. And when we turned to the mountains on the other side of the narrow valley, we found even the lofty pine woods glowing with color; for the midday sun was pouring down on the undergrowth — now of a golden yellow — so that one could almost believe that these far slopes were covered with buttercups. The coaches had stopped at the inn — the Beebe House, as it is called — and Colonel Sloane's heiress was received with much distinction. They showed her Colonel Sloane's house. It stood on a knoll some distance off; but we could see that it was a cheerful-looking place, with a green-painted veranda round the white walls, and a few pines and cottonwoods about. In the mean time we had taken rooms at the inn, and speedily set to work to get some of the dust removed. It was a useful occupation; for no doubt the worry of it tended to allay that nervous excitement among our women-folk, from which Bell, more especially, was obviously suffering. When we all assembled thereafter at our midday meal, she was still somewhat pale. The lieutenant declared that, after so much travelling, she must now take a long rest. He would not allow her to go on to Georgetown for a week at least.

And was there ever in all the world a place more conducive to rest than this distant, silent, sleepy Idaho up here in the lonely mountains? When the coaches had whirled away in the dust toward Georgetown, there was nothing to break the absolute calm but the soft rustling of the small trees; there was not a shred of cloud in the blue sky to bar the glare of the white road with a bit of grateful shadow. After having had a look at Bell's house, we crossed to the other side of the valley, and entered a sort of tributary gorge between the hills which is known as the Soda Creek cañon. Here all vestiges of civilization seemed to end, but for the road that led we knew not whither; and in the strange silence we wandered onward into this new world whose plants and insects and animals were all unfamiliar to us, or familiar only as they suggested some similarity to their English relatives. And yet Queen T. strove to assure Bell that there was nothing wonderful about the place except its extreme silence and a certain sad desolation of beauty. Was not this our identical Michaelmas daisy? she asked. She was overjoyed when she discovered a real and veritable harebell — a trifle darker in color than our harebell, but a harebell all the same. She made a dart at a cluster of yellow flowers growing up among the rocks, thinking they were the mountain saxifrage; but they turned out

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to be a composite plant — probably some sort of hawk-weed. Her efforts to reach these flowers had startled a large bird out of the bushes above; and as it darted off, we could see that it was of a dark and luminous blue: she had to confess that he was a stranger. But surely we could not have the heart to regard the merry little chipmunk as a stranger — which of all living creatures is the friendliest, the blithest, the most comical. In this Soda Creek cañon he reigns supreme; every rock and stone and bush seems instinct with life as this Proteus of the animal world scuds away like a mouse, or shoots up the hill-side like a lizard, only, when he has got a short distance, to perch himself up on his hind legs, and curl up his bushy tail, and eye us demurely as he affects to play with a bit of Mayweed. Then we see what the small squirrel-like animal really is — a beautiful little creature with longitudinal bars of golden brown and black along his back; the same bars on his head, by the side of his bright, watchful eyes; the red of a robin's breast on his shoulders; his furry tail, jauntily cocked up behind, of a pale brown. We were never tired of watching the tricks and attitudes of this friendly little chap. We knew quite well that his sudden dart from the lee of some stone was only the pretence of fright; before he had gone a yard he would sit up on his haunches and look at you, and stroke his nose with one of his fore paws. Sometimes he would not even run away a yard, but sit quietly and watchfully to see us pass. We guessed that there were few stone-throwing boys about the Rocky Mountains.

Behold! the valley at last shows one brief symptom of human life; a wagon drawn by a team of oxen comes down the steep road, and the driver thereof is worth looking at, albeit his straw sombrero shades his handsome and sun-tanned face. He is an ornamented person, this bull-whacker; with the cord tassels of his buckskin jacket just appearing from below the great Spanish cloak of blue cloth that is carelessly thrown round his shoulders. Look at his whip, too — the heavy thongs of it intertwisted like serpents; he has no need of bowie-knife or pistol in these wilds while he carries about with him that formidable weapon. The oxen pass on down the valley; the dust subsides; again we are left with the silence, and the warm sunlight, and the aromatic odors of the Mayweed, and the cunning antics of our ubiquitous friend the chipmunk.

"There," said the lieutenant, looking up to the vast hill-slopes above, where the scattered pines stood black among the blaze of yellow undergrowth, "that is the beginning of our hunting country. All the secrets are behind that fringe of wood. You must not imagine, Lady Sylvia, that our life at Idaho is to be only this dulness of walking ——"

"I can assure you I do not feel it dull at all," she said; "but I am sorry that our party is to be broken up — just when it has been completed. Oh, I wish you could stay with us!" she adds, addressing another member of the party, whose hands are full of wild flowers.

"My dear Lady Sylvia," says this person, with her sweetest smile, "what would you all do if you had not us to take back your messages to England? We are to teach Bell's little girl to say Idaho. And when Christmas comes, we shall think of you at a particular hour — oh, by the way, we have never yet fixed the exact difference of time between Surrey and Idaho ——"

"We will do that before you leave, madame," says the lieutenant, "but I am sure we will think of you a good many times before Christmas comes. And when Mr. Balfour and I have our bears, and buffaloes, and elephants, and all these things, we will see whether we cannot get something sent you in ice for your Christmas party. And you will drink our good health, madame, will you not? And perhaps, if you are very kind, you might send us one bottle of very good Rhine wine, and we will drink your health too. Nee! I meant two bottles, for the four of us ——"

"I think we shall be able to manage that," says she; and visions of real Schloss Johannisberg, each bottle swathed in printed and signed guarantees of genuineness, no doubt began to dance before her nimble brain.

But at this moment a cold breeze came rushing down the narrow gorge; and almost at the same instant we saw the edge of a heavy cloud come lowering over the very highest peak of the mountains. Some little familiarity with the pranks of the weather in the Western Highlands suggested that, having no waterproofs, and no shelter being near, we had better make down the valley again in the direction of Idaho; and this we set about doing. The hot afternoon had grown suddenly chill. A cold wind whistled through the trembling leaves of the cottonwoods. The mountains were overshadowed, and by the time we reached Idaho again it seemed as if the night had already come down. The

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

women, in their thin dresses, were glad to get indoors.

"But it is this very thing," the lieutenant cried — for he was anxious that his wife should regard her new home favorably — "that makes these places in the Rocky Mountains so wholesome — so healthful, I mean. I have heard of it from many people, who say here is the best sleeping-place in the world. It is no matter how warm it is in the day, it is always cold at night: you always must have a blanket here. The heat — that is nothing, if you have the refreshing cold of the night; people who cannot sleep anywhere else, they can sleep here very well. Every one says that.

"Yes, and I will tell you this," he added, turning to Balfour; "you ought to have staid some days more in Denver, as all people do, to get accustomed to the thin air, before coming up here. All the doctors say that."

"Thank you," said Balfour, laughing, "my lungs are pretty tough. I don't suffer any inconvenience."

"That is very well, then; for they say the air of these places will kill a consumptive person ——"

"Oh, Oswald!" his wife cried. "Don't frighten us all."

"Frighten you?" said he. "Will you show me the one who is likely to be consumptive? There is not any one of us does look like it. But if we all turn to be consumptive, cannot we go down to the plains? and we will give up the mountain sheep for the antelope ——"

"I do believe," said his wife, with some vexation, "that you had not a thought in coming out here except about shooting!"

"And I do believe," he said, "that you had no thought except about your children. Oh, you ungrateful woman! You wear mourning — yes; but when do you really mourn for your poor uncle? When do you speak of him? You have not been to his grave yet."

"You know very well it was yourself who insisted on our coming here first," said she, with a blushing face; but it was not a deadly quarrel.

The chillness of the night did not prevent our going out for a walk later on, when all the world seemed asleep. And now the clouds had passed away from the heavens, and the clear stars were shining down over the mystic darkness of the mountains. In the silence around us we only heard the plashing of the stream. It was to be our last night together.

CHAPTER LII.

AUF WIEDERSEHN!

In the early morning — the morning of farewell — we stood at the small window — we two who were leaving — and tried to fix in our memories some picture of the surroundings of Bell's home; for we knew that many a time in the after days we should think of her, and endeavor to form some notion of what she was engaged in at the moment, and of the scene around her. And can we remember it now? The sunlight seems to fall vertically from that blazing sky, and there is a pale mist of heat far up in the mountains, so that the dark pine woods appear to have a faint blue fog hanging around them. On the barer slopes, where the rocks project in shoulders, there is a more brilliant light; for there the undergrowth of cottonwood bushes, in its autumn gold, burns clear and sharp, even at this distance. And then the eye comes down to the small valley, and the scattered white houses, and the small and rustling trees. We seem to hear the running of the stream.

And what was that little bit of paper thrust furtively, almost at the last moment, into our Bell's trembling hand? We did not know that we had been entertaining a poetess unawares among us; or had she copied the verses out of a book, just as one takes a flower from a garden and gives it as a token of remembrance — something tangible to recall distant faces and bygone friends?

> O Idaho! far Idaho!
> A last farewell before we go —

that was all that the companion of this unhonored Sappho managed to make out as the paper was snatched from her hand. No doubt it invoked blessings on the friends to whom we were bidding good-bye. No doubt it spoke of the mother's thinking of her children far away. And there certainly was no doubt that the verses, whether they were good or bad verses, served their turn, and are treasured up at this moment as though their like had never been seen.

On that warm, clear, beautiful morning, when the heavy coach came rolling up to the door of the inn, Balfour and Lady Sylvia did not at all seem broken down by emotion; on the contrary, they both appeared to be in high spirits. But our poor Bell was a wretched spectacle, about which nothing more shall be said here. Her last words were about her children; but they were almost inaudible, through the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

violence of her sobbing. And we knew well, as we caught the last glimpse of that waved handkerchief, that this token of farewell was not meant for us: it was but a message we were to carry back with us across the seas to a certain home in Surrey.

Hier hat die Mär' ein Ende; and yet the present writer, if he is not overtaxing the patience of the reader, would like to say a word about the fashion in which two people, living pretty much by themselves down in the solitudes of Surrey, used to try to establish some link of interest and association with their friends far away in Colorado, and how, at these times, pictures of bygone scenes would rise before their minds, soft, and clear, and beautiful; for the troubles and trials of travelling were now all forgotten, and the pleasant passages of our journeying could be separated, and strung like lambent beads on the thread of memory.

Or shall we not rather take, as a last breach of confidence, this night of all the nights in the year — this Christmas-eve — which we more particularly devote to our dear and absent friends? It is now drawing away from us. We have been over to Bell's almost deserted house; and there, as the children were being put to bed, we heard something about Ilaho. It was as near as the little girl could get to it; it will suffice for a message.

And now, late as it is, and our own house being wrapped in silence after all the festivities of the evening — well, to tell the truth, there *was* a wild turkey, and there *were* some canvas-back duck; and we were not bound to tell two eagerly inquisitive boys that these could not well come from Colorado, though they did come from America — a madness seems to come over our gentle Queen Titania, and she will go out into the darkness, though the night is cold and there is snow on the ground. We go forth into the silent world. The thin snow is crisp and dry under foot. The stars are shining over our heads. There is no wind to stir the black shadows of the trees.

And now, as the time draws near when we are to send that unspoken message to the listening ones across the seas, surely they are waiting like ourselves? And the dark night, even up here on Mickleham Downs, where we go by the dusky yew-trees like ghosts, becomes afire with light, and color, and moving shapes; for we are thinking once more of the many scenes that connect us by an invisible chain with our friends of the past. How long ago was it that we sat in the long saloon, and the fog-horn was booming outside, and we heard Lady Sylvia's tender voice singing with the others, "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide," as the good ship plunged onward and through the waste of waters? But the ship goes too slow for us. We can outstrip its speed. We are already half-way over to Bell's retreat, and here we shall rest; for are we not high over the Hudson, in the neighborhood of the haunted mountains? — and we have but to give another call to reach the far plains of Colorado!

. . . .

"Ho, Vanderdecken — Heinrich Hudson — can you take our message from us and pass it on? This is a night of all the nights in the long year, that you are sure to be abroad, you and your sad-faced crew, up there in the lonely valleys, under the light of the stars. Can you go still higher, and send a view-halloo across to the Rocky Mountains? Can you say to our friends that we are listening? Can you tell them that something has just been said — they will know by whom — about a certain dear mother at Ilaho? Give a call, then, across the waste Atlantic that we may hear! Or is it the clamor of the katydids that drowns the ghostly voice? We cannot hear at all. Perhaps the old men are cowering in their cave, because of the sacred time; and there is no mirth in the hills to-night; and no huge cask of schnapps to be tapped, that the heavy beards may wag. Vanderdecken — Hendrick Hudson — you are of no use to us; we pass on; we leave the dark mountains behind us, under the silent stars.

. . . .

Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers;
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

"Look at the clear gold ray of the light-houses, and the pale green of the sunset skies, and the dark islands and trees catching the last red flush. And is not this Bell's voice singing to us, with such a sweetness as the Lake of a Thousand Islands never heard before, —

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.

The red flame in the west burns into our eyes; we can see no more.

. . . .

"We were startled by this wild roaring in our ears, as if the world were falling, and we are in a mystical cavern; and the whirling gray cataracts threaten to tear us from the narrow foothold. Our eyes are

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

blinded, our throats are choked, our fingers still clutch at the dripping rocks; and then all at once we see your shining and smiling face — you giant black demon — you magnificent Sambo — you huge child of the nether world of waters! We KENT GO NO FORDER DEN DAWT? Is that what you say? We shout to you through this infernal din that we can — we can — we can! We elude your dusky fingers. We send you a mocking farewell. Let the waters come crashing down; for we have dived — and drifted — and come up into the white sunlight again!

. . . .

"And now there is no sound at all. We cannot even hear Bell's voice; for she is standing silent in front of the chief's grave; and she is wondering whether his ghost is still lingering here, looking for the ships of the white man going up and down the great river. For our part, we can see none at all. The broad valley is deserted; the Missouri shows no sign of life; on the wide plains around us we find only the reed-bird and the grasshopper. Farewell, White Cow; if your last wish is not gratified, at least the silence of the prairie is reserved to you, and no alien plough crosses the solitude of your grave. You are an amiable ghost, we think; we would shake hands with you, and give you a friendly 'How?' but the sunlight is in our eyes, and we cannot see you, just as you cannot make out the ships on that long line of river. May you have everlasting tobacco in the world of dreams!

. . . .

"You infamous Hendrick Hudson, will you carry our message now — for our voices cannot reach across the desert plains? Awaken, you cowled heads, and come forth into the starlight; for the Christmas bells have not rung yet; and there is time for a solemn passing of the glass! High up in your awful solitudes, you can surely hear us; and we will tell you what you must call across the plains, for they are all silent now, as silent as the white skulls lying in the sand. Vanderdecken, for the sake of heaven — if that has power to conjure you — call to our listening friends; and we will pledge you in a glass to-night, and you and your ghastly crew will nod your heads in ominous laughter ——"

. . . .

But what is this that we hear, suddenly shaking the pulses of the night with its tender sound? O friends far away! do you know that our English bells are beginning to ring in the Christmas-time? If you cannot hear our faint voice across the wild Atlantic and the silent plains, surely you can hear the sounds you knew so well in the bygone days! Over the crisp snow, and by the side of the black trees and hedges, we hurry homeward. We sit in a solitary room, and still we hear outside the faint tolling of the bells. The hour nears; and it is no dire spirit that we expect, but the gentle soul of a mother coming with a message to her sleeping children, and stopping for a moment in passing to look on her friends of old.

And she will take our message back, we know, and tell that other young wife out there that we are glad to hear that her heart is at peace at last. But what will the invisible messenger take back for herself? A look at her children: who knows? A second to twelve. Shall we give a wild scream, then, as the ghost enters? for the silence is awful. Ah, no! Whether you are here or not, our good Bell, our hearts go forth toward you, and we welcome you; and we are glad that, even in this silent fashion, we can bring in the Christmas-time together. But is the gentle spirit here — or has it passed? A stone's throw from our house is another house; and in it there is a room dimly lit; and in the room are two sleeping children. If the beautiful mother has been here with us amidst the faint tolling of these Christmas bells, you may be sure she only smiled upon us in passing, and that she is now in that silent room.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A MIGHTY SEA-WAVE.

On May 10th last a tremendous wave swept the Pacific Ocean from Peru northwards, westwards, and southwards, travelling at a rate many times greater than that of the swiftest express train. For reasons best known to themselves, writers in the newspapers have by almost common consent called this phenomenon a tidal wave. But the tides have had nothing to do with it. Unquestionably the wave resulted from the upheaval of the bed of the ocean in some part of that angle of the Pacific Ocean which is bounded by the shores of Peru and Chili. This region has long been celebrated for tremendous submarine and subterranean upheavals. The opinions of geologists and geographers have been divided as to the real origin of the disturbances by which at one time the land, at another time the sea, and at yet other times (oftener in fact than either of

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the others) both land and sea have been shaken as by some mighty imprisoned giant, struggling, like Prometheus, to cast from his limbs the mountain masses which hold them down. Some consider that the seat of the Vulcanian forces lies deep below that part of the chain of the Andes which lies at the apex of the angle just mentioned, and that the direction of their action varies according to the varying conditions under which the imprisoned gases find vent. Others consider that there are two if not several seats of subterranean activity. Yet others suppose that the real seat of disturbance lies beneath the ocean itself, a view which seems to find support in several phenomena of recent Peruvian earthquakes.

Although we have not as yet full information concerning the great wave which in May last swept across the Pacific, and northwards and southwards along the shores of the two Americas, it may be interesting to consider some of the more striking features of this great disturbance of the so-called peaceful ocean, and to compare them with those which have characterized former disturbances of a similar kind. We may thus, perhaps, find some evidence by which an opinion may be formed as to the real seat of subterranean activity in this region.

It may seem strange, in dealing with the case of a wave which apparently had its origin in or near Peru on May 9, to consider the behavior of a volcano distant five thousand miles from this region, a week before the disturbance took place. But, although the coincidence may possibly have been accidental, yet in endeavoring to ascertain the true seat of disturbance we must overlook no evidence, however seemingly remote, which may throw light on that point; and as the sea-wave generated by the disturbance reached very quickly the distant region referred to, it is by no means unlikely that the subterranean excitement which the disturbance relieved may have manifested its effects beforehand at the same remote volcanic region. Be this as it may, it is certain that on May 1 the great crater of Kilauea in the island of Hawaii, became active, and on the 4th severe shocks of earthquake were felt at the Volcano House. At three in the afternoon a jet of lava was thrown up to a height of about one hundred feet, and afterwards some fifty jets came into action. Subsequently jets of steam issued along the line formed by a fissure four miles in length down the mountain-side. The disturbance lessened considerably on the 5th, and an observing party examined the crater. They found that a rounded hill, seven hundred feet in height, and one thousand four hundred feet in diameter, had been thrown up on the plain which forms the floor of the crater. Fire and scoria were spouted up in various places.

Before rejecting utterly the belief that the activity thus exhibited in the Hawaii volcano had its origin in the same subterrene or submarine region as the Peruvian earthquake, we should remember that other regions scarcely less remote have been regarded as forming part of this great Vulcanian district. The violent earthquakes which occurred at New Madrid, in Missouri, in 1812, took place at the same time as the earthquake of Caraccas, the West Indian volcanoes being simultaneously active; and earthquakes had been felt in South Carolina for several months before the destruction of Caraccas and La Guayra. Now we have abundant evidence to show that the West Indian volcanoes are connected with the Peruvian and Chilian regions of Vulcanian energy, and the Chilian region is about as far from New Madrid as Arica in Peru from the Sandwich Isles.

It was not, however, until about half past eight on the evening of May 9 that the Peruvian earthquake began. A severe shock, lasting from four to five minutes, was felt along the entire southern coast, even reaching Autofagasta. The shock was so severe that it was impossible, in many places, to stand upright. It was succeeded by several others of less intensity.

While the land was thus disturbed, the sea was observed to be gradually receding, a movement which former experiences have taught the Peruvians to regard with even more terror than the disturbance of the earth itself. The waters which had thus withdrawn, as if concentrating their energies to leap more fiercely on their prey, presently returned in a mighty wave, which swept past Callao, travelling southwards with fearful velocity, while in its train followed wave after wave, until no less than eight had taken their part in the work of destruction. At Mollendo the railway was torn up by the sea for a distance of three hundred feet. A violent hurricane which set in afterwards from the south prevented all vessels from approaching, and unroofed most of the houses in the town. At Arica the people were busily engaged in preparing temporary fortifications to repel a threatened assault of the rebel ram "Huiscar," at the moment

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

when the roar of the earthquake was heard. The shocks here were very numerous, and caused immense damage in the town, the people flying to the Morro for safety. The sea was suddenly perceived to recede from the beach, and a wave from ten to fifteen feet in height rolled in upon the shore, carrying before it all that it met. Eight times was this assault of the ocean repeated. The earthquake had levelled to the ground a portion of the custom-house, the railway station, the submarine-cable office, the hotel, the British consulate, the steamship agency, and many private dwellings. Owing to the early hour of the evening, and the excitement attendant on the proposed attack of the "Huiscar," every one was out and stirring; but the only loss of life which was reported is that of three little children who were overtaken by the water. The progress of the wave was only stopped at the foot of the hill on which the church stands, which point is further inland than that reached in August, 1868. Four miles of the embankment of the railway were swept away like sand before the wind. Locomotives, cars, and rails were hurled about by the sea like so many playthings, and left in a tumbled mass of rubbish.

The account proceeds to say that the United States' steamer "Waters," stranded by the bore of 1868, was lifted up bodily by the wave at Arica and floated two miles north of her former position. The reference is no doubt to the double-ender "Watertree," not stranded by a bore (a term utterly inapplicable to any kind of sea-wave at Arica, where there is no large river), but carried in by the great wave which followed the earthquake of August 13. The description of the wave at Arica on that occasion should be compared with that of the wave last May. About twenty minutes after the first earth-shock the sea was seen to retire as if about to leave the shores wholly dry; but presently its waters returned with tremendous force. A mighty wave, whose length seemed immeasurable, was seen advancing like a dark wall upon the unfortunate town, a large part of which was overwhelmed by it. Two ships, the Peruvian corvette "America," and the American double-ender "Watertree," were carried nearly half a mile to the north of Arica, beyond the railroad which runs to Tacna, and there left stranded high and dry. As the English vice-consul at Arica estimated the height of this enormous wave at fully fifty feet, it would not seem that the account of the wave of last May has been exaggerated, for a much less height is, as we have seen, attributed to it, though, as it carried the "Watertree" still farther inland, it must have been higher. The small loss of life can be easily understood, when we consider that the earthquake was not followed instantly by the sea-wave. Warned by the experience of the earthquake of 1868, which most of them must have remembered, the inhabitants sought safety on the higher grounds until the great wave and its successors had flowed in. We read that the damage done was greater than that caused by the previous calamity, the new buildings erected since 1868 being of a more costly and substantial class. Merchandise from the custom-house and stores was carried by the water to a point on the beach five miles distant.

At Iquique, in 1868, the great wave was estimated at fifty feet in height. We are told that it was black with the mud and slime of the sea bottom. "Those who witnessed its progress from the upper balconies of their houses, and presently saw its black mass rushing close beneath their feet, looked on their safety as a miracle. Many buildings were, indeed, washed away, and in the low-lying parts of the town there was a terrible loss of life." Last May the greatest mischief at Iquique would seem to have been caused by the earthquake, not by the sea-wave, though this also was destructive in its own way. "Iquique," we are told, "is in ruins. The movement was experienced there at the same time and with the same force [as at Arica]. Its duration was exactly four minutes and a third. It proceeded from the southeast, exactly from the direction of Ilaga." The houses built of wood and cane tumbled down at the first attack, lamps were broken, and the burning oil spread over and set fire to the ruins. Three companies of firemen, German, Italian, and Peruvian, were instantly at their posts, although it was difficult to maintain an upright position, shock following shock with dreadful rapidity. Nearly four hundred thousand quintals of nitrate in the stores at Iquique and the adjacent ports of Molle and Pisagua were destroyed. The British barque "Caprera" and a German barque sank, and all the coasting craft and small boats in the harbor were broken to pieces and drifted about in every direction.

At Chanavaya, a small town at the guano-loading deposit known as Pabellon de Pica, only two houses were left standing out of four hundred. Here the earth-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

quake shock was specially severe. In some places the earth opened in crevices seventeen yards deep, and the whole surface of the ground was changed. The shipping along the Peruvian and Bolivian coast suffered terribly. The list of vessels lost or badly injured at Pabellon de Pica alone reads like the list of a fleet.

We have been particular in thus describing the effects produced by the earthquake and sea-wave on the shores of South America, in order that the reader may recognize in the disturbance produced there the real origin of the great wave which a few hours later reached the Sandwich Isles, five thousand miles away. Doubt has been entertained respecting the possibility of a wave, other than the tidal wave, being transmitted right across the Pacific. Although in August 1868 the course of the great wave which swept from some region near Peru, not only to the Sandwich Isles, but in all directions over the entire ocean, could be clearly traced, there were some who considered the connection between the oceanic phenomena and the Peruvian earthquake a mere coincidence. It is on this account perhaps chiefly that the evidence obtained last May is most important. It is interesting, indeed, as showing how tremendous was the disturbance which the earth's frame must then have undergone. It would have been possible, however, had we no other evidence, for some to have maintained that the wave which came in upon the shores of the Sandwich Isles a few hours after the earthquake and sea disturbance in South America was in reality an entirely independent phenomenon. But when we compare the events which happened last May with those of August 1868, and perceive their exact similarity, we can no longer reasonably entertain any doubt of the really stupendous fact that *the throes of the earth in and near Peru are of sufficient energy to send an oceanic wave right across the Pacific*, and of such enormous height at starting, that, after travelling with necessarily diminishing height the whole way to Hawaii, it still rises and falls through thirty-six feet. The real significance of this amazing oceanic disturbance is exemplified by the wave circles which spread around the spot where a stone has fallen into a smooth lake. We know how, as the circle widens, the height of the wave grows less and less, until at no great distance from the centre of disturbance the wave can no longer be discerned, so slight is the slope of its advancing and following faces. How tremendous, then, must have been the upheaval of the bed of ocean by which wave-circles were sent across the Pacific, retaining, after travelling five thousand miles from the centre of disturbance, the height of a two-storied house. In 1868, indeed, we know (now even more certainly than then) that the wave travelled very much farther, reaching the shores of Japan, of New Zealand, and of Australia, even if it did not make its way through the East Indian Archipelago to the Indian Ocean, as some observations seem to show. Doubtless we shall hear in the course of the next few months of the corresponding effects of the spread of last May's mighty wave athwart the Pacific, though the dimensions of the wave of last May, when it reached the Sandwich Isles, fell far short of those of the great wave of August 13–14, 1868.

It will be well to make a direct comparison between the waves of May last and August 1868 in this respect, as also with regard to the rate at which they would seem to have traversed the distance between Peru and Hawaii. On this last point, however, it must be noted that we cannot form an exact opinion until we have ascertained the real region of Vulcanian disturbance on each occasion. It is possible that a careful comparison of times, and of the direction in which the wave front advanced upon different shores, might serve to show where this region lay. We should not be greatly surprised to learn that it was far from the continent of South America.

The great wave reached the Sandwich Isles between four and five on the morning of May 10, corresponding to about five hours later of Peruvian time. An oscillation only was first observed at Hilo, on the east coast of the great southern island of Hawaii, the wave itself not reaching the village till about a quarter before five. The greatest difference between the crest and trough of the wave was found to be thirty-six feet here; but at the opposite side of the island, in Kealakekua Bay (where Captain Cook died), amounted only to thirty feet. In other places the difference was much less, being in some only three feet, a circumstance doubtless due to interference, waves which had reached the same spot along different courses chancing so to arrive that the crest of one corresponded with the trough of the other, so that the resulting wave was only the difference of the two. We must explain, however, in the same way, the highest waves of thirty-six to forty feet, which were doubtless due to similar interference, crest

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

agreeing with crest and trough with trough, so that the resulting wave was the sum of the two which had been divided, and had reached the same spot along different courses. It would follow that the higher of the two waves was about twenty-one feet high, the lower about eighteen feet high ; but as some height would be lost in the encounter with the shore line, wherever it lay, on which the waves divided, we may fairly assume that in the open ocean, before reaching the Sandwich group, the wave had a height of nearly thirty feet from trough to crest. We read, in accordance with this explanation, that "the regurgitations of the sea were violent and complex, and continued through the day."

The wave, regarded as a whole, seems to have reached all the islands at the same time. If this is confirmed by later accounts, we shall be compelled to conclude that the wave reached the group with its front parallel to the length of the group so that it must have come (arriving as it did from the side towards which Hilo lies) from the north-east. It was then not the direct wave from Peru, but the wave reflected from the shores of California, which produced the most marked effects. We can understand well, this being so, that the regurgitations of the sea were complex. Any one who has watched the inflow of waves on a beach so lying within an angle of the shore, that while one set of waves comes straight in from the sea, another thwart set comes from the shore forming the other side of the angle, will understand how such waves differ from a set of ordinary rollers. The crests of the two sets form a sort of network, ever changing as each set rolls on ; and considering any one of the four-cornered meshes of this wave-net, the observer will notice that while the middle of the raised sides rises little above the surrounding level, because here the crests of one set cross the troughs of the other, the corners of each quadrangle are higher than they would be in either set taken separately, while the middle of the four-cornered space is correspondingly depressed. The reason is that at the corners of the wave-net crests join with crests to raise the water surface, which in the middle of the net (not the middle of the sides, but the middle of the space enclosed by the four sides) trough joins with trough to depress the water surface.*

We must take into account the circumstance that the wave which reached Hawaii last May was probably reflected from the Californian coast when we endeavor to determine the rate at which the sea disturbance was propagated across the Atlantic. The direct wave would have come sooner, and may have escaped notice because arriving in the night-time, as it would necessarily have done if a wave which travelled to California, and thence, after reflection, to the Sandwich group, arrived there at a quarter before five in the morning following the Peruvian earthquake. We shall be better able to form an opinion on this point after considering what happened in August 1868.

The earth throe on that occasion was felt in Peru about five minutes past five on the evening of August 13. Twelve hours later, or shortly before midnight, August 13, Sandwich Island time (corresponding to 5 P.M., August 14, Peruvian time), the sea round the group of the Sandwich Isles rose in a surprising manner, "insomuch that many thought the islands were sinking, and would shortly subside altogether beneath the waves. Some of the smaller islands were for a time completely submerged. Before long, however, the sea fell again, and as it did so the observers found it impossible to resist the impression that the islands were rising bodily out of the water. For no less than three days this strange oscillation of the sea continued to be experienced, the most remarkable ebbs and floods being noticed at Honolulu, on the island of Woahoo."

The distance between Honolulu and Arica is about sixty-three hundred statute miles ; so that, if the wave travelled directly from the shores of Peru to the Sandwich Isles, it must have advanced at an average rate of about five hundred and twenty-five miles an hour (about four hundred and fifty knots an hour). This is nearly half the rate at which the earth's surface near the equator is carried round by the earth's rotation, or is about the rate at which parts in latitude sixty-two or sixty-three degrees north are carried round by rotation ; so that the motion of the great wave in 1868 was fairly comparable with one of the movements which we are accustomed to regard as cosmical. We shall

* The phenomena here described are well worth observing on their own account as affording a very instructive and at the same time very beautiful illustration of wave motions. They can be well seen at many of our watering-places. The same laws of wave motion can be readily illustrated also by throwing two stones into a large smooth pool at points a few yards apart. The crossing of the two sets of circular waves produces a wave-net, the meshes of which vary in shape according to their position.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

presently have something more to say on this point.

Now last May, as we have seen, the wave reached Hawaii at about a quarter to five in the morning, corresponding to about ten Peruvian time. Since, then, the earthquake was felt in Peru at half past eight on the previous evening, it follows that the wave, if it travelled directly from Peru, must have taken about thirteen and a half hours, or an hour and a half longer, in travelling from Peru to the Sandwich Isles, than it took in August 1868. This is unlikely, because ocean waves travel nearly at the same rate in the same parts of the ocean, whatever their dimensions, so only that they are large. We have, then, in the difference of time occupied by the wave in May last and in August 1868 in reaching Hawaii, some corroboration of the result to which we were led by the arrival of the wave simultaneously at all the islands of the Sandwich group — the inference, namely, that the observed wave had reached these islands after reflection from the Californian shore line. As the hour when the direct wave probably reached Hawaii was about a quarter past three in the morning, when not only was it night-time but also a time when few would be awake to notice the rise and fall of the sea, it seems not at all improbable that the direct wave escaped notice, and that the wave actually observed was the reflected wave from California. The direction, also, in which the oscillation was first observed corresponds well with this explanation.

It is clear that the wave which traversed the Pacific last May was somewhat inferior in size to that of August 1868, which therefore still deserves to be called (as then by the present writer) the greatest sea-wave ever known. The earthquake, indeed, which preceded the oceanic disturbance of 1868 was far more destructive than that of May last, and the waves which came in upon the Peruvian and Bolivian shores were larger. Nevertheless, the wave of last May was not so far inferior to that of August 1868 but that we may expect to hear of its course being traced athwart the entire extent of the Pacific Ocean.

When we consider the characteristic features of the Peruvian and Chilian earthquakes, and especially when we note how wide is the extent of the region over which their action is felt in one way or another, it can scarcely be doubted that the earth's Vulcanian energies are at present more actively at work throughout that region than in any other. There is nothing so remarkable, one may even say so stupendous, in the history of subterranean disturbance as the alternation of mighty earth throes by which, at one time, the whole of the Chilian Andes seem disturbed and anon the whole of the Peruvian Andes. In Chili scarce a year ever passes without earthquakes, and the same may be said of Peru; but so far as great earthquakes are concerned the activity of the Peruvian region seems to synchronize with the comparative quiescence of the Chilian region, and *vice versâ*. Thus, in 1797 the terrible earthquake occurred known as the earthquake of Riobamba, which affected the entire Peruvian earthquake region. Thirty years later a series of tremendous throes shook the whole of Chili, permanently elevating the whole line of coast to the height of several feet. During the last ten years the Peruvian region has in turn been disturbed by great earthquakes. It should be added that between Chili and Peru there is a region about five hundred miles in length in which scarcely any volcanic action has been observed. And, singularly enough, "this very portion of the Andes, to which one would imagine that the Peruvians and Chilians would fly as to a region of safety, is the part most thinly inhabited; insomuch that, as Von Buch observes, it is in some places entirely deserted."

One can readily understand that this enormous double region of earthquakes, whose oscillations on either side of the central region of comparative rest may be compared to the swaying of a mighty see-saw on either side of its point of support, should be capable of giving birth to throes propelling sea-waves across the Pacific Ocean. The throe actually experienced at any given place is relatively but an insignificant phenomenon, it is the disturbance of the entire region over which the throe is felt which must be considered in attempting to estimate the energy of the disturbing cause. The region shaken by the earthquake of 1868, for instance, was equal to at least a fourth of Europe, and probably to fully one-half. From Quito southwards as far as Iquique — or along a full third part of the length of the South American Andes — the shock produced destructive effects. It was also distinctly felt far to the north of Quito, far to the south of Iquique, and inland to enormous distances. The disturbing force which thus shook one million square miles of the earth's surface must have been one of almost inconceivable energy. If directed

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

entirely to the upheaval of a land region no larger than England, those forces would have sufficed to have destroyed utterly every city, town, and village within such a region; if directed entirely to the upheaval of an oceanic region, they would have been capable of raising a wave which would have been felt on every shore line of the whole earth. Divided even between the ocean on the one side and a land region larger than Russia in Europe on the other, those Vulcanian forces shook the whole of the land region and sent athwart the largest of our earth's oceans a wave which ran in upon shores ten thousand miles from the centre of disturbance with a crest thirty feet high. Forces such as these may fairly be regarded as cosmical; they show unmistakably that the earth has by no means settled down into that condition of repose in which some geologists still believe. We may ask with the late Sir Charles Lyell whether, after contemplating the tremendous energy thus displayed by the earth, any geologist will continue to assert that the changes of relative level of land and sea, so common in former ages of the world, have now ceased? and agree with him that if, in the face of such evidence, a geologist persists in maintaining this favorite dogma, it would be vain to hope, by accumulating proofs of similar convulsions during a series of ages, to shake the tenacity of his conviction —

> Si fractus illabatur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

But there is one aspect in which such mighty sea-waves, as, in 1868 and again last May, have swept over the surface of our terrestrial oceans, remain yet to be considered.

The oceans and continents of our earth must be clearly discernible from her nearer neighbors among the planets — from Venus and Mercury on the inner side of her path around the sun, and from Mars (though under less favorable conditions) from the outer side. When we consider, indeed, that the lands and seas of Mars can be clearly discerned with telescopic aid from our earth at a distance of forty millions of miles, we perceive that our earth, seen from Venus at a little more than half this distance, must present a very interesting appearance. Enlarged, owing to greater proximity, nearly fourfold, having a diameter nearly twice as great as that of Mars, so that at the same distance her disc would seem more than three times as large, more brightly illuminated by the sun in the proportion of about five to two, she would shine with a lustre exceeding that of Mars, when in full brightness in the midnight sky, about thirty times; and all her features would of course be seen with correspondingly increased distinctness. Moreover, the oceans of our earth are so much larger in relative extent than those of Mars, covering nearly three-fourths instead of barely one-half of the surface of the world they belong to, that they would appear as far more marked and characteristic features than the seas and lakes of Mars. When the Pacific Ocean, indeed, occupies centrally the disc of the earth which at the moment is turned towards any planet, nearly the whole of that disc must appear to be covered by the ocean. Under such circumstances the passage of a wide-spreading series of waves over the Pacific, at the rate of about five hundred miles an hour, is a phenomenon which could scarcely fail to be discernible from Venus or Mercury, if either planet chanced to be favorably placed for the observation of the earth — always supposing there were observers in Mercury or Venus, and that these observers were provided with powerful telescopes.

It must be remembered that the waves which spread over the Pacific on August 13–14, 1868, and again on May 9–10 last, were not only of enormous range in length (measured along crest or trough), but also of enormous breadth (measured from crest to crest, or from trough to trough). Were it otherwise, indeed, the progress of a wave forty or fifty feet high (at starting, and thirty-five feet high after travelling six thousand miles), at the rate of five hundred miles per hour, must have proved destructive to ships in the open ocean as well as along the shore line. Suppose, for instance, the breadth of the wave from crest to crest one mile, then, in passing under a ship at the rate of five hundred miles per hour, the wave would raise the ship from trough to crest — that is, through a height of forty feet — in one thousandth part of an hour (for the distance from trough to crest is but half the breadth of the wave), or in less than four seconds, lowering it again in the same short interval of time, lifting and lowering it at the same rate several successive times. The velocity with which the ship would travel upwards and downwards would be greatest when she was midway in her ascent and descent, and would then be equal to about the velocity with which a body strikes the ground after falling from a height of four yards. It is hard-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ly necessary to say that small vessels subjected to such tossing as this would inevitably be swamped. On even the largest ships the effect of such motion would be most unpleasantly obvious. Now, as a matter of fact, the passage of the great sea-wave in 1868 was not noticed at all on board ships in open sea. Even within sight of the shore of Peru, where the oscillation of the sea was most marked, the motion was such that its effects were referred to the shore. We are told that observers on the deck of a United States' war-steamer distinctly saw the "peaks of the mountains in the chain of the Cordilleras wave to and fro like reeds in a storm;" the fact really being that the deck on which they stood was swayed to and fro. This, too, was in a part of the sea where the great wave had not attained its open sea form, but was a rolling wave, because of the shallowness of the water. In the open sea, we read that the passage of the great sea-wave was no more noticed than is the passage of the tidal wave itself. "Among the hundreds of ships which were sailing upon the Pacific when its length and breadth were traversed by the great sea-wave, there was not one in which any unusual motion was perceived." The inference is clear, that the slope of the advancing and following faces of the great wave was very much less than in the case above imagined; in other words, that the breadth of the wave greatly exceeded one mile — amounting, in fact, to many miles.

Where the interval between the passage of successive wave-crests was noted, we can tell the actual breadth of the wave. Thus, at the Samoan Isles, in 1868, the crests succeeded each other at intervals of sixteen minutes, corresponding to eight minutes between crest and trough. As we have seen that, if the waves were one mile in breadth, the corresponding interval would be only four seconds, or only one hundred-and-twentieth part of eight minutes, it would follow that the breadth of the great wave, where it reached the Samoan Isles in 1868, was about one hundred and twenty miles.

Now a wave extending right athwart the Pacific Ocean, and having a cross breadth of more than one hundred miles, would be discernible as a marked feature of the disc of our earth, seen, under the conditions described above, either from Mercury or Venus. It is true that the slope of the wave's advancing and following surfaces would be but slight, yet the difference of illumination under the sun's rays would be recognizable. Then, also, it is to be remembered that there was not merely a single wave, but a succession of many waves. These travelled also with enormous velocity; and though at the distance of even the nearest planet, the apparent motion of the great wave, swift though it was in reality, would be so far reduced that it would have to be estimated rather than actually seen, yet there would be no difficulty in thus perceiving it with the mind's eye. The rate of motion indeed would almost be exactly the same as that of the equatorial part of the surface of Mars, in consequence of the planet's rotation; and this (as is well known to telescopists), though not discernible, directly produces, even in a few minutes, changes which a good eye can clearly recognize. We can scarcely doubt then, that, if our earth were so situated at any time when one of the great waves generated by Peruvian earthquakes is traversing the Pacific that the hemisphere containing this ocean were turned fully illuminated towards Venus (favorably placed for observing her), the disturbance of the Pacific could be observed and measured by telescopists on that planet.

Unfortunately there is little chance that terrestrial observers will ever be able to watch the progress of great waves athwart the oceans of Mars, and still less that any disturbance of the frame of Venus should become discernible to us by its effects. We can scarce even be assured that there are lands and seas on Venus, so far as direct observation is concerned, so unfavorably is she always placed for observation; and though we see Mars under much more favorable conditions, his seas are too small and would seem to be too shallow (compared with our own) for great waves to traverse them such as could be discerned from the earth.

Yet it may be well to remember the possibility that changes may at times take place in the nearer planets — the terrestrial planets as they are commonly called, Mars, Venus, and Mercury — such as telescopic observation under favorable conditions might detect. Telescopists have, indeed, described apparent changes, lasting only for a short time, in the appearance of one of these planets, Mars, which may fairly be attributed to disturbances affecting its surface in no greater degree than the great Peruvian earthquakes have affected for a time the surface of our earth. For instance, the American astronomer Mitchel says that on the night of July 12, 1845, the bright polar snows of Mars exhibited an appearance never noticed at any preceding

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

or succeeding observation. In the very centre of the white surface appeared a dark spot, which retained its position during several hours. On the following evening not a trace of the spot could be seen. Again the same observer says that on the evening of August 30, 1845, he observed for the first time a small bright spot, nearly or quite round, projecting out of the lower side of the polar spot. "In the early part of the evening," he says, "the small bright spot seemed to be partly buried in the large one. After the lapse of an hour or more my attention was again directed to the planet, when I was astonished to find a manifest change in the position of the small bright spot. It had apparently separated from the large spot, and the edges alone of the two were now in contact, whereas when first seen they overlapped by an amount quite equal to one-third of the diameter of the small one. This, however, was merely an optical phenomenon, for on the next evening the spots went through the same apparent changes, as the planet went through the corresponding part of its rotation. But it showed the spots to be real ice masses. The strange part of the story is that in the course of a few days the smaller spot, which must have been a mass of snow and ice as large as Nova Zembla, gradually disappeared." Probably some great shock had separated an enormous field of ice from the polar snows, and it had eventually been broken up and its fragments carried away from the arctic regions by currents in the Martian oceans. It appears to us that the study of our own earth, and of the changes and occasional convulsions which affect its surface, gives to the observation of such phenomena as we have just described a new interest. Or rather, perhaps, it is not too much to say that telescopic observations of the planets derive their only real interest from such considerations.

From Nature.

THE SUN'S DISTANCE.

A MOST interesting state paper has just been issued; we refer to the report by the astronomer-royal on the telescopic observations of the transit of Venus of 1874, made by the expeditions sent out by the British government, and the results deduced from them. The astronomer-royal suggests that another report may be called for when the photographs of the transit have been completely measured and worked out, if possible in combination with the results of similar observations made in the expeditions organized by other governments.

It will be seen from the present report that the plan of operations actually pursued has been very nearly that proposed by the astronomer-royal in his communication to the Royal Astronomical Society on December 11, 1868, when for the third time directing attention to the arrangements which it would be necessary to make for the efficient observation of the transits of 1874 and 1882. The method of absolute longitudes was to be applied for observations both of ingress and egress, it being therefore essential that the longitudes of the observing stations should be determined with precision; and the longitudes recommended to be fixed by Great Britain were Alexandria, stations in New Zealand and in the Sandwich Islands, Kerguelen's Land, and Mauritius or the two islands of Rodriguez and Bourbon.

The stations eventually selected for observations by the British expedition were fixed upon "entirely by consideration of the influence which their positions would have in determining with accuracy the necessary alteration of parallax." They were: Egypt, the Sandwich Islands, the island of Rodriguez, New Zealand, and Kerguelen's Land. It was intended to adopt in each of these districts one fundamental station, the longitude of which was to be independently determined, for conversion of local times into Greenwich times, and subordinate to this primary station other stations were proposed to be selected, at such distances that advantage might be taken of different states of weather that might possibly prevail.

In Egypt his Highness the khedive rendered every possible assistance, tents being supplied with military guards for the protection of the observers and their instruments, and telegraph wires erected. The astronomer-royal acknowledges the obligations of the expedition to the liberality of the Eastern Telegraph Company, in affording the means of determining with extreme accuracy and great facility the longitude of the principal station Mokattam. Greenwich was easily connected with Porth Curno, in Cornwall, whence there is an uninterrupted line to Alexandria, the longest submarine line in the world; Alexandria was connected with Mokattam by aid of the special line constructed by the khedive from Cairo to the station. It is further stated that time-communication was also made from Mo-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

kattam through Cairo to Thebes, and to Suez by the ordinary telegraph, Thebes and Suez being the other Egyptian stations where the transit was observed.

In the Sandwich Islands much assistance was received from King Kalakaua and members of the reigning family. The principal station was at Honolulu, the longitude of which was determined partly by meridian transits of the moon and partly by transits of the moon observed with the altazimuth instrument. Waimea, in the island Kauai, where observers were also placed, was connected with Honolulu by means of chronometers carried in H.M.S. "Teredos." At the island of Rodriguez the longitudes were determined in the same manner as for the Sandwich Islands stations, for three positions, viz., Point Venus, the Hermitage, and Point Coton; and communication was further made with the Mauritius and with Lord Lindsay's expedition with the aid of H.M.S. "Shearwater," the preliminary results being stated by Sir George Airy to agree closely with those given by the lunar observations. At Kerguelen's Land, again, the operations were similar; Supply Bay and Thumb Peak being the stations chosen.

In New Zealand unfavorable weather much interfered with the observations, and Sir George Airy had at first been led to suppose that all useful observation had been lost; it subsequently appeared, however, that this was not the case, one phase of the transit being well seen at Burnham, the longitude of which was fixed by meridian transits of the moon.

The report is divided into three sections or tables. In the first are given the descriptions of the various phenomena, in the words of the observers, with the Greenwich sidereal times of the different phases, obtained from accurate reduction of the observations for longitude here particularized; where such longitudes depend upon lunar observations the places of the "Nautical Almanac" were carefully corrected by observations on nearly the same days at Greenwich, Paris, Strasburg, and Königsberg. In studying these original descriptions, Sir George Airy was led to infer that it was "possible to fix upon three distinct phases for the 'ingress' and four for the 'egress,'" though it might have been supposed that egress and ingress would exhibit the same number of distinct phases in inverse order; this was not the case in practice. The first phase, α, utilized in the calculations is the appearance of the planet just within the sun's disc, but the light between the two limbs being very obscure. After an interval of about twenty seconds "the light begins to clear, and the observers generally think that the contact is passed;" this is phase β. About twenty seconds later, the light which at phase β was not equal to that of the sun's limb, is free from all shadow, and the phase is called γ. Sir George Airy finds that of these phases β is the most exact, observers, even in the presence of clouds of moderate density, agreeing within three or four seconds, though for other phases much greater discordances are exhibited. Similarly at the egress, the first appearance of a fine line or faint shadow is called δ, this becoming definite, or a "brown haze" appearing, is called ε. When most observers record "contact," the shadow having reached a maximum intensity, the phase is called ζ, and in this phase there is an agreement amongst observers, much closer than in other phases at egress. The "circular" contact at egress is called η.

In the second section of the report, or Table II., these "adopted phases are massed for each district in which the parallax-factor is nearly identical," and several of the details of reduction are included. With the longitudes determined as above, the recorded times of the various phases of the transit were converted into Greenwich sidereal times. With the calculated apparent places of the sun and Venus in the "Nautical Almanac," as deduced from Leverrier's Tables, an ephemeris was prepared exhibiting the predicted geocentric places for every tenth second of Greenwich sidereal time throughout the transit, and from these numbers the apparent positions of sun and planet at each station were computed. Calculations were further made, showing how the predicted place would be affected by alteration of the local longitude, by change in the tabular places of the sun and Venus, and by alteration of their tabular parallaxes; the first two alterations were not essential in these reductions, but the determination of alterations of the third class, as it is remarked, constituted "the special object of the expedition." The form of the reductions was "entirely determined by the consideration that such alterations must be made in the parallaxes as will render the observations of the same phenomena in different parts of the earth consistent with each other." In Table III. we have "the mean solar parallax deduced from every available combination." Thus ingress accelerated at the Sandwich Islands is compared with ingress retarded at Rodriguez and with ingress retarded at Kerguelen's Land; egress retarded at

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Mokattam and Suez with egress retarded at Rodiguez, and likewise with egress accelerated at the two stations in Kerguelen's; and again the retarded egress at Thebes is compared with egress retarded at Rodriguez and with egress accelerated at Kerguelen's. The greatest separate value of the solar parallax resulting from these different comparisons is 8·933 seconds, and the least 8·407 seconds. Weights are given to the various determinations depending, firstly, upon the number of observations and the magnitude of the parallax-factor; and secondly, upon the particular phase α, β, γ, δ, ϵ, and ζ being included. Thus it is found that all the combinations for *ingress* give the mean solar parallax 8·739 seconds, weight 10·46, and all the combinations for *egress* give 8·847 seconds, weight 2·53, whence the general result is 8·760 seconds, from which Sir George Airy finds the mean distance of the sun equal to 93,300,000 miles. The New Zealand observations were not included in these calculations; their mean result is 8·764 seconds, almost identical with the above. It is remarked that many persons may perhaps consider that the more closely agreeing phases β and ζ should be employed in deducing the value of the parallax to the exclusion of the others. If this be done we shall have from the *ingress* 8·748 seconds, and from the *egress* 8·905 seconds, or with their due weights a mean value 8·773 seconds.

In this outline of the details contained in the astronomer-royal's first report upon the observations of the transit of Venus, and the conclusions to be drawn from them, we have adhered closely to his own words. Pending the appearance of the deductions to be made from the complete measuring of the photographs, the results before us are perhaps to be regarded as provisional ones only, or we have not yet learned all that may be done from the work of the British expeditions, so laboriously organized by Sir George Airy. Many astronomers, we can imagine, will regard with some suspicion so small a parallax as 8·76 seconds, which is a tenth of a second less than has been given by the most reliable previous investigations, upon different principles. In illustration we may quote the separate results from which Professor Newcomb obtained his value of the parallax, now adopted in most of our ephemerides: —

	s.
From meridian observations of Mars, 1862	8·855
From micrometric observations of Mars, 1862.	8·842
From parallactic inequality of the moon	8·838
From the lunar equation of the earth .	8·809
From the transit of Venus, 1769 (Powalky's reduction) . . .	8·860
From Foucault's experiments on light	8·860

To these may be added Leverrier's value subsequently deduced from the planetary theories, which is also 8·86 seconds. Newcomb's mean figure, taking account of weights corresponding to the probable errors, is 8·848 seconds, which, with Captain Clarke's measure of the earth's equator, implies that the mean distance of the sun is 93,393,000 miles. Sir George Airy's 8·760 seconds would similarly place the sun at a mean distance of 93,321,000 miles.

It is well known that some astronomers have not expected our knowledge of the sun's distance to be greatly improved from the observations of the transit of Venus, regarding such an opportunity as is presented by a close opposition of Mars as affording at least as favorable conditions, and the result of Mr. Gill's expedition to Ascension to utilize the late opposition will be on this account awaited with much interest. Nevertheless, whatever degree of opinion might be entertained by competent authorities, it appears to have been felt by those immediately responsible for action, in different civilized nations where science is encouraged, that so rare a phenomenon as a transit of Venus could not be allowed to pass without every exertion being made to utilize it, and this country may lay claim to an honorable share in the great scientific effort, thanks mainly to the long-continued and admirably-directed endeavors of the astronomer-royal to secure this result.

Several of the stations occupied during the transit of 1874 will be available for the transit of 1882, Kerguelen's Land in particular, where at ingress the sun will be at an elevation of 12°, the factor of par allax being 0·98. In that year there will also be the advantage of observations along the whole Atlantic seaboard of the United States and Canada, where, as pointed out by the astronomer-royal in 1868, the lowest factor is 0·95, and the smallest altitude of the sun 12° for observing the retarded ingress; and for observing the egress as accelerated by parallax, the factors are about 0·85, the sun's elevation varying from 4° at Halifax, to 32° at New Orleans, or Jamaica. Australian and New Zealand stations are important for retarded egress.

As is well known, the transit of Venus on December 6, 1882, will be partly visible in this country.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XX. | No. 1750.—December 29, 1877. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXV.

CONTENTS.

I. BOOKS AND CRITICS, ... *Fortnightly Review*, ... 771
II. DORIS BARUGH. A Yorkshire Story. By Katharine S. Macquoid, author of "Patty." Part IX., ... *Good Words*, ... 783
III. THREE WEEKS WITH THE HOP-PICKERS, . *Fraser's Magazine*, ... 789
IV. ERICA. Part VI. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . *Frau von Ingersleben*, ... 799
V. ANDERSEN'S FRIENDSHIPS. By Annie Wood, *Temple Bar*, ... 807
VI. THE CZAR'S CLEMENCY; A POLISH PRIEST'S STORY, ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 812
VII. LAWFUL ENGLISH, ... *Examiner*, ... 821
VIII. THE CAUSES OF THE ENGLISH WORSHIP OF SUCCESS, ... *Spectator*, ... 822
*** Title and Index to Volume CXXXV.

POETRY.

A PICTURE, ... 770
MY FLOWER, ... 770
HOMEWARD, ... 770
INDIAN SUMMER, ... 770

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

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

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

A PICTURE.

Two little souls, a boy and a girl,
Wandering on to the foot of the hill.
Bushes of green and blossoms of pearl
Laugh at themselves in the roadside rill.
Crossing the lane a gorgeous jay,
Bathed in the light of a fluttering ray,
Jauntily chatters, "Some day, some day!"

Two sweet souls, a man and a maid
(Beechen branches twisted above),
Picking the daisies which sprinkle a glade,
And trying their luck at a game of love:
"This year!" "Next year!" What do they say?
And out of the beeches the curious jay
Peeps and chuckles, "Some day, some day!"

Two old souls, and the end of the day
Follows them home to the foot of the hill;
One late gleam which has wandered astray
Breaks from a copse and dimples the rill.
Autumn leaves are strewing the way,
And hoarse from the larch the hungry jay
Shouts out to the night, "Some day, some day!"

Two poor souls in the dead of the night,
Side by side, lie stiffened and still;
And the winter's moon just softens her light,
As it solemnly rests at the foot of the hill.
Remembering the bees and the buds and the May,
The summer gold and the autumn gray,
And the warm green lane where the beetles play,
In the crisp cold night the shivering jay
Croaks out of his dream, "Some day, some day!"

Tinsley's Magazine.

MY FLOWER.

Oh! it waited all through the year to bloom,
Waited, and weathered the wind, the gloom,
Pent, and folded, and shaded
Oh! it blossom'd at last for an hour, an hour,
The beautiful, beautiful sun-kiss'd flower!
And at blaze of the noontide faded.

Faded, and fell in the fervid air
That had nursed its waking, and made it fair;
Dead with the passion of living.
Oh! spent and lost, forever and aye!
A year of work for an hour of play!
A gift withdrawn at the giving!

How shall I measure the good, the ill,
The pain of waiting, the pain of fill,
Long hoping, and short fruition?
Shall I nip the buds lest they shed their flowers
In the swift, sweet warmth of meridian hours?
Shall I call the shedding perdition?

No: buds must open, and flowers must blow,
So kiss them passing, and let them go,
With not too heavy a sorrow;
Petals are frail of the fairest flower,
Yet the fruit at its broken heart hath power
To yield new beauty to-morrow.

Examiner. L. S. Bevington.

HOMEWARD.

"There remaineth a rest."

I.

The day dies slowly in the western sky;
The sunset splendor fades, and wan and cold
The far peaks wait the sunrise; cheerily
The goat-herd calls his wanderers to the fold.
My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
Take comfort; evening bringeth all things home.

II.

Homeward the swift-winged seagull takes her flight;
The ebbing tide breaks softer on the sand;
The red-sailed boats draw shoreward for the night,
The shadows deepen over sea and land.
Be still, my soul, thine hour shall also come;
Behold, one evening, God shall lead thee home.

Sunday Magazine. H. M.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Her harvests gathered and her wines distilled,
And all fair robes laid by for festal spring,
The year sits down her argosies to build
That shall from Orient climes sweet traffic bring.

With wistful smiles she sets them all afloat,
Beneath blue skies soft veiled with gathering mist—
Like tears that rise in mother-eyes that note
The dear girl-face some beckoning love has kissed—

And says: "Go forth where rarest lilies bloom!
Bear spice and perfume from the nether seas!
When silent grows the winter's crashing loom
Return, with all the joy of buds and bees!"

Evening Post. Kate M. Sherwood.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From The Fortnightly Review.

BOOKS AND CRITICS.*

BEFORE advancing any statements which may appear to you doubtful, I will bespeak your favorable attention by saying something which cannot be contradicted.

A man should not talk about what he does not know. That is a proposition which must be granted me. I will go on to say further — it is not the same thing — a man should speak of what he knows. When it was proposed to me to say something to you this evening, I wished that what I said should be about something I knew.

I think I do know something about the *use* of books. Not the contents of books, but the value and use of them. All men have read some books. Many have read much. There are many men who have read more books than I have. Few in this busy, energetic island in which we live can say, what I have to confess of myself, that my whole life has been passed in handling books.

The books of which we are going to speak to-night are the books of our day — modern literature, or what are commonly called " new books."

So various are the contents of the many-colored volumes which solicit our attention month after month for at least nine months of the year, that it may seem an impossible thing to render any account of so many-sided a phenomenon in the short space of one lecture. But I am not proposing to pass in review book by book, or writer by writer — that would be endless. I am not proposing to you to speak of individuals at all, I want you to take a comprehensive point of view, to consider our books *en masse*, as a collective phenomenon — say from such a point of view as is indicated by the questions, " Who write them? Who read them? Why do they write or read them? What is the educational or social value of the labor so expended in reading or writing?

Literature is a commodity, and as such it is subject to economic law. Books, like any other commodity, can only be produced by the combination of labor and capital — the labor of the author, the capital of the publisher. They would not be written unless the author labored to write them. They could not be printed unless there was somebody ready to advance money for the paper and the work of the printing-press. The publisher, the capitalist, risks his money on a book because he expects to turn it over with a trade profit — say twelve per cent. — on it. On the capitalist side the production is purely a commercial transaction; but on the labor side, *i.e.* on the part of the author, it is not equally easy to state the case as one of labor motived by wages. Certainly authorship is a profession. There are authors, who are authors and nothing more — men who live by their pen, as a counsel lives by giving opinions, or a physician by prescribing for patients. But this is only partially the case with our literature. A large part of it is not paid for; the author's labor is not set in motion by wages. Many other motives come in, inducing men to address the public in print, besides the motive of wages. Disinterested enthusiasm; youthful ardor of conviction; egotism in some one of its many forms, of ambition, vanity, the desire to teach, to preach, to be listened to; mere restlessness of temperament; even the having nothing else to do, — these things will make a man write a book quite irrespective of being paid for doing so. Did you ever hear of Catherinot? No! Well, Catherinot was a French antiquary of the seventeenth century; a very learned one, if learning means to have read many books without understanding. Catherinot printed, whether at his own cost or another's I can't say, a vast number of dissertations on matters of antiquity. David Clément, the curious bibliographer, has collected the titles of one hundred and eighty-two of those dissertations, and adds there were more of them which he had not been able to find. Nobody wanted these dissertations of Catherinot. He wrote them and printed them for his own gratification. As the public would not take his *paperasses*, as Valesius called them, he had recourse to a device to force a circulation for them. There was then no penny-post, so he could not, like Herman Heinfetter, post his lucu-

* lecture, delivered Oct. 29, 1877.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

brations to all likely addresses, but he used to go round the *quais* in Paris, where the old bookstalls are, and, while pretending to be looking over the books, slip some of his dissertations between the volumes of the *boutiquier*. In this way the one hundred and eighty-two or more have come down to us. Catherinot is a by-word, the typical case of scribbleomania, — of the *insanabile scribendi cacoethes* — but the malady is not unknown to our time, and accounts for some of our many reams of print. And even if pure scribbleomania is not a common complaint, there are very many other motives to writing besides the avowed and legitimate motive of earning an income by the pen. Why do men make speeches to public meetings, or give lectures in public institutions? It is a great deal of trouble to do so. The motives of the labor are very various. Whatever they are, the same variety of motives urges men to write books.

Notwithstanding these exceptions, the number and importance of which must not be lost sight of in our inquiry, the general rule will still hold that books, being a commodity, are subject to the same economic laws as all commodities. That one which is of importance for us is the law of demand and supply; the law which says that demand creates supply, and prescribes its quantity and quality. You see at once how vital to literature must be the establishment of this commercial principle as its regulator, and how radical must have been the revolution in the relation between writer and reader which was brought about when it was established. In the times when the writer was the exponent of universally received first principles, what he said might be true or might be false, might be ill or well received, but at all events he delivered his message; he spoke as one having authority, and did not shape his thoughts so as to offer what should be acceptable to his auditory. Authorship was not a trade; books were not a commodity; demand did not dictate the quality of the article supplied. In England, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the transformation of the writer from the prophet into the trading author was pretty well complete. As we trace back our civilization to the cave man, so it is worth while casting a glance at the ancestral authorape from whom is descended the accomplished and highly-paid leader-writer of 1877, who sits for a county, and the "honor of whose company" dukes solicit. The professional author of Queen Anne's time has been delineated to us, by the master hand of Pope, as a disreputable being, starving in a garret "high in Drury Lane," on an occasional five guineas thrown to him by the grudging charity of one of the wealthy publishers, Tonson or Lintot, more likely Curll, "turning a Persian tale for half-a-crown," that he might not go to bed supperless and swearing. He was a brainless dunce without education, a sneaking scoundrel without a conscience. But you will notice that in this his mean estate, now become a hireling scribbler, he continued for long to keep up the fiction that the author was a gentleman who wrote because it pleased him to do so. When he had finished his pamphlet in defence of the present administration, a pamphlet for which he was to get Sir Robert's shabby pay, he pretended, in his preface, that he had taken up his pen for the amusement of his leisure hours. When he had turned into rhyme Ovid's "*De Arte Amandi*" for Curll's chaste press, he said he was going to oblige the town with a poetical trifle. You all remember Pope's couplet, —

> Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
> Obliged by hunger and request of friends.

The second line ought to be read thus, —

> Obliged by hunger and — request of friends,

hunger being the real cause of the hurried publication; "request of friends" the cause assigned, suppose on the title-page. The transformation of the teacher into the paid author was complete; but the professional author, though compelled to supply the article which was in demand, still gave himself the airs of an independent gentleman, and affected to be controlling taste instead of ministering to it.

In our own day, notwithstanding the exceptions to which I have alluded, it is now the rule that the character of general literature is determined by the taste of the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

reading public. It is true that any man may write what he likes, and may print it. But if he cannot get the public to buy it, his book can hardly be said to be published. At any rate, books that are not read count for nothing in that literature of the day which is the subject before us.

Let us first inquire what literature is as to its mass, before we look into its composition. And here it will simplify our subject if we divide books into two classes — literature strictly so-called, and the books which are not literature.

Literature does *not* mean all printed matter. Blue-books and Acts of Parliament, Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management," Timbs's "Year-book of Facts," Fresenius's "Chemical Analysis" — these are not literature. The word is not applicable to all the books in our libraries. Most books are didactic — *i.e.*, they are intended to convey information on special subjects. Treatises on agriculture, astronomy, a dictionary of commerce, are not literary works. They are books — useful, necessary for those who are studying agriculture, astronomy, commerce — but they do not come under the head of literature. There are books which the publishers are pleased to advertise as "gift-books," the object of whose existence is that they may be "given" — no doubt they answer their purpose, they are "given" — and there is an end to them. I have seen an American advertising column headed "swift-selling books," the object of which books, I presume, was that they might be "sold," like Peter Pindar's razors. When we have excluded all books which teach special subjects, all gift-books, all swift-selling books, all religious books, history and politics, those which remain are "literature."

I am unable to give a definition of literature. I have not met with a satisfactory one. Mr. Stopford Brooke, in a little book which I can cordially recommend to beginners — it is called "A Primer of English Literature" — has felt this difficulty at the outset. He says in his first page, "By literature we mean the written thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women arranged in a way which will give pleasure to the reader." It would be easy to show the defects of this definition; but, till I am prepared to propose a better, we may let this pass. Of what books the class literature consists may be better understood by setting the class in opposition to special books than by a description. Catalogues of classified libraries use the term "belles-lettres" for this class of book.

When we have thus reduced the comprehension of the term "literature" to its narrowest limits, the mass of reading soliciting our notice is still enormous — overwhelming. First come the periodicals, and of periodicals first the dailies. The daily newspaper is political or commercial, mainly; but even the daily newspaper now, which pretends to any standing, must have its column of literature. The weekly papers are literary in a large proportion to their bulk. Our old friend the *Saturday Review* is literary as to a full half of its contents, and, having worked off the froth and frivolity of its froward youth, offers you for sixpence a co-operative store of literary opinion of a highly instructive character, and always worth attention. There are the exclusively literary weeklies — the *Academy*, the *Athenæum*, the *Literary World* — all necessary to be looked at as being integral parts of current opinion. We come to the monthlies. It is characteristic of the eager haste of our modern Athenians to hear "some new thing," that we cannot now wait for quarter-day. Those venerable old wooden three-deckers, the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly Review*, still put out to sea under the command, I believe, of the Ancient Mariner, but the active warfare of opinion is conducted by the three new iron monitors, the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary*, and the *Nineteenth Century*. In these monthlies the best writers of the day vie with each other in soliciting our jaded appetites on every conceivable subject. Indeed, the monthly periodical seems destined to supersede books altogether. Books now are largely made up of republished review articles. Even when this is not the case, the substance of the ideas expanded in the octavo volume will generally be found to have been first put out in the magazine article of thirty pages. Hence the monthlies cannot be disposed

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of by slightly looking into them; they form at this moment the most characteristic and pithy part of our literary produce. It has been calculated that the insect life upon our globe, if piled in one mass, would exceed in magnitude the heap which would be made by bringing together all the beasts and birds. For though each insect be individually minute, their collective number is enormous. So a single number of a periodical seems little compared with a book; but then there are so many of them, and they are reproduced so fast! A newspaper seems less than it is on account of the spread of the sheet. One number of the *Times*, a double sheet containing sixteen pages, or ninety-six columns, contains a quantity of printing equal to three hundred and eighty-four pages octavo, or an average-sized octavo volume. Even a hard reader might find it difficult within thirty days to overtake the periodical output of the month; and then on the first he would have to begin all over again.

So much for periodicals; we come now to the books.

The total number of new books, not including new editions and reprints, published in Great Britain in 1876, was twenty-nine hundred and twenty. In accordance with the construction I have put on the term literature, we must subtract from this total all religious, political, legal, commercial, medical, juvenile books, and all pamphlets. There will remain somewhere about sixteen hundred and twenty books of literature, taking the word in its widest extent. I may say, by the way, that these figures can only be regarded as approximative. Cataloguing in this country is disgracefully careless. Many books published are every year omitted from the London catalogue. For example, out of two hundred and sixty-seven works published in the two counties of Lancashire and Chesire, only thirty-one are found entered in the last London catalogue. But I will take no account of omissions. I will even strike off the odd one hundred and twenty from my total of sixteen hundred and twenty, and say that English literature grows only at the rate of fifteen hundred works per annum. At this rate in ten years our literary product amounts to fifteen thousand books. Put the duration of a man's reading life at forty years. If he had to read everything that came out, to keep pace with the teeming press, he would have had in his forty years sixty thousand works of contemporary literature to wade through. This in books only, over and above his periodical work, which we calculated would require pretty well all his time.

But as yet we have got only Great Britain. But England is not all the world, as Mr. Matthew Arnold reminds us ("Essays," p. 43). By the very nature of things, much of the best that is known and thought in the world cannot be of English growth, must be foreign; in a survey of literature we cannot afford to ignore what is being said and written in the countries near us, any more than in politics we can afford to ignore what is being done by them. At present Germany and France are the two countries with whom we are most closely connected, and whose sayings are the most influential sayings in the world.

Germany is the country of books, and its output of books is enormous. The average annual number of books printed in that language is about twelve thousand. However, only a fraction of this total of German books deserves to rank as literature. Mere book-making is carried in Germany to a frightful pitch. The bad tobacco and the falsified wines of Mayence and Hamburg find their counterpart in the book wares of Leipsic. The German language is one of the most powerful instruments for the expression of thought and feeling to which human invention has ever given birth. The average German literary style of the present day is a barbarous jargon, wrapping up an attenuated and cloudy sense in bales of high-sounding words. The fatigue which this style of utterance inflicts upon the mind is as great as that which their Gothic letter, a relic of the fifteenth century, inflicts upon the eye, blackening and smearing all the page. An examination of the boys in the Johannenen of Hamburg elicited the fact that sixty-one per cent. of the upper class were short-sighted. A large part of German books is not significant of anything — mere sound without meaning.

Putting aside, however, the meaningless, there remains not a little in German publication which requires the attention of one who makes it his business to know the thoughts of his age. The residuum of these twelve thousand annual volumes has to be sifted out of the lumber of the book-shops, for it embodies the thoughts and the moral ideal of a great country, and a great people. Poor as Germany is in literature, it is rich in *learning*. As compilers of dictionaries, as accumulators of facts, the German bookmaker is unrivalled. The Germans are the hewers of wood and drawers of water for a literature which

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

they have not got. All the rest of the European nations put together do not do so much for the illustration of the Greek and Latin classics as the Germans alone do — classics by whose form and spirit they have profited so little. It is one of the paradoxes of literary history that in this very country — Germany — which is the world's schoolmaster in learning the Greek and Latin languages, so little of the style and beauty of those immortal models passes into its daily literature.

If style and form alone were what gave value to literature, the first literature now produced in the world would be the French. All that the Germans have not the French have. Form, method, measure, proportion, classical elegance, refinement, the cultivated taste, the stamp of good society — these traits belong not only to the first class of French books, but even to their second and third rate books. No writer in France of whatever calibre can hope for acceptance who violates good taste or is ignorant of polite address. German literature is not written by gentlemen — mind, I speak of literature, not of works of erudition — but by a touzle-headed, unkempt, unwashed professional bookmaker, ignorant alike of manners and the world. In France a writer cannot gain a hearing unless he stands upon the platform of the man of the world, who lives in society, and accepts its prescription before he undertakes to instruct it. French books are written by men of the world for the world. This is the merit of the French. The weak point of French books is their deficiency of fact, their emptiness of information. The self-complacent ignorance of the French writer is astonishing. Their books are too often style and nothing more. The French language has been wrought up to be the perfect vehicle of wit and wisdom — the wisdom of the serpent — the incisive medium of the practical intelligence. But the French mind has polished the French language to this perfection at a great cost — at the cost of total ignorance of all that is not written in French. Few educated Frenchmen know any language but their own. They travel little, and, when they do travel, their ignorance of the speech of the country cuts them off from getting to know what the people are like. We must credit the French with knowing their own affairs; of the affairs even of their nearest neighbors in Europe they are as ignorant as a Chinese. Their newspapers are dependent for their foreign intelligence on the telegrams of the *Times*. Hence their foreign policy has been a series of blunders. Had the merits of the case been known to it, could republican France, in 1849, have sent out an expedition to Rome to set up again the miserable ecclesiastical government which the Romans had thrown off? I was reading in the *Figaro* not long ago a paragraph giving an account of the visit of a French gentleman in England. On some occasion he had to make a speech; and he made it in English, acquitting himself very creditably. "M. Blanc," says the *Figaro*, "being a Breton, spoke English like a native Englishman, on account of the close affinity between the two languages, Breton and English." The *Figaro* is one of the most widely circulated newspapers in France. England is a country with which the French are in close and constant communication, and yet they have not discovered that the English tongue does not belong to the Keltic family of languages. That Germany is as little known to them as England I might instance in the most popular tourist's book of the day. Victor Tissot's "*Voyage aux Pays des Milliards*" has reached something approaching to fifty editions. It is nothing but a tissue of epigrams and witty exaggerations, a farce disguised as fact, and taken by the French nation as a serious description of German life.

It is an error to say, as is sometimes said, that French literature is a mere literature of style. This finished expression embalms much worldly wisdom, the life experience of the most social of modern men and women; but it is an experience whose horizon is limited by the limits of France. It is a strictly national literature. It is, in this respect, the counterpart of the literature of ancient Athens. *We*, all the rest of us, are to the Frenchman barbarians in our speech and manners. He will not trouble himself about us. By this exclusiveness he gains something and loses much. He preserves the purity of his style. The clearness of his vision and the precision of his judgment, from his national point of view, are unimpaired. He loses the cosmopolitan breadth — the comparative standpoint. But the comparative standpoint is the great conquest of our century, which has revolutionized history and created social science and the science of language.

He who aims at comprehending modern literature must keep himself well acquainted with the contemporary course of French and German books, as well as of his own language; and these two are enough. A

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Spanish literature of to-day can hardly be said to exist, and the Italians are too much occupied at present in reproduction and imitation to have much that is original to contribute to the general stock of Europe.

English, French, German; the periodical and the volume publication in these three languages, year by year: you will say the quantity is prodigious — overwhelming, if it were to be supposed that any reader must read it all. But this is not the case: what the publisher's table offers is a choice — something for all tastes: one reads one book, another another. As I divided books into two classes, books of special information and books of general literature, so readers must now be divided into two classes — the general public and the professional literary man: the author, or critic, let us call him. I am not proposing that the general public should read, or look at, all this mass of current literature. It would be preposterous to think of it. You must read by selection; but for your selection you will be guided — you are so in fact — by the opinion of those whom I must now speak of as a class, by the name of critics.

Criticism is a profession, and, as you will have gathered from what has been said, an arduous profession; the responsibility great, the labor heavy. Literature is not your profession — I speak to you as the general public — it is at most a solace of your leisure hours; but the critic, he who sits on the judgment-seat of letters, and has to acquit or condemn, to examine how each writer has executed his task, to guide the reading community by distinguishing the good and censuring the bad — he really holds an educational office which is above that of any professor or doctor, insomuch as the doctor of laws or of divinity is authorized to speak to his own faculty, whereas the critic speaks to the whole republic of letters. What is recreation to you is business to the critic, and his business is to keep himself acquainted with the course of publication in at least these three languages. Looking, then, at the mass and volume of printed matter to be thus daily and hourly sifted, you cannot think that the profession of critic is a sinecure.

And before he can be qualified to take his seat on the bench and dispense the law, consider what a lengthened course of professional training must have been gone through by our critic or judicial reader. When he has once entered upon its functions, his whole time will be consumed, and his powers of attention strained to the utmost, in the effort to keep abreast of that contemporary literature which he is to watch and report upon. But no one can have any pretension to judge of the literature of the day who has not had a thorough training in the literature of the past. The critic must have been apprenticed to his profession.

It has been calculated that in a very advanced and ramified science, *e g.*, chemistry, fourteen years are required by the student to overtake knowledge as it now stands. That is to say, that to learn what is known, before you can proceed to institute new experiments, fourteen years are necessary — twice the time which the old law exacted of an apprentice bound to any trade. The 5th of Elizabeth, which used to be known as the statute of apprenticeship, enacted that no person should for the future exercise any trade, craft, or mystery, unless he had previously served to it an apprenticeship of seven years at least. This enactment of 1563 was but the legislative sanction of what had been for centuries the by-law of the trade guilds. This by-law had ruled, not in England only, but over all the civilized countries of Europe. It was a by-law that had not been confined to trades. It had extended over the arts and over the liberal professions. University degrees are nothing more than the application of this by-law to the learned professions. It required study for twenty-eight academical terms, *i. e.*, seven years, to qualify for the degree of M. A. in the universities. Rather, I would say, that the line was not then drawn between the mechanical and the liberal branches of human endeavor; both were alike designated "arts;" and the term *universitas*, now restricted to the bodies which profess theoretical science, was then the common appellation of all corporations and trade guilds, as well as the so-called universities of Paris and Bologna.

Regarding literature as a separate art, we might ask, How long would it require to go through the whole of it to become a master of this art? Even taking the narrowest definition of literature, it seems a vast surface to travel over, from Homer down to our own day! I say the surface, because no one supposes it necessary to read every line of every book which can call itself literature. Remember that in studying the literature of the past, other countries than France and Germany come in. I have dispensed our critic from occu-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

pying himself with the Italian and Spanish books of to-day. But with the books of the past it is different. Italy, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was the most civilized and literary country in Europe. And Spain has its classical writers. Their mere mass is prodigious. Life in Italy was rich and varied, and consequently so were the materials for that true narrative which is stranger than fiction. Villari has computed that the Italian republics of the Middle Ages enjoyed a total of seventy-two hundred revolutions, and recreated themselves with seven hundred grand massacres. The longest single poem, I believe, extant, is an Italian poem, the "*Adone*" of Marini, who lived in the time of our James I. It contains forty-five thousand lines. As for Spain, one single author of the seventeenth century, Lope de Vega, wrote eighteen hundred plays; his works altogether fill forty-seven quarto volumes. Alonso Tostado, a Spanish bishop of the fifteenth century, wrote nearly forty folios, having covered with print three times as many leaves as he had lived days. To come to England. Our William Prynne wrote two hundred different works. Chalmers's collected edition of the English poets only comes down to Cowper, who died in 1800, and it fills twenty-one volumes royal octavo, double columns, small type. The volumes average seven hundred pages. This gives a total of fourteen thousand seven hundred pages, or twenty-nine thousand four hundred columns. Now it takes — I have made the experiment — four minutes to read a column with fair attention. Here is a good year's work in reading over, only once, a selection from the English poets. The amount of reading which a student can get through in a given time hardly admits of being measured by the ell. The rate of reading varies with the subject, the rapid glance with which we skim the columns of a newspaper being at one end of the scale, and the slow sap which is required for a page of, say, Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" being at the other. Still, just to get something to go upon, make a calculation in this way: Suppose a man to be able to read eight hours a day. No one can really sustain receptive or critical attention to written matter for eight hours. But take eight hours as the outside possibility. Thirty pages octavo is an average hour's read, taking one book with another. This would make two hundred and forty pages per day, one thousand six hundred and eight per week, and eighty-seven thousand three hundred and sixty pages in the year. Taking the average thickness of an octavo volume as four hundred pages only, the quantity of reading which a diligent student can get over in a year is no more than an amount equal to about two hundred and twenty volumes octavo. Of course this is a merely mechanical computation, by which we cannot pretend to gauge mental processes. But it may be worth while knowing that the merely mechanical limit of study is some two hundred and twenty volumes octavo per annum.

It would be clearly impossible, even for an industrious reader, to read, even once, every line of the world's stock of poetry, much less every line of all that can be called literature. In no branch of study is mere mechanical application of much avail. In the study of literature, as in art, mechanical attention, the mere perusal of the printed page, is wholly useless. The student, therefore, has to overcome the brute mass of the material on which he works by artificial expedients. Of these expedients the most helpful is that of selection. As he cannot look into every book, he must select the best. And selection must not be arbitrary. In the literary creations of the ideal world, as in the living organisms of the material world, natural selection has saved us the difficulty of choice. The best books are already found and determined for us by the verdict of time. Life of books is as life of nations. In the battle for existence the best survive, the weaker sink below the surface, and are heard of no more. In each generation since the invention of printing, many thousand works have issued from the press. Out of all this mass of print a few hundred are read by the generation which succeeds; at the end of the century a score or so may be still in vogue. Every language has its classics, and it is by this process of natural selection that the classics of any given country are distinguished from the weltering mass of abandoned books.

It is a great assistance to the student that the classics of each language are already found for him by the hand of time. But our accomplished critic cannot confine his reading to the classics in each language; his education is not complete till he has in his mind a conception of the successive phases of thought and feeling from the beginning of letters. Though he need not read every book, he must have surveyed literature in its totality. Partial knowledge of literature is no knowledge. It is only by the comparative method that

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

a founded judgment can be reached. And the comparative method implies a complete survey of the phenomena. It is recorded of Auguste Comte that after he had acquired what he considered a sufficient stock of material, he abstained scrupulously from all reading, except two or three poets (of whom one was Dante) and the "*Imitatio Christi*" of Thomas à Kempis. This abstinence from reading Comte called his "*hygiène cérébrale*," healthy treatment of his brain. The citizens of his Utopia are to be prohibited from reading any books but those which had happened to fall in Comte's way before he gave up reading. It is, I think, the case that our student has now to read more than is compatible with perfect equilibrium of faculty. On the other hand, the consequences of cutting off contact with the thoughts of others, as Comte resolutely did, may be seen in the unhealthy egotism and puerile self-complacency which deform his writings, his perpetual "mistake as to the relative value of his own things and the things of others." (Arnold's "Essays.")

We require of our thoroughly furnished critic that he should have prepared himself for his profession by a comprehensive study of all that human thought, experience, and imagination have stored up for us. When we have used all the short cuts to this goal which art and nature have provided, how many years will such an apprenticeship require? The data are wanting on which to found a calculation. Can the work be got through in seven years, in twice seven, or in three times seven? I do not know. Archbishop Usher at twenty began to read the fathers, Greek and Latin, with the resolution of reading them through. The task was achieved in nineteen years. Hammond, at Oxford, read thirteen hours a day. ("Life of Usher." "Life of Hammond," by Fell.) Milton's "industrious and select reading," in preparation for the great work to which he dedicated a whole life, long choosing, and late beginning, are as well known, as the thirty years spent by Edward Gibbon in preparing for and in composing his history.

Of course in this, as in other trades, a man learns while he practises. Buffon told a friend that, after passing fifty years at his desk, he was every day learning to write. The critic's judgment matures by many failures. Without these three elements — time, industry, arduous endeavor — no man can attain to be a supreme judge of literary worth. Perhaps you have been accustomed to set before yourselves quite another ideal of the literary life. You have thought the business of reviewing a lazy profession, the resource of men who wanted industry or talent, who were, in short, fit for nothing better, a profession largely adopted by briefless barristers, by incompetent clerks, by green youths fresh from college examinations, and generally by men who shirk hard work — in fact an easy-chair and slipper business. You have, perhaps, supposed that anybody can write a review, that essay-writing is as easy as talking, that it is only a matter of cheek and fluency. You have imagined that a quarterly or a weekly reviewer merely got his knowledge of the subject in hand out of the book he had under review; that he, thereupon, dishonestly assumes to have known all about it, and with voluble impertinence goes on to retail this newly acquired information as if it were his own, seasoning it with sneers and sarcasms at the author from whom he is stealing. I know these things are said. I have heard even respectable reviews and magazines accused of paying for this sort of thing by the column, *i.e.*, giving a pecuniary inducement to fill out paper with words — to make copy, or padding, as it is called. I don't know if these things are done in practice. If they are, they are fraudulent, and must, I should think, come within the act against adulteration. What I have set before you in the above outline is the honest critic who gives to his calling the devotion of a life, prepares himself by antecedent study, and continues through the whole of his career to make daily new acquisitions and to cultivate his susceptibility to new impressions.

Such are the qualifications of the teacher, of the writer of books. I turn now from the author to the reader, from the producer to the consumer. You to whom I now speak are a portion of the public; you represent the consumer. And first, what is the mechanism by which the consumer is provided with his article? The English are not a book-storing people. Each family has not, as a rule, its own library. In great country houses, it is true, there is always the library. Many treasures are in these old repositories — the accumulated store of half-a-dozen generations. They often go back to Queen Anne, the great book-diffusing period of our annals; sometimes, but more rarely, to the seventeenth century. The family

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

history may be read in the successive strata, superimposed, like geological strata, one on the other. The learned literature of the seventeenth century, largely composed in Latin, its Elzevirs, and its *variorum* classics, will often be found relegated to a garret. These books have come to be regarded as lumber. They are only not cleared out and despatched to Sotheby's, because the cost of removal would exceed their produce at the auction. This, though hoisted up to the garret by an upheaval, is in point of time the earliest stratum. Upon this will be found a bed of theological pamphlets mostly in small quarto, in which lurk the ashes of passion, once fired by the Revolution of 1688, the non-juring pamphlets, the Dr. Sacheverell pamphlets, the Bangorian controversy. In the great library on the ground-floor we shall find the earliest stratum to consist of the splendid quartos, on thick paper with wide margin, of Queen Anne's time. "The Spectator," "The Tattler," Pope's Homer, a subscription copy; the folios of Carte and Echard, and so down the century over "Junius" and Chesterfield's "Letters" to the first editions of Sir Walter Scott's poems. The mere titles of such a collection, or accretion, form a history of literature. But it is only in our old country houses that such a treat is to be enjoyed, and the number of these diminishes in each generation. Cultivation and intellectual tastes seem to be dying out among the English aristocracy. It has been said ("New Republic") the fop of Charles II.'s time at least affected to be a wit and a scholar, the fop of our times aims at being a fool and a dunce.

In the house of a middle-class family you will also find a few books — chiefly religious books or specialty books — little literature, and that casual, showing no selection, no acquaintance with the movement of letters. There will be nothing that can be called a library. The intellectual barrenness of these middle-class homes is appalling. The dearth of books is only the outward and visible sign of the mental torpor which reigns in those destitute regions. Even in priest-ridden France, where the confessor has all the women and half the men under his thumb, there is more of that cultivation which desiderates the possession of books. In many a French family of no great means is a bookcase of some five hundred volumes, not presents, but chosen, and in which the *chefs-d'œuvre* of French literature will be included. They will be in half morocco, with gilt edges; binding not sumptuous, but elegant, and perfectly clean, neither thumbed nor grease-stained, nor gas-shrivelled — a sign, you will say, that they are not much used. Not so. A Frenchman cannot endure a dirty book. It is an error to suppose that the dirt on the cover and pages of a book is a sign of its studious employment. Those who use books to most purpose handle them with loving care. The dirt on English books is a sign of neglect, not of work. It is disrespectful and ignorant handling. If you have a select cabinet of books, with which you live habitually as friends and companions, you would not choose to have them repulsive in dress and outward appearance.

How insignificant an item of household expenditure is the bookseller's bill in a middle-class family! A man who is making £1,000 a year will not think of spending £1 per week on books. If you descend to a lower grade of income, the purchase of a book at all is an exceptional occurrence, and then it will rarely be a book of pure literature. The total population of the United Kingdom is more than thirty-three millions. The aggregate wealth of this population is manifold more than it was one hundred and fifty years ago, but the circle of book-buyers, of the lovers of literature, is certainly not larger, if it be not absolutely smaller.

One reason which may be assigned for the book dearth among families of small means is want of space. Room in this country is now become very costly. A family of £1,000 a year in a town probably pays out £100 a year as rent. A heavy tax! And what do you get for it? A hutch in which you can scarce put up your family or breathe yourself. You have literally no room for books. This, I grant, is a too true description of the town dwelling. But it is not altogether an account of why you are without a library. A set of shelves, thirteen feet by ten feet, and six inches deep, placed against a wall, will accommodate nearly one thousand volumes octavo. Cheap as books now are, a well-selected library of English classics could be compressed into less room than this, was the companionship of books felt by you to be among the necessaries of life.

If narrow income and cramped premises will not let us have a private library, we may meet our wants in some measure by public libraries. The co-operative store as applied to groceries is a discovery of our generation. But the principle of co-operation was applied to libraries long before. The book-club is an old institution which flourished in the last century,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

but is nearly extinct now. There were some twelve hundred of these clubs scattered over England, and their disappearance has had a marked effect on the character of our book-market. Each country club naturally fell under the control of the one or two best-informed men of the neighborhood. The books ordered were thus of a superior class, and publishers could venture upon publishing such books because they knew they could look to the country clubs to absorb one edition. Now the supply of new books has passed away from the local clubs, and into the hands of two great central houses. Smith and Mudie, of course, look only to what is most asked for. And as even among readers the ignorant, the indolent, and the vulgar are in a large majority, it is the ignorant, the indolent, and the vulgar, who now create that demand which the publisher has to meet. Universal suffrage in the choice of books has taken the place of a number of independent centres which the aristocracy of intellect could influence.

It may prove some compensation for the destruction of the country book-clubs, that the great towns are beginning to bestir themselves to look after their book supply. The earliest common libraries were, as we should expect, in universities and colleges, often remote from populous centres, such as the Sharp library in Bamburgh Castle. It is only quite recently that the trading and manufacturing towns have begun to feel the want of books. And the desire is still feeble, and has spread but a little way. Some eighty or ninety cities and towns, I believe, in all Great Britain, have adopted, in whole or in part, Mr. Ewart's Act. There is still a very large number of towns with a population over three thousand who have not yet felt the want of a public library. Your city, always forward where enterprise can go, and where educational matters are in question, stands first, or only second to Manchester in apprehending the public importance of a complete outfit of books.

So much on the book supply. I go on to the question, What is the stimulus which makes men ask for books? Why do English men and women of the present day read?

There are people, I believe, who read books that they may be able to talk about them. Reading from *any* motive is better than satisfied ignorance, but surely *this* motive is both morally and intellectually unsound. Morally, it is an ostentation, an affectation of an interest you do not feel. Intellectually it is on a par with cram; it is no more knowledge than what is got up for the purpose of an examination is knowledge. What is read for the sake of reproducing in talk has neither gone to the head nor the heart. When any one says to me in company, "Have you read so-and-so?" I always feel an inclination to answer, "No, I never read anything," for I know the next question will be, "Did you like it?" and there an end. Those who most read books don't want to talk about them. The conversation of the man who reads to any purpose will be flavored by his reading; but it will not be about his reading. The people who read in order to talk about it, are people who read the books of the season because they are the fashion — books which come in with the season and go out with it. "When a new book comes out I read an old one," said the poet Rogers. And Lord Dudley — the great Lord Dudley, not the present possessor of the title — writes to the Bishop of Llandaff: "I read new publications unwillingly. In literature I am fond of confining myself to the best company, which consists chiefly of my old acquaintance with whom I am desirous of becoming more intimate. I suspect that nine times out of ten it is more profitable, if not more agreeable, to read an old book over again than to read a new one for the first time. . . . Is it not better to try to elevate and endow one's mind by the constant study and contemplation of the great models, than merely to know of one's own knowledge that such a book a'nt worth reading?" (Lord Dudley's "Letters.") We wear clothes of a particular cut because other people are wearing them. That is so. For to differ markedly in dress and behavior from other people is a sign of a desire to attract attention to yourself, and is bad taste. Dress is social, but intellect is individual: it has special wants at special moments, The tendency of education through books is to sharpen individuality, and to cultivate independence of mind, to make a man cease to be "the contented servant of the things that perish."

Dr. Halley used to recommend reading on medical grounds. He said close study prolonged life by keeping a man out of harm's way. But I never met with any one who acted upon Dr. Halley's advice, and chose to read hard that he might live long. And is there not truth in the opposite doctrine, which Mortimer Collins ("Secret of Long Life," p. 136) inculcates, that "the laziest men live longest"?

I have not, remember, raised the ques-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tion, Why *should* we read? This is the most important question of all those which can be raised about books. But I am not to-night presuming to advise you as to what you *should* do. I am only observing our ways with books — recording facts, not exhorting to repentance. Why *do* men read? What is the motive power which causes the flow of that constant supply of new books which flows over at those literary drinking-fountains, Smith's book-stalls?

Making exception of the specialty books — those which we get in order to learn some special subject — there is one, and one only, motive of all this reading — the desire of entertainment. Books are in our day the resource of our leisure; we turn to them in default of better amusement. Of course you will think immediately of the many exceptions which there are to this general statement. But, as I said before, the character of the books offered in the book-market is determined by the nature of the *general* demand. And it is the character of the general literature of the day which fixes our attention at this moment.

In taking the Smith and Mudie counter as the standard of the literature consumed by the English public, I do so because the class of book they supply is the best average class of book going — of "new book." I do not forget how small a fraction after all of the thirty-four millions of Britons the consumers of books of this class are. We sometimes speak of the readers of this class of book as "the reading public." But I do not forget that there exists a wider "reading public," which is below the Smith and Mudie level. Enter a book-shop in a small town in a remote province, and you will find on its counter and shelves a class of literature of a grade so mean that a Smith's book-stall instantly rises fifty per cent. in your imagination. Ask for Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." The well-dressed young person who attends to the shop never heard of Thackeray. The few books she can offer are mostly children's books — grown people don't seem to read in country places — or they are books of a denominational cast, books which perhaps are called religious, but which are, strictly speaking, about nothing at all, and made up of strings of conventional phraseology. Some of these books, unknown as they are to the reviews, have a circulation which far surpasses anything ever reached by one of our "new books" which has been ushered into the world by complimentary notices in all the papers. In estimating the intellectual pabulum most relished by my countrymen, I do not forget that "Zadkiel's Almanac" had a circulation of two hundred thousand. Commander Morrison, R.N., who only died as lately as 1874, was perhaps the most successful author of the day, and a great authority on astrology. He wrote, among other books, one entitled, "The Solar System as it is, and not as it is represented by the Newtonians." He brought an action against Sir Edward Belcher, who had called him in print an impostor. It was tried before Chief Justice Cockburn, and Commander Morrison, who retained Serjeant Ballantyne, obtained damages. The Court of Queen's Bench decided that Zadkiel was not an impostor. The tastes of this widest circle of readers — the two hundred thousand *abonnés* of Zadkiel — are not now under our consideration. We are speaking of the "reading public" in the narrower sense, and of what are called new books. And I was saying that this public reads for amusement, and that this fact decides the character of the books which are written for us.

As amusement I do not think reading can rank very high. When the brain has been strained by some hours' attention to business some form of open-air recreation is what would be hygienically best for it. An interesting game which can be played in the fresh air is the healthiest restorative of the jaded senses. It is a national misfortune that as our great towns have grown up in England there has been no reserve of ground in the public interest. The rich have their fox-hunting and their shooting, their deer-forests and their salmon-rivers. But these are only for the wealthy. Besides, they are pastimes turned into pursuits. What is wanted, in the interest of the humbler classes, is public places of considerable extent, easily accessible, where recreation for an hour or two can be always at hand. After manual labor rest and a book, after desk-work active exercise and a game, are what nature and reason prescribe. As every village should have its village green, so every town should have its one or more recreation grounds, where cricket, fives, tennis, croquet, bowls, can be got at a moment's notice in a wholesome atmosphere, not impregnated by gas, not poisoned by chemical fumes. Our towns are sadly behind in the supply of pleasant places of public resort. The co-operative principle has yet to be applied to open-air amusements. It is surely bad economy of life that in one of our wealth-producing centres

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

a game of fives should be almost as difficult to get as a salmon-river.

Still, even if these things were to be had, instead of being as they are unprocurable, in the long winter of our northern climate there are many months in the year during which our amusement must be sought indoors. Here come in the social amusements — theatres, concerts, dances, dinners, and the varied forms of social gathering.

It is when all these fail us, and because they do so often fail us, that we have recourse to the final resource of all — reading. Of indoor entertainment the truest and most human is that of conversation. But this social amusement is not, in all circumstances, to be got, and when it is to be had we are not always fit for it. The art of conversation is so little cultivated among us, the tongue is so little refined, the play of wit and the flow of fancy so little encouraged or esteemed, that our social gatherings are terribly stupid and wearisome. Count Pozzo di Borgo, miserable amid the luxurious appliances of an English country house — it is Lord Houghton tells the story ("Monographs," p. 212) — "drew some newly-arrived foreigner into a corner with the eager request, '*Viens donc causer, je n'ai pas causé pour quinze jours.*' Neither our language nor our temperament favors that sympathetic intercourse, where the feature and the gesture are as active as the voice, and in which the pleasure does not so much consist in the thing communicated as in the act of communication, and still less are we inclined to cultivate that true art of conversation, that rapid counterplay and vivid exercise of combined intelligences, which presupposes long and due preparation of the imagination and the intellect."

Instead of stimulating, we bore each other to the death. It is that we may escape from the terrible ennui of society that we have recourse to a book. We go to read not from craving for excitement, but as a refuge from the *tædium vitæ*, the irksomeness of herding with uninteresting fellow mortals. The man who is engaged all the morning, and has his faculties stimulated, his intellect edged to keenness by the details of business, cannot, on his return to his fireside, subside into vacuity. He must have something to whittle at. He reads his newspaper as long as he can, and when the newspaper at last gives out, he falls back upon a book. The native of a southern climate who has no business, and whose mind is never roused to exertion, has no such craving. The Italian noble does without books. He passes his day in listless indolence, content without ideas. There is no vacuity, and therefore no supply of books to fill it.

Here is the key to the character of the literature of our age. Books are a response to a demand. And the demand is a demand for recreation by minds roused to intelligence but not to intellectual activity. The mind of the English reader is not, as in the southern man, torpid, non-existent; it is alive and restless. But it is not animated by a curiosity to inquire, it is not awake to the charm of ideas, it is only passively recipient of images. An idea is an excitant, comes from mind, and calls forth mind. An image is a sedative.

The books, then, which are produced have to meet this mental condition of the reader. They have to occupy his attention without making any call upon his vigilance. There must be no reflex mental action. Meditation is pain. Fresh images must flow as a continuous douche of tepid water over the mind of the reader, which must remain pleased but passive. Books must be so contrived as to produce and sustain this beatific self-forgetfulness. That is called by publishers a successful book which just hits this mental level. To express all I have tried to say in one epithet — a book must be readable. If a book has this quality it does not much matter what it is about. Any subject will answer the purpose if the treatment be agreeable. The book must be so written that it can be read without any force being put upon the attention. It must not require thought or memory. Nor must there be any learned rubbish about. A Latin quotation may be ventured only by an established favorite. Ouida did once hazard "*facilis descensus Avernus;*" but it was ill taken by the critics.

Under these conditions of the public demand, it is not surprising that the species of composition which is most in favor should be prose fiction. In every other style of literary art, prose or poetical, our age looks back to bygone ages for models which it is ever endeavoring to approach, but dare not hope to surpass. In the novel, our age, but especially our own country, may justly boast to have attained a development of inventive power unequalled in the annals of all literature. It is not only that this is the most prolific species of book, more than one novel per working day being given to the world every year, but it is that the most accomplished talent which is at work for the book market is devoted to this class of pro-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

duction. If, as I laid down at the commencement of this lecture, supply is governed by demand, it is clear that this result must be so. Entertainment without mental effort being our requirement, we must have our politics, our history, our travels presented in an entertaining way. But fiction, if taken from every-day life, and not calling upon us for that effort of imagination which is necessary to enable us to realize a past age, is entertainment pure, without admixture of mental strain or hitch of any kind.

For our modern reader it is as necessary that the book should be new as that it should be bound in colored cloth. Your confirmed novel-reader has a holy horror of second perusals, and would rather read any trash for the first time than "Pendennis" or "Pride and Prejudice" for the second. The book must be written in the dialect and grammar of to-day. No word, no construction, no phrase which is not current in the newspaper must be used. A racy and idiomatic style, fed by the habitual reading of our old English literature, would choke the young man who does the literature for the *Daily Telegraph*, and he would issue in "the largest circulation in the world" a complaint that Mr. —— seems to write strange English! Our modern reader requires his author's book, as he does his newspaper leader or his clergyman's sermon, to be the echo of his own sentiments. If Lady Flora were to ask me to recommend her a book to read, and I were to suggest Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," do you think she would ever ask my advice again? Or, if I were to mention Trevelyan's "Life of Lord Macaulay," the best biography written since Lockhart's "Life of Scott," she would say, "We had that long ago" (it came out in 1876); "I mean a *new* book."

To a veteran like myself, who have watched the books of forty seasons, there is nothing so old as a new book. An astonishing sameness and want of individuality pervades modern books. You would think they were all written by the same man. The ideas they contain do not seem to have passed through the mind of the writer. They have not even that originality — the only originality which John Mill in his modesty would claim for himself — "which every thoughtful mind gives to its own mode of conceiving and expressing truths which are common property" — ("Autobiography," p. 119). When you are in London step into the reading-room of the British Museum. There is the great manufactory out of which we turn the books of the season. We are all there at work for Smith and Mudie. It was so before there was any British Museum. It was so in Chaucer's time —

> For out of the olde fieldes, as men saythe,
> Cometh all this newe corn fro yere to yere,
> And out of olde bookes in good faithe
> Cometh all this newe science that men lere.

It continued to be so in Cervantes' day. "There are," says Cervantes in "Don Quixote" (32), "men who will make you books and turn them loose in the world with as much despatch as they would do a dish of fritters."

It is not, then, any wonder that De Quincey should account it ("Life of De Quincey," i. 385) "one of the misfortunes of life that one must read thousands of books only to discover that one need not have read them," or that Mrs. Browning should say, "The *ne plus ultra* of intellectual indolence is this reading of books. It comes next to what the Americans call whittling." And I cannot doubt that Bishop Butler had observed the same phenomenon which has been my subject to-night when he wrote, in 1729, a century and a half ago (preface to "Sermons," p. 4): "The great number of books of amusement which daily come in one's way, have in part occasioned this idle way of considering things. By this means time, even in solitude, is happily got rid of without the pain of attention; neither is any part of it more put to the account of idleness, one can scarce forbear saying is spent with less thought, than great part of that which is spent in reading."

MARK PATTISON.

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A FENCING MATCH.

FAITH EMMETT had a way of disdaining village news; but when the said news or gossip, for village tongues have marvellous power in creating facts, touched any one of the "family," she listened eagerly and brooded anxiously, making for herself an atmosphere of mystery often wholly fallacious while she was resolute against asking the simple question which would have thrown light on her dark suspicions,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and thus have destroyed their existence. She saw the change in Ralph and wept over it in secret, for Faith thought herself a good and pious woman, and swearing was to her as great a sin as drunkenness.

"Mebbe it's worse," she said; "a drunkard hurts himself most, but a swearer speaks devil's words, and mocks his Maker."

But she had no blame for Ralph; she only registered a deep unspoken curse in her heart against the person she considered the cause of all this mischief. Her fierce temper and her pride had always made Faith's life a solitary one. Ralph had been her only friend and confidant, and now she wanted counsel about him. If Mr. Raine would come to the Hall, she thought she must speak to him, for though there was little real sympathy between her and her master's cousin, there was the common ground of love for Ralph.

Faith now was in great perplexity. Three days ago Ralph had gone away quite suddenly. Miss Masham had arrived the day he left, and it seemed to Faith's jealous eyes that both Mr. and Mrs. Burneston thought a great deal too much of their visitor, and made far more fuss in receiving her than had been made for Ralph.

The young squire had gone away while his father was out riding, and Mr. Burneston had looked very angry when he heard of his son's absence.

"T' lad's not a bairn," Faith said to herself, though she longed to say it to the squire; "he'll nut be guided like a lass wad."

And now to-day, just after the Hall dinner, while she sate in her cosy, exquisitely neat parlor, resting her long back against the carving of a tall quaint oak chair, she began to nod to the lullaby buzzed by the bees below the low open casement, for she was very tired after her long morning of jam-making, and the anxious night about her young master which had preceded it.

Faith had resented her deposition from Phil's nursery, but she enjoyed the rest it had given. Spite of her sparseness and activity, she was beginning to feel the pressure of time on her limbs and joints, and this hour of quiet was much prized and rarely broken in upon by any of the household.

But to-day, before the bees had finished their soothing charm, the door opened and the stillroom-maid put in her head.

In an instant Faith sate rigidly upright, her lips firmly pressed together, and her yellow eyes as open as their long, narrow shape would let them.

"Please, m'm," — the stillroom-maid was from the south, and consequently was a sort of pariah in the opinion of her northern fellows — "here's Sukey Swaddles asking for you."

"Let her come in;" but a grunt of disapprobation followed, and there was no smile of welcome on the housekeeper's dark face when Mrs. Swaddles appeared.

It was Sukey's first visit, and her round blue eyes opened with awe at sight of Mrs. Emmett's orderly, well appointed room. She looked first at the faded Turkey carpet, and then at the fresh chintz curtains, and made a second curtsy to the tall woman, who condescended to smile grimly as she bent her head to the fair-haired sloven.

"Well, Sukey Swaddles, what can I do for you?" Faith asked.

Sukey stared, and pushed her soft fair hair off her flushed face with the palm of her left hand, while the whites of her eyes grew larger and larger. Her ideas, like the rooms in her house, were always in too much confusion to be ready when wanted.

"It's for Missis Duncombe," she said at last in a foolish voice, wondering whether this was the answer expected of her by the stately housekeeper.

Faith's brows knit, and her keen eyes searched the pretty, vacant face.

"An' what call hev yu to meddle wiv Missis Duncombe's affairs? Her gran'dowghter sud cum an' speak wiv me when aught's wanted. She's nowt to do — mair's the pity, poor thing — but to wait on t' awd lass."

The corners of Sukey's eyes drooped, and her mouth opened widely.

"What are yu hauvin' an' gauvin' at?" said Faith fiercely. "Cannot yey speak, lass?"

"Please, Mistress Emmett, Rase is nane at' hoose, sheea's gehn."

"Gehn!" she struck the table with her hand. "Ye talk fond talk, lass. I saw Rose on Sunday, an' ah spoke with her; she told me she sud bide all t' winter thro' wiv her gran'mother."

Sukey shook her fair, untidy head; she had not much choice of words, but at last she made the housekeeper understand that Rose had gone away suddenly. One of the under-gardeners at the Hall had taken her away in the squire's own dog-cart in the early morning.

Faith questioned and questioned, but she could get no further information, ex-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

cept that, on the day but one before Rose's journey, the squire had paid her a visit late in the evening.

"Massy!" she said to herself, "an' what's up noo? What wad Mrs. Burneston say if she kenned it? I mun speak wi' Joseph Sunley; he hes eyes atween his shoulders for t' deeains o' his neeaghbors."

"Yu can sit yey down, Sukey Swaddles," she said with dignity, as she turned to go to the still-room. "I'll send yey what Mrs. Duncombe needs, an' she can hev mair when that's ended. Sit yu doon, ah tells yu!" She gave a sudden stamp of the foot, which pulled Sukey into the nearest chair with the suddenness with which a string pulls a puppet; Faith walked away.

"Lors," said Sukey, "what a temper she hes o' her ain! It's lahke thunder and leeghtning — it tak yal my wits oot."

But Faith was not angry; she stamped her foot by way of enforcing obedience. Those who knew Faith Emmett better than Sukey did would have dreaded the yellow gleam of her half-closed eyes far more than any show of open anger.

She gave her orders to her cockney subordinate, and then went up and dressed herself, so as to appear with due dignity in the village.

She went slowly up the hill. Sukey's news had startled her greatly, because, instantly in her mind, and without any preconceived suspicion, the two young creatures, Ralph and Rose, linked themselves together, and a possibility suggested itself which made Faith tremble and whiten. Only a momentary suggestion; she sneered at herself next minute.

"Nae, nae, I'm a fool; he's nut t' saame as his fayther," she said; "*he* hed a taint o' southren blood fra t' mother, an' one cannut expect mair through a pig than his grunt; but Ralph's mother come o' t' reight breed. Nae fear o' mah lad lettin' hisself doon when he weds. Nae, nae, it cum by a chance 'at he sud hev gehn away t' day efter Rose did."

She passed the closed door of Mrs. Duncombe's cottage. There was no use in screeching herself as hoarse as a raven in making the "awd doited body" hear. She went on and tapped at the sexton's door.

"Cum in," he said gruffly; when she went in the sexton was crouching over his fire, though outside the door the sun was hot and bright.

Joseph had had a severe rheumatic attack in the spring, which, he said, had left a chronic chill behind it. He walked very lamely now, and his temper was soured by the consciousness of his own infirmity. He grunted as he rose and set a chair for Mrs. Emmett.

"Guid day, neeaghbor." Faith seated herself in the chair, which he placed just in front of the fire. "Ah's fain to rest," she said; "but wi' yer guid leave, ah'll sit farder fra t' hearth. Ah's hot wi' walkin'."

"Ay" — Joseph gave her a pitying look, while the corners of his mouth drooped expressively — "mebbe yu feels t' mairch o' time, Missis Emmett; ye're gettin' weel on i' years, lahke t' rest on us, ah's thinkin'."

"Never mind me." Faith smiled, but her eyelids fell unpleasantly. "I've cum tu aks efter yer rheumatiks, Mr. Sunley, an' I've browght yu a bottle o' ginger cordial — mah own brewin', so I knaws it's real guid."

Joseph's back had stiffened at the mention of a gift; he considered himself quite above the round of charities doled out by the housekeeper, for Doris rarely visited the cottages in person; but the end of Faith's sentence mollified his pride.

"Varry kahnd on you; ah'll tak it an' welcome, neeaghber, nobbut yu mun taste a glass o' sherry wahne, an' swallo' a mossel o' seed-caake;" he got up and limped to a three-cornered cupboard on one side of the window.

"Rase hes made t' caake afore she ganned," he said; "ah'd nivvers ha' thowt 'at Rase wad turn sae handy, shee war bud a thriblous lass one while."

"Where's she gehn?" Faith said in an every-day tone, though she looked at him keenly. It was some time since she had exchanged more than a chance Sunday greeting with Joseph Sunley, and she had forgotten his singular quickness. He returned her glance as searchingly as it had been given.

"What fer diz yu aks, neeaghbur? T' lass cums an gehs; it's nut t' forst tahme by mair 'an yance 'at Rase Duncombe hes turned her back on Burneston. Sheea's nut ane tu bahde i' t' hoose; sheea's fluff aboot her still, nobbut sheea's steadied in a m'rac'lous way."

Faith was not listening; she sat taking counsel with herself whether there was a chance of finding out what she wanted without taking Sunley into her confidence; it was a struggle to give up her favorite method of gaining intelligence, and to be direct and open, but as she looked into the hard, acute little eyes fixed intently on

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

her face, she felt powerless to baffle the sexton. Fencing with him now was waste of time.

"I's fain to hear it," she said then with a little cough; "Maister Sunley, I b'lieve t' squire's sent t' lass away, an' I thinks yu ken t' reason o' her goin'."

The old man laughed, his eyes closed, and his network of wrinkles looked browner than ever as he pushed his lower lip up over his upper one.

"Ah kens mitch 'at ah meeans tu keep fer mysel', Missis Emmett, bud ah can tell yu sae mitch as this, donnut yu fash yursel' aboot t' squire's deeain's; he's reet eneeaf tu send t' lass aways."

"While Master Ralph's at home, yes;" she would not move a muscle, but a gleam of triumph shot from her yellow eyes at the sexton's change of countenance; for an instant his discomfiture showed, but he soon recovered himself.

"Hes t' squire said sae, Missis Emmett?" he looked incredulous, "then mebbe he's tellt yu wheer t' lass is gane tu?" He shut his eyes till they made thin lines.

"It's nut fer me to tittle-tattle, Maister Sunley; as yu say, fooaks cooms an' they gans; there's Maister Ralph was here o' Monday an' gane o' Tuesday, an' nane o' yan kens where tiv."

Joseph shook his head. He keenly enjoyed the power of tormenting his fellow-creatures, more keenly perhaps since his rheumatism had interfered with his usual amusements by keeping him in doors.

"Ah kens nowt aboot t' yung squire's ways. Yance he was yalays coomin' oop here; t'waaz Joseph this an' Sunley t'ither, bud noo," he lost his watchful self-control as he got angry, "asteead o' fishin' ur rabbitin' he'll spend his tahme litter-lattering efter t' lasses; he's anoder sort tus his fayther, mahnd ye that, missis."

"Posh," she spoke, angrily, too, "he's all reet; he may lanter away his tahme as ye say he diz, bud he'd nivver do as his fayther did, set a lass fra t' village ower her betters — nae, nae. Ralph's a true Burneston an' his mudher war a lady, sheea war that," then she checked herself and laughed.

Joseph's face had gone back to its usual mocking expression. "Sheea war nut sae bonny as t' new missis," he said, screwing his eyes so as to watch the anger he expected.

But Faith was on guard.

"Missis Burneston's looks are not t' be matched," she said loftily, "if they war, t' squire'd been clean fond, but beauty seems tu hev power even ovver kings ever sin' t' tahme o' David an' Bathsheba; but coom, Maister Sunley, nobbut I thowt yu an awd frind, ah'd nut hev clahmbed t' hill iv sike a swelter; we baith wish well to t' lad and t' lass; tell me noo, hev yu seen Maister Ralph wiv t' lass?"

Joseph looked impenetrable.

"Ah cannut see through stone walls, missis, an' ye'll nobbut be guided ye'll nut mak sae mony questions. Ah telled yu t' squire waaz reet tu send Rase aways. T' lass is reet an' guid, bud it's reet tu keep presarves on a heigh shelf, yey kens, when t' lads is aboot t' hoose."

CHAPTER XL.

A STRUGGLE.

On her way across the court, Mrs. Emmett learnt that the young squire had returned. This was a great relief to the troubled woman, and next morning, to her surprise, she saw Ralph on the lawn fronting the river with Rica Masham. The prayer-bell had not gone, it was only a little past eight o'clock, and as a rule Ralph was a very late riser.

Faith watched them from the window with a satisfied smile.

"I kenned I war reet. Nobbut he'd cared fer Rose he'd nut ha' cared to be wi' yan miss, an' he's fair set on her," she went on, craning her long neck out of window as the two passed out of sight round the angle of the house.

If she could have listened to Ralph's talk, and seen his manner at breakfast, she would have been confirmed in this idea. Ralph seemed transformed; he had not been in such a bright, pleasant mood since his return from France. He even spoke easily and pleasantly to Mrs. Burneston.

Last night he had felt grateful for Rica's mere presence. It saved him from embarrassing questions, and also from the restraint which he felt now with his father as well as with his stepmother. In his brief colloquy with Rose on the moor he had learned his father's interference. He returned home vowing to be revenged on Doris for her meddling, for it seemed to him that she only could have told the squire; but the novelty of finding a young visitor at the hall, and the piquancy he found in Rica's quaint freshness soothed his facile temper, and reconciled him for the time to the dulness of the house.

"You must stay here as long as I do," he said; "that is to say, if you don't find us too dull."

Rica looked up with her bright, amused

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

smile. "It's I who have to fear that," she said; "I have nothing to talk about, because I've seen nothing and nobody but home and my people — we are a large family, you know, and I — but do I bore you? let us talk of something else." She stopped short and looked inquiringly at Ralph. Her face glowed with health, and her large round grey eyes were full of happiness — not sparkling, for in repose Rica's eyes were pensive rather than bright, but when she was excited or happy the pupils dilated and became liquid with intense expression. Ralph looked at her admiringly.

"Yes, very much," he laughed, "but I'm a remarkable person too. Do you know, I like being bored? But I say, Miss Masham, will you come into the garden now, and I'll show you which are the best gooseberry-trees, as you say you care for gooseberries so much."

He made a grimace at her taste, and opened the door for her.

"Won't you come with us, Doris?" Rica said to Mrs. Burneston, for they were in her sitting-room.

"No, dear, I'm busy," Doris said abruptly, and they went.

Mrs. Burneston sate still after they left her; her straight dark brows had the stern look that Ralph's presence, and even the thought of Ralph, seemed always now to bring to them, and the blue veins showed more plainly than ever on her delicate temples. "How small-minded and contemptible I am! Why do I dislike him to be with Rica? She may do him good. She has a healthy influence, I can feel it myself; I am always brighter and happier for being with her, only" — she got up and began to walk slowly up and down — "she seemed very ready to go with Ralph — will she get to care for him really? Will she — shut up here with no one else? She *shall* not get to like him better than George," and the beautiful eyes lightened with sudden anger.

The dressing-room between her bedroom and the little boudoir in which she sat was now given up to Phil, and she heard him trying to open the door. The sudden joy in her face sent all her cares adrift.

"Why, Phil, darling," she bent down and kissed him, "I didn't know you were in. Come, my pet!"

He came forward slowly, not with his usual bound into her lap, as she seated herself to receive him.

"Why, Phil," she said, "what is it? Aren't you well, darling?"

But though she put her arm round him, Phil did not nestle fondly against her; he returned her kisses and then stood silent, very lovely, lovelier than ever, with his mother's pensive expression on his delicate face — usually it was so full of sunny mirth that it was difficult to say which parent the child resembled most, but in this quiet mood he was singularly like Doris — the small straight nose and the firmly-moulded lips and chin were exactly his mother's.

"Tell mamma," she said, softly between her kisses, "why Phil doesn't laugh to-day."

It was a pity that George could not see his sister's loving solicitude; he could not have believed that Doris could so entirely project herself into the mind of any other human being. She had taken so little notice of children in the days they were together, that he had often wondered how she would endure having a child of her own.

Phil pressed his round lips tighter, then all at once he raised his sweet dark eyes earnestly to his mother's face.

"Is oo anybody, mamma?"

"What do you mean, darling?" a sudden fear had darted into her mind; some one, Ralph possibly — yes, it must be Ralph, there was no one else — had been disturbing the child's baby mind. She stroked his forehead, puckered up with the frown that had gathered there.

"Don't frown; tell mamma all about it."

Phil gave her a quick, uneasy glance, then he nestled his head against her.

"Faith says" — Doris felt a hot glow rise in her face at the name; the housekeeper's influence was an evil she had not dreaded; since Faith's removal from the nursery, his mother had more than once congratulated herself, as she watched Phil's rapid mental development, that the housekeeper had no longer a chance of making mischief — "she says I'se not to tell anybody; is oo anybody, mamma?"

A tempest of anger, one of the rare but strong risings of feeling which affected Doris, swept over her. She grew white, and her hands clenched as she pressed the child closely to her bosom.

"Phil!" at the hoarse sound he looked up in sudden wonder, and Doris tried to clear and steady her voice. "You must always tell me everything, darling; it's very naughty to have secrets from mamma."

He drew himself away and stood upright, stiff and silent as a little statue.

His mother looked puzzled, and then she smiled.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"Tell me, Phil," she spoke gently, "tell mamma."

The child shook his head.

"I doesn't love oo," he said passionately; "oo said I was naughty, an' I wasn't. Oo's naughty to tell a tory."

She folded her arms round the little unyielding figure. "I made a mistake, darling; tell me what is it. 'Anybody' can never mean mamma. Phil always tells me everything."

The little face cleared into a lovely smile. "It's gran'mamma," he said, the perplexed look creasing his forehead again. "Faith says that gran'mamma's not a lady. Isn't she?"

Doris pressed her lips together.

"Faith is silly," she said at last; then with an effort, "you love gran'mamma, don't you, Phil?"

"Oh, yes; I love her like this," he put both arms round her neck and kissed her fondly; "an' Faith says I must love this gran'mamma best," he pointed to old Mrs. Burneston's picture.

"You must love this gran'mamma too," said Doris, "because she was papa's mother, and she loved papa as I love you, darling."

Phil shook his head discontentedly.

"But it's not a gran'mamma, it's a picture. I tant love a picture," he said; "it doesn't kiss me, nor play with me, nor nothing; an' my Cairn gran'mamma is a lady, isn't she? Is you a lady or a woman, mamma? What is a lady?"

Doris had rarely felt so thankful as she felt now to see the door open.

Her husband came in, followed by George. But she was too much absorbed by her own annoyance at Phil's disclosure, to see that George looked strangely agitated, and that her husband also seemed troubled.

Phil ran forward eagerly to his uncle and stood clasping his knees and looking up in his face, even after George had bent down to kiss him.

Uncle George was to Phil a bit of the Cairn, and the Cairn, with its homely outdoor life and absence of all nursery restrictions, was paradise to the child, who loved to ramble on the moor with his grandfather's big collie or to feed his grandmother's chickens far better than his restricted walks in the garden at Burneston.

"Come with me, Phil," his father said; "Uncle George wants to talk to mamma."

Phil shook his head and turned away, so as not to see his father's outstretched hand.

"An' I wants Uncle George;" he tightened his clasp and looked appealingly at his uncle.

Doris was going to speak and then she checked herself. She looked at her husband; she thought this was a good opportunity for him to exercise the fatherly authority he had so neglected in Ralph's education.

"Come along, Phil;" Mr. Burneston smiled, and patted the little fellow's head. "There's the donkey at the door waiting to take Phil a ride, the saddle has come at last."

Phil gave a cry of delight, even Uncle George was forgotten in the thought of the donkey; he had ridden at the Cairn, but only in front of his grandfather, and he had been looking forward with much eager excitement to the arrival of the little saddle on which he had been promised a real ride by himself.

He put his little hand in his father's, and pulled him to the door.

"Come along, papa! Come along quick," he said, then over his shoulder — "mamma, come and see me ride."

But Doris did not smile. She was vexed and disappointed.

"That is just the way he managed Ralph, I fancy," she thought. "He finds it is easier to bribe a child's obedience than to enforce it, and Ralph has never learned to obey; he knows no law but that of self-gratification."

"Doris!" there was so much pain in George's voice that she roused, and, looking at him, saw how pale he was, and how sunken and colorless his eyes had grown.

"Is anything wrong?" she said quickly. She put her hand to her heart; a sudden pang had come to her that George had brought bad news of her father.

"Yes, very wrong," then seeing how white she grew, he put his hand on her arm, and his voice had a tender tone, "but not about what you think, dear; it's about Rose. She was with us at t' Cairn, an' now she's fled away."

"Gone away!" Doris felt shocked. "Oh George, you don't mean to say Ralph came to the Cairn after her?"

George flushed to his hair, then he frowned.

"You're always ower hard on Ralph, Doris. Mebbe, if you'd take to him more kindly, he'd not find t' house so dull, an' he'd not be driven to folly. You sud let bygones be bygones. If I can forgive him, you should."

"I'm not hard on Ralph — if you knew

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

all you'd not say so. Are you sure he does not know where Rose is?"

George shook his head.

"You're very hard on t' lad; tho' he hes acted a fool's part an' made misery for all, he's but a lad, mind yu. Nobbut it's not 'at I should blame yu, lass, for I thowght such harm on him mysel' that I went down to t' little inn to see what had chanced; but you may be at rest. When I got there I learned he'd started off on horseback for Steersley before I got there; he must ha' ridden pretty hard to get back here as soon as he did."

"Where's Rose, then?" she asked.

"I cannot tell yu yet, lass. I came to t' village first on t' chance o' findin' if she'd gone home, and then I came on to see you all. Now I must go back to Steersley, t' squire thinks I may hear news there. I'll never leave seekin' after her till she's found, you may be sure of that, Doris."

Doris hesitated. Then she said coldly, "Let her go, George, and try to forget her. She's not worth your thoughts. She'll never make you happy after this."

"I shall never forget her." There was a struggle how he should answer, and he flushed painfully. Then he said, with coldness equal to his sister's, "Doris, I shall marry Rose if she will have me."

He walked to the window and looked out: beneath was little Phil on his donkey, laughing with delight as Ralph and Rica fastened roses into the front of the creature's bridle.

George stood watching them for a few minutes and then he turned to Doris.

"You are very wise to have Miss Masham here," he said. "Look at them. They seem admirably suited to one another — mebbe she'll do him good. She's a safe, wise friend for him."

"Oh George! when you know what I wish about Rica!"

A mingling of pity and sorrow shone in his eyes; he felt the tenderest pity for this struggling soul, which must regulate things by its own will, and could trust nothing to a wiser, more loving hand; and deep sorrow, too, for the blindness in which his sister lived. Every time he had appealed to her, on any higher ground than that of mere human reason, she had either smiled or turned away in wearied silence. For some time he had left her in peace, only striving to help her by his prayers, but at this appeal he spoke.

"You are clever, and wise, too, Doris," he said; "but you lack one sort of wisdom; you forget we can't *make* things go as we wish. God settles it all." She put up her hand in protest. "Do not be feared, lass," he said, "there's no sermon comin'; but I want to say one thing, and let it end the matter: if me an' your friend were the last man and woman living we'd never wed. We're not matched — so there now. I may nivver wed Rose; but I'll nivver give up loving her."

There was a pause. Doris tried hard to keep in her feelings.

"I'll say good-bye," her brother said; he kissed her without waiting for a reply, but she recovered herself.

"Good-bye, George. I must tell you what I think, and that is, that about Rose you are very foolish."

He nodded and smiled, and left her, but the set look on his face quenched her hopes.

For some minutes she stood thinking, her hands clasped in front of her waist.

Presently she said, "That boy Ralph has no heart; he means to trifle with Rica as he has trifled with Rose; but I need not be afraid. I'm sure Rica will only laugh at him — still there must be no chance of it. I will write to Mr. Raine and ask him here. Philip said he and Rica were just suited."

From Fraser's Magazine.

THREE WEEKS WITH THE HOP-PICKERS.*

A HOP-GARDEN with the pickers at work is a pretty, idyllic sight, and the looker-on, perhaps, finds his pleasure enhanced by the reflection that many of those he sees are having an "outing" from the great smoky city where they live.

The spirit of gregarious vagabondage is more noticeable among the lower classes in London than elsewhere. The number of cockneys swayed by it is really astonishing. Thousands quit the metropolis for the neighboring counties during the hay-making season. Other thousands leave it for the corn harvest. Large numbers defer their visit until the potato-digging season sets in. But by far the greatest multitude — not less than forty thousand strong — hastens down to the Kentish hop-fields during the month of September.

I had heard much of the manners and customs of these various hordes, of the enthusiasm with which they rushed into the country, of the delight which they took in gipsy life, and of their perfect in-

* [We have reason to believe that this is a genuine narrative of facts. — ED.]

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

difference for the time being to all the usages and conventions of civilization. I had heard, in fact, that in Kent and elsewhere, but particularly in Kent, they threw off all restraint, and lived almost in the condition of Hottentots. I determined to study the ways of the most important of these hordes of metropolitan vagabonds — the hop-pickers — in the only way in which it seemed to me it could be studied fairly, as one of themselves. I made up my mind to go down to Kent in one of the trains set apart for these people, to work among them during the season, to live among them precisely as they lived — in short, to see everything connected with hop-picking from a picker's point of view. I performed my purpose.

At ten minutes past twelve on the morning of Friday, September 7, I entered the London Bridge station of the South-Eastern Railway. The hoppers' train — fare two shillings — was to start at two o'clock, the travellers being at liberty to get out at any of the six or seven stations, Tunbridge the last. A large number of hoppers were in the station, and they continued trooping in until the train started. Most of them carried a few cooking-utensils, and many of them bundles of bedding. There were men, women, and children — shoals of children, of all ages, from a month old upwards.

The experienced hop-pickers travel in parties, by families and groups of families. Also, people living in the same neighborhood congregate together, and travel to the same destination. This particular train was to bear some hundreds of residents in the "Borough" to Maidstone; a body from Poplar was going to East Farleigh; a mass from Bermondsey was bound for Wateringbury; one from Shadwell was on its way to Paddock Wood.

The hopper generally returns to the farm on which he has spent his first season. Just before the picking commences he writes to the farmer, states the number of his party, and asks for a certain number of "bins." The farmer replies, and thus an engagement is formed before the picker with his family and friends leaves London. In many instances a single member is sent forward in the first place to see how matters stand on the hop-ground, and the remainder follow or not, according to his report. New hands who wish to obtain an engagement usually attach themselves to one of these parties before they start, otherwise their chance of employment is but small. Still, every train carries individuals who go at haphazard — people for the most part who know nothing whatever of hop-picking — generally solitary individuals. The writer was one.

The gathering at the station was noisy. "Chaff" was continually exchanged on all sides. It was good-humored, and not particularly offensive to unaccustomed ears, for which latter there was a reason. The mob was as yet under the supervision of porters and policemen, but the moment the restraint was removed the "chaff" changed character, and became gross in the extreme. It was so in the train, and so it continued on the hop-ground.

Under no circumstances can a London mob refrain from "chaff." Whatever its condition, and whatever the occasion, it is always the same. The half-famished casuals at a workhouse door on a wild winter evening "chaff" one another, just as used to do the crowds who assembled to witness a "hanging," or those who stiil gather to see an illumination.

Judging from appearances one would have set down the whole crowd as belonging to the lowest class — as composed of the scourings of the slums. No greater mistake could have been made. Such beings were there, and too many of them, but they were far from forming a majority. I was soon to discover that it is as customary with working families of comparative respectability to go "a hopping" in September as it is for members of another section of society to go to the moors, the seaside, Switzerland, and Norway, and for similar reasons — relaxation and health.

I was to find also, that no inconsiderable portion of the crowd had another motive which few of them cared to avow. It was this — a hopping expedition afforded ample scope for certain indulgences of which I shall have to write a little later.

One peculiarity of the hop-pickers caused me some surprise. Here were scores of wives who carried with them the whole family, from the baby at the breast to the grown-up son and daughter, while the husband and father remained at work in town.

I observed a number of youths from twelve to fourteen flitting through the crowd, entreating some one to take them with them into Kent, and offering their services in return. These were evidently runaways from home attracted by glowing accounts of life at the hop-fields. Most of them were well dressed; and the greater number obtained their wish, for a willing

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

lad is very serviceable in many ways to a grown-up picker.

Among the crowd there was a sprinkling, but only a sprinkling, of those who sought the hop-fields from absolute necessity. There were a few clerks long out of employment, a few paupers who had just discharged themselves from the workhouse, and a few thieves fresh from prison or unfortunate of late in their profession. I took some notice of these people in Kent, and found that, without exception, they were altogether useless as pickers. Some of them had not even perseverance enough to obtain an engagement, and the others were either discharged after a day or two as worthless, or took themselves off in a brief space because altogether incapable of sticking steadily to anything.

There was another class of hop-pickers that I must not omit to mention. It consisted of males and females, mostly young, who had formed temporary connections, and who were going down to Kent to live as husband and wife during the hopping month — to separate on their return to town. The women were machinists, tailoresses, and charwomen — with a very few of the distinctly disreputable. The men were chiefly skilled mechanics who had given up lucrative employments for a month of Bohemian life.

Unusual precautions had been taken by the railway authorities with respect to the hop-pickers. The band of porters and policemen on duty was strengthened, and an office for the issue of tickets had been constructed of stout planks for the occasion. Here, however, there was less tumult and bustling than may be observed any day at the first-class ticket-window of any station previous to the departure of a train. There was plenty of time, and the mob was good-humored and on its best behavior. At the proper hour the hoppers were passed through a narrow door to the train in which they were to travel. Here they gave up their tickets, being left at liberty to get out at any of the stations where the train was to stop.

At last, after a delay of two hours, which however were by no means weary hours to me, we were in motion. All this time the "chaff," of which I have already made mention, had been going on; but the moment we were clear of the station it developed into the form which it was to retain all through the hopping season. That form was coarser and far bolder in obscenity and filth than anything of the kind that had ever before come under my notice. The most naked terms invented by prurience and vice were used on all sides, and, I regret to write, by the women and girls far more than by the men and boys. It was peculiar to no age. Over and over again have I heard children of five and six apply the same horrible epithets to their parents that the latter applied to one another and to their children in their anger. But I shall be obliged to say more of this presently. It had one effect on myself. I had intended to alight at Maidstone with the mass of the pickers, but so foul-mouthed had I found them, that in sheer disgust I rode on past Maidstone and two other stations — East Farleigh and Wateringbury. By the time the last mentioned station was left behind the occupants of the carriages had become few and very quiet. I quitted the train at Yalding about half past four in the morning.

Here I found myself in a predicament. I knew absolutely nothing of the hop country, and nothing of hop-picking. I asked myself how was I to obtain the engagement I wanted? I resolved to attach myself to a group and share its fortunes. But the resolve was far more easily formed than carried out. The two or three with whom I left the station allowed me to accompany them to the town from which it takes its name, some mile and a half away by the field path. On the road, however, they found that I was altogether new to the business on which they as well as myself were bent, and with that jealousy of intruders on their profession, which marks the lowest class everywhere, gave me the cold shoulder so unmistakably that I was compelled to quit them.

There was nobody stirring at Yalding when I passed through the town, except a baker intent on doing business with the hoppers. From him I learnt that few hop-farmers had begun picking there, that these few were abundantly supplied with hands, and that the remaining farmers would not commence before the following Monday. He recommended me to try East Farleigh, and designated the route, which I took. By the time I reached this place it was clear to me that I should never obtain an engagement if I continued to search for one alone. Here and there, too, I obtained bits of information, until by about twelve o'clock my knowledge of the theory of hop-picking was tolerably complete.

At East Farleigh I sought to obtain employment with the Messrs. Ellis, the largest hop-farmers in that quarter — men who have a high and well-deserved reputation with the pickers. They, however,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

like all the better employers, were already sufficiently stocked with hands, who presented by far the best appearance of any company that I saw in Kent, and the women were neat and modest-looking.

A mile or two farther on, at a short distance from Maidstone, was a hop-ground avoided by all good hop-pickers on account of the evil repute of its owner. He was especially notorious for unjust "measure," a term to be explained hereafter. Here I determined to apply; but even here there was no vacancy. As it turned out, far more pickers than were wanted had left London this year for Kent, the result being a good deal of misery. Some scores of the unemployed subsisted on alms at Maidstone for a week or more. It was the same elsewhere.

At this place I picked up a companion. He was a Londoner of a type that I did not like, full of the superficial sharpness of your low cockney, with gait, features, tone, and expression all bespeaking the picaroon. He had walked from London, like many another, spending two days and a night in the journey. According to his own account he was an experienced picker. I proposed that we should try fortune together. He assented, influenced no doubt by the fact that I had some food and the means of procuring more, while he was altogether destitute.

I saw no danger in this companionship. I was the stronger man; knew how to take care of myself in rough company; was not at all likely to be tempted into devious courses by such a person; on the contrary, I felt in a few minutes that I had acquired a moral supremacy over him. At the same time I was determined to watch him closely and to interrupt him very quickly and decidedly should he venture to attempt any ugly practice. He would be useful in enabling me to obtain an engagement. I would deal with him afterwards as he deserved.

It was now a little past noon. I proposed that we should try another quarter. A few queries were put to passengers, who suggested as the most likely Sutton Valence — one of four or five Suttons that lie in a circle six or seven miles from Maidstone, and eight from where we stood. My comrade would have preferred waiting in Maidstone the chance of an employer seeking hands, but of this I would not hear. He was a choice sample of the listless, wait-for-something-turning-up loungers who haunt the street corners of the lower quarters of London.

We started at once, passing through Maidstone. Here my companion was recognized, and hailed by one of a group that sat on a doorstep. It was a group so characteristic of hop-picking that I must describe it. It consisted of two women, two girls, and three babies. One of the women, about thirty, was dissipated-looking and dirty, and her baby, about eight months old, a poor, withered-looking, sickly thing. This woman was separated from her husband, and led a disreputable life in London; she was going to Sutton Valence, whither some relatives and acquaintances had preceded her. The other was a younger woman, some twenty-four or thereabouts and of a very different type. She was neat, well-dressed, well-nourished, and modest. With her were her children, one three years old, the other a baby born only twenty-four days before! But babies as young were not unusual on the hop-farms. I saw several. With this woman was her sister, a girl of fifteen, and another girl of twelve, the daughter of a neighbor, whose fare she had paid, and whom she was to maintain during the hop-picking, to whose services therefore she had acquired a right. Besides the children, the younger woman had a bag of bedding, which was not a light one, and a set of cooking-utensils. These things the party had carried from the railway station, about half a mile. They were sitting in a helpless, hopeless state, when we happened to pass. Neither of the women had any money, and how they were to reach their destination was more than they could say. Our arrival, however, released them from their difficulty. My companion and myself carried the bedding and the child of three to Sutton. I must allow that it was about the weariest walk I ever had.

On the way I had another specimen of the female hop-picker's tongue. The coarser woman "chaffed" every man she met in the grossest manner, and was imitated by the girls, but the younger woman never joined in the ribaldry. She was one of those who had left husbands at work in London, and was on her way to join her parents, who had left town a few days before.

Our destination was reached at last. Here, and at three or four other places in the same quarter, my companion and myself applied in vain for employment. He was altogether dispirited, and would have abandoned the search long before had he been alone; I, however, was determined to succeed, and bore down his opposition.

At last, about seven o'clock in the evening, when we were both thoroughly worn

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

out, we obtained an engagement at East Sutton. On this particular farm picking had commenced the Monday before. But the owner, like most owners in that quarter, had a bad repute as an employer. Indeed, many of his hoppers had "struck" on the Wednesday before, and the vacancies had not been filled up, and here, therefore, every applicant was gladly received.

Work being over for the day, we were directed to the "encampment," or "hop-houses," as are termed the lodgings which the hop-farmer is required to provide for his hands. These were situated in a large pasture field, and consisted of every sort of structure used by hop-farmers. There were three barn-like structures. Two of them were of two stories each, the lower story being of brick, and the upper, with the exception of the gables, of wood. The lower stories were divided into compartments, each having a door of its own width and length, but nothing in the shape of a window. The doors being shut at night, rendered them oppressively hot during the first weeks of September. Each compartment was intended for the occupation of a single family. The upper story of the "hop-house" formed one large room, and was reached by a ladder from the outside. It also was occupied by families. Next to the "hop-houses" were the "straw huts," of which there were three. These were long, low structures, with a framework of hurdles of the kind used for sheep-pens. Five hurdles planted in a line, some eighteen inches deep in the ground, formed a side. The roof was also of hurdles, supported on the sides, and meeting at an angle at the top. It was thatched with straw, and the sides were filled in with the same material. The ends were closed with canvas, stretched on a light framework. Each end had a rude door, which it was impossible to close tightly. In consequence there was a draught through, which kept the places healthy, but rendered them exceedingly uncomfortable during the colder nights. Besides the "hop-houses" and "straw huts," there were a number of tents, well constructed, and properly pitched with one exception — there was no trench round any of them.

All these places — "hop-houses," "straw huts," and tents — were littered with straw to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet. On this straw those who had bedding spread it; and those who had none — as the writer — slept in their clothes, taking off nothing but their boots and using their coats as blankets. There were others who borrowed pokes, or hop-sacks, without leave, into which they crept at night *in puris naturalibus*, and then buried themselves in the straw.

There was what was called a cooking-house — a low building with large doors at each end, containing eight huge fireplaces. There were fireplaces too at the ends of the hop-houses. These, however, were by no means sufficient; so the company lit half a dozen other fires every night and morning in the various parts of the encampment, suspending their kettles from sticks. These fires in the open gave the field a romantic appearance as the evening darkened, with the dark figures flitting round them in the red glare.

The hop-farmer provided fuel in the shape of faggots and small coal. As to other accommodation, there was little or none. The only provision for washing was a small square cistern about two feet in diameter, through which a thread of water ran. The surface was at least a foot below the bank, and not to be reached without kneeling. In a day or two a scum of soap and filth gathered upon the water and thickened hourly. The majority of the pickers therefore, myself being one, avoided "the well," as the place was called, and went to various convenient spots in the course of a small stream which ran some three-quarters of a mile from the encampment. Water for drinking and cooking had to be brought from Sutton Valence, more than a mile distant, or from the hop-farmer's house nearly as remote. There were wells much nearer — one for each group of cottagers; but these the cottagers kept locked during the hop-picking. The latrines were shamefully inadequate, and always in a disgusting state.

Such was the encampment in which with more than a hundred others, I lived for three weeks. There were a few better and a great many much worse.

I have stated that the "hop-houses" were appropriated to families. So was one of the "straw huts." Another straw hut was tenanted by single men; here I slept. The third was occupied by families, single men and single women indiscriminately. One or two of the tents held a family apiece; the remainder were filled as the third hut.

In one tent there were five men and one single woman. This woman was one of the characters of the encampment. She was not more than twenty-seven, and in other days and different circumstances she must have been beautiful. Her beauty, how-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ever, was of the most sensuous type. Slightly under the middle height; long curling brown hair and plenty of it; round and rather large head; regular features of the Greek type; rich dark olive complexion; figure, as full as consisted with grace; carriage that would have done honor to any ball-room. Such was the person of "Ellen," the only name by which she was known. It was evident that she had been highly educated. Her voice was low and cultivated, her language choice, and now and then a French or an Italian phrase would slip from her tongue. There was a slight remnant of old taste in her dress and of old modesty in her manners. Her complexion was just beginning to show the first trace of fading, and her features and figure were on the verge of that expansion which is called bloatedness. In a very little time Ellen's beauty will be a thing of the past. She occupied her tent by preference, a thing she did not attempt to conceal or excuse. On the contrary, there were times when she made a boast of it. She drank deeply and with every one who would invite her, but she was never drunk in the common acceptation of the word; she only became communicative — revoltingly so to any one save an habitual hop-picker.

"The only difference between women," she would say with bitter emphasis, "is that some are more cunning and hypocritical than others. I am one of the bold ones. I do not care the value of a pin what the world thinks of me. My own sex I know and despise; with the other sex I can do as I please, and mean to do as I please, so long as my good looks and my youth shall last." "And then?" "Sufficient to the morrow is the evil thereof. I live only for the present, and never bother my head about the future. And pray am I to be blamed for my way of thinking and acting? I did not make myself."

I describe Ellen because she is a representative woman. The class to which she belongs is not indeed a large one, but it is a class, and an exceedingly dangerous one. In the course of wide experience I have met various specimens. I may state for the benefit of the anthropologist, that, in person, they were all cast in the same mould; they had heads of similar shape, similar features, and complexion, the like figure, and the same temperament. Singularly enough, every one of them was accustomed to pronounce the same opinion of her sex as Ellen. The career of these women, so far as I observed it, was invariably the same: a youth of wild indulgence, a maturity wherein indulgence and interest were equally sought, men being victimized and women led to their ruin without the smallest compunction, and in most cases with exceeding skill, just to gratify the selfishness of the terrible creature; and a decline equally grasping and ascetic. Such women as Ellen, providing their constitutions remain unsapped by early excesses, not seldom pass their later years in ease and ostentatious piety.

I was so tired that I entered the hut designated for my lodging with a feeling of thankfulness, and throwing myself on the straw fell at once into a sound sleep, which continued unbroken till morning. Roused by the bustle of my fellow-lodgers, I "shook myself together," as one of them recommended, and went in search of a lavatory, which I found in a neighboring ditch, being as yet unacquainted with the locality, and therefore unaware of the existence of the stream already mentioned. The "well" I had seen to shrink from the night before.

I was up betimes at the picking ground, half an hour or more before the signal was given for work. A very primitive sort of signal it was, made by a man grunting hoarsely — nobody could call it blowing — through a cow's horn. I have heard many queer sounds in my time, but that was about the most ludicrously inartistic that ever puzzled my ears. In comparison the bray of a donkey is harmony itself. And yet I was gravely informed that this same signal is in all respects identical with the one with which Hengist was accustomed to urge his followers in the battle, and dear, therefore, to all true Kentish yeomen.

Here I may sketch the appearance of a hop-field in September, for the benefit of those readers who have never seen one. The hop-poles are planted in long straight rows, reaching from one end of the field to the other. These poles are about fifteen feet in height, and of two sorts, the light and the heavy. The lighter poles are planted by threes and fours, the heavier by twos. The rows stand about four feet apart; the groups of poles in each row about three. Thus the field is traversed in all directions by a number of long straight avenues. The hop plant, a creeper, climbs each pole with three or four stems, from which depend a number of short branches, thickly covered with dark green leaves. The hops grow chiefly at the top of the pole, whence they hang in bunches — yellow or russet, according to their ripeness, and often of such weight

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

as to bend the poles. These bunches diminish in number, weight, and value towards the base of the pole, where the plant is leafiest. The foliage of the hop-field is pleasant enough to the eye; but when the novelty wears off, as it soon does, one feels all the tameness, monotony, and formality of the arrangement.

The picking is done in this way. The hop-grower provides a number of "bins," ten to sixty or more, according to the extent of his farm; the time spent in picking everywhere being about the same, three weeks to a month, whether the farm be large or small. The "bin" consists of a light wooden framework, about eight feet in length, which opens and shuts like what is called a scissors bedstead. To this is fastened the "bin-cloth," which, when the bin is pitched and opened, forms the receptacle into which the hops are picked, and is capable of containing twenty-six to thirty bushels. Each bin is divided into two equal parts by a piece of canvas fastened to the bottom and sides, and is worked by two grown-up pickers, who may be assisted by children. The poles are laid across the bin, and the hops picked in as fast as the skill of the picker will allow, and with as little admixture of leaf as possible. The perfection of hop-picking is to be quick and clean. Much time is lost by picking too carefully, and at least as much by rough picking, for the superfluous leaves have always to be sifted from the crops previous to every "measure." This is the most disagreeable part of the work, and the most trying to new hands.

Besides the pickers, there are the "pole-pullers," or "bin-men." The common proportion is one puller to every five bins, but grinding farmers break the rule as often as they can in their own favor, and add another bin. The pickers are paid by the bushel; the pole-puller receives a fixed daily wage. He has the command of the company for which he pulls, and may employ his spare time in picking with his wife or a friend.

The companies are so arranged in the field as to remain stationary for a day. A certain number of poles before and behind him is assigned to each picker. Should he be slow, the quicker hands of the company take his poles as they finish their own.

The poles vary in worth; some bear few leaves and great quantities of hops; others abound in leaves, among which the hops have to be sought at much loss of time; in many cases the hops are so small as to be hardly worth the picking — that is, to the picker. In consequence, there is always a good deal of sharp practice and squabbling, and now and then some serious fighting about the poles.

The rate per bushel at which the pickers are paid is fixed at the opening of the season, according to the quality of the hops in the various fields of the farm. The smallest hops are paid for at a shilling for four bushels, the largest at a shilling for six, the medium at five to the shilling.

On this particular farm, as on most others in the vicinity, the price was six to the shilling all round. By far the larger portion of the poles being leafy, and most of the hops small, few pickers made more than eighteen pence a day, the average of the writer. Many did not average more than a shilling. Here, as elsewhere, a superabundance of hands had lowered the rate of wages.

It is the custom on the hop-farms to make the pickers daily advances of subsistence money — in pickers' phrase, "a sub" — of about two-thirds of the money earned. Should the picker leave the farm before the close of the picking he forfeits the remainder, as in this case it is the rule to estimate his earnings at "twelve a shilling all round" — a method of counting which always brings him in a debtor to the hop-farmer.

The hops are measured and the bins cleared four times a day — twice in the morning, and twice in the afternoon. Here lies the great grievance of the picker. The measurers are natives of the locality, men constantly employed on the farm, and having, therefore, interests in common with their employer. On the majority of farms they are accused of measuring against the picker, and, so far as I could judge, with truth. Where I worked it was asserted that the farmer had nine bushels to the shilling instead of six, which meant that his system of measuring defrauded the pickers of one-third of their earnings. It was quite out of the power of the hop-pickers to redress this in a legal way. They had no means of telling the employer, nobody paid any attention to their complaints; they were looked upon, in fact, as pariahs, outcasts, creatures infinitely beneath the native in all things, objects of contempt, and fit to be victimized by everybody dwelling in the county with whom they came in contact. The hop-farmers ground them down, and the local shopkeepers imposed upon them in every way, as I saw and experienced. For in-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

stance, I once had a pennyworth of bread weighed out so ridiculously small that I had it weighed again immediately, and found it exactly *three ounces.* I kept the morsel for days as a specimen of the trading morality of Sutton Valence. It was the same in all things — over-charge, under-weight, and adulteration were universal for the hop-picker. And yet Sutton Valence is evidently a pious place. Not a single shop-door opens therein on the Sunday. Everybody goes to church, and, as I proved more than once, the meanest dweller in the place is quite prepared to treat the benighted hop-picker to any quantity of text and cant.

A number of pickers attempted to rectify the wrong practised on them by the measurers in their own way. As fast as they were measured out, the hops were poured into "pokes," or sacks, containing eight or ten bushels each. There was no system used in the removal of these sacks. In consequence a number of them would be secreted at every measuring time, and their contents poured back into three or four bins the moment the measurers turned their backs. This trick was practised exclusively by pole-pullers who had wives and families. The result was to cause still further over-measure against the pickers. For the hops were dried immediately after removal from the ground, then weighed, and as the farmer knew to an ounce what a dry bushel of hops should weigh, the deficiency was immediately discovered, and the measurers were directed to make it up next measure.

None of the pickers could help seeing what the pole-pullers did, and so long as it appeared to them merely cheating the employer, it met with their warm approval. In a day or two the real facts were laid before them, and an attempt made to induce them to stop the cheating in their own interests, and by their own influence, without resorting to the employer. They were shown that by acting thus they would deprive the employer of all excuse for over-measure, and make their own case against him too strong to be disregarded. It was useless; there was neither manliness enough nor honesty enough among them for such a course. Nevertheless, cheating was stopped, but in characteristic sneaking fashion. Within three days some threescore separate informations of what was going on were conveyed to the farm bailiff. In consequence a watch was set on one of the cheats — a fellow whose bullying, rapacity, and general unscrupulousness had rendered him universally disliked — a veritable object of detestation to the females of his own bins. He was caught in the act, and turned off the ground at short notice. Ere he departed, however, the scoundrel — a mongrel Irishman, who denied that there was anything Irish in him — gave the pickers another specimen of his quality. Finding it vain to deny his offence, he endeavored to secure companions in misfortune by denouncing half-a-dozen others by name as just as bad as himself. In return for this I suspect that by this time Mr. Michael C. has received what a good many — quite capable of being as good as their word — promised him on their return to town, "a skinful of sore bones." This incident stopped the cheating of the employer for the rest of the season, but it caused no change in over-measurement.

On the very first day I lost my temporary companion. We were placed at bins in different parts of the field. I, of course, made no great figure as a picker the first day; but he was so conspicuously and hopelessly inefficient that he was discharged before the day was over, and I saw no more of him.

The work was not heavy, and required no particular attention from the pickers, who were therefore at liberty to indulge in their favorite amusement, "chaffing," to the top of their bent. The thing went on endlessly and everywhere, and precisely as it had gone on in the train. After a few hours' experience, I began to perceive that not one of them attached any particular meaning to the horrible expressions they poured forth. They used them because they had been dinned in their ears from infancy. In their view there could be no earnestness in an assertion which was not strengthened by blasphemous adjectives and interjections. In consequence the lie of a cockney may always be detected by the increased energy of the phrases which recommend it to attention. It is much the same with obscene expressions. They are so habitually used that they cease to awaken any sharp sense of their meaning in those who use or hear them. They excite no disgust or other feeling in those accustomed to them. When a low-bred cockney is deliberately filthy, he resorts to ambiguous terms utterly unintelligible to an outsider. All day long I heard phrases round me perfectly innocent as far as the words went, and perfectly unmeaning in the literal sense, but for all that having a meaning which might be surmised from the ges-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

tures of those who employed them. Three days in the hop-field went farther towards teaching me to understand parts of Rabelais than all the remarks of his commentators.

There was plenty of gross conduct to match the gross language. Self was the first, almost the sole consideration, from the youngest to the oldest. The grosser self — the body with its appetites — the gratification of the senses, was all they cared for. Parents were everlastingly ministering to self by tyrannizing over their children. And the children were as everlastingly doing the same thing by rebelling against their parents. The oaths and the ugly epithets that the one flung at the other were invariably returned, and nobody seemed surprised. Self was everywhere, stealing, cheating, lying, drinking, indulging. These people were specimens of their class — of the mob of the large town. They are the generation trained by the voluntary system of education; what sort of a generation will the School Board give us?

My bin companion, a young girl of nineteen, was a fair specimen of her class, no worse than her neighbors in conduct, quite as honest as the best of them, and at least as modest, which however is saying very little. A resident in the "Borough," when in town she found employment in a large factory, with some hundreds of other girls, her wages averaging about twelve shillings a week. There are many such factories in and about London, and their effect on the weaker sex was well exemplified in "Joanna." The woman loses all that makes her woman; she becomes hard, coarse, and sensual; she cares little for family ties of any kind; she is ready to form a loose connection at a moment's notice, and as ready to cast it off; she is incapable of lasting affection; her dealings with the opposite sex are regulated by mere interest and animal impulse, and thanks to people whom I need not name she has learnt to follow her grosser inclinations with impunity.

The male pickers, as the females, were fair examples of the class to which they belonged. They were cunning, utterly unscrupulous, selfish, cruel when there was a chance of being cruel with safety, and cowardly except when in gangs. One evening I was returning from the village about nine o'clock. At a lonely part of the road I heard a woman screaming "Murder!" some distance in front. I shouted in return to alarm her assailant, and ran forward. At a turn of the road I came upon a group of fellows, most of them armed with thick sticks, standing stock still, listening to the screams, and peering into the gloom. I could not help addressing a few strong remarks to them. They made no reply, but seeing me running, ran too, keeping well behind, however. As it happened, the noise was over before we arrived, though it might have been otherwise. A pair had been struggling in the hedge while half a dozen women looked on. "Oh, masters!" said one of the latter, "please don't interfere; it's only a man's been a-beating his wife about a penny-worth of tobacco." Nobody had interfered. Had the assault been a murderous one the perpetrator would have met with but small interruption from the cockney spectators. I saw a hundred instances of the low-lived cockney's liking for cruelty. They are cruel in gangs, like the wild dog or the wolf.

These fellows seldom got to blows among themselves. They often quarrelled indeed, but in these cases confined themselves to "roasting;" for example: —

"Yah, yah! Yer ought to putty yer face, yer ought, and get it painted."

"Yer ought to have a smoothing plane run over them cheeks of yourn; yah, yah!"

"Whoa, Emma!" — the burden of a music-hall song — (this because the user had no other answer ready). Then there would be a chorus of "Whoa, Emma!" over the field, after which the roasters would resume their interchange of vulgarisms, "Whoa, Emma!" or some other current cant phrase filling in every hiatus.

The hop-picker's attempts at humor were no more original, and much more objectionable. One would call out the Christian name of another three or four bins off, —

"George!" or "Joanna!"

"Yes — what do you want?"

Then followed some obscene word. This would raise a general laugh, after which came the inevitable chorus of "Whoa, Emma!" Similar questions and answers would be kept up for some time, always with the chorus. Then would come a loud conversation concerning the saying and doings of the frequenters of the lowest town haunts; and so the day would pass.

The day, however, was nothing to the evening.

The first part of the evening was usually spent in one or other of the public-houses in Sutton Valence, the "Swan"

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

being chiefly patronized by the "gang" to which I belonged. The house was a study in itself, and so was its landlord, but I cannot now notice either. There were two tap-rooms in the "Swan." The larger was appropriated by the English pickers; the smaller was taken possession of by the minority which dared to confess itself Irish. The latter was by far the more amusing. The company in the English tap was divided into many groups; the conversation was never general; there were no racy songs, or racier anecdotes. To understand the people here one had to flit from group to group, pausing long enough with each to enter into its feelings. It was different on the Irish side. Here the company was one, and the chat general, with plenty of song and story. Here, too, there was much more heartiness and good nature, and less quarrelling; for Pat, on this particular hop-ground, seldom made money enough to enable him to get fighting-drunk. On the other hand, the English portion came to the house out of temper, and never drank enough to make them good-humored. In consequence they were always grumbling and quarrelsome.

Most people got down to the encampment by seven o'clock, which was supper-time. After supper came smoking and gossip, most of it about cheating employers, punishing sneaks, and seducing women, among the men — about the latest doings of their neighbors and the latest scandals among the women.

As night fell the greater number would retire to their dormitories and continue the conversation until they fell asleep, or *pretended to fall asleep*. Any one stealing quietly out into the open air for an hour or two, between eleven and one, as I often did, would see forms creeping out of tents, huts, and hop-houses, and stealing away, and others lingering by tent and hop-house until door opening or canvas lifting displayed a hand beckoning in, when the form would creep stealthily forward and disappear under cover to emerge as stealthily. There was no great risk of interruption. The huts in particular contained such a mixed company, and so many were accustomed to come and to go at all hours, that nobody ever thought of lifting head to notice who came or went.

I heard more than one mother lament that to bring a daughter to the hop-ground was to bring her to her ruin; and yet mothers continued to bring their daughters, because the daughters would insist on being brought and the mothers dared not refuse. I heard a mother reprove a daughter for misconduct, and I heard the reply, "I do no more than you do," which silenced the mother.

But, in fact, very few of these intrigues were much of a secret. There was no scruple and no delicacy. Everybody heard, who cared to hear; and most who heard were ready to repeat the story at the first opportunity.

A week's life in the encampment realized for me, in low life, many of the tales of the old French and Italian novelists. At times I was perfectly amazed at the completeness with which one of the stories of Boccaccio or "*Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*" would be reproduced.

The majority of these people have very pronounced political opinions, and in this, as also in the character of their opinions, they are fair representatives of their class. On no other subject are their minds so made up or their feelings so strong. They are every one of them fierce revolutionists. They have no loyalty, no respect for rank or wealth, no regard for existing institutions, no patriotism. They acknowledge no religious or moral restraint of any sort. All they care for is their own interests, so far as they can understand them — which is not far. Any change to suit them must be sweeping and sanguinary. Again and again, and not on the hop-ground only, have I heard some people express an earnest wish for the extermination of the ruling classes. According to them the working-man — that is the mechanic and the laborer — is the creator of all wealth and ought to be its sole possessor. In their view all the present possessors of wealth are robbers and tyrants — so many wild beasts who prey upon the working-man, and who must be dealt with as wild beasts when the working-man shall obtain the mastery. It is useless to reason with them. Complex arguments they cannot comprehend; and for the more simple they are provided with replies perfectly satisfactory to themselves. Point to the benevolence of the upper classes, as manifested in hospitals, etc., and they exclaim, fully believing it too, that all this is done in policy or in terror, in order to throw dust in the eyes of the people. Then they tell the reasoner to look at what the upper classes will do when they dare, pouring forth story after story, carefully gathered from popular prints and from the mouths of popular demagogues, concerning legal inequalities, police delinquencies, poor-law harshness, and especially concerning the oppression practised on the poverty-stricken

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

by such mischievous associations as that which terms itself "the Association for Charity Organization." All other grievances one might manage to explain away; but there is no excusing the doings of this society. Concerning these doings such people as the hop-pickers wax eloquent, and tell with overwhelming effect harrowing stories — stories abounding in instances of the hard-heartedness of the upper classes. Then follow fierce threats and fiercer hopes. And, founding my opinion upon what I know — and certain circumstances coupled with a long course of steady observation of the lowest class have given me peculiar knowledge — I cannot doubt that the revolutionists (led by the bolder spirits among them) will seize an opportunity. I do not mean to assert that they will be successful in effecting anything but bloodshed and misery, but they will have their outbreak; and considering the temper and training of our urban mobs, it will be a terrible one while it lasts. Here — on the hop-ground — they were perhaps more than usually prone to express their political hopes and hates. For here they felt very keenly that they were oppressed and ground down in every way and that they were utterly without redress. Nobody took any interest in them. The hop-farmers were all banded together; the whole country went with the farmers; and the latter did as they pleased, treating the pickers worse than their dogs. *And all this was to a great extent true.*

One striking instance occurred under my very eyes. A quarrel of children involved the mothers. One of the latter was far advanced in pregnancy, and the result of the quarrel — in which, I may state, very little violence was used — was a premature birth. The mother was one of the many women who had left their husbands at home at work while they carried all their children with them to the hop-field. The baby died in a few days. With the exception of the clergyman of the place, who did his duty, not a single native of Sutton Valence took the slightest interest in the poor hopper. Not a single woman paid her a visit, not even the wife of the farmer, who was a man of means and position. Here I err — one woman belonging to the place did visit her. It was the wife of a laborer whom the Rev. —— sent to the encampment with a bundle of baby-clothes, and who (as was afterwards discovered) took care to appropriate all the better articles on the way.

Some interest was shown in the hop-pickers by a London association which sent down a number of preachers for their benefit. One of these people visited our encampment, and held forth on two or three occasions. He was certainly in earnest, but he was worse than useless. He might have done very well in London visiting from house to house, but he had no power of any sort, native or acquired, intellectual or verbal. The men paid no attention to him, the children mocked him, the women insulted him.

But I must hurry to a close, passing over a number of interesting incidents. We had elopements and pugilistic encounters, and many curious displays of character. The very last night we spent on the ground was marked by perhaps the most singular event of any. There was a good deal of drinking that night and not a little riot. One of the men, hitherto remarkable for quietness, took much more than was good for him, and when excited by beer was assailed by his wife, who was notorious for her bitter tongue. This infuriated him. He cut the tent in which they dwelt to pieces, and then seizing a quantity of loose straw, laid a sort of train from one tenement to another, with the purpose of setting fire to the whole encampment. The man, some twenty-nine or thirty and of remarkable strength, brandished a large knife and acted in all respects so madly that none of the hoppers cared to interfere. He was in the very act of setting fire to the straw when he was knocked down from behind and secured by the local police, about one o'clock in the morning.

That night terminated my connection with hop-pickers. I had seen all I desired to see, and in fact a good deal more; I had no wish to accompany them on their return; I knew pretty well what would happen then. So I quitted the encampment betimes, and anticipated the arrival of my companions in London — that is, of the first batch of them — by half-a-dozen hours.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

IX.

ON THE SANDS.

THE news that this summer Waldbad rejoiced in the presence of a princess

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

spread quickly through the village, and every one felt pleased and elevated by the circumstance. The delicate distinctions of rank were totally unknown here — and a princess from the Caucasus — where every fifth man is said to be a prince — would have been received with the same or perhaps even more reverent homage.

As, in addition to the halo of rank, Kathinka possessed the charm of remarkable beauty, the inhabitants exhausted themselves in showing attention to the lovely woman. Even the guests at the watering-place were carried away by the universal excitement, and made every possible effort to be upon more or less intimate terms with the princess. The latter accepted the attentions offered upon all sides very willingly, but somewhat as a matter of course, for no one could be more thoroughly impressed with the dignity of her position than she herself. Though by no means indifferent to her appearance, which she sought to enhance as much as possible by dress, she laid far more stress upon her rank than her beauty. Perhaps this would not have been the case if she had really belonged to a royal family, and therefore felt sure of her position; but her manner was intended to crush every doubt, and at the same time, in a certain sense, prove her right to the station she claimed.

In consequence of this she showed a strange restlessness which, as she probably knew very well herself, did not harmonize at all with such distinguished rank, but in spite of all her efforts frequently displayed itself, and thus her manners gained a hesitating, capricious, nay sometimes offensive character, which the circle of acquaintances around her would probably have judged very differently and much more harshly if the dear people had not been disposed to look at their princess with very mild eyes, and consider her faults interesting originality.

As Kathinka liked to entertain and did so very frequently, life at Waldbad was much gayer and more brilliant than usual. The beautiful rooms in the little fairy castle were frequently filled with guests, or parties were arranged out of doors, and even those not fortunate enough to belong to the "circle" had the pleasure of seeing and gossiping about the gayety, and were perfectly satisfied with their share.

One of the families most intimate with the princess was that of the rich consul Sternau. The old lady, with her quiet, stately dignity, played the part of a quasi mistress of ceremonies admirably, and her oldest daughter, Flora, assisted Fräulein Molly in the tiresome and sometimes very unthankful task of maid of honor. Pretty, lively Caroline, however, was less disposed to pay homage than to receive it, and therefore was well pleased with Elmar's, while she obtained a very moderate share of his sister's favor. She was, therefore, no favorite of the latter, and it had sometimes happened that the mother and oldest daughter — the father only came from the great commercial city on Sundays — were invited to dine at the fairy castle, while Caroline was obliged to stay at home with her younger brothers.

The pretty, obstinate sinner, instead of fretting about it, only laughed, and on such occasions usually begged Erica to share her solitude. This was almost the only time that the two friends saw each other, for Erica remained entirely apart from the gayety of the visitors at the watering-place, and only heard of them at rare intervals. Besides, she was very willing to accept such an invitation to dinner, for she was sure to hear a great deal said of the princess and her life, which always had a sort of magnetic attraction for her.

A timidity, which she could not conquer, had always prevented her from taking another walk in the vicinity of the fairy castle, and thus she had only occasionally caught a momentary glimpse of the princess. The beautiful lady had scarcely remembered her, for she had answered her greeting very carelessly, while the brother had taken no notice of her at all. The meeting therefore produced a painful impression, and she endeavored to avoid another by taking her walks in lonely, unvisited regions.

Little Carlos alone had treasured a friendly memory of her, and was always delighted to see her. He seldom, however, came to the parsonage to play with the children — on which occasions Erica frolicked merrily with them — but the latter were taken to the little fairy castle. The princess was almost absurdly anxious about the boy, and always uneasy when he was not at her side.

Erica was therefore the more surprised when one day, while taking a long walk, she suddenly perceived little Carlos entirely alone by the seashore, looking for shells. She called him and asked where his nurse was. The latter, however, was close at hand and had heard the question herself, for she came forward in a somewhat confused manner from a clump of bushes, where she had been sitting with the wife of the fisherman Wilms. Cards

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

were lying upon a roughly hewn stone, which stood like a table before an equally rough stone bench, and as Frau Wilms was famed throughout all Waldbad as an excellent fortune-teller, Erica thought it certain that the nurse had placed the cards there. Both women seemed somewhat annoyed by the interruption, the more as the boy was not willing to leave Erica, but insisted upon going home with her, and in this way frustrated all hopes of learning the desired fortune from the cards.

Frau Wilms took her leave somewhat sulkily, and the nurse walked on beside Erica, who was now eagerly helping little Carlos in his search for the shells. But when they had reached the neighborhood of the fairy castle, notwithstanding the entreaties of the boy, she turned into another path and went back to the beach, where she sat down on one of the hills on the down and gazed over the sea. Its blue surface lay outspread before her in an unfurrowed mirror, and the sunbeams glittered and flashed so brightly from it that the eye could scarcely endure the radiance. The masts of large ship, which seemed to be slowly approaching, were relieved against the distant horizon. Elsewhere the sea was destitute of sails, and only one small black point was recognized by Erica's keen eyes as a boat. She was seated at no great distance from a staging that ran out into the sea and was used for a landing, so she confidently expected the boat to turn in this direction, but it went farther on, almost to the very spot where she had seen the foreign sailor, who now appeared on the list of guests as Herr von Wehlen, disembark.

This circumstance once more attracted Erica's thoughts to the latter and the mystery which surrounded him. What did he want here, what was the meaning of his connection with the wife of Wilms, the fisherman? Had she not just met her, and might not her presence have something to do with the boat now coming towards the land so timidly, as if to avoid all eyes? Had she not seen this same woman come out of the fairy castle and cross the down in the direction of the churchyard, where, as she was now well aware, Herr von Wehlen was waiting for somebody?

And moreover how strange it was that this woman could induce little Carlos' nurse to come so far from home with the boy, when she well knew her mistress's over-anxiety about the child. Did any danger threaten the little fellow? was it her duty to warn the princess? And yet, what could she say to give weight to her words? would she not be laughed at for attaching any special importance to the coming of the fish-woman, who was obliged to deliver her wares at the villa every day?

Erica was so absorbed in the tumult of her own thoughts that she did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps, and only when the new-comer was close beside her did she look up and recognize the "royal brother," as Caroline had often satirically called him.

"So I find you here at last, little woodland fairy," he said, throwing himself down beside her on the sand with as much freedom from embarrassment, as if this meeting had occurred immediately after their first interview in the forest. "You seem to be in possession of the fern that makes its owner invisible, for with all my trouble I have been unable to find you until now."

Erica's heart beat violently, she knew not whether from embarrassment or the anger the young man's conduct excited. After rudely neglecting her in the presence of others, he again, on accidentally meeting her alone, assumed the familiar tone which now seemed more offensive than ever. She did not at first know how to resent this behavior with sufficient indignation, and therefore answered only by the expressive changes of her countenance, while her lips remained mute.

Elmar did not seem to find the pause unpleasant, for he had supported his head comfortably on his arm in his favorite attitude, and was gazing calmly into his companion's face. At last he said slowly, "Well, little April, won't the sun shine out at all to-day?"

This time rain seemed to be nearer, for Erica could scarcely restrain her tears. But she controlled herself, and replied as calmly as possible, though with quivering lips: "I do not know how far Baron von Altenborn's interest ——"

Elmar interrupted her by a hasty gesture, and said laughing, "I most earnestly entreat Fräulein Erica von Hohenstädt to express her anger in some other way. If even here, in the romantic shadow of this bare sand down, I am obliged to give information about Baron von Altenborn's interest, I shall be driven to thoughts of suicide."

Erica's surprise overcame her indignation, and there was really sunlight in her face as she smilingly asked, "But in what special manner am I to address you, you most singular man?"

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"In no special manner at all, but your own peculiar method, little heather-blossom. Or"—the speaker paused, and bending forward once more, gazed so intently into his companion's face that her cheeks grew crimson with blushes, "or does the dignity of your seventeen years rebel against the familiar name?"

This time Erica's answer came more quickly, and therefore was not well considered, for after saying, "Not my seventeen years, but"—she faltered, and did not know how to find suitable words to express her thoughts.

Elmar also hastily interrupted her. "But?—you did not wish to say so, but your aristocratic feelings rebelled against it? Don't make me miserable, little woodland fairy! I am so tired of aristocracy that I have an actual horror of it. I really believe I would gladly saw wood a few days, or take part in a sailors' brawl merely to do something thoroughly plebeian."

Erica's face was now all sunlight, as she said laughingly, "Very well, sir, so my conversation is to supply the place of the sailors' brawl."

"That it shall, little fairy. After all the affectation and ill-nature by which I am surrounded, you must strengthen my nerves like a chalybeate spring."

"Really, you make very numerous claims upon me. If I can only satisfy such extensive expectations—but it is strange——"

Erica hesitated again, and as this time Elmar did not interpose, the pause was somewhat long.

"Well, what is strange? I am very eager to learn this peculiarity," he asked at last.

Erica blushed, again either because her companion once more looked inquiringly into her face, or from embarrassment over what she had intended to say, and the consciousness of this change of color oppressed her, and utterly prevented any reply.

"I see I shall be compelled to read my answer from your face. The peculiarity probably existed in my conduct, which seemed to express no desire for this strengthening. Ah! little heather-blossom, I have hit the right mark; that nod confirms it. And you really demand an explanation of this behavior? That is very wrong; for, to be frank, it would be very difficult, in fact impossible for me to give it."

"And why not? Why can't you tell why, in the presence of others, your manner has been so negligent as to border upon actual incivility, for you have not even bowed to me, a courtesy Herr von Wehlen did not omit, if you now seek to represent that this impoliteness was adopted for some wise purpose."

"See how eloquent anger makes you, little fairy, and how well you know how to express your meaning. The 'wise purpose' was uttered as scornfully as if you not only numbered seventeen years, but really had experience beyond them. Before I try to make my wisdom clear to you, however, let me ask one question. Did you feel wounded by my conduct, or only offended?"

"Would it not be the same thing?"

"A wonderful difference, little fairy! I am aware that you were very angry with me, but I should like to know whether there was not a very little sorrow mingled with the indignation. Come, be frank, Fräulein Erica, were you not also a little sad?"

Erica cast down her eyes. The memory of the manifold forms of suffering that had lately oppressed her young heart made the tears spring to her eyes. "I was often sad," she said gently, "but I do not know whether *you* were at all to blame."

"Let me beg your forgiveness, as if I really had a share in the guilt, Fräulein Erica, and give me your hand in token of reconciliation." Elmar spoke gravely, and when he held out his hand to his companion she unhesitatingly placed hers within it. He pressed it lightly, and then released it. An involuntary pause ensued, for both were gazing thoughtfully at the ground. Elmar, however, soon said in his former tone,—

"And now, little daughter of Eve, I must satisfy your curiosity as well as I can, or the war that has just ended will break out anew. So—have you a dove-cot?"

"A dove-cot?" asked Erica, in amazement. "No, but——"

"But it is closely connected with my explanation. If you had one, you would know that when an eagle circles over it you would be obliged to put your little favorites in a safe place as quickly as possible, and above all beware of attracting its attention to any of the birds that were still in danger."

Erica looked at the speaker in bewilderment. Did he too already suspect Herr von Wehlen? Yet what other meaning could his words have? But what cause had she to fear this man? and she was evidently the subject of conversation.

"Well, Fräulein Erica," said Elmar,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

laughing, "you look as if you already saw the eagle circling over you, instead of the little dove."

"I am surprised that you should regard Herr von Wehlen with so much suspicion."

Elmar laughed. "How quickly and positively you draw your conclusions; though Herr von Wehlen does not exactly resemble an eagle, he might easily pass for a bird of prey. But I cannot make my comparison more distinct. Fortunately you are too much of a heather-blossom to be able to understand the true state of affairs. But, by the way, what is the matter with Wehlen? Why does he seem to you such a terrible bird of prey?"

"Here he comes!" Erica exclaimed, pointing to a man who was slowly approaching from the beach. "He was certainly in the boat, for he is coming from it now."

Elmar seemed annoyed by the meeting, and therefore perhaps failed to hear Erica's last words. The new-comer was already too near for him to hope to remain unobserved, so he had no alternative except to await his approach. He therefore quietly retained his comfortable position, but turned to his companion with a sigh, saying, —

"Our chat is unfortunately over, little fairy, and who knows when I shall see you again. After this meeting I must be doubly cautious. I would feign an enthusiastic devotion to my little nephew, for that would probably be the quickest way, but unfortunately it is only too well known that I —— "

Elmar suddenly paused, and raising his voice, called: "Holloa, Wehlen! Come here, you lonely wanderer, and rest from your fatigues in the shadow of this down."

Wehlen turned his head towards the speaker, and slowly approached. Erica thought she read an expression of gloomy resolution on his features, nay, it even seemed as if he cast a malevolent glance at her. There really was some resemblance to a bird of prey in his appearance, though perhaps her attention was called to it by Elmar's comparison, and she could not shake off a disagreeable feeling when the dark figure now stood close beside her, and answered Elmar in a tone of suppressed mockery.

"I feared I might interrupt an interesting conversation, and was therefore considerate enough to try to pass quietly on."

"This rare, though at the same time singular consideration, deserves to be handsomely rewarded. Lie down here on the warm sand, and share our very interesting conversation."

"I think it is the *lady's* place to grant me the permission."

The lady did not seem particularly inclined to do so, for the glances she cast at the speaker distinctly expressed fear and aversion. Elmar came to her assistance, by exclaiming with a gay laugh, —

"How delicately you give your reprimands, Wehlen! I really forgot to ask the lady's permission, and sat down here without ceremony. But I see you are not inclined to join us. Well, if you intend going farther, I'll accompany you. Give me your hand to help me up, for I've been rolling in the sand like a chicken."

Wehlen did not offer his hand as requested, perhaps because he knew it was unnecessary, and indeed Elmar was soon standing beside him. He brushed the sand from his clothes and turned to take leave of his companion.

"In order not to be impolite again, I will now, with all due ceremony, express my thanks to you for having graciously permitted me to rest here."

Erica had now partially regained her composure, and answered with tolerable calmness: "I will not accept your thanks, the down is free, and I therefore have no right either to give or withhold the permission."

"Let us be off as quickly as we can, Wehlen!" exclaimed Elmar, "or we shall hear that only the freedom of the down has caused our presence to be endured, and that would be quite too severe a blow to our vanity." With a slight bow to Erica, he turned and walked away with his companion.

She looked after their retreating figures a long time, and then gazed at the dark blue sky, over which solitary silver clouds were sailing. The shadows the presence of the dreaded stranger had cast over her disappeared from her soul, and a feeling of happiness entered it. It seemed as if the spell which had frozen her heart were dissolved, and she could once more breathe freely; as if sea and sky, field and forest, again exerted their old, nay a far greater magic, and she could scarcely realize and enjoy all the riches life was spreading around her.

X.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

THE sun was already setting, when the princess came out upon one of the pleas-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ant verandas of the fairy castle. She walked towards the balustrade, which was densely overgrown with climbing vines, and leaned upon it, while her eyes wandered over the blue waves of the sea. A cold wind blowing from it in gusts, swept over the bare arms and shoulders of the beautiful woman. She shivered, and turning her head, called, —

"Molly, my shawl! Quick, I am freezing!"

Fräulein Molly, who was standing at one of the windows engaged in a conversation with Elmar, did not bring the shawl quite as soon as the speaker's peremptory tone seemed to require. This was perhaps the cause of the heavy clouds that darkened Kathinka's brow, and when the desired wrap was thrown around her shoulders, her thanks sounded cold and constrained.

The little party must have dined alone; for with the exception of the persons just mentioned, no one was in the room but Carlos, who always appeared with the dessert. He now ran up to his mother to show her some toy, but to-day the latter was not inclined to enter into his amusements, for after pressing a kiss on the curly head, she again called her companion.

"Come here, Molly! Take Carlos and play with him, he disturbs me."

Fräulein Molly knew very well that she, rather than the boy, was probably the cause of the lady's annoyance, and therefore took him by the hand and disappeared in the house. Elmar also doubtless suspected the true state of affairs, for he frowned and cast a glance of mingled annoyance and amusement at his sister. The latter had wrapped herself closely in her shawl, and now sat down in one of the chairs, while her eyes rested, not upon her companion, but the sea.

Although she did not utter a syllable, her movements distinctly showed her impatience, which became more perceptible, the more slowly and methodically Elmar set about lighting his cigar. Perhaps his leisurely manner was adopted for some mischievous purpose, for a faint smile hovered round his lips, and when at last the blue rings of smoke rose into the air, he seated himself with equal deliberation, and, turning to his sister, said with a faint sigh, —

"Well, Kathinka, you probably have not caused this solemn stillness for nothing. What is it?"

The beautiful woman turned and gazed steadily at the speaker for a moment; then her eyes wandered away over the veranda into the adjoining room, and finally rested on the down. "I regret my folly in having brought you here, Elmar," she said, now looking steadily at the foliage of the two tall beeches, while her hands plucked restlessly at her shawl.

"I am glad to agree with you, in *one* point at least, Kathinka. I long ago condemned as folly the indulgent weakness that induced me to accompany you to this tiresome, out-of-the-way place."

The beautiful woman's lips quivered, and her hands moved still more restlessly. "If you expect to deceive me, you are greatly mistaken."

"Why, who can think of wishing to deceive such a remarkably sharp-sighted woman?"

The irony in her brother's tone made Kathinka's cheeks grow crimson. She cast a hasty, sullen glance at the speaker, then rose and leaned over the railing, while her hands plucked at the vines instead of the shawl.

"Elmar, I will not endure it! I will prevent it at any cost," she said, her voice trembling with suppressed passion.

"What, my dear Kathinka?"

The unconcern expressed in the calmness and indolent attitude of the speaker was perhaps somewhat affected, but his companion's eyes flashed with no less bitter anger, and she hastily advanced a few paces nearer to him.

"It is my duty, as your older sister," she said, with the same suppressed passion, "not only to warn you, but to hurl you back from the abyss into which you are in the act of plunging."

"Perhaps in so doing you also feel some little sense of obligation towards the Princess Bagadoff, Kathinka," said Elmar, in a tone whose quiet, half-jesting contempt formed the strongest possible contrast to his sister's excitement. "However," he continued calmly, but in a very grave tone, "if I were inclined to plunge into an abyss, your hand would certainly prove too weak to hurl me back."

Kathinka's eyes flashed, and the anger that distorted her beautiful features made them appear almost ugly. She grasped a table, as if she needed some support, and her voice had a sharp, metallic tone as she said, "Do you forget what you owe me? Do you forget that your position in the world is entirely dependent upon my good will, that *I* am really the head of the family?"

Elmar's patience seemed exhausted, a gloomy frown darkened his brow, and he glanced angrily at the speaker. But he

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

controlled himself, and merely shrugged his shoulders without making any reply.

"I am waiting for your answer, Elmar!" said Katharina, with a sudden show of dignity, which called a smile to her brother's lips.

"I should simply say, 'You are a fool, Katharina,'" he answered in an undertone, "if such a reply were consistent with politeness."

"It is fortunate you can still perceive even that," said Katharina, with a composure which appeared scarcely justified by the new turn in the conversation. "You will also, I hope, perceive that I am perfectly right when I seek to restrain you from taking this mad step."

"It is somewhat difficult to argue with you, Kathinka, for in your primer the letter B does not follow A. So, to put an end to this discussion, let me earnestly entreat you to say distinctly upon what grounds you base my dreaded insanity."

"If you insist upon playing ignorance, I will tell you bluntly that I will never consent to your marriage with that silly, vulgar girl."

"There I am again in the dark. If you had said, with that beautiful, lively, interesting girl, I should have supposed you alluded to Caroline Sternau, but ——"

"Your vanity leads you to this false, ridiculous judgment, Elmar," interrupted the beautiful Katharina, her excitement again casting off all control. "Everybody agrees with me in thinking her silly and commonplace to the last degree, and her pretty face is scarcely sufficient to render her endurable. But men are unfortunately very weak when their vanity is flattered, and so her graciousness has blinded you to an extent that fills me with horror."

Elmar had completely regained his composure, for he said, laughing, "Poor, easily frightened Kathinka, listen to me a moment quietly if possible. You selected this out-of-the-way, and by no means fashionable, watering-place, partly from a passing whim, and partly also from well-considered reasons. One of these motives undoubtedly sprung from your sisterly affection, which strove to protect me from Hymen's chains, and believed that here I should be in a safe haven. My escort, however, was not only necessary on that account, it behoved the Princess Bagadoff to have a cavalier who would seem to be ever at her service, and so the brother was not to be dispensed with in his capacity of chamberlain."

Katharina, whose impatience would no longer be controlled, interrupted the speaker.

"Wounded vanity induces you to say that, for of course you must always play an inferior part when beside the Princess Bagadoff."

"I feel this fact so keenly, that I intend to order the words, '*le frère de Madame la princesse de Bagadoff*,' to be engraved on my visiting card, as that marquis called himself *l'époux de Madame Catalini*."

The princess laughed, a short, harsh laugh, without any tinge of mirth. "You are pleased to be facetious, Elmar, but it is true that my title illumines your name also."

"Let us not digress, my dear sister, in *my* primer at least the alphabet is printed in regular order. My double *rôle* as 'royal brother' and 'possible candidate for matrimony' did not suit me at all. I performed my functions of chamberlain very poorly, and hastened to offer my ardent homage to the prettiest and most interesting girl in the place. This excited my beautiful sister's indignation, and caused many unpleasant scenes between us."

"In which you alone were to blame, Elmar; you alone!"

"I don't deny my guilt, Kathinka. Any one who has any knowledge of your character will consider that a matter of course. But to continue — your displeasure did not fall solely upon me, you gave the young lady very decided proofs of it, and ——"

"I only reproved her want of good breeding, and kept her at a proper distance. The insolent daughter of the wealthy merchant treated me with an indifference, which I will not allow to be shown either to my position or person."

"I am no competent judge in this matter, for you know that in my eyes the Bagadoffs are not surrounded by the halo in which they appear to you. But no matter — I thought it my duty to increase my attentions to the young lady, in the exact proportion in which you loaded her with slights. This seemed to me a proper compensation, since the slights were inflicted upon her on my account. And — understand me fully, Kathinka — I shall continue to pursue this course, and measure my attentions according to the very liberal standard by which you dispense your incivilities. Thus it may happen that, half against my will, I shall be driven into a marriage, to prevent which would scarcely be in your power."

Katharina started up; her face was

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

again distorted with anger, she approached her brother and hissed through her clenched teeth, "You dare to speak openly of a marriage — you dare to defy me. Beware, Elmar! I am capable of everything if I am roused."

Elmar raised his eyebrows. "I know it, my dear Kathinka! And as we are speaking so frankly to each other — what would you do to prevent my marriage with Caroline Sternau?"

Kathinka paced up and down the veranda in great agitation, then approached the railing and gazed over the sea, and finally resumed her restless wanderings. The shawl had slipped from her shoulders, and the evening breeze, which had grown stronger since sunset, swept over her bare shoulders with an icy chill. She drew the lost wrap over them again, and said, —

"I am freezing, Elmar. These low-necked dresses are really ridiculous."

"The fashion is not so absurd as its adoption. Why do you commit the folly of dressing here on the downs as if you were going to appear at court?"

"These are things you do not understand, my dear Elmar; and so you really will not marry this Caroline Sternau, it was only to tease me that you paid her such marked attention?"

Elmar sighed, and said with comic despair, "Really, Katharina, the gods themselves would argue with you in vain."

"Do you really perceive that, my dear Elmar? Then you will not try it again, and disgrace your family by this *mésalliance*."

"I don't know why a marriage with the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the rich consul Sternau should be such a terrible *mésalliance* for a Baron von Altenborn, to say nothing of the very aristocratic Bagadoffs."

The princess drew herself up, and this time fixed her restless eyes steadily on her brother's face, as she said scornfully, "True, you are right, the family has been accustomed to *mésalliances* of late."

Elmar started, his composure seemed to have deserted him, the veins on his forehead swelled with anger, and his voice grew loud and threatening as he exclaimed, —

"Beware, Katharina! I can bear much from you, but this is the limit of my endurance."

"Pshaw! As if I did not suffer from it just as much as you. What do I say? — as much? — more, far more, for it gave you ——"

"Enough, Katharina! Say no more!" and the usually quiet voice sounded so imperious that the princess timidly cast down her eyes. But the next instant she said coaxingly, —

"You cannot blame me for hating this marriage: I would rather know you were betrothed to the ugly little girl we saw with the pastor's family."

Elmar laughed. "Because you think yourself safe there, Kathinka!"

"Not at all. Though poor, she is at least of good family, her mother, I am told, was a Kroneck."

"Very well; henceforth I will direct my attention to the ugly little girl. I have even anticipated your favorable opinion of the child, for Herr von Wehlen saw me this morning engaged in such a pleasant *tête-à-tête* with her, that he was considerate enough to try to pass by without disturbing us."

Katharina shrugged her shoulders. "You think me a little too simple, my good Elmar. Unfortunately I saw you alone with Herr von Wehlen, when you took leave of him to call on Caroline Sternau, a call which, in defiance of all etiquette, was prolonged for hours."

"Ah! so that was the cause of this scene. Could you not in future direct your glasses towards some more interesting object than your brother? You are wasting your time, for I fear I shall never duly appreciate your sympathy."

The princess laughed, but made no reply, and only plucked at her shawl, whose fringe had been in great danger of being completely destroyed during the conversation.

Elmar continued: "As our subject seems to be exhausted, Kathinka, you will perhaps allow me to retire?"

"Not yet, my dear Elmar, there is still one trifling matter to discuss. Markout has just collected the bills, they amount to the round sum of a thousand thalers for each of us."

"You are joking, Kathinka. That is impossible."

"Unfortunately you men never have an idea of what housekeeping really costs. You know how much I have economized, for it is really almost improper for me to have no carriage here."

"It would certainly have been worth while to bring it from Altenborn to drive up and down the dusty highway; we have learned, to our entire satisfaction, that the forest roads are only fit for light wagons. I will examine Markout's accounts, and next time ——"

"You must not do that, Elmar!" interrupted the fair Kathinka, with all her

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

former vehemence. "Markout would think we suspected him, and leave my service."

"That would be a great blessing to us both, which he unfortunately will not bestow. I could have spent the season in Paris for the sum we have squandered in this miserable hole, and at least had some pleasure for my money."

"How calculating you are, Elmar! you will be a perfect miser in your old age, if you have such strange ideas at seven-and-twenty."

"I merely want to make the means correspond with the end, and therefore think this constant throwing money away extremely nonsensical."

The beautiful woman's eyes flashed impatiently, and the fringe of her shawl was in greater danger than ever. "Will you tell me what you mean by throwing money away?"

"Very willingly, if you wish it. The mania, for instance, of adorning the table every-day with the rarest flowers, which must be brought from the main land, and then sent from Wollin by a special messenger."

The princess's lips curled scornfully. "That is your German narrow-mindedness, my dear Elmar. With us Russians——"

"How long have you considered yourself a Russian, Kathinka? I think you have very little reason to do so."

"It is unkind to reproach me with my misfortune, Elmar!"

He must have thought so himself, for he rose, and approaching his sister held out his hand. "Forgive me, Kathinka, but you would know how to irritate the most patient man."

She held his hand clasped closely in her own, and, bending affectionately towards him, murmured, "And you will pay the bills, and not vex Markout by examining them?"

"Yes," he answered, sighing, "but only on condition that the next accounts do not exceed one-half of this sum. These mounted messengers, who are despatched to Wollin for every trifle, these telegrams to all quarters of the globe for articles that are not used and finally spoil, must be abolished, and I shall speak to Markout about it."

Kathinka could not have been much alarmed by her brother's seriousness, for she laughed and said roguishly, "Really, I need not grudge Caroline Sternau such a bear of a husband. But don't be uneasy, my dear Elmar, no one is more willing to economize than I. You know I have only one thought, one interest. To secure a brilliant future for my little Carlos is the sole object of my life, and I will cheerfully endure any deprivation to advance a step near to this goal."

Her brother's face revealed none of the amusement so often aroused by the freaks of the fair Katharina; on the contrary, a deep shadow rested upon it, which seemed scarcely justified by his sister's words. He threw his cigar over the balustrade with an impatient gesture, and turning towards her said gravely, —

"I believe our subject is now really exhausted, so farewell for the present, Kathinka. I am going to take a walk on the beach."

The princess looked after him with an expression of quiet satisfaction, and her restless eyes remained fixed upon his figure as he strode over the down. "Resist as much as you choose, my dear Elmar," she murmured, "you are in my power, and my——" She paused, as if startled by what she had intended to say, then hastily rose and, as if afraid of being alone, rang the bell, and told the servant to ask Fräulein Molly to join her with little Carlos.

From Temple Bar.

ANDERSEN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

BY ANNIE WOOD.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN has so recently passed away, that his memory must still be fresh and green in the minds of those who knew him personally; but to the much wider outer circle, who only knew him through his marvellous fairy tales, some slight account of his strong personal attachments may neither be out of place nor without interest at the present time.

Two very marked features in Hans Andersen's character were his intense belief in himself, and his infatuated love of admiration. His lonely childhood, struggling boyhood, and the stern hardships of his early career as a young man fostered in him a belief in his own powers which his success in after years perhaps fully justified, and which rendered him so keenly eager for the appreciation and the expressed affection of all those who crossed his path in life, whether young or old, rich or poor, of high or of low estate. Being the centre of his own interest through life he never ceased to live in

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

a world of fancy and imagination, the existence of which was accepted by those around him, but only vaguely understood — hence it was natural that he imparted to those with whom he stayed a touch of the simplicity of his own nature, and won in return the affection he craved from every human being with whom he came in contact.

As years went on, and his fairy-tales became the charm and delight of homes all over the world, Andersen not only accepted as his rightful reward the expression of personal gratitude and admiration for his efforts to please his readers, but felt hurt and neglected if he did not receive it privately as well as publicly. He was a child in all things, with a man's power of expressing the genius within him, and had a child's delight in praise with a child's eager belief in its genuineness, no matter how humble the source whence it came, or how simple the language in which it was conveyed. In his own country Andersen was loved and welcomed in every household, but children especially worshipped him wherever he went. Ugly and ungainly as he was in outward appearance, he had a peculiar power of fascinating the young that was quite remarkable. A touch of his hand would soothe the most fractious child, angry passions or sullen tempers would disappear like magic under the sympathetic influence of this strange, uncouth being, who seemed to possess the key to that must mysterious thing, a child's mind, and to be able to understand and adapt himself to all their varying moods, and inborn but undeveloped thoughts. Much as he courted the notice of the great and lordly, and delighted in their expressions of praise for his works and affection for himself, Andersen loved best to know that his tales pleased the childen, and that *they* thought it good of him to take so much trouble to amuse them.

"I will show you one of the dearest treasures I possess," said he to me one day, after recounting the fine things kings and princes had given and written to him, and reading to me many charming letters from the gifted and great of Europe. "I carry it next my heart; it keeps me warm, and I love it more than words can express."

From a pocket inside his waistcoat he produced a worn, crumpled paper with writing on it in a large childish hand.

"No, you must not touch it, it is for me alone," he said, in his vain, simple manner, when I put forth my hand to take it. "I will read it to you, and you shall hear how the children love me in England."

It was from Livingstone's little daughter, and was as follows: —

DEAR HANS ANDERSEN, — I do like your fairy-tales so much, that I would like to go and see you, but I cannot do that, so I thought I would write to you; when papa comes home from Africa, I will ask him to take me to see you. My favorite stories in one book are "The Goloshes of Fortune" and some others. My papa's name is Dr. Livingstone. I am sending you papa's autograph. I will say good-bye to you, and a happy new year. — I am your affectionate little friend,

ANNA MARY LIVINGSTONE.

P. S. — Please write to me soon; my address is on the first page, and please send me your card.

When he had finished reading it, he kissed it softly, and putting it tenderly back in its place said, —

"Don't you think I am a happy man, to have all the world love me like that?"

Then he went on to tell me how he had answered the letter, and continued the correspondence with the little English maiden whom he had never seen, and how bitterly disappointed and grieved he felt when he heard that the great traveller her father was dead, and he knew for certain that he should never be able to "press his hand" in this world. For his "dear little Anna's" sake he had often hoped to become personally acquainted with the renowned explorer, and the tears rolled down his old furrowed cheeks in genuine sympathy as he read the daughter's letter to him giving an account of her father's funeral. Nothing perhaps is more characteristic of the dear old man's inborn vanity and appreciation of his own merits than his remark as he folded up the letter.

"Yes, Livingstone was a great man, and did much good, but he was not loved in the hearts of the world as I am. When *I* die *every one* will come and put flowers on my coffin."

And sure enough every one did who could get into the church a year after, during the funeral service read over the remains of the most unique man who ever lived.

The letter is as follows: —

Sept. 24, 1874.

MY DEAR HANS ANDERSEN, — I have often thought of you since you wrote to me last, and wished to write to you, but I could not do so before. You would see from the newspapers the great sorrow we have had this year. I did so expect to have had papa take me to see you in Denmark. Instead of going the dif-

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ferent places I fully intended to with papa, I was obliged to take the sad journey to London to see him buried in Westminster Abbey. Both my aunts were there, and also my brothers and sister. We had all wreaths of pure white flowers to put on his coffin. At one o'clock the procession entered the abbey, and the coffin was placed on velvet tressels. It was covered with a black velvet pall, edged with white silk, and the top of the coffin was covered with white wreaths and palm-leaves. While the procession was moving along the organ played most beautifully. Then we all sang that hymn, —

> O God of Bethel, by whose hand
> Thy people still are fed,
> Who through this weary pilgrimage
> Hast all our fathers led.

Then the procession to the grave formed. Immediately after the coffin came grandpapa (Dr. Moffat) and my two brothers, Thomas and Oswell. Next came my sister and myself, and behind us my aunts, and then friends. When the coffin was set down at the grave, which was all draped in black, Agnes, my sister, and I had to lay our wreaths on the coffin, and then my aunts laid theirs. One of my aunts from the south of England laid a wreath of violets and primroses from a lane that papa liked to walk in very much. We were ranged round close to the grave, and a beautiful anthem was sung, called, "His Body was Buried in Peace." Then the dean read the funeral service and all was over. The abbey was crowded, and the vergers of the abbey said they had never seen such a number of people in Westminster Abbey since the death of the prince consort. There was a funeral service preached in the abbey the next Sunday. The picture of me which I send you is taken just as I stood at papa's grave. It was my first visit to London. Papa's two colored servants were here seeing us last week. They were telling us a great many interesting things about papa, and one of them, called Chumah, made a little model of the grass hut in which papa died, and showed us the position of papa's bed in it. It is very interesting to us. I was very sorry to hear you had been ill; I hope you are better now.

I forgot to tell you that our beloved queen sent a most lovely white wreath, and she and the Prince of Wales had their carriages at the abbey.

I have told you all I know, so with much love, I am your ever loving

ANNA MARY LIVINGSTONE.

Andersen had the happy, rare gift of creeping into people's hearts, and of becoming a part of the family in whatever household he entered. Whether it was his quick sympathies with the young people, or the charm of his own simple nature, which accepted each act of affection and kindness as his right by reason of the genius he possessed, it would be difficult to say, but certain it is that in each country he visited, as well as in his own land, he gained the sincere and lasting friendship of all those with whom he sojourned for a time.

Andersen enjoyed writing and receiving letters to an extent that would have been a severe tax on any one who did not live in a world so completely his own as he did. No detail concerning his friends wearied him, so long as it referred to their feelings, thoughts, and hopes of him and his works. He liked to be told over and over again that he was not forgotten, and men as well as women petted and spoiled *him* to his heart's content. He knew every one of any note in the world, and found time to write to them all. One of the friends he loved best was the Swedish nightingale Jenny Lind, whose voice he thought had been lent to us on earth to give us a foretaste of what heaven would be hereafter.

More than thirty years since the sweet singer wrote to him in her earnest, kindly way: —

In a letter just received I hear that you have "shed tears" over my silence. I am sorry for this, so I at once send you a few lines in order to put an end to your distress, and to beg you, my kind friend and brother, to assure me quickly that I am reinstated in your good graces.

Inexpressible thanks for your beautiful tales! I think they are the very sweetest and best, dear friend, you have yet written. . . . I scarcely know to which to give the preference — but perhaps "The Ugly Duckling" is the most beautiful. Ah! it is indeed a wonderful gift to be able to clothe your beautiful thoughts in words . . . to make a slip of paper tell the world so eloquently that the ablest and best is often concealed under a poor exterior, till the day of transformation arrives, when the beauty of soul is revealed at last. Thank you — thank you for such a lovely story! I long for the time to come when I can tell my kind friend face to face how proud I am of his friendship, and express by word of mouth the pleasure his writings give me. . . . Dear friend, everything is so nice around me. . . . My room is bright and sunny, and I have a nightingale and a goldfinch. . . . Sometimes one is silent, and then the other will hop up on his perch, look about him so bright and happy, and putting aside his tiny jealousy do his best to enliven his silent companion by singing a song so high, so deep, so loving, and so ringing, that I take my seat beside him and raise a silent prayer of thanksgiving to Him who "made so much to come from weakness." Ah! I am happy, happy! I feel as if I had found refuge in a peaceful port after buffeting on a stormy sea. . . . I have suffered a great deal . . . but I can bow my head

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

before the throne of grace and cry from my heart, God's will be done in all things!

Farewell! — Your affectionate sister-friend,

JENNY.

Write to me again quickly. I won't ask for a long letter — but it is always *such* a pleasure to receive and read letters from you.

This correspondence was continued through life, only broken here and there by personal interviews with the sweet singer of the north, which added warmth and vigor to the renewed interchange of letters.

It was Jenny Lind who first impressed Andersen with the sacred holiness of art, and through her, he says himself, he learned to forget himself in the service of the Supreme. No books and no human being had a better or more ennobling influence on him as a poet, than she had; and he worshipped her in consequence, as his ideal of true womanhood.

When Andersen travelled abroad he met many whose names and works were familiar to him, in an incidental, characteristic manner, which charmed his simple, childlike nature, and with whom he afterwards became close and affectionate friends.

Once when travelling through the lakes of Sweden he expressed a great desire to see Fredrika Bremer.

"I am afraid it will be impossible this time," replied the captain of the boat, to whom the remark was addressed, "as she is just now in Norway."

"I know I shall be lucky and see her in spite of that," replied Andersen laughing; "I always get what I most wish for — and I *must* see her this time."

An hour or two later on the captain returned to Andersen's side, and said smiling, —

"You are indeed a lucky fellow to have your wishes so quickly fulfilled. Miss Bremer has just come on board, and will finish the trip with us to Stockholm."

Andersen regarded this announcement as a joke, but the next morning he rose early to see the sunrise, and found a lady, neither young nor old, on deck before him.

"That is Miss Bremer," he said to himself, and forthwith entered into conversation with her and introduced himself by name.

With her, as with others, he at once became intimate, and succeeded so well in interesting her in his personal history, that she wrote to him shortly after this first interview: —

Sept. 3, 1837.

Just as I intended writing to you, dear Herr Andersen, I received your O. T.,* which is an extra and pleasant reason for carrying out my purpose. Thank you warmly and heartily for all. I have only seen you for a few hours, and yet I seem to know you well, and feel as if I must write to you as to an old friend. Accept this confession from me, in the place of all those kindly remarks one makes to a young author, or to a person from whom one expects many acts of friendliness.

I shall read your book with great delight. My mother, who always enjoys your works, desires me to greet you kindly for her, and to forward you her warm thanks.

Farewell, dear Andersen, and be happy. — Your Swedish friend,

FREDRIKA BREMER.

Contrary to Andersen's usual habit of not voluntarily subjecting himself to adverse remarks on the productions of his pen, he sought Miss Bremer's opinion on his works, and begged her more than once to express it fearlessly, and to tell him exactly the impression left on her mind after the perusal of each of his books, which she did, and then in her pleasant, charming style added: —

If I have written too freely all my thoughts and sentiments on your books, then pardon me. But it is your own fault, inasmuch as you have planted in me a strong feeling of confidence in you. I shall never forget all you told me about yourself and your early childhood. I shall always take a warm interest in your future, to which I shall look forward with eager hope, at least as regards your writings. . . .

"I am always a steadfast friend, Andersen," she said the last time she saw him, as she laid her hand on his. She had indeed been a "steadfast friend" to him, and no wonder the tears rolled down his cheeks when he heard of her death, and said softly, "In her letters I have a treasure and a memory."

Another time, when in Paris, Andersen was accosted by a little man of Jewish cast. "I hear you are a Dane," said he. "I am German. Danes and Germans are brothers. Here is my hand!"

"Your name?" asked the fairy-tale writer, thoroughly enjoying this eccentric introduction, and eagerly curious to know the name of the one who thus addressed him.

"Heinrich Heine!"

"Ah! I *am* glad. I have wished so much to see and know you — your songs are the expression of my thoughts and feelings ——"

* "O. T. and Only a Fiddler," a work by Andersen then just published.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Only phrases," said Heine smiling; "you would have sought me out if you had really wished to see me."

"No," replied Hans Andersen simply; "you might have thought it absurd in me, who am a Danish poet unknown to you, to seek you, and I would rather have gone without seeing you than have had you laugh at me — it would have hurt me all the more because I estimate you so highly."

Thus began an intimacy which in after years ripened into true friendship. Just before Andersen left Paris for Italy, the German poet wrote to him in a strain after Andersen's own heart: —

I should have wished, my dear colleague, to scribble a few verses to you, but to-day I cannot even write prose. Farewell! I wish you a pleasant journey to Italy. When you return home write down in German what you have felt and seen in Italy. That would make me very happy. H. HEINE.

After leaving France, where he had enjoyed many evenings in company with Rachel, Victor Hugo, Dumas, and others of note, Andersen entered Germany. He travelled along the Rhine, and stopping at St. Goar, inquired for the poet Freiligrath.

When he arrived at the house Andersen walked in, found the poet sitting at his table busy with his papers, and said in his low, pleasant tones, "I could not pass by without paying my respects to you."

"That is kind of you," returned Freiligrath coldly, somewhat annoyed at the intrusion, and far from guessing who his visitor might be. "May I ask your name?"

"We have one and the same friend, Chamisso!" replied Andersen quietly.

The poet jumped up from his seat with a cry of joy, exclaiming, "You are then Andersen!" threw his arms round his neck and hugged him to his heart.

"You must stop here a few days," said Freiligrath presently. "My friends will want to see you — and you *must* learn to know my wife, for you were the incidental means of our being married."

"Ah! that is nice — but how?"

"Well, we had a correspondence about your book 'Only a Fiddler,' and that led to our getting fond of one another."

Saying which the poet called to his wife, and presented her to Andersen, with whom she soon became warm friends.

At last, after lingering through the beautiful Hartz Mountains, Andersen reached Leipzig, where he spent what he called a "truly poetical evening" with Robert Schumann. For several years previously he had carried on a correspondence with the German composer. In 1842 Schumann had written to him: —

What must you think of me for leaving your letter, which delighted me to receive, so long unanswered? But I did not wish to appear before you empty-handed — although I know that I am in fact only giving back to you what I at first received from you. Accept my music — the music I have set to your words in a friendly spirit. Perhaps, at first, it will strike you as quaint and peculiar. But then your poems had that effect on me at first! And the more I studied them the more quaint became my music — hence, the fault is yours. . . . My wife has told me so much about you, and I have had your person so often described to me in detail, that I believe I should know you if I met you by accident. Are you not already known to me through your poems, your "Improvisatore" and your exquisite "Only a Fiddler"? Have I not also a complete translation of your smaller poems? Truly they contain many gems for musicians.

What could be more flattering to Hans Andersen than the touching homage of such a letter from a man of Schumann's genius?

Then again, a couple of years later, the German composer writes to say that he will "devote all his powers" to composing the music to one of Andersen's pieces, so no wonder the sweet story-teller of Denmark enjoyed, at last, a face-to-face interview with Schumann, in his own home, with his gifted wife by his side. Andersen never could forget the impression of unmixed pleasure left on his mind by that first evening spent in such goodly company; the poet and the composer alone listening to the exquisite music played and sung to them by Madame Schumann and her accomplished friend, Madame Frege.

In 1847 Andersen visited England. Here he made many friends, went out a great deal, and saw, according to his own account, not only much of "high life," but "several of the country's most excellent men and women." He learned to know Dickens and to love him with a warm and brotherly affection which continued through life. This affection was fully returned by Dickens, for, years after, he wrote to Andersen: —

When are you coming to see us again? In these years you have not faded out of the hearts of the English people, but have become even better known and more beloved than when you saw them for the first time. When Aladdin shall have come out of those caves of science to run a triumphant course on earth and make us all wiser and better — as I know

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

you will — you ought to come for another visit. We would all do our best to make you happy. . . .

. . . I have had the heartiest pleasure in hearing from you again, and I assure you that I love and esteem you more than I could tell you on as much paper as would pave the whole road from here to Copenhagen. — Ever your affectionate friend, CHARLES DICKENS.

Andersen enjoyed his visit to England, and appreciated to the full the kindness and attention bestowed on him by all those who took pleasure in entertaining him; but the one spot which ever after lay nearest his heart — the place perhaps dearest to him outside his own beloved country — was Seven Oaks — the residence of his loved and esteemed friend, Mr. Richard Bentley. There he felt thoroughly at home.

Andersen's nature was essentially a grateful one. If once assured of the unbiased good-will of those whom he loved, he always remembered and spoke of them with unfailing affection. Now and again he would express his gratitude for past favors in a quaint fashion, so charming in itself, that he made one love him, if possible, more than before.

His visit to Seven Oaks left a halo of fascination in his memory which shone forth in after years at odd, unexpected moments, forcing one to acknowledge the deep, tender affection he had for the family, while one smiled at the simple, childlike way in which it was expressed.

I remember on one occasion at a singularly happy breakfast party, when every one was in a genial, pleasant mood, and the spirit of harmony seemed to have breathed itself into each person present — the coffee was delicious, the bread and fruit and various dishes all that could be desired — Andersen, who had been enjoying himself more than usual, rose from his seat and said quietly, —

"Friends, I will say grace!"

Then raising his hands and bowing his gaunt figure low over the table, he said in a reverential, hushed, but audible tone: —

"I thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast permitted me to enjoy another breakfast such as I had at Mr. Bentley's! Amen!"

For a moment I thought the dear old man had lost his senses, or was making fun, but a glance at his earnest face rebuked the idea, and I felt ashamed of my mistake. Higher praise he could not give, either to those around him or to the good things on the table than to liken them to similar breakfasts enjoyed at Seven Oaks, and in his simple fashion he said so.

His stay with Dickens was a "bright point" in his life, and he found it very hard to say farewell when the time came for him to leave; but over and over again I have heard him say in reference to "home," as he called Seven Oaks, that *there* he felt at peace. "Friends are treated like the sons and daughters while they are there," he said another time, "and to be the son of that old man, the father, warmed my heart to deep feeling."

When Andersen heard of the death of Dickens he said sorrowfully, "All's over, and that happens to all stories," and went away alone to weep. But when the news reached him of the death of his former host at Seven Oaks, he murmured, "My best friend is gone! He loved me, and oh! how I loved him!"

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE CZAR'S CLEMENCY; A POLISH PRIEST'S STORY.

I.

THE governor of the district of Podlaquia sent for me and said in French, "Casimir Barinski has been pardoned, and will return from Siberia to-day. He is to reside in this town of Dolw. I rely upon you to impress on him that he must show himself deserving of the czar's clemency by the most scrupulous loyalty henceforth."

I bowed humbly and retired.

So many Poles from the district of Podlaquia were transported after the rebellion of 1863–4 that nine persons out of ten might not have remembered who Casimir Barinski was; but I knew very well. I am the priest of the town of Dolw, which has but one Catholic parish, a great number of the population being Jews; and I keep a register, in which I have entered the names and alleged crimes of those among my parishioners who have suffered for our national cause. The police, who pay me frequent domiciliary visits, have asked more than once what I mean by keeping this register; but I have always answered that, in the event of his Majesty deigning to pardon any of the misguided men or women who joined in the civil war, it is good that I should preserve some record of their individual offences, so as to caution them against relapsing into the same on their return. I have also had the honor of explaining to

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the chief of the police that the notes, which I have preserved as to the characters of the offenders, would enable me to address each with the words of admonition best suited to him.

The police, seeing how very unfavorable are all these character notes, have been satisfied till now; but I think they would be less pleased could they guess that every censorious epithet bears in my eyes a contrary sense, and that by certain cryptographic signs of my own, such as the shape of capital letters and the position of commas, I am able to reconstruct at a glance the true and private history of the exiles, whom my entries appear one and all to condemn.

Thus, I consulted my register on getting home, and found by a large hooked *k* in Casimir Barinski's name that he had done nothing whatever worthy of punishment; the words *quarrelsome* and *disingenuous* reminded me at the same time of his courage and candor. He was barely twenty when exiled in 1863, along with his father and three brothers, who had all died since, as I heard, in the mines of Oural. His mother was dead likewise, and his only sister, Eveline, was married and settled in France. Every one knows that the Barinskis have been from father to son staunch patriots; and I have no doubt that, if the occasion had offered, Casimir would have drawn his sword for Poland, as others of his family did; but it happened that the insurrection had not yet spread to Dolw when the father and his sons were all arrested one night and sent away to Siberia, without even the form of a trial. Such proceedings were not exceptional in those days. The denunciation of a spy was enough; and a semicolon apprised me that the spy who had betrayed the Barinskis was Countess Paulina Marienha, who still resides in our town.

I stood pensively looking at the semicolon for nearly half an hour, then closed the register, and went out to pay a visit to the Countess Marienha.

She was at home in her large old mansion of the Artillery Square. Her maid, the red-haired Jewess, Rebecca, conducted me to her boudoir, and I found her deep in her favorite occupation of drinking Caravan tea, and telling her own fortune with a pack of cards. She had just turned up the knave of hearts when I entered.

Paulina Marienha was close upon forty, but could have passed herself off for thirty, and I believe did. The proverbial beauty of Polish women was all hers; with her dark hair, large eyes, lithe figure, and dazzling complexion, she quite realized the Lithuanian poet's description of his countrywomen: "Frisky as kittens, white as cream, under their black eyelashes their eyes sparkle like stars." I have never known any woman exercise such fascination on those who approached her, so that even I, her confessor, found that the sins which she avowed to me had not such a bad appearance as the sins of other people. She had coaxing ways and a childlike manner of pouting, by placing her hands before her face and crying real tears when rebuked, the which made me often wonder whether she was as conscious as ordinary grown-up persons of the enormity of the things which she did. Her laugh was as seductive as her weeping; and, notwithstanding that she was so near middle age, there was not a wrinkle on her white brow, though God and I knew too well what deep lines would have been imprinted there if the fearful secrets of her heart had each left a mark.

Rebecca, the Jewess, placed my shovel-hat on a *chiffonnière* and brought me a cup; then left us. When I was alone with the countess, who was wrapped up in a pale-blue satin dressing-gown, and had a number of jewelled rings on her finger, I said to her, —

"Paulina, Casimir Barinski has been pardoned and is coming back."

"That is my knave of hearts," she answered, pointing to her cards; "I knew it announced a fair stranger."

"Casimir has been in exile thirteen years, and those years count double."

"Poor fellow! but a man is still young at thirty-three."

"If Casimir should still be young in heart if he should still feel for you as he once did, you must not trifle with him as you did last time, eh?"

"What an idea, father!" And she laughed with the coquetry of a girl of eighteen. "Who would fall in love with an old woman of my age?"

"Pauline," I said, with more sadness than severity, "not one of the patriot Poles, save myself, whose lips are sealed, knows of the treacherous part you played towards our countrymen. You are respected as one of the mainstays of our cause; you give alms and are beloved; and yet it was you who sent those Barinskis, with numerous others, into exile."

"Well, I confessed it to you, and you gave me absolution," she replied, preparing to pout. "You have no right to reproach me with an old story now."

"I do not reproach you, but being igno-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

rant how far you are dealing faithfully with us now, I appeal to you not to do the same thing again. Casimir's only crime was that he made love to you at a time when you were flirting with some one whom you liked better."

"He plagued me with his outbursts of jealousy," she said, assuming her plaintive tone. "As to doing the same thing again, why should you deem me capable of it? Do not I attend your confessional every week, and tell you the smallest of my sins?"

"Alas! it is the smallness of your sins, Paulina, which makes me fear that you have some other private confessor to whom you retail the big ones," said I, stirring my tea, with a sigh, for I knew the duplicity of women. At this I noticed that she changed color, but she laughed at the same moment, and asked where I could have learned of such tricks. "Is it possible that some women can split their confessions into halves, and divide them between two priests?" she said.

"Yes, and I believe that is your case," I replied sternly. "Will you look in my eyes and affirm it is not so?"

"Oh, I will look into your eyes for a whole hour," she ejaculated, opening wide her eyeballs as they do to amuse children. "I am a better penitent than you think, father. There is not a naughty thing I do but you hear of it. However, if you find my sins too small I can make them larger."

I chid her for this profanity, and we talked for a while of other things; then I left her. But I was not without misgivings.

Paulina Marienha had no religion, but she was superstitious as an old peasant woman. I believe she imagined herself adroit enough to throw dust into the eyes of the saints, and get into heaven under cover of her mere good works. What with her prayers and alms, the votive tapers she burned, and the fine gifts she made to adorn our Lady-altar, the account of her benefactions exceeded that of most pious Christians: and she alluded to this fact with the utmost complacency, as though the doors of paradise could never be decently closed to one who had laid up so much treasure there as she. I am afraid that she never scrupled to tell untruths, but she would not have let a week pass without confessing these falsehoods to some priest in order to get absolved from them.

I have observed that women who habitually resort to confession are much more liable to commit atrocities than others. They look upon their shrift as a wiping off of all old scores, and a license to begin sinning afresh. I have heard a peasant woman threaten to poison her husband, adding that when he was safe under ground she would make her confession, do a penance of a long prayers, and then live with a conscience clear, owing to absolution. Paulina Marienha was a Catholic who would have considered herself quit of any crime on the same terms. She had once poured out her whole soul to me, but finding me firm in the doctrine that divine pardon can only be earned by a true repentance as shown in altered modes of life, she grew reticent, and from that day forth began to confess to me only trifles, which it was a trouble to listen to with patience. Evidently she told me many untruths in answer to the searching questions I put her; but what could a few falsehoods signify more or less to a woman who would relieve herself by repairing to the confessional of some obscure village priest, to whom she was unknown, and, after telling him things to make his hair stand on end, purchase absolution by a donation which led him to believe in the fervor of her charity? There are many good men among my country brethren who would not have absolved Paulina Marienha if they had known her as I did, but one cannot marvel that simple-minded ministers should often have been deceived by the well-dressed lady who would kneel and weep by the hour until forgiven. Besides there may have been some of the poorer ones who truly thought that her gifts atoned for a great deal.

Two days after my conversation with the countess, I was saying early mass in our church of St. Stanislas, when a tall man, in furred boots, walked up the nave and knelt reverently near the chancel rail. I recognized him at a glance for Casimir Barinski.

There was never such a handsome family in Dolw as the Barinskis. The men looked proud and bold, though gentle as women; and the women had the high spirit and courage of their brothers. But if I had not known Casimir was coming back I might have gazed twice before guessing which one of the family this was, for he had aged so as to be the image of the dead father. His brown beard was streaked with grey, his shoulders stooped, and his eyes were cavernous, with the melancholy of long suffering. He cast a mild glance at me, and our eyes met as I

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

faced my scanty congregation, chiefly composed of women, and said, "*Dominus vobiscum.*"

I could not help hurrying a little through the service, for my heart beat as fast as my lips moved, and as I passed down the chancel I beckoned to Casimir to follow me. As soon as we were in the sacristy we fell into each other's arms, and I held him to me as if I had found a lost son.

"Father, father," he sobbed. "I thought I should never see any of you again."

"God is good, my son," I said, wiping my eyes. "And your brothers, your father? is it true that——"

"Yes, they are dead," he replied, with calm sorrow. "You did hear of it, then?"

"Alas, yes! but the news that comes from Siberia is so uncertain that I thought there might be hope."

"They died of privations and of grief, father; I wonder how I survived them."

"Heaven be praised that you did; and you are strong and well?"

"With such strength and health as you see," he answered, pointing to his grizzling beard, which in the dim light of the sacristy looked greyer than in the church.

We said nothing more then because of my sacristan, who came in. Nicholas Levitski, a conceited Jew, was a man in whose presence it was well to hold one's peace, for, without transgressing charity, I may say that words which dropped into his ears were not lost. He smiled with unctuous humility, and walked round Casimir as if smelling him, like a watch-dog does a stranger.

"You will come and breakfast with me?" I said to Casimir, and I had soon removed my chasuble and surplice; then I opened the door, and we stepped across the street to my small presbytery. I promise you that I embraced the poor boy again when I was out of Nicholas Levitski's sight. I made him sit down by the glazed stove in the dining-room, and called to my old servant, Elizabeth, to prepare us the best meal she could.

Elizabeth was apt to grumble when I brought home a guest without having forewarned her, so, before obeying me, she came in to take a peep at the stranger. But when I had pronounced Casimir Barinski's name, she knelt down at his feet, as the women always do before a returned exile, and asked him his blessing as if he had come back from the dead. He made the sign of the cross upon her forehead, and simply said, "God prosper all such of thy wishes as are good!" Thereon Elizabeth, who was crying, went off to the butcher's to fetch some veal chops: the worthy soul would have gone barefoot to market through the snow to feed an exile. As for me I uncorked a bottle of white Crimean wine, and, while we were waiting breakfast, sought to draw from Casimir an account of the things he had suffered. He answered obligingly, but I soon saw that his reminiscences distressed him. He was not like a traveller who returns from a far country, and is happy to astonish people with his marvellous adventures; if I wrote down but a part of what he told me, you would understand that thirteen years of such things as he endured are more gladly forgotten than recounted, even to a friend whose questions are not prompted by idle curiosity. I am too old a man not to know that at Camisir's age it is more natural to look forward than behind, so I ended by asking him what he was going to do now.

"Why, I shall marry my pretty Ioulka (Juliet) Zezioff," he said, brightening, and as though alluding to an affair settled long ago. "Where is the betrothed who has ever remained so faithful as she has to me?"

"Do you mean the late Dr. Zezioff's daughter?" I asked, astonished. "I was not even aware that she knew you."

"Ah, she has kept her secret then!" he said with a smiling face. "Why, she cut her hair off on the day I went away, and she has worn it short till now. She was seventeen then, and thirteen years have passed since then, but they have not rendered her less fair or tender."

"And did you love Ioulka before you went away, Casimir?"

"She loved me, and I love her now. I have done so ever since I thought upon her in my exile, and reflected how blind I had been not to accept the child-heart that was offered me. But it was generous of her to guess that I should repent, wasn't it? and to remain faithful to me exactly as if we had plighted our troths?"

"Does Ioulka's mother approve this match?"

"She approves it, and encouraged Ioulka's fidelity. To-day she placed her daughter's hand in mine, and she says it is owing to her prayers and Ioulka's that heaven sent me back."

It was as though a great weight had been lifted off my heart when I heard that Casimir Barinski was to marry Ioulka Zezioff, one of the most pious and sensible girls in our town. His life would not

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

be purposeless now, and there was no danger of his falling into trouble with such a good young creature for his wife. My only wonder was that neither Ioulka nor her mother, who were good friends of mine, had ever breathed a word about the engagement; but to be sure, those who remain faithful to Siberian exiles are like those who are wedded to the memory of the dead, and they cherish their love in silence. I had so little hope that Casimir would ever return, that I might have been the first to dissuade Ioulka from wasting her youth in waiting for him.

Now, however, I told Casimir that I trusted he would call upon me to solemnize his marriage as soon as possible; and thereupon we sat down to the veal chops and fried ham which Elizabeth had prepared. I was glad to see Casimir eat with a good appetite, but he was so thorough a gentleman that he may have done this out of politeness to me, his host. While we ate he inquired as to what changes had taken place in the town during his absence, and I could only give him a poor account of the lives we led under the harrows of our oppressors. Elizabeth, too, lifted up her voice, so that I was obliged to check her, for women's tongues often carry them too far.

One point, nevertheless, preoccupied me greatly; and when, breakfast being over, Casimir and I drew our chairs near the stove to drink our black coffee and smoke a pipe, I asked him whether he knew through whose intercession he had obtained his pardon.

He shook his head.

"I have not the least idea. Thousands of others who are more innocent than I will remain in Siberia all their lives. I thought you might know more about it than I."

"If I were speaking to any other but a Barinski," said I, "I might suppose that persecution had shaken your fidelity to our cause, as it has in other cases where the flesh is weak; but I know you too well to think you would crave a pardon by recanting. Have you any friends at court?"

"None that I know of," he replied, "and far from recanting I was often too outspoken in my loathing of Russian barbarity. I expect the chief inspector told me the truth when he said it was my poems that had procured me the pardon I never deigned to seek."

"Your poems, Casimir? Have you turned poet then?"

"A man must do something in those long Siberian evenings, which are eighteen hours long," he answered, with a smile and a slight blush. "I wrote some verses which the exiles repeated over their winter fires, and after I had been ten years at Irmsk, many of them had become familiar in the mouths of the colonists. One day when the chief inspector came on his half-yearly rounds, he alluded to these poems and asked whether I would give him copies of them. I did so, for there was no reason to refuse."

"Were they patriotic poems? Was there politics in them?"

"Oh no, they were ballads and sonnets such as the peasants in Lithuania and Ukraine might sing in wedding-feasts, or drone at funeral wakes. As I had composed them amid perennial snows I entitled them collectively 'Snowflakes.' They were enough to make a small volume."

"Which has been published?"

"So it seems, but not with my name to it, or with my leave. Three years passed after I had seen the chief inspector, and then he came again (it was not always the same man who came). 'I have had your verses printed,' said he; 'here are a thousand roubles as the price of the copyright, and the emperor's pardon along with them.' I thought he was joking, but the next morning the escort arrived to take me away in the sledges, and here I am."

I made no immediate answer, for I was plunged in deep thought. I remembered having seen on Countess Marienha's table a small volume with the title "Snowflakes," and I felt a presentiment that it must be she who had applied for Casimir's pardon. But if my suspicions were correct, and if Paulina had influence enough to bring back a proscript from Siberia, then it was evident that she must still be in the pay of the imperial police, and her treacherous friendship might be as dangerous to Casimir now as it had been of yore. I stood in woful straits, for I could not warn Casimir to stand aloof from a lady who enjoyed the respect of the Poles, and upon whom he would be sure to call as a matter of duty. All I knew to Paulina's disadvantage had been told me by herself in the confessional, and if I had divulged a word of it, I must have betrayed the most sacred trust of my ministry.

I could only rejoice that neither by word nor sign did Casimir give any indication of remembering the boyish passion which had brought him such cruel hardships. He did not once pronounce Paulina's name while we sat together.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

II.

It is not all to give an exile his pardon: one must afford him some means of living, and this the Russian government neglects to do. It also throws many obstacles in the way of a Pole's earning his bread as he best can.

The property of the Barinskis had been confiscated: not only their lands, but their personalties, even to the wine in their cellars, had been seized; and Casimir had to begin life afresh with the thousand roubles which a publisher had paid for his poems. He had been educated like a nobleman,—that is, he had learned many things superficially and nothing well, but he completed his education in exile, and he might have prospered either as a professor or a writer of books, had not the government imposed such rigorous conditions to his release as virtually chained both his tongue and his pen. Casimir was compelled to reside at Dolw, and was obliged to report himself at the police-office twice a week; he was prohibited from teaching children, from publishing a line not previously submitted to the press-censorship, and was warned, moreover, that if he attempted to leave the country, or to excite public sympathy for his wrongs, either by dilating upon them among his friends or by communicating with foreign newspapers, his pardon would instantly be revoked. These conditions were not made known to the proscript until his arrival at Dolw, but he had no alternative except submission, unless he would return to Siberia. For want of a better handicraft, he determined upon utilizing the metallurgical knowledge he had acquired in the mines of Oural, and hired himself out as a journeyman to a silversmith.

I felt sad and ashamed upon learning that the heir of the great family of Barinski was going to be employed as a smelter for less than a rouble a day by Solomon Paskoff, who keeps the jeweller's shop in the street of St. Isaac, close to the ancestral mansion of the Barinskis. This very street was formerly called after the Barinskis, and every day, in going to his work and returning from it, Casimir would pass by the home of his fathers, which was now the residence of the general who commands the garrison. He did not seem to mind this much; and as to his work, he said with resignation that he was glad to find a livelihood at all, for that Ioulka and her mother had only just enough to keep them, and he would have scrupled to take a wife, unless he could earn at least the bread he ate. Besides he hoped to be able to get away before long with his wife and mother-in-law and join his sister Eveline in France.

I owed Madame Zezioff and her daughter a call now that I knew of Ioulka's engagement, and so proceeded to their house, after vespers the day following that when I had seen Casimir. The Zezioffs lived in modest lodgings, without a servant, and did their cooking for themselves, though time was when they had had several servants, in the days when Dr. Zezioff was the chief practitioner in Dolw, before the civil war, where he was killed by a bullet in tending the wounded upon a battle-field. Ioulka's hands were covered with flour when she opened the door for me, and at the first compliment I uttered upon her coming marriage, she blushed and ran back to the kitchen. Her mother came forward, laughing, and led me into the drawing-room, where I found Casimir, who was seated near the stove with muddy boots, for he had been walking about the town all day in search of occupation.

It was then he told me that Solomon Paskoff had employed him, and we talked about this matter, Madame Zezioff seeming as concerned as I that no worthier field could be found for his talents. Presently Ioulka came back, with her hands washed, and sat down near her mother to hem a handkerchief, but she was all radiant with inward happiness and saw nothing to fret about, now that Casimir had returned in health. It takes a good deal to persuade a girl in love that the earth is not full of bright prospects. I noticed that there was a striking resemblance between mother and daughter: they looked like copies of the same engraving,—the one in pale tints, the other in bright. Madame Zezioff's hair was silver white, though she was no more than fifty, and her complexion was pale as wax; Ioulka's hair was glossy chestnut, and her features pink; but both had the same large hazel eyes and an identical voice, low and soft, which, as Milton truly says, is an excellent thing in woman.

The Zezioffs wanted me to stay for supper, but I had some parish visiting to do, and wished to avail myself of the evening, for we were in early summer. My visit was only one of congratulation: however, I lingered awhile, when Casimir said he would dictate to me the ages and full names of Ioulka and himself, to put in the banns, as he was desirous that no time should be lost in concluding the preliminaries of

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

his marriage, which I thought a wise resolve.

"We will be married in three weeks, father," he said, whilst I put on my spectacles and looked at Ioulka, who reddened again. "After that I will see if I cannot give the police the slip, and cross the Gallician frontier, with or without a passport."

"Take care, my son," I answered, for I was always fearful lest some one with ears like those of Nicholas Levitski should be eavesdropping. "Had not you better submit to the discomforts of this country, rather than risk worse by trying to leave it?"

"They will end by driving me mad, if I stay here," said Casimir, rather moodily.

"We will all cross the frontier disguised as peasants," said Ioulka, with as much hopefulness as if she were in her teens again.

"I do not wonder at your wishing to forsake a country which our oppressors render uninhabitable; and yet it is sad to me to see all of Poland's best sons who are not exiled, emigrate of their own will," said I.

"If I could do good by staying, I would stay," said Casimir, taking one of Ioulka's hands from her work and putting it between his own. "But of what use can I be here, father? In France I might take to authorship and publish what things our brothers in Siberia are suffering: not many of us come back to tell the tale."

"And you might write more poems," added Ioulka, softly.

"Yes, Casimir Barinski has turned poet," remarked Madame Zezioff, addressing me with a motherly pride in her glance. "He has told you of his book, has he not, father? The worst of it is that we had never heard of the 'Snowflakes,' and cannot procure a copy. Ioulka and I went the round of the booksellers this morning in vain."

"That proves that my genius has not yet set the world on fire," remarked Casimir, good-humoredly.

I did not say I knew where a copy of the poems was to be obtained, but in the next breath Casimir fortuitously mentioned Countess Marienha's name in a manner that caused me uneasiness.

"I want to find out where my sister Eveline is," he said; "but dare not write to France, for my letters would be opened by the Black Bureau at the post-office. I am told that the Countess Marienha still keeps up relations with the Polish committee in Paris, and I have a good mind to ask her if she will be so obliging as to make inquiries."

"No, don't ask anything of Countess Marienha," I replied, hastily.

"Why not?" he rejoined, in surprise; then added, as he raised Ioulka's fingers to his lips with a smile, "oh, it is because I once allowed my wings to be singed by the flame of her bright eyes! I warn you that is an old, old tale, father."

"The tale of a boy's romance," said Mme. Zezioff, with an air as though she felt sure that there existed no danger for the future.

"And Ioulka is not jealous," continued Casimir.

The excellent girl cast a trustful look at him as she playfully answered: "The countess is still very pretty though — but she is good — oh, so good!"

"Yes, she is good," I grumbled, "but that is precisely why I would not have Casimir requesting any favors that might compromise her."

"God forbid that I should lead her into any trouble," said Casimir seriously. "If you think I might injure her I will refrain. It is my intention to call on her this evening, for they tell me Thursday is still her reception night. I bought a dress suit this morning for the purpose."

"Yes, it is a duty to pay your respects to Countess Marienha," concurred Mme. Zezioff. "She is the providence of all our suffering countrymen."

"There is not a man or woman in want but she relieves them," chimed in Ioulka enthusiastically. "If she were to disappear from amongst us, it would be as if the sun's light were darkened."

It hurt me to hear these honest people join in the praises of a woman who — Heaven help her — was not worthy to tie their shoestrings, so I took my leave in sorry humor; but before reaching the bottom of the stairs I had made up my mind that I too would attend the countess's levee to witness the meeting between her and unsuspicious Casimir.

Paulina Marienha opened her gilded drawing-rooms every Thursday evening, and hers was the only house where anything like social festivity was kept up among Christian Poles of the respectable classes. I say Christians, because the Jews form a class apart in our midst. The insurrection of 1863 was conducted without reference to their interests; perhaps the Catholic nobles who were its leaders, were even too forgetful that the Jews stinted neither their blood nor money, and were consequently deserving of more consideration

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

than was shown them; anyhow, having been constantly treated as pariahs by our nobility, the Jews have dissociated themselves, in heart, from our cause, and get on well enough with our oppressors. All the trade of Poland is in their hands, and a great many of the smaller government clerkships: they keep open shop, manage the hotels, lend money to Russian officers, and by their numbers, industry, wealth, and general appearance of equanimity, keep up a semblance of life in cities, which but for them would be dead.

A stranger who visited such a town as Dolw in the expectation of finding it silent and mournful, would be mistaken. The garrisons are so large, and the officers and civil functionaries are so fond of gaiety, that they of themselves are enough to make the streets lively. They have their clubs, where they gamble wofully, their theatre, their regimental bands, which play on the summer evenings in the Artillery Square, their dinner-parties and balls; but from all these rejoicings the true Poles remain absent, and by their very absence contribute to the idea that they are nonexistent. If you would find traces of Russian oppression, you must seek it in the schools, where our language is not allowed to be taught; in our Catholic churches, where priests dare not speak a word that would revive the patriotism of their countrymen; in the conscription, which takes off our young men to serve for years in regiments where they have no chance of promotion, and where they are harshly treated by officers who dread and hate them; in our country districts, where the confiscated estates of patriot noblemen are all managed by the agents of absentee court favorites; and in the general air of moroseness prevalent amongst our Christian countrymen, who are terrorized by police espionage. There are no exponents of Polish grievances in the local press; a Catholic Pole, unless he be some shameless renegade who has joined in spoiling us, is not suffered to hold any public pòst of trust; and such of the Polish nobles who remain in our towns lead hole-and-corner lives in lodgings, whose walls seem to have ears, judging by the promptness with which any unguarded word is carried to the police-office and punished.

I have often wondered that the fact of Countess Marienha's being permitted to retain her estates, and exercise such lavish hospitality as she did, should not have opened the eyes of some of our better-educated countrymen to her true character; and yet I myself certainly attended her receptions for a long time without suspecting aught of what I subsequently learned. The truth is, that, as she herself told me, the Russian government find it convenient to tolerate a social outlet for the national discontent, which else might ferment under the surface in conspiracies; and Paulina was instructed to join in the disaffected talk of her countrymen, nay, to promote disaffection, so that she might become possessed of the secrets of the patriots, and skilfully lead them to a pass where sudden detection (resulting apparently from chance) should place them at the mercy of the police. Whether she played this evil game during all the thirteen years of Casimir Barinski's absence, I am unable to say, wishing only to write of such things as I know; and, in any case, her work during this epoch would have been comparatively light, for the repression of 1864 had been so bloody and thorough that there was no spirit left in any of us. But at the time of Casimir's return rumors were rife of the Eastern war now raging; and I began to feel convinced from what our young exile had told me, that Paulina was once again about to cooperate with our enemies in thwarting whatever national impulses the troubled state of political matters might call forth.

It was about eight o'clock, and the crowds of Russian soldiers and nursemaids, mingled with young Jews and Jewesses, were streaming homewards from the Artillery Square, where the band of the Kherson regiment of hussars had been playing, when I, having put on my Sunday cassock and plated shoe-buckles, presented myself at the countess's house. The major-domo, in black livery, made me a bow and conducted me to the chief drawing-room, where several guests were already assembled, among whom my arrival excited no surprise, for I had long been free of the house. I thought I could detect, however, that Paulina colored slightly and bit her lips, though she received me with much outward cordiality and deference. She was very beautifully dressed in white silk looped up with bunches of carnations, the assortment of these two colors forming those of our Polish flag — scarlet and white. I had no need of introduction to any of the company, who were all known to me. There were two or three aged nobleman, who had been too old at the time of the rebellion to take part in it, and some young men who had been boys at the same date, but there was not a single man of middle age. A few pretty young ladies in white muslin,

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and some elderly ones, attired in somewhat worn-out finery, completed the circle in which, needless to say, there was not a Russian uniform to be seen.

While tea and sweetmeats were being handed round, Paulina, who was an active hostess, organized the card-tables, where the old noblemen sat down to play whist at two kopecks the point. Casimir had not yet come, but as the clock on the mantel-shelf struck nine, the major-domo opened the door and announced: "Count Barinski."

All eyes converged towards the threshold, and by a common movement of sympathy and respect, every one of the guests, men and women, stood up. Like my old servant Elizabeth, they were disposed to look upon the young exile as returned from the grave. Irreproachably dressed, and looking quite the well-bred nobleman that he was, Casimir advanced to greet our hostess, but she with an impulse which would have been charming in any other person, put her hands on his shoulders, and kissed him on both cheeks. Many of the other women did the same, and so did the men. As for the young ladies, hearing that Casimir was only thirty-three, though his hair and beard were grey, they began to cry, and peeped at him out of the corners of their eyes, while drying them with their handkerchiefs.

I forget whether Paulina cried or not: if my memory serves me, she was all of a flush, and led Casimir to a sofa, where she sat down beside him, while the rest of the company clustered around to hear the sound of his voice. At all events everybody was so enwrapped in the hero that no attention was paid to my doings, and this suited me very well, for I commenced prowling about the rooms to seek for the countess's copy of the "Snowflakes."

I found it at last behind a bookshelf in her boudoir, where it had evidently been thrust out of sight. This boudoir was a wondrous chamber, furnished with yellow satin, and it had a fireplace after the French fashion, with pine-logs burning; so I sat down by the hearth, and put on my spectacles to examine the pages of the volume.

The first poem on which my eyes lit was this little ode, which I have translated into prose: —

To Paulina.

The snowflakes fall and cloak the ground — Whiter than the feathers of the holy dove — Whiter than bridal veil or virgin's shroud — But not whiter than thy snowy breast — Paulina!

Soft they fall over land and sea — Their touch could not wake a sleeping child — Softer than the balm of May's mild breeze — But not more soft than thy kiss — Paulina!

Cold is the earth where the snowflakes fall — Cold as the hand that rests in death — Colder than marble which hides the grave — But not more cold than thy heart — Paulina!

It is not possible to render in any other tongue — not even in our Polish — the dreamy beauty of these verses written in the Lithuanian dialect. There were many others like them addressed to the countess, and, from what I could conjecture, they must have been indited before Casimir went into exile, whilst he was completely under the thraldom of his dangerous charmer, and he must have kept them in his collection after his love had grown cold, merely from the vanity usual to young poets. However, as I conned over one amorous sonnet after another I was at no loss to account for the reason which must have impelled Paulina to sue for Casimir's pardon: beyond a doubt she was in love with him. She was a widow, and nearing the age when the adoration of men was likely to cease, but she had yet several years of beauty before her, and what more likely than that, finding (as she must have supposed) the heart of the noble young exile still faithful to her, gratified self-love, mixed with remorse, may have induced her to dream of devoting the remainder of her life to one whom she had so fearfully wronged? Paulina Marienha was quite capable of forming a plan of this sort, for, in her, good was curiously wrought up with evil, as in the clay-footed beast of the apocalyptical vision. I sat so long by the fire in the boudoir, reading the pretty poems, that midnight struck before I was aware of the flight of time, whereon, straining my ears to hearken, it seemed to me that all the company had gone. However, two persons were still conversing in the adjoining room, and upon my walking to the door, which was closed by a silk hanging, I saw through the lace-work of the fringe Paulina and Casimir wishing each other good-night.

They were alone. Her face was tinted with a bright glow, and her eyes glistened. Casimir maintained the deeply respectful attitude of a man who believes he is speaking to a kind of saint upon earth.

"Good night, Casimir Barinski," said the countess, in a voice soft as music, though it quavered slightly. "Mind, you must come often to see me, for I wish to hear you relate all your sorrowful adventures."

"Dear lady, those sorrows are half for-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

gotten now that you shed such a kindly compassion on them."

"I have constantly thought about you," she said. "And I may hope that you did not quite forget me, judging by the verses in your charming book of poems?"

"You have read those verses, then?" he rejoined, with a little surprise. "Dear lady, my poems conveyed a homage scarcely worthy of your acceptance. It remains for me to offer with my lips the expressions of worship which your grace, beauty, and virtues call for."

"I like the homage in the book very well," she remarked, with a quiet archness. "Good night again; you have come back upon me like a vision of my youth."

"You have made me feel that it was but yesterday I last saw you," he replied, and, with an exquisite gallantry that was not of love, but of simple worldly courtesy, he stooped to kiss the hand she extended, then made a low bow and retired.

For a few minutes after he was gone Paulina stood motionless, pensively gazing after him; then she glided to the window and lifted the curtain, apparently to see him once more as he crossed the square outside. When he was out of view she dropped the curtain, thrilled from head to foot, and walked off with a slow step to her private apartments, without coming into the boudoir where I was ensconced.

Glad at not having been detected spying, I hastened down-stairs and left the house, just as the porter, who thought that all the guests were gone, was barring the door; but in my hurry I left the volume of Casimir's "Snowflakes" open on the boudoir table, and the shagreen case of my spectacles inside it.

From The Examiner.

LAWFUL ENGLISH.

An American striving to keep pure "the well of English undefiled" is a noble spectacle, and it is not surprising that Mr. W. C. Bryant should have received many compliments on his *Index Expurgatorius*, as it has been called. The mere fact that an American editor should have drawn up for the guidance of his staff a list of words which he would not permit to be used in his journal because he did not consider them good English, is sufficient in itself to draw closer the bonds between the two countries. It is reassuring for those who despair of the future of the English language in the lawless hands of ready writers on the other side of the Atlantic that any voice should be heard preaching respect for established usage, and trying to make the forces of innovation march in straight lines. That there should be champions of purity in America is satisfactory even for those who, however scant their sympathy with the narrow views and perverse caprices of purists, still regard their efforts as an important factor in preventing liberty of word-coining from degenerating into license. At the same time, there are so many words in Mr. Bryant's list against whose use in their proper place pedantry only could protest, that we can hardly suppose that Mr. Bryant, in interdicting his staff from the use of such words, wished to see them banished from the language altogether. It is quite possible that there were members of Mr. Bryant's staff so attached to particular expressions that they wearied his ear with them, and drove him in desperation to lay an interdict upon their favorites. Such things occasionally happen even in this country, though here, with our constitutional habits, the editor can hardly venture upon a dictatorial prohibition, and generally some compromise is effected, such as that a contributor must not use a darling adjective more than ten times in the same column, or must not draw from a beloved mediæval author more than half-a-dozen illustrations in one article. In no other way can we account for Mr. Bryant's hatred to such harmless words as "seaboard," "beat" (for defeat), "Brother Jonathan," "John Bull," "loafer," "rough," rowdy," "humbug," and so forth, all legitimate enough in their proper place, and not beneath the dignity of journalism, though they might sound startling in a bishop's pastoral.

Some of the words in Mr. Bryant's list show that he was bitten with the Anglo-Saxon mania which raged so furiously some years ago. It is evident that the list was drawn up, or at least added to, after Dean Alford's agitation in favor of what he called the queen's English, and after the publication of Dickens's novel, "Our Mutual Friend." We may fairly conjecture this from the presence, in the *Index*, of such words as "mutual," "commence," "conclusion," "*début*," "*employé*," "endorse," "jubilant," "realized," "repudiate," "residence," "subsequently," "proximity," "vicinity," "reliable." None of these words deserve the sentençe of condemnation which a few zealots tried to get passed upon them; they are useful words — sometimes for variety, sometimes for brevity, sometimes for sound, sometimes for

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

sense, and no sentence from any authority would prevent people from using them when they had occasion. With regard to the word "reliable," which we see is condemned by one of our contemporaries as a word which "every one who has not lost his sense of propriety in language must detest," an excellent little book has recently been written by Mr. Fitzedward Hall.* This monograph is a masterpiece of minute scholarship, and may be commended to the numerous army of writers who dogmatize upon questions of philology without having taken the trouble to qualify themselves to form an opinion. The objection to the word "reliable" is of the kind that may be called "vulgar," in the inoffensive sense of that adjective. The untrained mind is caught at once by the sophism that if we are to have an adjective based upon "rely" with the meaning "capable of being relied upon," it ought to take the form "relyonable," and readily believes the statement that the form "reliable" is contrary to the usage of English derivation. It takes careful reading and philological acumen to prove, as incontestably as Mr. Hall has done, that though "reliable" belongs to a small family, it is not without congeners, and that it can plead in its favor the authority of some of the most eminent names in English literature. Nothing could be wider of the mark than to stigmatize "reliable" as an Americanism, as was the fashion when the crusade against the poor word was begun. So far as Mr. Hall has been able to trace the use of the word, its father or godfather in English was Coleridge, who used it first in the *Morning Post* in 1800, and frequently afterwards when it suited his meaning. Among modern authorities for *reliable*, Mr. Hall enumerates Mr. J. S. Mill, Mr. Charles Dickens, Dean Mansel, Father Newman, Mr. Gladstone, Miss Martineau, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Charles Reade, Professor Whitney, Mr. G. P. Marsh. Nor does he forget to mention the *Saturday Review*, into which the innocent word has often crept, in spite of the denunciations, ferocious and oracular, of one of its contributors. Mr. Hall's argument from analogy is equally conclusive. It is true that, after a searching examination, he can produce only two words in common use which have been formed in the same way as *reliable*—*conversable* and *disposable*, "capable of being conversed *with*," and "capable of being disposed *of*." But he shows, in the course of his elaborate disquisition, that it is quite in accordance with the genius of the language to make an ellipsis of the preposition when such formations are resolved upon.

Some of those who object to *reliable* show an equal antipathy to *objectionable*. In fact, their idea seems to be that all adjective in *-able* should be banished from the language, except such as are formed from verbs with an active or a passive sense. Such impetuous philologers would do well to read Mr. Hall's list of adjectives in "-able," which have sprung from substantives. It comprises such respectable and well-assured words as *actionable*, *companionable*, *conscionable*, *creditable*, *equitable*, *exceptionable*, *fashionable*, *hospitable*, *impressionable*, *marriageable*, *peaceable*, *personable*, *rateable*, *reasonable*, *seasonable*, *serviceable*, *statutable*, *treasonable*, *veritable*. It would be rash to make a clean sweep of these words, the recognized and established results of a process of formation which has operated for centuries, in order to reconcile the actual usage of the suffix "-able" with pedantic conceptions of what the usage ought to be. Language repudiates such lawgivers. A vigilant editor may draw up an *Index Expurgatorius*, and see that its prohibitions are carried out, but a word that has once struggled into existence cannot be extinguished by an act of Parliament. It will insist upon living its life, and, when it dies, it dies a natural death. There is no law for words but usage. When a new word comes to supply a felt want, it may always depend upon being aided and abetted to break any other law. People who object to its formation, or whose ears are offended by its sound, are of course perfectly right in urging their objections to it; but, on the other hand, people who find it useful to give a shade to their meaning, or who are caught by some charm in the sound of it, are equally entitled to employ it, without fear or trembling, and to deride as pedants all who seek to interfere with them.

* "On English Adjectives ending in -able, with special reference to reliable." Trübner.

From The Spectator.

THE CAUSES OF THE ENGLISH WORSHIP OF SUCCESS.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, in his recent essay upon the resemblance between the positions of the Southern slave-owners and the Ottoman Turks, remarked that the

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

same people in England had defended both, and would, he fancied abandon the Turks when beaten, with the rapidity with which they had abandoned the Confederates when defeated. The remark, though a little bitter, is perfectly justified by the facts of the Confederate case, and indeed, by much of the history of English opinion. Of all races in the world, the English, in spite of their tenacity and their indifference to general opinion — an indifference quite as great as Cato's — seem to have the least persevering sympathy for lost political causes. A strong minority must have loved the Protectorate, but the moment it had disappeared all overt sympathy for it was over, and for two hundred years no one ventured to say a word in defence of the great Protector, whose descendants, moreover, never resumed his name. There was danger to the throne for a moment from the old army, but none from the body of the people. The Jacobites, who lingered so long in Scotland, were never a popular party here, and their traditions and literature as an English party are so utterly extinct that the common people believe all the Jacobites were Scotch, and save so far as they have read Scott's novels know absolutely nothing about them. After the Italian war the English Tories absolutely forgot the petty princes of Italy, and in 1866 English society, till then almost entirely Austrian in its sympathies, suddenly wheeled round, and for years held the composite southern empire to be almost beneath contempt. The feeling for Denmark so died away, that no single reference has ever been made in Parliament by a politician of the first class to the position of north Schleswig. About the Confederates the change was marvellous. Up to the time of General Sherman's march into space, five sixths of English income-taxpayers were on the side of the Confederates. So powerful were their sympathizers that they almost plunged us into war, they advanced six millions to the government of Richmond, and they shook the confidence of the most determined Liberals, till at last hardly any one would believe that the war would have any result but the independence of the South. Nobody but the "sentimentalists" held on, and they had intervals of great depression. Six months after Sherman had reappeared behind General Lee there was not a Confederate in England, not a man who would allow that he had ever believed the defeat of the North a certainty, and the continual irritation of the North with English feeling was treated as an irrational display of temper. It seemed as if Englishmen believed only in success, and this impression, universal on the Continent, is deepened by some smaller evidences. English opinion rarely adheres to an unsuccessful hero. Its foreign idols are forgotten in a few years. It scorned the Ulysses of France the moment he ran away. It adored Napoleon III. while he was on the throne, and despised him as soon as he was taken prisoner. It is wholly at this moment in favor of the Republican party in France, and would believe France fitted only for a tyranny if another *coup d'état* re-established the second empire. And as we have said, if the sultan loses his dominion in Europe, there will probably not be a Tory newspaper, or a Tory orator, or a club-man who one year after will acknowledge that he exulted when the Turks won, who will regret the Turks, or who will remember that he believed the independence of Turkey essential to the interests of India. Erzeroum will be as forgotten as Ocsakoff, the loss of which was said, in a great debate in which Charles Fox took part, to be fatal to British prestige, and the very name of which has for half a century been absolutely forgotten. The new masters of European Turkey, whoever they may be, will be judged without the slightest reference to the Turks, and the remnant of Turkish dominion seated at Broussa will be studied like any other semi-barbaric kingdom.

There is something in this worship of success, this readiness to abandon and even to forget a lost cause, which is scarcely consistent with the persistency and conservatism inherent in the English character; and it is worth while to see if it can be explained by any theory more reasonable than the one usually advanced, the reverence for power. The Englishman does not worship power, as a rule. On the contrary, he rather dreads and dislikes power. He fought the first Napoleon for twenty years because he was so powerful; he hated the American republic because it seemed dangerously strong; he strongly dislikes Bismarck because he can move such armies; and he loathes Russia mainly because he thinks the Colossus too big for the good of the world. We believe that reverence for power enters very little into his worship of success, which arises from other and somewhat mixed motives, the main one being this. With the single exception of Italy, an exception which it would take a volume to explain, the average Englishman does not

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

care very greatly about any foreign power, or any form of government established in any foreign country. He does not detest despotisms until they are cruel, or republics until they are disorderly, or mixed monarchies until they are obviously too weak to work. There is in his mind a governing idea that one main test of any new organization — or old organization, for the matter of that — is the work it can do; and if it cannot do any work, if it fails in its first objects or the objects he thinks first, he casts it out of his mind, and waits, looking about for the next weapon. The princes of Italy could not keep down popular revolt, which was all they were fit for, and he forgot them. The Confederate States could not break up the Union, which in his judgment was their *raison d'être*, and the moment that was clear he wanted to hear nothing more about them. Napoleonism could neither maintain itself nor keep France from subjugation by foreigners, and as these were the first ends of that system, Napoleonism died out of his mind. Turkey exists in the ordinary British mind in order that Russia may be kept back. By a series of occurrences, some of them accidental, Turkey has been compelled to show all by herself whether she is fit to perform this function. As yet the result is not quite clear, but if it becomes clear and Turkey is totally defeated, Turkey's *raison d'être* in the British mind will have vanished, and she may go, without lingering regrets. The Englishman does not value Turkey, or any other power, or any form of government for itself, but for what he thinks it can secure, for its meaning in his own mind; and the moment it does not secure what he desires, or loses its meaning, he gives it up at once, and usually forever. This may be said to be pure selfishness, but it is not so, though, no doubt, selfishness may enter very deeply into it. It is rather practicalness, the love of efficiency natural to a very powerful, though very *borné* kind of nature. Sometimes the quality displays itself without any selfishness at all. There was no selfishness whatever in forgetting Denmark, any more than in the strong sympathy originally felt for her. Her defeat brought England no advantage, but rather considerable harm; but still Englishmen forgot Denmark, because it was of no use remembering her. The independence of the small States could not be defended there, and the Englishman, though as disposed as ever to wish well to small States, turned his regard away to other scenes. He had no energy to waste on the impossible. It was just the same with Napoleonism. The fall of Napoleonism brought England no good, but rather harm, for Englishmen thought Napoleon a very good friend; but they did not regret it, far less weep over it, for in the fall it was revealed to them that their admiration had been mistaken, that the strong government, which, as they thought, maintained order without doing mischief to France, could not maintain order as against invasion, and had done to France an enormous and, as it might prove, an irreparable mischief. The feeling for Napoleonism therefore, in spite of English interests, died instantly away, and has not yet revived, even when the struggle is seen to be between Napoleonism and the republic. Moreover, though the English forget the lost cause, they often do it without admiring the winning one. They forgot the Confederates without liking the North. They forgot the princes of Germany, without loving Bismarck, and they will forget the Turk, without in the least appreciating his successor. Their defect of sentiment, for it is a defect, and one which greatly deforms the outward aspect of the national character, arises not from baseness, but from a narrow-minded practicalness, akin to that of the artisan who, breaking his tool, selects another from his box, without a regret, except for the waste of means.

END OF VOLUME CXXXV.

Generated on 2020-04-25 06:50 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893602
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY